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OF  
SHAKESPEARE.



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ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.  
Act II. Scene 3. Line III.

Hel. to Bernard. This is the man.

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.  
Act II. Scene 3. Line III.

Hel. (to Barnard). This is the man.

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*THE HENRY IRVING SHAKESPEARE.*

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THE WORKS  
OF  
WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

EDITED BY  
HENRY IRVING AND FRANK A. MARSHALL.

WITH  
NOTES AND INTRODUCTIONS TO EACH PLAY BY F. A. MARSHALL  
AND OTHER SHAKESPEARIAN SCHOLARS,

AND  
NUMEROUS ILLUSTRATIONS BY GORDON BROWNE.

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VOLUME V.

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1889.

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## PREFATORY NOTE.

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Three of the five plays contained in this volume are to be found among the Tragedies in the First Folio, although, perhaps, strictly speaking, only two—Julius Cæsar and Macbeth—really belong to that category; Troilus and Cressida being a play of that nondescript class which is generally described as tragi-comedy. Of the two comedies which complete this volume, All's Well That Ends Well is one of the least popular of all Shakespeare's plays of that class; while Measure for Measure forms, as it were, a stepping-stone between the greatest of his comedies and the greatest of his tragedies. It is a play but seldom seen upon the stage; yet it is quite as dramatic as The Merchant of Venice, though the nature of the story, and the almost total absence of the element of high comedy, will prevent its ever attaining any great popularity.

The delay in the issue of this volume has been caused by more than one circumstance, chiefly by an unfortunate loss of nearly four acts of the text of Hamlet, which had been prepared for the printers. It was thought better, therefore, to include Macbeth in this volume; though it must be clearly understood that this play is entirely out of its chronological order. In fact, according to the original plan, Hamlet should have preceded both Measure for Measure and Troilus and Cressida. I have to thank Mr. Arthur Symonds for enabling us to get this play ready under very considerable pressure as to time.

As in the last volume, those notes added by me to plays edited by any of our collaborators, for the opinions expressed in which I am solely responsible, are distinguished by the addition of my initials. For the Stage Histories of all the plays in this volume I am also responsible.

I cannot help referring here to a loss which all lovers and students of



Shakespeare have recently sustained. As this volume was being prepared for publication, the news arrived of the death of Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps, whose long and loving devotion to the memory of Shakespeare has given to us work, the value of which it would be difficult to exaggerate. From the very commencement of this edition he took the warmest interest in it; and I owe much to the hearty encouragement which I always received from him. In spite of the fact that many of the conclusions arrived at, and of the opinions expressed in my Introductions, were contrary to those which, guided by the experience of a lifetime, he himself held, his criticism of our work was as generous as his help, in every way and whenever we asked it, was ungrudgingly given. It is impossible not to feel that, not only I myself personally, but all concerned in the production of the Henry Irving Shakespeare, have lost a true friend. I had hoped to have had the benefit of his guidance in the preparation of the brief life of Shakespeare, which is to be given with the last volume of this edition; but that, alas, was not to be; and I can only hope that all of us, who are engaged in the study of Shakespeare, may try and imitate his untiring industry, his genuine modesty, his true kindness of heart, and his loyal enthusiasm in the work to which he devoted not only his time, but what is dearer to many men than their time—a great portion of his fortune.

F. A. MARSHALL.

LONDON, *January*, 1889.

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<i>First Witch.</i> All hail, Macbeth! hail to thee, thane of Glamis!		<i>Macb.</i> Call 'em, let me see 'em. <i>First Witch.</i> Pour in sow's blood, that hath eaten Her nine farrow; grease that's sweaten From the murderer's gibbet throw Into the flame.	
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<i>Lady M.</i> He that's coming Must be provided for.		<i>L. Macb.</i> What are these faces? <i>First Mar.</i> Where is your husband?	
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<i>Macb.</i> Hark!		<i>Lady M.</i> Yet who would have thought the old man to have had so much blood in him?	
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<i>Ross.</i> And Duncan's horses—a thing most strange and certain— Beauteous and swift, the minions of their race, Turn'd wild in nature, broke their stalls, flung out, Contending 'gainst obedience, as they would make War with mankind.		Act V. scene 8. line 3, . . .	399
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<i>Macb.</i> Both of you Know Banquo was your enemy.		Act V. scene 8, line 59, . . .	400
		<i>All.</i> Hail, King of Scotland!	



ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

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NOTES AND INTRODUCTION

BY

H. A. EVANS.

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

KING OF FRANCE.

DUKE OF FLORENCE.

BERTRAM, Count of Rousillon.

LAFEU<sup>1</sup>, an old Lord at the French court.

PAROLLES, a follower of Bertram.

First Lord,<sup>2</sup> } Two brothers { belonging to the French court, serving  
Second Lord,<sup>2</sup> } with Bertram in the Florentine war.

First Gentleman,<sup>2</sup> } belonging to the French army.  
Second Gentleman,<sup>2</sup> }

A Gentleman, attached to the French army.

Steward, } servants to the Countess of Rousillon.  
Clown, }

A Page.

First Soldier.<sup>2</sup>

Second Soldier.

COUNTESS OF ROUSILLON, mother to Bertram.

HELENA,<sup>3</sup> a gentlewoman protected by the Countess.

An old Widow of Florence.

DIANA, daughter to the Widow.

VIOLENTA,<sup>4</sup> } neighbours and friends to the Widow.  
MARIANA, }

SCENE—Partly in France and partly in Tuscany.

HISTORICAL PERIOD: the 13th or 14th century.

TIME OF ACTION (according to Daniel).

ELEVEN DAYS distributed over about three months.

Day 1: Act I. Scene 1.—Interval; Bertram's journey to Court.

Day 2: Act I. Scenes 2, 3.—Interval; Helena's journey to Court.

Day 3: Act II. Scenes 1, 2.—Interval two days; cure of the King's malady.

Day 4: Act II. Sc. 3, 4, 5.—Interval; Helena's return to Rousillon; Bertram's journey to Florence.

Day 5: Act III. Scenes 1, 2.

Day 6: Act III. Scenes 3, 4.—Interval "some two months" (iv. 3. 56).

Day 7: Act III. Scene 5.

Day 8: Act III. Scenes 6, 7; Act IV. Scenes 1, 2.

Day 9: Act IV. Scenes 3, 4.—Interval; Bertram's return to Rousillon; Helena's return to Marseilles.

Day 10: Act IV. Scene 5; Act V. Scene 1.

Day 11: Act V. Scenes 2, 3.

<sup>1</sup> LAFEU: Spelt *Lafew* in the Folio.

<sup>2</sup> See note on Dramatis Personæ.

<sup>3</sup> HELENA: Sometimes spelt *Hellen* in the Folio.

<sup>4</sup> VIOLENTA: A mute personage. Perhaps her part was omitted for practical reasons in the copy from which the Folio was printed.

# ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

## INTRODUCTION.

### LITERARY HISTORY.

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL was first printed in 1623 in the First Folio. In the entry of this volume in the Stationers' Register, November 8th of that year, it is enumerated among such plays as had not been previously entered to other men. This is the first time we hear of the play under its present name, and the period at which it was first produced is therefore purely a matter of conjecture. The theories here put forward are substantially those received by most modern critics, but every reader is at liberty to form his own opinion.

Francis Meres, in the list of Shakespeare's plays which he gives in the well-known passage of his *Palladis Tamia* (1598), mentions a comedy entitled *Love labours wonne*, and this immediately following *Love labors lost*. No other mention of this comedy has ever been found, and since Meres's testimony to its existence is unimpeachable, we are left to make the best conjecture we can as to its fate. Has it been lost, or is it one of the plays which we now know by another name? That *Love's Labour's Won*, an undoubted work of so popular a dramatist as Shakespeare, should have utterly disappeared, while *Love's Labour's Lost* has survived, is very unlikely; and there is every probability that, if it had so far escaped the printer, there would have been an acting copy in existence which the editors of the First Folio would have secured. But they have printed no play under this name, and we must, therefore, conclude that it is in some sense or other identical with one of the existing plays. Which play this was is a question which seems to have troubled nobody till Farmer in his Essay on the Learning of Shakespeare suggested that it was *All's Well That Ends Well*, and al-

though two or three others have been put forward,<sup>1</sup> no other has such strong claims.

There is, however, an insuperable difficulty in the way of the supposition that *Love's Labour's Won* and *All's Well* are absolutely identical. Considerations of style and metre forbid us to suppose that the latter in its present shape was written as early as 1598; if it was, we should have to put it earlier than such plays as *Much Ado*, *As You Like It*, and *Twelfth Night*, none of which are mentioned by Meres, and which he could not fail to have pointed to, had he been acquainted with them, rather than to the "Gentlemen of Verona" and the "Errors" in order to prove Shakespeare's excellence "for the stage." But although the prevailing tone and style of *All's Well* unquestionably indicate a later date than these three plays, there are good reasons for believing that it is an earlier play remodelled, and that this earlier play was the *Love's Labour's Won* of Meres. *Love's Labour's Won* was evidently considered by Meres to be a companion play to *Love's Labour's Lost*, and in *All's Well* there are certain passages quite in the rhyming, balanced, somewhat artificial style of that play—passages which Mr. Fleay, who was the first to call attention to them, aptly terms "boulders from the old strata imbedded in the later deposits." The following is a list of them as picked out by Mr. Fleay, and among them, at the end of the play, may be noticed an expression of Helena suggestive of the old title:

This is done:

Will you be mine, now you are doubly won?

—Act v. 3. 314, 315.

Act i. 1. 231-244. Speech of Helena, preserved for its poetic worth; it is also very appropriate to

<sup>1</sup> *The Tempest*, Hunter (impossible!); *Much Ado*, Brae; *The Taming of the Shrew*, Hertzberg.



# ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

the situation, emphasizing, as it does, Helena's self-reliance and strength of purpose.

Act I. 3. 134-142. Nine lines spoken by the Countess, the first four in alternate rhymes.

Act II. 1. 132-213. Dialogue between the King and Helena in continuous rhyme, quite different in tone from the rest of the play, and quite in Shakespeare's early style. The gradual yielding of the sick king to Helena's persuasions is well depicted, and it probably struck the author as a bit worth preserving.

Act II. 3. 78-111. Rhymed lines spoken by the King, Helena, and the two lords, with prose comments by Lafew inserted on the revision. Helena's choice of a husband, naturally a telling bit in the original play.

Act II. 3. 132-151. Speech of the King, of which the same may be said.

Act III. 4. 4-17, and iv. 3. 252-260. Two letters in the form of sonnets. "This sort of composition," says Mr. Fleay, "does not quite die out till the end of Shakespeare's Second Period, but it is very rare in that period, and never appears in the Third." It is, however, conceivable that Shakespeare may have returned to this form for a letter by a poetical character like Helena, or a fantastic character like Parolles, even in his Third Period.

Act v. 3. 60-72, 291-294, 301-304, 314-319, 325-340. Rhyming bits, chiefly from the speeches of the King and Helena, the last, which includes the epilogue, forming a suitable finish to the play.

The above passages will be seen to be quite in Shakespeare's early style, as we find it in *Love's Labour's Lost*, the title of which play probably suggested that of *Love's Labour's Won*, and we cannot be far wrong in surmising that both plays were written about the same time, i.e. in the period 1590-92.<sup>1</sup> The date at which the play was recast and appeared in its present shape of *All's Well That Ends Well* was probably the period 1601-1604. We should thus put it, with Professor Dowden and others, later than the romantic comedies *Much Ado*, *As You Like It*, and *Twelfth Night*, and earlier than the three great tragedies, *Othello*, *Lear*, and *Macbeth*, while we should bring it near to *Measure for Measure*, to which the conjectural date 1603 has been assigned,—a play which, apart from certain resemblances of incident, it resembles

<sup>1</sup> In common with *Love's Labour's Lost* may be noticed the name Dumain, *All's Well*, iv. 3. 200, &c.; and perhaps an allusion to the crazy Italian, Monacho (see *Love's Labour's Lost*, Introduction), *All's Well*, I. 1. 115.

perhaps more closely than any other in "motif" and expression.

The source from which Shakespeare derived the story of *All's Well* is the story of Giletta of Narbona, which forms the Ninth Novel of the Third Day of the Decameron. He probably became acquainted with it through the translation in Painter's *Palace of Pleasure*, 1566-67, but all that he derived from it was the outline of the plot. The name Giletta he changed to Helena, Beltramo he anglicized into Bertram; the other names, with the exception of that of Helena's father, Gerard de Narbon, are his own. Lafew, the Countess, the Steward, the Clown, and Parolles, are entirely his own creation, nor is there the slightest hint of the comic scenes in the original story, the extent of Shakespeare's obligation to which will be evident from the following analysis of it.

Giletta, the daughter of Gerardo of Narbona, a physician, having been brought up in the family of the Count of Rossiglione with his only son Beltramo, fell in love with Beltramo "more than was meete for a maiden of her age." On his father's death, Beltramo, as the king's ward, was sent to Paris, "for whose departure the maiden was verie pensife." Accordingly she watched for an opportunity of going herself to Paris and joining Beltramo, and at last, hearing that the king "had a swellynge upon his breast, whiche by reason of ill cure, was grown to a Fistula," and had abandoned all hope of cure, she thought that "if the disease were suche (as she supposed), easely to bryng to passe that she might have the Counte Beltramo to her husbunde." So she "made a powder of certain herbes, which she thought meete for that disease, and rode to Paris" (act I. sc. 1 and 3). Here she obtained an interview with the king, and "putte hym in comforte, that she was able to heale hym, sayng: 'Sire, if it shall please your grace, I trust in God, without any paine or gricfe unto your highnesse, within eighte daies I will make you whole of this disease.' The kyng hearing her saie so, began to mocke her, sayng: 'How is it possible for thee, beyng a yong woman, to doe that, whiche the best renowned Phisicions in the worlde can not?'

## INTRODUCTION.

He thanked her, for her goodwill, and made her a directe answer, that he was determined no more to followe the counsaile of any Phisicion. Whereunto the maiden answered: 'Sire, you dispise my knowledge, because I am yonge, and a woman, but I assure you, that I doe not minister Phisicke by profession, but by the aide and helpe of God: and with the cunningg of maister Gerardo of Narbona, who was my father, and a Phisicion of greate fame, so longe as he lived.' The kyng hearyng those wordes, saied to hymself: 'This woman peradventure is sent unto me of God, and therefore, why should I disdain to prove her cunningg? Sithens she promiseth to heale me within a litle space, without any offence or grief unto me.' And beyng determined to prove her, he said: 'Damosell, if thou doest not heide me, but make me to breake my determination, what wilt thou shall folowe thereof?' 'Sire,' saied the maiden: 'Let me be kept in what garde and keypyng you list: and if I dooe not heale you within these eight daies, let me bee burnt: but if I do heale your grace, what recompence shall I have then?' To whom the kyng answered: 'Because thou art a maiden, and unmarried, if thou heale me, accordyng to thy promisse, I will bestowe thee upon some gentleman, that shalbe of right good worship and estimacion.' To whom she answered: 'Sire I am verie well content, that you bestowe me in mariage: But I will have suche a husbände, as I my self shall denaunde; without presumption to any of your children, or other of your bloudde.'" (act ii. sc. 1). The king granted her request, and being cured by her even before the appointed time, told her to choose such a husband as she wished. Accordingly she chose Beltramo. The king, however, "was very lothe to graunte him unto her: But because he had made a promis, whiche he was lothe to breake, he caused him to be called forth, and saied unto hym: 'Sir Counte, because you are a gentleman of greate honor, our pleasure is, that you retourne home to your owne house, to order your estate accordyng to your degree: and that you take with you a Damosell which I have appointed to be your wife.' To whom the Counte gave his humble thankes, and demaunded what she was? 'It

is she (quoth the kyng) that with her medecines, hath healed me.' The Counte knewe her well, and had alredie seen her, although she was faire, yet knowing her not to be of a stocke, convenable to his nobilitie, disdainfullie said unto the king, 'Will you then (sir) give me, a Phisicion to wife? It is not the pleasure of God, that ever I should in that wise bestowe my self.' To whom the kyng said: 'Wilt thou then, that we should breake our faith, which we to recover healthe, have given to the damosell, who for a rewarde thereof, asked thee to husband?' 'Sire (quod Beltramo) you maie take from me al that I have, and give my persone to whom you please, because I am your subject: but I assure you, I shall never bee contented with that mariage.' 'Well you shall have her (saied the Kyng), for the maiden is faire and wise, and loveth you moste intirely: thinkyng verelie you shall leade a more joyfull life with her, then with a ladie of a greater house.'" So Beltramo had to give way and was married to Giletta, but immediately after the marriage he begged leave to return home (act ii. sc. 3). "And when he was on horsebacke, he went not thither, but took his journey into Thuscane, where understanding that the Florentines, and Senois were at warres, he determined to take the Florentines parte, and was willinglie received, and honourable interteigned, and made capitaine of a certaine number of men, continuynge in their service a longe tyme" (act iii. sc. 3). As for Giletta, she returned to Rousillon, and governed the country very wisely for some time, hoping thereby to induce her husband to return to her. At last she sent to the count offering to leave the country, if that would satisfy him. His reply was, "Lette her doe what she list. For I doe purpose to dwell with her, when she shall have this ryng, (meaning a ryng which he wore) upon her finger, and a soonne in her armes, begotten by me" (act iii. sc. 2). Giletta, however, was not to be discouraged, and giving out that she intended to devote the rest of her days to a religious life, she left Rousillon, "tellyng no man whither shee went, and never rested, till she came to Florence (act iii. sc. 4): where by Fortune at a poore widowes house, she contented her self, with the state of a poore

# ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

pilgrime, desirous to here newes of her lorde, whom by fortune she sawe the next daie, passing by the house (where she lay) on horsebacke with his companie. And although she knewe well enough, yet she demanded of the wife of the house what he was; who answered that he was a strange gentleman, called the Counte Beltramo of Rossiglione, a famous knight, and welbelov'd in the citie, and that he was mervellously in love with a neighbor of her, that was a gentlewoman, verie poore and of small substance, nevertheless of right honest life and report, and by reason of her povertie, was yet unmarried, and dwelte with her mother, that was a wise and honest Ladie" (act iii. sc. 5). Giletta accordingly repaired to this lady, and with her laid the plot by which she was to fulfil the two conditions which her husband had laid down (act iii. sc. 7). The lady got the ring from Beltramo, "although it was with the Countes ill will," and having sent him word that her daughter was ready "to accomlishe his pleasure," she substituted Giletta in her place (act iv. sc. 2). By way of recompensing the service the lady had done her, Giletta gave her five hundred pounds and many costly jewels "to marrie her daughter" (act iv. sc. 4), and Beltramo having returned to Rousillon, she remained at Florence till she was "brought a bedde of twoo soones, whiche were verie like unto their father," and "when she sawe tyme," she took her journey to Rousillon, and appeared in her husband's hall with her two sons in her arms just as he was about to sit down to table with a large company. She then produced the ring, and called upon Beltramo to recognize his children, and to receive her as his wife. This he could not refuse to do, but "abjected his obstinate rigour; causyng her to rise up, and embraced and kissed her, acknowledging her againe for his lawfull wife (act v. sc. 3)."

## STAGE HISTORY.

No record of the performance of *All's Well That Ends Well* in Shakespeare's time remains, nor do we find any mention of it among the plays performed on the reopening of the theatres at the Restoration, nor can any record be found of such a play as *Love's Labour's*

Won having ever been acted. It was not till the middle of the eighteenth century that any manager thought it worth his while to bring this play forward on the stage, when it was produced for Mrs. Giffard's benefit at the theatre in Goodman's Fields (March 7, 1741), Mrs. Giffard taking the part of Helena, and her husband that of Bertram. The Parolles of this revival was Joseph Peterson, an actor of some note, who played Buckingham to Garrick's Richard III. on the occasion of the latter's first appearance at Goodman's Fields, October 26, 1741; Miss Hippetsey was the Diana; she, as well as Mrs. Giffard, were in the cast in Richard III. at Garrick's début, the former as Prince Edward, the latter as Queen Anne.

Davies, who does not seem to have known of the performance at Goodman's Fields, says that this play, "after having lain more than a hundred years undisturbed upon the prompter's shelf, was, in October, 1741, revived at the theatre in Drury Lane" (*Dramatic Miscellanies*, vol. ii. p. 7). It was really on the 22nd January, 1742, that this production took place; a production attended by so many calamities to the actors that the play was termed by them "the unfortunate comedy." On this first representation Mrs. Woffington, who played Helena, was taken so ill that she fainted on the stage during the first act (*Genest*, vol. iii. p. 645), and the part had to be read. The play was advertised for the following Friday, but had to be deferred till February 16th in consequence of Milward's illness. This illness was said to have been caused by his wearing too thin clothes in the part of the King which he played with great effect. He was seized with a shivering fit, and, when asked by one of his fellow-actors how he was, replied, "How is it possible for me to be sick, when I have such a physician as Mrs. Woffington?" (Davies, vol. ii. p. 7). This illness soon terminated fatally, for on February 9th we find that there was a performance of *All's Well* for the benefit of Milward's widow and children. Davies says that Mrs. Ridout, "a pretty woman and a pleasing actress," was taken ill and forbidden to act for a month, and that Mrs. Butler

## INTRODUCTION.

"was likewise seized with a distemper in the progress of this play" (*ut supra*, p. 9). Genest challenges the correctness of both these statements, on the ground that the names of these actresses appear in the bills for the remaining performances of this play; but, unless the habits of theatrical managers were different to what they are now, such a fact as the appearance of a name on the bills would not be a positive guarantee that the actor or actress so named did absolutely perform. Other troubles besides those occasioned by illness beset the production of this play. Fleetwood, the manager, had promised the part of Parolles to Macklin, but Theophilus Cibber, by some sort of artifice, as common in theatres as in courts, snatched it from him to his great displeasure" (*ut supra*, p. 9). Macklin had to content himself with the part of the clown. In spite of these fatalities and these contretemps this revival certainly seems to have been successful; for the comedy was repeated nine times; Delane taking the place of Milward. Berry's performance of Lafen is much praised by Davies; nor does Cibber seem to have made the ridiculous failure in the part that might have been expected. When the piece was revived at Covent Garden, April 1st, 1746, Chapman succeeded Macklin as the clown; this actor was admitted to be the best representative of Shakespeare's clowns and of some other comic characters, but was the victim of a delusion that he could play tragedy; and he indulged this delusion in the theatre at Richmond which belonged to him, playing such parts as Richard III. to the utter ruin of his own property. This revival at Covent Garden was notable for the fact that Woodward first played Parolles, a part in which he is said to have been unequalled. Mrs. Pritchard was the Helena. The piece was produced again, under Garrick's management at Drury Lane, February 24, and March 2, 1756; probably owing to the instigation of Woodward, who was so fond of the part of Parolles that he revived this comedy on several occasions, not only in London but under his own management in Dublin. Mrs. Pritchard now exchanged the part of Helena for that of the Countess. On

October 23rd, 1762, Woodward having left Garrick's company, King took the part of Parolles, Bertram being played by Palmer. On July 26, 1785, *All's Well* was produced at the Haymarket in three acts for the benefit of Mannister, jun., who played Parolles; Mrs. Inchbald, the celebrated authoress, being the Countess, and Miss Farren, afterwards Countess of Derby, Helena. On December 12, 1794, *All's Well* was produced, as arranged for the stage by John Kemble at Drury Lane. The cast included himself as Bertram, with King as Parolles and Mrs. Jordan as Helena. It was only played for one night. This play would seem to have been cast in 1793, as the first edition bears that date and contains Mrs. Siddons' name as the representative of Helena. On May 24, 1811, this version was again played under Charles Kemble's management, Fawcett playing Parolles and Munden Lafen. The comedy seems, on the whole, to have been tolerably well received. It is said that Fawcett was a comparative failure, and was hissed on coming off the stage. So discouraged was he that he insisted on surrendering his part; but Kemble persuaded him not to do so, as if he did, he would "knock up the play." The piece was only played once more, on June 22nd. Kemble's alteration is a very good one. He has retained as much as possible of the original text, and has not introduced any embellishments of his own; but, by means of judicious excisions and a few ingenious transpositions, he has made a very good acting version of the play. We do not find any further record of its performance except at Bath, May 23, 1820, when, according to Genest, "it was acted in a respectable manner" (vol. ix. p. 132). The last time that it was produced at a London theatre was in 1852, September 1st, when Phelps revived it at Sadlers Wells, Phelps himself taking the part of Parolles; but the revival was not very successful.

Although *All's Well* that Ends Well from the nature of its main story can never be a

<sup>1</sup> Fawcett's copy of Kemble's edition of this play dated 1811 is in my possession. It is marked, for stage purposes, as far as his own part is concerned; but the alterations and cuts are very few. —P. A. M.

## ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

popular play, we may hope some day to see its revival, if only for a short period, when any actor can be found of sufficient vivacity and impudence—coupled with a thorough knowledge of his art—to play the part of Parolles. At any rate the experiment of its revival might be worth trying at some of those matinées, at which such dismal and depressing experiments are wont to be made on the patience of the audience, and on the long-suffering endurance of the critics.—F. A. M.

### CRITICAL REMARKS.

There is no doubt that at a first reading *All's Well That Ends Well* is one of the least attractive of Shakespeare's plays: it has neither the freshness and sprightliness of the earlier comedies, nor the thrilling interest of the great tragedies which succeeded it. But on re-reading it its beauties rise into relief before us; and although we should undoubtedly gain much from a careful representation of it upon the stage, we can more easily afford to dispense with the actor's aid than in most plays. There are no telling situations, no stirring incidents, the action moves calmly and soberly to its conclusion, but our interest in the heroine carries us through. It is to Shakespeare's conception of her character, perhaps, that his choice of what might seem an unpromising subject is due; but every character in the play is sketched with a master's hand, and if some scenes are dramatically irrelevant, as, for instance, those in which the clown is introduced, they fulfil their purpose in the fresh lights which they throw upon the principal personages, each of whom is a finished portrait. There is no waste of words in this play: the whole is instinct with thought, and it is perhaps from the irrepressible reflective energy of the writer's mind that the number of obscurities of language arises.

Nothing can give a clearer notion of the genius of Shakespeare than a comparison between the bald, wooden narrative in the *Palace of Pleasure* and the picture which he has painted from it. The characters which he has adopted from his original are so transformed that they may be considered almost as much new creations as those which are wholly

of his own invention. Compare Helena with the Giletta of the story. Of Giletta and her proceedings we have an unimpassioned straightforward narrative told in business-like fashion. We read of her love for Beltramo, and her desire to have him for a husband; of the conditions which he lays down, and of her fulfilment of them; we recognize in her a woman of a determined will, but we do not feel for her the love and admiration which we feel for Helena. Boccaccio retails the incidents, Shakespeare lets us into the secrets of the heart. Helena is his ideal of true womanhood, of true self-devotion, only equalled among all his heroines by Imogen and Hermione. The devotion of Helena is the key to the play, and as if to exalt it still higher, as if to emphasize the boundless capabilities of a woman's love, when once it has fastened itself upon an object, he has given it an object so unworthy as Beltramo. Brought up with the young and handsome noble, we cannot wonder, though we may regret, that she has fallen in love with him; but regrettable as the passion of such a woman for such a man may be, when once she has given herself to him—

"I dare not say I take you; but I give  
Me and my service, ever whilst I live,  
Into your guiding power"

she will shrink from nothing that may follow; she will save him even from himself.

It is but a superficial criticism that sees anything inmodest in the conduct of Helena. She is not afraid to choose her husband, but her courage is equalled by her humility. She can meet adversity with resignation. When her hopes are dashed by the seeming refusal of the king to accept her offices she does not complain:

"My duty, then, shall pay me for my pains:  
I will no more enforce mine office on you;  
Humbly entreating from your royal thoughts  
A modest one, to bear me back again."

And when she is scornfully rejected by Beltramo, although her claims have all the advantage of the king's powerful advocacy, she accepts the situation with a sigh which only too plainly indicates the painfulness of the effort:

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"That you are well restor'd, my lord, I'm glad:  
Let the rest go."

The same spirit of self-sacrifice animates her subsequent conduct. For Bertram she is ready to suffer anything. In obedience to his commands she returns home, but she will not stay there when she finds that her presence keeps him away:

"My being here it is that holds thee hence:  
Shall I stay here to do't? no, no, although  
The air of paradise did fan the house,  
And angels offic'd all."

Yet she is not a woman who never tells her love, not one who sits like Patience on a monument smiling at grief. She is a woman, who, with all her gentleness and tenderness, combines an indomitable resolution. Although she has abandoned her home for her husband's sake, so assured is she of her power to help and preserve him, that she goes straight to Florence in search of him, where she may at least watch over him in her disguise, and perchance find some occasion of securing him. The occasion offers, and with the decision which is one of her characteristics, she seizes it at once, saves her husband from sin, and in the end, if she has not yet won his affection, is at any rate acknowledged by him as his lawful wife.

The loveliness of Helena is felt by every personage in the drama except Bertram and Parolles. In this respect the latter is not worth consideration; but Bertram, the son of a noble father and a gentle mother, might have been expected at least to recognize her worth. Every allowance must be made for his aristocratic prejudices, and above all, for the constraint put upon him in a matter in which no man brooks constraint—the choice of a wife; but we cannot but feel that he is throughout unworthy of such a woman as Helena, and, like Johnson, we cannot reconcile our hearts to him. Had he had the courage to brave the king's displeasure and refuse the wife proffered to him, we might have questioned his taste, but could not have condemned his conduct; but after once accepting her his action is inexcusable. If in the end he finds salvation it is through no merit of his own; the victim of a delusion for a worthless led-captain, he is

cured by the device of his friends; false to his promises to the girl whose seducer he believed himself to be, he is rescued from meshes of his own deceit and from his sovereign's displeasure by the timely interposition of his wife. We are left to hope that under her guidance he will be led to better things.

Much of Bertram's shortcoming is attributed to Parolles, a snipt-taffeta fellow with whose inducement the young nobleman corrupts a well-derived nature; and Parolles is indeed a pitiful rascal. An abject sneak and coward, he is the only thorough specimen of his class that Shakespeare has depicted. He has been compared with Falstaff, but the very idea is sacrilege; he has not a spark of the wit and the geniality which always gives us a kindly feeling for honest Jack. When he is exposed he feels no shame; he hugs himself in his disgrace:

"Captain I'll be no more;  
But I will eat and drink, and sleep as soft  
As captain shall: simply the thing I am  
Shall make me live."

Yet, like old Lafeu, who was the first that "found" him, we are content to dismiss this miserable creature, not without compassion, "Though you are a fool and a knave, you shall eat; go to."

A peculiar charm is lent to this play by the halo which it casts around old age. With this, as with all other phases of humanity, Shakespeare manifests his intense power of sympathy. The King, Lafeu, and the Countess are each delightful in their way. The King, who joins a benevolent regard for the rising generation to his eulogy of the past; Lafeu with his dry genial humour; and above all, the aged Countess, the most admirable character of her class that Shakespeare has drawn for us. The scene in which she elicits from Helena the confession of her love for Bertram sets before us at once her calm matronly dignity, her womanly insight, and her sympathy with the emotions of a girlish heart; unlike her son she could see that nobility does not depend upon birth alone, and in Helena she could recognize "a maid too virtuous for the contempt of empire."





*Ber. And I, in going, madam, weep o'er my father's death anew.—(Act I. 1. 3, 4.)*

## ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

### ACT I.

SCENE I. *Rousillon, in France. The hall of the Countess of Rousillon's house.*

*Enter BERTRAM, the COUNTESS OF ROUSILLON, HELENA, and LAFEU, all in black.*

*Count.* In delivering my son from me, I bury a second husband.

*Ber.* And I, in going, madam, weep o'er my father's death anew; but I must attend his majesty's command, to whom I am now in ward, evermore in subjection.

[*Laf.* You shall find of the king a husband, madam;—you, sir, a father: he that so generally is at all times good, must of necessity hold<sup>1</sup> his virtue to you; whose worthiness would stir it up where it wanted, rather than lack it where there is such abundance.]<sup>12</sup>

*Count.* What hope is there of his majesty's amendment?

*Laf.* He hath abandoned his physicians, madam; under whose practices he hath persecuted time with hope; and finds no other advantage in the process but only the losing of hope by time.<sup>18</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *Hold, continue.*

*Count.* This young gentlewoman had a father,—O, that "had"! how sad a passage<sup>2</sup> 't is!—whose skill was almost as great as his honesty; [had it stretched so far, would have made nature immortal, and death should have play for lack of work.] Would, for the king's sake, he were living! I think it would be the death of the king's disease.

*Laf.* How called you the man you speak of, madam?

*Count.* He was famous, sir, in his profession, and it was his great right to be so,—Gerard de Narbon.<sup>31</sup>

*Laf.* He was excellent indeed, madam; the king very lately spoke of him admiringly and mourningly: [he was skilful enough to have lived still, if knowledge could be set up against mortality.]

*Ber.* What is it, my good lord, the king languishes of?

*Laf.* A fistula,<sup>3</sup> my lord.

*Ber.* I heard not of it before.

*Laf.* I would it were not notorious.—] <sup>40</sup>

<sup>2</sup> *Passage, something passed, an event.*

<sup>3</sup> *Fistula, a sinuous ulcer.*



Was this gentlewoman the daughter of Gerard de Narbon?

*Count.* His sole child, my lord; and bequeathed to my overlooking. I have those hopes of her good that her education promises; her dispositions she inherits, which makes fair gifts fairer; [for where an unclean mind carries virtuous qualities, there commendations go with pity,—they are virtues and traitors too: in her they are the better for their simplicity:] she derives her honesty,<sup>1</sup> and achieves her goodness.

*Laf.* Your commendations, madam, get from her tears.

*Count.* 'Tis the best brine a maiden can season her praise in. The remembrance of her father never approaches her heart but the tyranny of her sorrows takes all livelihood from her cheek.—No more of this, Helena, go to, no more; lest it be rather thought you affect a sorrow than to have it.

*Hel.* I do affect a sorrow, indeed; but I have it too.

[*Laf.* Moderate lamentation is the right of the dead; excessive grief the enemy to the living.

*Count.* If the living be enemy to the grief, the excess makes it soon mortal.]

*Ber.* Madam, I desire your holy wishes.

[*Laf.* How understand we that?]

*Count.* Be thou blest, Bertram! and succeed thy father

In manners, as in shape! thy blood and virtue Contend for empire in thee, and thy goodness Share<sup>2</sup> with thy birthright! Love all, trust a few,

Do wrong to none; be able for thine enemy Rather in power than use, and keep thy friend Under thy own life's key; be check'd<sup>3</sup> for silence,

But never tax'd for speech. What heaven more will,

That thee may furnish, and my prayers pluck down,

Fall on thy head!—Farewell, my lord; 'Tis an unseason'd courtier; good my lord, so Advise him.

<sup>1</sup> *Honesty*, honourable position, claims to respect.

<sup>2</sup> *Share*, go even with, be as great as.

<sup>3</sup> *Check'd*, rebuked.

*Laf.*

He cannot want the best That shall attend his love.

*Count.* Heaven bless him!—Farewell, Bertram. [*Exit.*

*Ber.* The best wishes that can be forged in your thoughts be servants to you! [*To Helena*] Be comfortable<sup>4</sup> to my mother, your mistress, and make much of her.

*Laf.* Farewell, pretty lady: you must hold the credit of your father.

[*Exeunt Bertram and Lafew.*

*Hel.* O, were that all!—I think not on my father;

And these great tears grace his remembrance more

Than those I shed for him. What was he like!

I have forgot him: my imagination Carries no favour<sup>5</sup> in 't but Bertram's. I am undone: there is no living, none, If Bertram be away. It were all one, That I should love a bright particular star, And think to wed it, he is so above me:

[In his bright radiance and collateral light Must I be comforted, not in his sphere. <sup>100</sup> Th' ambition in my love thus plagues itself:] The hind that would be mated by the lion Must die for love. 'Twas pretty, though a plague,

To see him every hour; to sit and draw His arched brows, his hawking<sup>6</sup> eye, his curls, In our heart's table,—heart too capable<sup>7</sup> Of every line and trick<sup>8</sup> of his sweet favour: But now he's gone, and my idolatrous fancy Must sanctify his relics.—Who comes here? One that goes with him: I love him for his sake;

And yet I know him a notorious liar, Think him a great way fool, solely<sup>9</sup> a coward; [Yet these fix'd evils sit so fit in him, That they take place,<sup>10</sup> when virtue's steely bones

Look bleak i' the cold wind: withal, full oft we see

Cold wisdom waiting on superfluous<sup>11</sup> folly.]

<sup>4</sup> *Comfortable*, serviceable. <sup>5</sup> *Favour*, features.

<sup>6</sup> *Hawking*, hawk-like.

<sup>7</sup> *Capable*, susceptible.

<sup>8</sup> *Trick*, peculiarity.

<sup>9</sup> *Solely*, without an equal.

<sup>10</sup> *Place*, precedence.

<sup>11</sup> *Superfluous*, having more than enough.

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!—Farewell, Ber-

[*Exit.*

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<sup>9</sup> Favour, features.

<sup>10</sup> Capable, susceptible.

<sup>11</sup> y, without an equal.

an enough.

*Enter PAROLLES.*

*Par.* Save you, fair queen!

*Hel.* And you, monarch!

[*Par.* No.

*Hel.* And no.

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*Par.* Are you meditating on virginity?

*Hel.* Ay. You have some stain<sup>1</sup> of soldier  
in you: let me ask you a question. Man is  
enemy to virginity; how may we barricado it  
against him!

*Par.* Keep him out.

*Hel.* But he assails; and our virginity,  
though valiant in the defence, yet is weak:  
unfold to us some warlike resistance. 128

*Par.* There is none: man, sitting down be-  
fore you, will undermine you, and blow you up.

*Hel.* Bless our poor virginity from under-  
miners and blowers-up!—Is there no military  
policy, how virgins might blow up men?

*Par.* Virginity being blown down, man will  
quicklier be blown up: marry, in blowing him  
down again, with the breach yourselves made,  
you lose your city. It is not politic in the  
commonwealth of nature to preserve virginity.  
Loss of virginity is rational increase; and there  
was never virgin got till virginity was first  
lost. That you were made of, is metal to make  
virgins. Virginity, by being once lost, may be  
ten times found; by being ever kept, it is ever  
lost: 't is too cold a companion; away with 't!

*Hel.* I will stand for 't a little, though there-  
fore I die a virgin. 140

*Par.* There's little can be said in 't; 't is  
against the rule of nature. To speak on the  
part of virginity, is to accuse your mothers;  
which is most infallible disobedience. He  
that hangs himself is a virgin: virginity mur-  
ders itself; and should be buried in highways,  
out of all sanctified limit, as a desperate offen-  
dress against nature. Virginity breeds mites,  
much like a cheese; consumes itself to the  
very paring, and so dies with feeding his own  
stomach. Besides, virginity is peevish, proud,  
idle, made of self-love, which is the most in-  
hibited sin in the canon. Keep it not; you  
cannot choose but lose by 't: out with 't!  
within ten year it will make itself ten, which

is a goodly increase; and the principal itself  
not much the worse: away with 't! 162

*Hel.* How might one do, sir, to lose it to her  
own liking?

*Par.* Let me see: marry, ill, to like him  
that ne'er it likes. 'T is a commodity will lose  
the gloss with lying; the longer kept, the less  
worth: off with 't while 't is vendible; answer  
the time of request. Virginity, like an old  
courtier, wears her cap out of fashion; richly  
suited, but unsuitable: just like the brooch  
and the toothpick, which wear not now.<sup>2</sup> Your  
date is better in your pie and your porridge  
than in your cheek: and your virginity, your  
old virginity, is like one of our French wi-  
thered pears,—it looks ill, it eats dryly; marry,  
't is a withered pear; it was formerly better;  
marry, yet, 't is a withered pear: will you any  
thing with it?

*Hel.* Not my virginity yet.

There shall your master have a thousand loves,  
A mother, and a mistress, and a friend, 181

A phoenix, captain, and an enemy,

A guide, a goddess, and a sovereign,

A counsellor, a traitress, and a dear;

His humble ambition, proud humility,

His jarring concord, and his discord dulcet,

His faith, his sweet disaster; with a world

Of pretty, fond, adoptious christendoms,<sup>3</sup>

That blinking Cupid gossips.<sup>4</sup> Now shall he—

I know not what he shall:—God send him  
well!— 190

The court's a learning-place;—and he is one—

*Par.* What one, i' faith?

*Hel.* That I wish well.—'T is pity—

*Par.* What's pity?

*Hel.* That wishing well had not a body in 't,  
Which might be felt; that we, the poorer born,  
Whose baser stars do shut us up in wishes,  
Might with effects of them follow our friends,  
And show what we alone must think; which  
never

Returns us thanks. 200

*Enter a Page.*

*Page.* Monsieur Parolles, my lord calls for  
you. [*Exit.*]

<sup>2</sup> Wear not now, are not in fashion.

<sup>3</sup> Adoptious christendoms, assumed Christian names or  
appellations.

<sup>4</sup> Gossips, gives as a sponsor.

*Par.* Little Helen, farewell: if I can remember thee, I will think of thee at court.

*Hel.* Monsieur Parolles, you were born under a charitable star.

*Par.* Under Mars, I.

[*Hel.* I especially think, under Mars.

*Par.* Why under Mars?

*Hel.* The wars have so kept you under, that you must needs be born under Mars. 210

*Par.*] When he was predominant.

*Hel.* When he was retrograde,<sup>1</sup> I think, rather.

*Par.* Why think you so?

*Hel.* You go so much backward when you fight.

*Par.* That's for advantage.

*Hel.* So is running away, when fear proposes the safety: but the composition, that your valour and fear make in you, is a virtue of a good wing, and I like the wear<sup>2</sup> well. 219

*Par.* I am so full of businesses, I cannot answer thee acutely. [I will return perfect courtier; in the which, my instruction shall serve to naturalize thee, so thou wilt be capable of a courtier's counsel, and understand what advice shall thrust upon thee; else thou diest in thine unthankfulness, and thine ignorance makes thee away:] farewell. When thou hast leisure, say thy prayers; when thou hast none, remember thy friends: get thee a good husband, and use him as he uses thee: so, farewell. [*Exit.* 230

*Hel.* Our remedies oft in ourselves do lie, Which we ascribe to heaven: the fated<sup>3</sup> sky Gives us free scope; only doth backward pull Our slow designs when we ourselves are dull. [What power is it which mounts my love so high;

That makes me see, and cannot feed mine eye? Tie mightiest space in fortune nature brings To join like likes, and kiss like native<sup>4</sup> things. Impossible be strange attempts to those That weigh their pains in sense;<sup>5</sup> and do suppose 240

What hath been cannot be:] who ever strove

<sup>1</sup> Retrograde, in astronomy, means, seeming to move contrary to the succession of the signs.

<sup>2</sup> Wear, fashion.

<sup>3</sup> Fated, invested with the power of destiny.

<sup>4</sup> Native, congenial, kindred. <sup>5</sup> In sense, in thought.

To show her merit, that did miss her love? The king's disease,—my project may deceive me, But my intents are fix'd, and will not leave me. [*Exit.*

[SCENE II. *Paris. The King's palace.*

*Flourish of cornets. Enter the KING OF FRANCE, with letters, and divers Attendants.*

*King.* The Florentines and Senoys are by th' ears;

Have fought with equal fortune, and continue A braving<sup>6</sup> war.

*First Lord.* So 't is reported, sir.

*King.* Nay, 't is most credible; we here receive it

A certainty, vouch'd from our cousin Austria, With caution, that the Florentine will move us, For speedy aid; wherein our dearest friend<sup>7</sup> Prejudicates the business, and would seem To have us make denial.

*First Lord.* His love and wisdom. Approv'd so to your majesty, may plead 10 For amplest credence.

*King.* He hath arm'd our answer, And Florence is denied before he comes: Yet, for our gentlemen that mean to see The Tuscan service, freely have they leave To stand on either part.

*Sec. Lord.* It well may serve A nursery to our gentry, who are sick For<sup>8</sup> breathing and exploit.

*King.* What's he comes here?

*Enter BERTRAM, LAFEU, and PAROLLES.*

*First Lord.* It is the Count Rousillon, my good lord, Young Bertram.

*King.* Youth, thou bear'st thy father's face; 10 Frank<sup>9</sup> nature, rather curious<sup>10</sup> than in haste, Hath well compos'd thee. Thy father's moral parts

Mayst thou inherit too! Welcome to Paris.

*Ber.* My thanks and duty are your majesty's.

*King.* I would I had that corporal soundness now

<sup>6</sup> Braving, default.

<sup>7</sup> Our dearest friend, i.e. our cousin Austria.

<sup>8</sup> Sick for, pining for.

<sup>9</sup> Frank, bountiful.

<sup>10</sup> Curious, careful

miss her love?  
fect may deceive me,  
d will not leave me.

[Exit.

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Youth, thou bear'st  
19  
ious<sup>10</sup> than in haste.  
Thy father's moral

Welcome to Paris.  
y are your majesty's  
hat corporal sound-

our cousin Austria  
Frank, bountiful.

As when thy father and myself in friendship  
First tried our soldiership! He did look far  
Into the service of the time, and was  
Disciple of the bravest: he lasted long;  
But on us both did haggish age steal on,  
And wore us out of act. It much repairs me  
To talk of your good father. In his youth 31  
He had the wit, which I can well observe

To-day in our young lords; but they may jest,  
Till their own scorn return to them unnoted  
Ere they can hide their levity in honour:  
So like a courtier, contempt nor bitterness  
Were in his pride or sharpness; if they were,  
His equal had awak'd them; and his honour,  
Clock to itself, knew the true minute when  
Exception<sup>1</sup> bid him speak, and at this time 40



King. Youth, thou bear'st thy father's face.—(Act i. 2. 19.)

His tongue obey'd his<sup>2</sup> hand; who were below  
him

He us'd as creatures of another place;  
And bow'd his eminent top to their low ranks,  
Making them proud of his humility,  
In their poor praise he humbled.<sup>3</sup> Such a man  
Might be a copy to these younger times;  
Which, follow'd well, would demonstrate them  
now

But goes backward.

Ber. His good remembrance, sir,

<sup>1</sup> Exception, disapprobation.

<sup>2</sup> He, i.e.

<sup>3</sup> He humbled, he made himself humble.

Lies richer in your thoughts than on his tomb;  
So in approval lives not his epitaph  
As in your royal speech.

King. Would I were with him! He would  
always say,—

Methinks I hear him now; his plausible<sup>4</sup> words  
He scatter'd not in ears, but grafted them,  
To grow there, and to bear,—“Let me not  
live,”—

This his good melancholy oft began,  
On the catastrophe and heel of pastime,  
When it<sup>5</sup> was out,—“Let me not live,” quoth he,

<sup>4</sup> Plausible, pleasing.

<sup>5</sup> It, i.e. the pastime.

"After my flame lacks oil, to be the snuff 50  
Of younger spirits, whose apprehensive<sup>1</sup> senses  
All but new things disdain; whose judgments are  
More fathers of their garments; whose con-  
stancies

Expire before their fashions:<sup>2</sup>—this he wish'd:  
I, after him, do after him wish too,  
Since I nor wax nor honey can bring home,  
I quickly were dissolved from my hive,  
To give some labourers room.

*Sec. Lord.* You're loved, sir;

They that least lend it<sup>3</sup> you shall lack<sup>3</sup> you first.

*King.* I fill a place, I know't.—How long  
is't, count,

Since the physician at your father's died? 70  
He was much fan'd.

*Ber.* Some six months since, my lord.

*King.* If he were living, I would try him  
yet;

Lend me an arm;—the rest have worn me out  
With several applications:<sup>4</sup>—nature and sick-  
ness

Debate it at their leisure. Welcome, count;  
My son's no dearer.

*Ber.* Thank your majesty.

[*Exeunt. Flourish.*]

SCENE III. *The Countess of Rousillon's  
garden.*

*Enter* COUNTESS, STEWARD, and CLOWN.

*Count.* I will now hear: what say you of  
this gentlewoman?

*Stew.* Madam, the care I have had to even  
your content, I wish might be found in the  
calendar of my past endeavours; [for then we  
wound our modesty, and make foul the clear-  
ness of our deservings, when of ourselves we  
publish them.] 7

*Count.* What does this knave here? Get you  
gone, sirrah: [the complaints I have heard  
of you I do not all believe: 't is my slowness  
that I do not; for I know you lack not folly  
to commit them, and have ability enough to  
make such knaveries yours.]

*Clo.* 'Tis not unknown to you, madam, I  
am a poor fellow.

*Count.* Well, sir,

*Clo.* No, madam, 't is not so well that I am  
poor; though many of the rich are damned:  
but, if I may have your ladyship's good-will  
to go to the world, Isbel the woman and I  
will do as we may. 21

*Count.* Wilt thou needs be a beggar?

*Clo.* I do beg your good-will in this case.

*Count.* In what case?

*Clo.* In Isbel's case and mine own. Service  
is no heritage: and I think I shall never have  
the blessing of God till I have issue o' my  
body; for they say barns are blessings.

[*Count.* Tell me thy reason why thou wilt  
marry. 29

*Clo.* My poor body, madam, requires it: I  
am driven on by the flesh; and he must needs  
go that the devil drives.

*Count.* Is this all your worship's reason?

*Clo.* Faith, madam, I have other holy rea-  
sons, such as they are.

*Count.* May the world know them?

*Clo.* I have been, madam, a wicked creature,  
as you and all flesh and blood are; and, in-  
deed, I do marry that I may repent.

*Count.* Thy marriage,—sooner than thy  
wickedness. 41

*Clo.* I am out o' friends, madam; and I hope  
to have friends for my wife's sake.

*Count.* Such friends are thine enemies,  
knave.

*Clo.* You're shallow, madam, in great friends;  
for the knaves come to do that for me, which  
I am a-weary of. He that ears<sup>5</sup> my land  
spares my team, and gives me leave to in the  
crop; if I be his cuckold, he's my drudge: he  
that comforts my wife is the cherisher of my  
flesh and blood; he that cherishes my flesh  
and blood loves my flesh and blood; he that  
loves my flesh and blood is my friend: *ergo*,  
he that kisses my wife is my friend. If men  
could be contented to be what they are, there  
were no fear in marriage; for young Charbon  
the puritan and old Poysam the papist, how-  
some'er their hearts are severed in religion,  
their heads are both one,—they may joul<sup>6</sup>  
horns together, like any deer i' the herd. 59

*Count.* Wilt thou ever be a foul-mouthed  
and calumnious knave?

<sup>1</sup> Apprehensive, fantastic, finical.

<sup>2</sup> It. love.

<sup>3</sup> Lack, miss.

<sup>4</sup> Applications, attempts at healing.

<sup>5</sup> Ears, ploughs.

<sup>6</sup> Joul, thrust.

t so well that I am  
rich are damned:  
udyship's good-will  
the woman and I  
21  
be a beggar?  
will in this case.

mine own. Service  
I shall never have  
I have issue o' my  
re blessings.

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blood are; and, in-

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41  
madam; and I hope

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am, in great friends;

that for me, which

that ears<sup>6</sup> my land

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he's my drudge: he

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and blood; he that

is my friend: *ergo*,

my friend. If men

what they are, there

for young Charbon

un the papist, how-

severed in religion,

—they may joul<sup>6</sup>

eer i' the herd. 59

be a foul-mouthed

*Clo.* A prophet I, madam; and I speak the  
truth the next<sup>1</sup> way: 63

For I the ballad will repeat,  
Which men full true shall find;  
Your marriage comes by destiny,  
Your cuckoo sings by kind. ]

*Count.* Get you gone, sir; I'll talk with you  
more anon. 69

*Stew.* May it please you, madam, that he  
bid Helen come to you: of her I am to speak.

*Count.* Sirrah, tell my gentlewoman I would  
speak with her; Helen I mean.

*Clo.* Was this fair face the cause, quoth she,  
Why the Grecians sacked Troy?  
Fond<sup>2</sup> done, done fond,  
Was this King Priam's joy?  
With that she sighed as she stood,  
With that she sighed as she stood,  
And gave this sentence then; 80  
Among nine bad if one be good,  
Among nine bad if one be good,  
There's yet one good in ten.

*Count.* What, one good in ten? You cor-  
rupt the song, sirrah.

*Clo.* One good woman in ten, madam; which  
is a purifying o' the song: would God would  
serve the world so all the year! we'd find no  
fault with the tithe-woman, if I were the par-  
son: one in ten, quoth a'! an we might have a  
good woman born but one every blazing star,  
or at an earthquake, 't would mend the lottery  
well: a man may draw his heart out, ere 'a  
pluck one. 93

*Count.* You'll be gone, sir knave, and do as  
I command you?

*Clo.* That man should be at woman's com-  
mand, and yet no hurt done!—[Though honesty  
be no puritan, yet it will do no hurt; it will  
wear the surplice of humility over the black  
gown of a big heart.—] I am going, forsooth:  
the business is for Helen to come hither.

[*Exit.*

*Count.* Well, now. 102

*Stew.* I know, madam, you love your gen-  
tlewoman entirely.

*Count.* Faith, I do: her father bequeathed  
her to me; and she herself, without other ad-  
vantage, may lawfully make title to as much  
love as she finds: there is more owing her

than is paid; and more shall be paid her than  
she'll demand. 109

*Stew.* Madam, I was very late more near  
her than I think she wished me: alone she  
was, and did communicate to herself her own  
words to her own ears; she thought, I dare  
vow for her, they touched not any stranger  
sense. Her matter was, she loved your son:  
Fortune, she said, was no goddess, that had  
put such difference betwixt their two estates;  
Love no god, that would not extend his might,  
only where qualities were level; [Dian no  
queen of virgins, that would suffer her poor  
knight surprised, without rescue in the first  
assault, or ransom afterward.] This she de-  
livered in the most bitter touch<sup>3</sup> of sorrow  
that e'er I heard virgin exclaim in: which I  
held my duty speedily to acquaint you withal;  
sithence,<sup>4</sup> in the loss<sup>5</sup> that may happen, it con-  
cerns you something to know it. 120

*Count.* You have discharged this honestly;  
[keep it to yourself: many likelihoods informed  
me of this before, which hung so tottering in  
the balance, that I could neither believe nor  
misdoubt.<sup>6</sup>] Pray you, leave me: stall this in  
your bosom; and I thank you for your honest  
care: I will speak with you further anon.

[*Exit Steward.*

*Enter HELENA.*

[Even so it was with me when I was young:  
If ever we are nature's, these<sup>7</sup> are ours; this  
thorn

Doth to our rose of youth rightly belong;  
Our blood to us, this to our blood is born;  
It is the show and seal of nature's truth,  
Where love's strong passion is impress'd in  
youth:

By our remembrances of days foregone, 140  
Such were our faults, or then we thought them  
none.

Her eye is sick on't: I observe her now.]

*Hel.* What is your pleasure, madam?

*Count.* You know, Helen,

I am a mother to you.

*Hel.* Mine honourable mistress.

*Count.* Nay, a mother:

<sup>3</sup> Touch, sensation.

<sup>4</sup> Sithence, since.

<sup>5</sup> Loss, misfortune.

<sup>6</sup> Misdoubt, mistrust, disbelieve.

<sup>7</sup> These, these faults, line 141.

<sup>6</sup> Joul, thrust.

<sup>1</sup> Next, nearest.

<sup>2</sup> Fond, foolishly.

Why not a mother? [When I said a mother,  
Methought you saw a serpent; what's in  
"mother."

That you start at it? Isay, I am your mother;  
And put you in the catalogue of those  
That were enwomb'd mine: 't is often seen  
Adoption strives with nature; and choice  
breeds 151

A native<sup>1</sup> slip to us from foreign seeds;  
You ne'er oppress'd me with a mother's groan,  
Yet I express to you a mother's care:—  
God's mercy, maiden! ] does it curd thy blood,  
To say, I am thy mother? What's the matter,  
That this distemper'd messenger of wet,  
The many-colour'd Iris, rounds thine eye?  
Why,— that you are my daughter!

*Hel.* That I am not.

*Count.* I say, I am your mother.

*Hel.* Pardon, madam, 160  
The Count Ronsillon cannot be my brother;  
I am from humble, he from honour'd name;  
No note upon my parents, his all noble:  
My master, my dear lord he is; and I  
His servant live, and will his vassal die:  
He must not be my brother.

*Count.* Nor I your mother?

*Hel.* You are my mother, madam; would  
you were.

So that my lord yourson were not my brother—  
Indeed my mother!—or were you both our  
mothers.<sup>2</sup>

I care no more for<sup>3</sup> than I do for heaven, 170  
So I were not his sister. Can't no other,<sup>4</sup>  
But I your daughter, he must be my brother?

*Count.* Yes, Helen, you might be my daughter-  
in-law:

[God shield, you mean it not! "daughter"  
and "mother"

So strive upon your pulse. ] What, pale again?  
My fear hath catch'd your fondness; now I see  
[The mystery of your loneliness, and find  
Your salt tears' head: now to all sense 't is  
gross.]

You love my son; invention is ashamed,  
Against the proclamation of thy passion, 180

To say thou dost not: therefore tell me true;  
[But tell me then, 't is so;— for, look, thy cheeks  
Confess it, th' one to th' other; and thine eyes  
See it so grossly<sup>5</sup> shown in thy behaviours,  
That in their kind<sup>6</sup> they speak it: only sin  
And hellish obstinacy tie thy tongue,  
That truth should be suspected. Speak, is't so?]  
If it be so, you've wound a goodly clew;  
If it be not, forswear 't: howe'er, I charge thee,  
As heaven shall work in me for thine avail,<sup>7</sup>  
To tell me truly.

*Hel.* Good madam, pardon me! 191

*Count.* Do you love my son?

*Hel.* Your pardon, noble mistress!

*Count.* Love you my son?

*Hel.* Do not you love him, madam?

*Count.* Go not about; my love hath in't a  
bond,<sup>8</sup>

Whereof the world takes note: come, come,  
disclose

The state of your affection; for your passions  
Have to the full appeach'd.<sup>9</sup>

*Hel.* Then, I confess,

Here on my knee, before high heaven and you,  
That before you, and next unto high heaven,  
I love your son:— 200

My friends were poor, but honest; so's my love:

Be not offended; for it hurts not him,

That he is lov'd of me: I follow him not

By any token of presumptuous suit;

Nor would I have him till I do deserve him;

Yet never know how that desert should be.

[I know I love in vain, strive against hope;

Yet in this captious and intenable<sup>10</sup> sieve

I still pour in the vaters of my love,

And lack not to lose still: thus, Indian-like,  
Religious in mine error, I adore 211

The sun, that looks upon his worshipper,

But knows of him no more. My dearest ma-  
dam,

Let not your hate encounter with my love,

For loving where you do: but, if yourself,

Whose aged honour cites a virtuous youth,<sup>11</sup>

Did ever, in so true a flame of liking,

<sup>5</sup> Grossly, palpably.

<sup>6</sup> In their kind, in their way.

<sup>7</sup> Avail, interest; compare *iii*. 1. 22.

<sup>8</sup> Bond, obligation.

<sup>9</sup> Appeach'd, informed against you.

<sup>10</sup> Captious and intenable, capacious, and incapable of

retaining.

<sup>11</sup> Cites a virtuous youth, proves that you were no less

virtuous when young.

<sup>1</sup> Native, kindred, as in *i*. 1. 238.

<sup>2</sup> Both our mothers, the mother of both of us.

<sup>3</sup> I care no more for, I care as much for, wish it equally.

<sup>4</sup> Can't no other. Can it not be otherwise, but that if I  
am your daughter, &c.

ore tell me true;  
r, look, thy cheeks  
r; and thine eyes  
by behaviours,  
ok it: only sin  
tongue,  
l. Speak, is't so? ]  
oodly clew;  
er, I charge thee,  
for thine avail?

t, pardon me! 101  
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t, noble mistress!

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love hath in't a

ote: come, come,

for your passions

Then, I confess,  
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s worshipper,  
My dearest ma-

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virtuous youth,<sup>11</sup>  
of liking,

r kind, in their way.

22. <sup>8</sup> Bond, obligation.

u.

ious, and incapable of

that you were no less

Wish chastely, and love dearly, that your Dian  
Was both herself and love; O, then, give pity  
To her, whose state is such, that cannot choose  
But lend and give, where she is sure to lose;  
That seeks not to find that her search implies,  
But, riddle-like, lives sweetly where she dies: ]

Count. Had you not lately an intent,—speak  
truly,—

To go to Paris?

Hel. Madam, I had.

Count. Wherefore? tell true.

Hel. I will tell truth; by grace itself, I  
swear.

You know my father left me some prescriptions  
Of rare and prov'd effects, such as his reading  
And manifest experience had collected 220  
For general sovereignty;<sup>1</sup> [and that he will'd me  
In heedfull'st reservation to bestow them,  
As notes, whose faculties inclusive<sup>2</sup> were  
More than they were in note:] amongst the rest,  
There is a remedy, approv'd, set down,  
To cure the desperate languishings whereof  
The king is render'd<sup>3</sup> lost.

Count. This was your motive  
For Paris, was it? speak.

Hel. My lord your son made me to think of  
this; 238

Else Paris, and the medicine, and the king,  
Had from the conversation<sup>4</sup> of my thoughts  
Haply been absent then.

Count. But thank you, Helen,  
If you should tender your supposed aid, 242  
He would receive it / he and his physicians  
Are of a mind, that they cannot help  
They, that they cannot help / I would not  
credit

A poor unlearned virgin<sup>5</sup>, when the schools,  
Embowell'd of their doctrine,<sup>6</sup> have left off  
The danger to itself? ]

Hel. There's something in't,  
More than my father's skill, which was the  
greatest

Of his profession, that his good receipt 250  
Shall, for my legacy, be sanctified  
By the luckiest stars in heaven: and, would  
your honour

But give me leave to try success,<sup>8</sup> I'd venture  
The well-lost life of mine on's grace's cure  
By such a day and hour.

Count. Dost thou believe't?  
Hel. Ay, madam, knowingly.

Count. Why, Helen, thou shalt have my  
leave, and love,  
Means, and attendants, and my loving greet-  
ings 258

To those of mine in court: I'll stay at home,  
And pray God's blessing into thy attempt:  
Be gone to-morrow; and be sure of this,  
What I can help thee to, thou shalt not miss.  
[Exeunt.

## ACT II.

## [SCENE I. Paris. The King's palace.

Flourish of cornets. Enter KING, attended with  
divers young Lords taking leave for the Flor-  
entine war; BERTRAM, PAROLLES.

King. Farewell, young lords; these warlike  
principles  
Do not throw from you:—and you, my lords,  
farewell:—

Share the advice betwixt you; if both gain,<sup>7</sup> all  
The gift doth stretch itself as 't is receiv'd,  
And is enough for both.

First Lord. It is our hope, sir,  
After well enter'd soldiers, to return:  
And find your grace in health.

King. No, no, it cannot be; and yet my  
heart

Will not confess he owes<sup>8</sup> the malady  
That doth my life besiege. Farewell, young  
lords; 10

Whether I live or die, be you the sons  
Of worthy Frenchmen: let high Italy—  
Those bated<sup>9</sup> that inherit but the fall  
Of the last monarchy—see that you come  
Not to woo honour, but to wed it; when

<sup>1</sup> Sovereignty, efficacy.

<sup>2</sup> Inclusive, comprehensive.

<sup>3</sup> Render'd, said to be.

<sup>4</sup> Conversation, intercourse.

<sup>5</sup> Doctrine, learning.

<sup>6</sup> Success, fortune.

<sup>7</sup> Gain, profit.

<sup>8</sup> Owes, owns.

<sup>9</sup> Bated, beaten down, subdued.



'The bravest questant<sup>1</sup> shrinks, find what you seek.

That fame may cry you loud; I say, farewell.

*Sec. Lord.* Health, at your bidding, serve your majesty!

*King.* Those girls of Italy, take heed of them: 19

They say, our French lack language to deny,  
If they demand: beware of being captives,  
Before you serve.

*Both Lords.* Our hearts receive your warnings.

*King.* Farewell.—Come hither to me.

[*Exit, attended.*]

*First Lord.* O my sweet lord, that you will stay behind us!

*Par.* 'Tis not his fault, the spark.

*Sec. Lord.* O, 'tis brave wars!

*Par.* Most admirable: I have seen those wars.

*Ber.* I am commanded here,<sup>2</sup> and kept a coil with;<sup>3</sup>—

"Too young," and "the next year," and "'tis too early."

*Par.* An thy mind stand to't, boy, steal away bravely.

*Ber.* I shall stay here the forchorse to a smock;<sup>4</sup> 20

Creaking my shoes on the plain masonry,  
Till honour be bought up,<sup>5</sup> and no sword worn  
But one to dance with! By heaven, I'll steal away.

*First Lord.* There's honour in the theft.

*Sec. Lord.* Commit it, count.

*Sec. Lord.* I am your accessory; and so, farewell.

*Ber.* I grow to you, and our parting is a tortured body.

*First Lord.* Farewell, captain.

*Sec. Lord.* Sweet Monsieur Parolles! 29

*Par.* Noble heroes, my sword and yours are kin. Good sparks and lustrous, a word, good metals: you shall find in the regiment of the Spinii one Captain Spurio, with his cicero,

an emblem of war, here on his sinister cheek: it was this very sword entrenched it: say to him, I live; and observe his reports for me.<sup>6</sup>

*Sec. Lord.* We shall, noble captain.

[*Exeunt Lords.*]

*Par.* Mars dote on you for his novices! what will ye do!

*Ber.* Stay; the king!

50

*Re-enter KING, BERTRAM and PAROLLES retire.*

*Par.* [*To Ber.*] Use a more spacious ceremony to the noble lords; you have restrained yourself within the list<sup>7</sup> of too cold an adieu: be more expressive to them: for they wear themselves in the cap of the time, there do muster true gait, eat, speak, and move under the influence of the most received star; and though the devil lead the measure, such are to be followed: after them, and take a more dilated farewell.

*Ber.* And I will do so. 60

*Par.* Worthy fellows; and like to prove most sinewy sword-men.

[*Exeunt Bertram and Parolles.*]

*Enter LAFEU.*

*Laf.* [*Kneeling*] Pardon, my lord, for me and for my tidings.

*King.* I'll fee thee to stand up.

*Laf.* [*Rising*] Then here's a man stands that has brought his pardon.

I would you had kneel'd, my lord, to ask me mercy;

And that, at my bidding, you could so stand up.

*King.* I would I had; so I had broke thy pate,

And ask'd thee mercy for't.

*Laf.* Good faith, across: but, my good lord, 'tis thus; 70

Will you be cur'd of your infirmity?

*King.* No.

*Laf.* O, will you eat no grapes, my royal fox?

Yes, but you will my noble grapes, an if My royal fox could reach them: I've seen a medicine<sup>8</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Questant, seeker, aspirant.

<sup>2</sup> I am commanded here, i.e. to remain here.

<sup>3</sup> Kept a coil with, made a fuss about.

<sup>4</sup> A smock, used contemptuously for a woman.

<sup>5</sup> Till honour be bought up, and therefore there is no more left to be gained.

<sup>6</sup> For me, concerning me.

<sup>7</sup> List, boundary, limit.

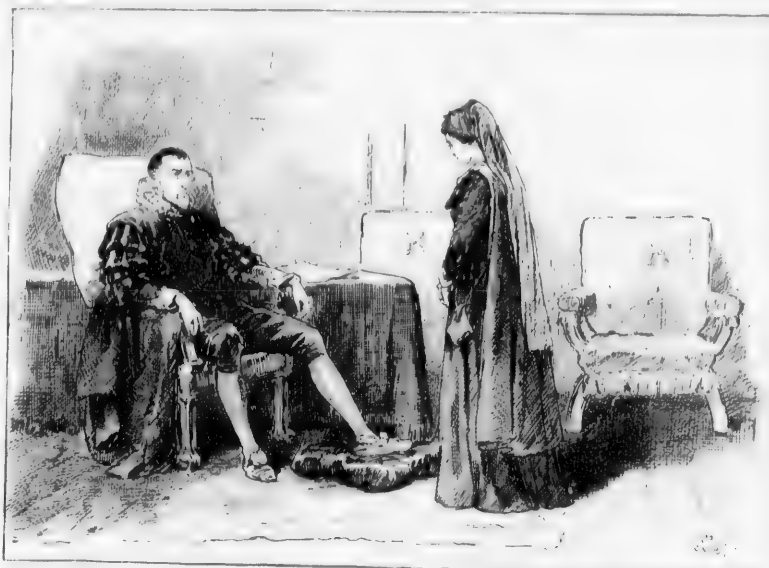
<sup>8</sup> Medicine, physician.

That 's able to breathe life into a stone,  
 Quicken a rock, and make you dance canary!<sup>1</sup>  
 With sprightly ~~to~~ and motion; whose simple  
 touch  
 Is powerful to araise King Pepin, may,  
 To give great Charlemain a pen in's hand, so  
 And write to her a love-line.

*King.*

What "her" is this?

*Laf.* Why, Doctor She: my lord, there's one  
 arriv'd,<sup>2</sup>  
 If you will see her:—now, by my faith and  
 honour,  
 If seriously I may convey my thoughts  
 In this my light deliverance,<sup>3</sup> I have spoke  
 With one that, in her sex, her years, profession,<sup>3</sup>  
 Wisdom, and constancy, hath amaz'd me more



*King.* We thank you, maiden:  
 But may not be so credulous of cure.—(Act II. I. 117, 118.)

Than I dare blame my weakness: will you see  
 her, —  
 For that is her demand,—and know her busi-  
 ness!<sup>89</sup>

That done, laugh well at me.

*King.* Now, good Lafeu,  
 Bring in the admiration; that we with thee  
 May spend our wonder too, or take off thine  
 By wondering how thou took'st it.

*Laf.* Nay, I'll fit you,  
 And not be all day neither. [*Exit.*]

*King.* Thus he his special nothing ever pro-  
 logues.

*Re-enter LAFEU, with HELENA.*

*Laf.* Nay, come your ways.

*King.* This haste hath wings indeed.

*Laf.* Nay, come your ways;

This is his majesty, say your mind to him; <sup>98</sup>  
 A traitor you do look like; but such traitors  
 His majesty seldom fears: I'm Cressid's uncle,  
 That dare leave two together; fare you well.

[*Exit.*]

<sup>1</sup> Canary, a lively dance.

<sup>2</sup> Deliverance, utterance.

<sup>3</sup> Profession, what she professes to be able to do.

*King.* Now, fair one, does your business follow us? 102

*Hel.* Ay, my good lord.

Gerard de Narbon was my father;

In what he did profess, well found.

*King.* I knew him.

*Hel.* The rather will I spare my praises towards him;

Knowing him is enough. On 's bed of death  
Many receipts he gave me; chiefly one,  
Which, as the dearest issue of his practice,  
And of his old experience th' only darling, 110  
He bade me store up, as a triple eye,  
Safer than mine own two, more dear: I have so:  
And, hearing your high majesty is touch'd  
With that malignant cause, wherein the honour  
Of my dear father's gift stands chief in power,  
I come to tender it, and my appliance,  
With all bound humbleness.

*King.* We thank you, maiden;  
But may not be so credulous of cure,  
When our most learned doctors leave us, and  
The congregated college have concluded 120  
That labouring art can never ransom nature  
From her inaidible estate,—I say we must not  
So stain our judgment, or corrupt our hope,  
To prostitute our past-cure malady  
To empirics; or to disserve so  
Our great self and our credit, to esteem  
A senseless help, when help past sense we deem.

*Hel.* My duty, then, shall pay me for my pains:

I will no more enforce mine office on you;  
Humbly entreating from your royal thoughts  
A modest one, to bear me back again. 131

*King.* I cannot give thee less, to be call'd grateful:

Thou thought'st to help me; and such thanks I give

As one near death to those that wish him live;  
But, what at full I know, thou know'st no part;  
I knowing all my peril, thou no art.

*Hel.* What I can do can do no hurt to try,  
Since you set up your rest<sup>1</sup> 'gainst remedy.  
He that of greatest works is finisher  
Oft does them by the weakest minister: 140  
So holy writ<sup>2</sup> in babes hath judgment shown,

When judges have been babes; great floods have flown 142

From simple sources;<sup>3</sup> and great seas have dried,

When miracles have by the greatest been denied:<sup>4</sup>

Oft expectation fails, and most oft there

Where most it promises; and oft it hits

Where hope is coldest, and despair most fits.

*King.* I must not hear thee; fare thee well, kind maid; 148

Thy pains, not us'd, must by thyself be paid:  
Proffers not took reap thanks for their reward.

*Hel.* Inspired merit so by breath is barr'd:<sup>5</sup>

It is not so with Him that all things knows,

As 't is with us that square our guess by shows;

But most it is presumption in us when

The help of heaven we count the act of men.

Dear sir, to my endeavours give consent;

Of heaven, not me, make an experiment.

I am not an impostor, that proclaim

Myself against the level of mine aim; 150

But know I think, and think I know most sure,

My art is not past power, nor you past cure.

*King.* Art thou so confident? within what space

Hop'st thou my cure?

*Hel.* The great'st grace lending grace,

Ere twice the horses of the sun shall bring

Their fiery torcher<sup>6</sup> his diurnal ring;

Ere twice in murk and occidental damp

Moist Hesperus hath quench'd his sleepy lamp;

Or four and twenty times the pilot's glass

Hath told the thievish minutes how they pass;

What is infirm from your sound parts shall fly,

Health shall live free, and sickness freely die.

*King.* Upon thy certainty and confidence

What dar'st thou venture?

*Hel.* Tax<sup>7</sup> of impudence,— 173

A strumpet's boldness, a divulged shame,—

Traduc'd by odious ballads; my viden's name

Sear'd otherwise; nay, worse—if worse—extended

With vilest torture let my life be ended.

*King.* Methinks in thee some blessed spirit doth speak

<sup>3</sup> Great floods, &c., Exod. xvii. 6.

<sup>4</sup> Great seas, &c., Exod. xiv. 21.

<sup>5</sup> Barr'd, prevented, put at a disadvantage.

<sup>6</sup> Torch, light-giver.

<sup>7</sup> Tax, reproach.

<sup>1</sup> Set up your rest, are resolved.

<sup>2</sup> Holy writ, Matthew xi. 25, or Daniel i. 17 and ii. 48, 49.

His powerful sound within an organ weak:  
 And what impossibility would slay <sup>180</sup>  
 In common sense, sense saves another way.  
 Thy life is dear; for all, that life can rate  
 Worth name of life, in thee hath estimate,—  
 Youth, beauty, wisdom, courage, all  
 That happiness and prime<sup>1</sup> can happy call:  
 Thou this to hazard, needs must intimate<sup>2</sup>  
 Skill infinite or monstrous desperate.  
 Sweet practiser, thy physic I will try,  
 That ministers thine own death, if I die.

*Hel.* If I break time, or flinch in property<sup>3</sup>  
 Of what I spoke, unpitied let me die; <sup>191</sup>  
 And well deserv'd;<sup>4</sup> not helping, death's my  
 fee;

But, if I help, what do you promise me?

*King.* Make thy demand.

*Hel.* But will you make it even?

*King.* Ay, by my sceptre and my hopes of  
 heaven.

*Hel.* Then shalt thou give me with thy  
 kingly hand

What husband in thy power I will command:  
 Exempted be from me the arrogance  
 To choose from forth the royal blood of  
 France,

My low and humble name to propagate <sup>200</sup>  
 With any branch or image of thy state;  
 But such a one, thy vassal, whom I know  
 Is free for me to ask, thee to bestow.

*King.* Here is my hand; the premises ob-  
 serv'd,

Thy will by my performance shall be serv'd:  
 So make the choice of thy own time; for I,  
 Thy resolv'd patient, on thee still rely.

More should I question thee, and more I  
 must,—

Though more to know could not be more to  
 trust,—

From whence thou can'st, how tended on:  
 but rest <sup>210</sup>

Unquestion'd welcome, and undoubted blest,—  
 Give me some help here, ho!—If thou proceed  
 As high as word, my deed shall match thy  
 deed. *[Flourish. Exit.*

<sup>1</sup> Prime, flower of life.

<sup>2</sup> Intimate, suggest the idea of.

<sup>3</sup> Property, the particular quality, that which is proper  
 to it

<sup>4</sup> Well deserv'd, having deserved well to die.

SCENE II. *Rousillon. The hall of the  
 Countess's house.*

*Enter COUNTESS with a letter, and CLOWN.*

*Count.* Come on, sir; I shall now put you to  
 the height of your breeding.

*Clo.* I will show myself highly fed and  
 lowly taught: I know my business is but to  
 the court.

*Count.* To the court! why, what place make  
 you special, when you put off that with such  
 contempt? But to the court! <sup>7</sup>

*Clo.* Truly, madam, if God have lent a man  
 any manners, he may easily put it off at court:  
 he that cannot make a leg, put off's cap, kiss  
 his hand, and say nothing, has neither leg,  
 hands, lip, nor cap; and, indeed, such a fellow,  
 to say precisely, were not for the court: but,  
 for me, I have an answer will serve all men.

*Count.* Marry, that's a bountiful answer;  
 that fits all questions.

*Clo.* It is like a barber's chair, that fits all  
 buttocks,—the pin-buttock,<sup>5</sup> the quatch-but-  
 tock,<sup>6</sup> the brawn-buttock, or any buttock.

*Count.* Will your answer serve fit to all  
 questions? <sup>21</sup>

*Clo.* As fit as ten groats is for the hand of  
 an attorney, as your French crown for your  
 taffeta<sup>7</sup> punk, as Tib's rush for Tom's fore-  
 finger, as a pancake for Shrove-Tuesday, a  
 morris<sup>8</sup> for May-day, as the nail to his hole,  
 the cuckold to his horn, as a scolding quean<sup>9</sup>  
 to a wrangling knave, as the nun's lip to the  
 friar's mouth, nay, as the pudding to his skin.

*Count.* Have you, I say, an answer of such  
 fitness for all questions? <sup>31</sup>

*Clo.* From below your duke to beneath your  
 constable, it will fit any question.

*Count.* It must be an answer of most mon-  
 strous size that must fit all demands.

*Clo.* But a trifle neither, in good faith, if  
 the learned should speak truth of it: here it is,  
 and all that belongs to't. Ask me if I am a  
 courtier: it shall do you no harm to learn.

*Count.* To be young again, if we could:—I

<sup>5</sup> Pin-buttock, i.e. thin and pointed like a pin.

<sup>6</sup> Quatch-buttock, a squat or flat buttock.

<sup>7</sup> Taffeta, a thin, soft, silk stuff.

<sup>8</sup> A morris, a morris (Moorish) dance.

<sup>9</sup> Quean, a hussy.

will be a fool in question, hoping to be the wiser by your answer. I pray you, sir, are you a courtier? 42

*Clo.* "O Lord, sir!"—there's a simple putting off.—More, more, a hundred of them.

*Count.* Sir, I am a poor friend of yours that loves you.

*Clo.* "O Lord, sir!"—Thick, thick, spare not me.

*Count.* I think, sir, you can eat none of this homely meat.

*Clo.* "O Lord, sir!"—Nay, put me to 't, I warrant you. 51

*Count.* You were lately whipped, sir, as I think.

*Clo.* "O Lord, sir!"—Spare not me.

*Count.* Do you cry, "O Lord, sir!" at your whipping, and "Spare not me"? Indeed, your "O Lord, sir!" is very sequent to your whipping: you would answer very well to a whipping, if you were but bound to 't.<sup>1</sup>

*Clo.* I ne'er had worse luck in my life in my "O Lord, sir!" I see things may serve long, but not serve ever. 61

*Count.* I play the noble housewife with the time.

To entertain 't so merrily with a fool.

*Clo.* "O Lord, sir!"—why, there 't serves well again.

*Count.* An end, sir: to your business. Give Helen this,

And urge her to a present answer back:

Commend me to my kinsmen and my son:

This is not much.

*Clo.* Not much commendation to them. 70

*Count.* Not much employment for you: you understand me?

*Clo.* Most fruitfully: I am there before my legs.

*Count.* Haste you again. [*Exeunt severally.*]

SCENE III. *Paris. A room of state in the palace.*

*Enter BERTRAM, LAFEU, and PAROLLES.*

*Laf.* They say miracles are past; and we have our philosophical persons, to make mo-

dern<sup>2</sup> and familiar, things supernatural and causeless.<sup>3</sup> Hence is it that we make trifles of terrors; ensconcing ourselves into seeming knowledge, when we should submit ourselves to an unknown fear.<sup>4</sup>

*Par.* Why, 'tis the rarest argument of wonder that hath shot out in our latter times.

*Ber.* And so 't is.

*Laf.* To be relinquished of the artists,— 10

*Par.* So I say.

*Laf.* Both of Galen and Paracelsus.

*Par.* So I say.

*Laf.* Of all the learned and authentic fellows,—

*Par.* Right; so I say.

*Laf.* That gave him out incurable,—

*Par.* Why, there 't is; so say I too.

*Laf.* Not to be helped,—

*Par.* Right; as 't were a man assured of a—

*Laf.* Uncertain life, and sure death. 20

*Par.* Just, you say well; so would I have said.

*Laf.* I may truly say, it is a novelty to the world.

*Par.* It is, indeed: if you will have it in showing, you shall read it in—what do ye call there?

*Laf.* A showing of a heavenly effect in an earthly actor.

*Par.* That's it; I would have said the very same. 30

*Laf.* Why, your dolphin is not lustier: 'fore me, I speak in respect—

*Par.* Nay, 'tis strange, 'tis very strange, that is the brief and the tedious of it; and he's of a most facinorous spirit that will not acknowledge it to be the—

*Laf.* Very hand of heaven—

*Par.* Ay, so I say. 30

[*Laf.* In a most weak—[*pausing*] and debile minister great power, great transcendence:<sup>5</sup> which should, indeed, give us a further use to be made than alone the recovery of the king, as to be—[*pausing*] generally<sup>6</sup> thankful.

*Par.* I would have said it;] you say well.—Here comes the king.

<sup>2</sup> Modern, commonplace.

<sup>3</sup> Causeless, for which no cause can be assigned.

<sup>4</sup> Fear, object of fear.

<sup>5</sup> Transcendence, superiority.

<sup>6</sup> Generally, not for one person only, but universally.

<sup>1</sup> Bound to 't, destined to undergo it.

*Enter KING, HELENA, and Attendants. LAFEU and PAROLLES retire.*

*Laf.* Lustig,<sup>1</sup> as the Dutchman says: I'll like a maid the better, whilst I have a tooth in my head: why, he's able to lead her a coranto.<sup>2</sup>

*Par.* *Mort du vinaigre!* is not this Helen?

*Laf.* 'Fore God, I think so. 51

*King.* Go, call before me all the lords in court.— [*Exit an Attendant.*]

Sit, my preserver, by thy patient's side;  
And with this healthful hand, whose banish'd sense

Thou hast repeal'd, a second time receive  
The confirmation of my promis'd gift,  
Which but attends thy naming.

*Enter three or four Lords.*

Fair maid, send forth thine eye: this youthful parcel

Of noble bachelors stand at my bestowing,  
O'er whom both sovereign power and father's voice 60

I have to use: thy frank election make;  
Thou'st power to choose, and they none to forsake.

*Hel.* To each of you one fair and virtuous mistress

Fall, when Love please!—marry, to each, but one!

*Laf.* I'd give bay Curtal<sup>3</sup> and his furniture,  
My mouth no more were broken than these boys',

And writ as little beard.

*King.* Peruse them well:  
Not one of those but had a noble father.

*Hel.* Gentlemen.  
Heaven hath, through me, restor'd the king to health. 70

*All.* We understand it, and thank heaven for you.

*Hel.* I am a simple maid; and therein wealthiest,

That I protest I simply am a maid.—  
Please it your majesty, I've done already:  
The blushes in my cheeks thus whisper me,

<sup>1</sup> Lustig, cheerful

<sup>2</sup> Coranto, a quick lively dance.

<sup>3</sup> Curtal, a horse with a docked tail.

"We blush that thou shouldst choose; but, be refus'd,"<sup>4</sup>

Let the white death sit on thy cheek for ever;  
We'll ne'er come there again."

*King.* Make choice; and, see,  
Who shuns thy love shuns all his love in me.

*Hel.* Now, Dian, from thy altar do I fly;  
And to imperial Love, that god most high, 81  
Do my sighs stream.—[*To First Lord*] Sir,  
will you hear my suit!

*First Lord.* And grant it.

*Hel.* Thanks, sir; all the rest is mute.<sup>5</sup>

*Laf.* I had rather be in this choice than throw ames-ace for my life.

*Hel.* [*To Sec. Lord*] The honour, sir, that flames in your fair eyes,  
Before I speak, too threateningly replies:  
Love make your fortunes twenty times above  
Her that so wishes and her humble love!

*Sec. Lord.* No better, if you please.

*Hel.* My wish receive,  
Which great Love grant! and so, I take my leave. 91

*Laf.* Do all they deny her? An they were sons of mine, I'd have them whipped; or I would send them to the Turk, to make eunuchs of.

*Hel.* [*To Third Lord*] Be not afraid that I your hand should take;  
I'll never do you wrong for your own sake:  
Blessing upon your vows! and in your bed  
Find fairer fortune, if you ever wed!

*Laf.* These boys are boys of ice, they'll none have her: sure, they are bastards to the English; the French ne'er got 'em. 101

*Hel.* [*To Fourth Lord*] You are too young,  
too happy, and too good,

To make yourself a son out of my blood.

*Fourth Lord.* Fair one, I think not so.

*Laf.* There's one grape yet,—I am sure thy father drunk wine;—but if thou be'st not an ass, I am a youth of fourteen; I have known thee already.

*Hel.* [*To Bertram*] I dare not say I take you; but I give

Me and my service, ever whilst I live, 110  
Into your guiding power.—This is the man.

<sup>4</sup> Be refus'd, if thou art refused

<sup>5</sup> The rest is mute, I have no more to say to you.

*King.* Why, then, young Bertram, take her;  
she 's thy wife 112

*Ber.* My wife, my liege! I shall beseech  
your highness,

In such a business give me leave to use  
The help of mine own eyes.

*King.* Know'st thou not, Bertram,  
What she has done for me!

*Ber.* Yes, my good lord;  
But never hope to know why I should marry  
her.

*King.* Thou know'st she has rais'd me from  
my sickly bed.

*Ber.* But follows it, my lord, to bring me  
down 119

Must answer for your raising? I know her well:  
She had her breeding at my father's charge.

A poor physician's daughter my wife!—Dis-  
dain!

Rather corrupt<sup>2</sup> me ever!

*King.* 'T is only title thou disdain'st in her,  
the which

I can build up. Strange is it that our bloods,  
Of colour, weight, and heat, pour'd all to-  
gether,

Would quite confound distinction, yet stand off<sup>3</sup>  
In differences so mighty. If she be

All that is virtuous,—save what thou dislik'st,  
A poor physician's daughter,—thou dislik'st

Of virtue for the name: but do not so: 131  
[From lowest place when virtuous things

proceed,

The place is dignified by the doer's deed:  
Where great additions swell's,<sup>4</sup> and virtue  
none,

It is a drop-sid honour: good alone  
Is good without a name. Vileness is so:

The property by what it is should go,  
Not by the title.] She is young, wise, fair;

In these to nature she's immediate heir;  
And these breed honour: that is honour's scorn,

Which challenges itself as honour's born, 141  
And is not like the sire: honours thrive,

When rather from our acts we them derive  
Than our foregoers: the mere word's a slave,

Dehosh'd<sup>5</sup> on every tomb, on every grave

A lying trophy; and as oft is dumb  
Where dust and damn'd oblivion is the tomb  
Of honour'd bones indeed. What should be  
said?

If thou canst like this creature as a maid,  
I can create the rest: virtue and she 150  
Is her own dower; honour and wealth from me.

*Ber.* I cannot love her, nor will strive to do 't.  
*King.* Thou wrong'st thyself, if thou shouldst  
strive to choose.

*Hel.* That you are well restor'd, my lord,  
I'm glad:

Let the rest go.  
*King.* My honour's at the stake; which to  
defeat,

I must produce my power. Here, take her  
hand,

Proud scornful boy, unworthy this good gift;  
That dost in vile misprision<sup>6</sup> shackle up

My love and her desert; [that canst not dream,  
We, poisoning us in her defective scale, 161

Shall weigh thee to the beam; that wilt not  
know,

It is in us to plant thine honour where  
We please to have it grow.] Check thy con-  
tempt:

Obeys our will, which travails in thy good:  
[Believe not thy disdain, but presently

Do thine own fortunes that obedient right  
Which both thy duty owes and our power

claims;]  
Or I will throw thee from my care for ever

Into the staggers<sup>7</sup> and the careless lapse<sup>8</sup> 170  
Of youth and ignorance; both my revenge and  
hate

Loosing upon thee, in the name of justice,  
Without all terms of pity. Speak; thine an-  
swer.

*Ber.* Pardon, my gracious lord; for I submit  
My fancy to your eyes: when I consider

What great creation and what dole of honour  
Flies where you bid it, I find that she, which

late  
Was in my nobler thoughts most base, is now

The praised of the king; who, so ennobled,  
Is, as 't were, born so.

*King.* Take her by the hand, 180

<sup>1</sup> *Disdain*, overweening pride of my own.

<sup>2</sup> *Corrupt*, deprave.

<sup>3</sup> *Stand off*, keep at a distance from each other.

<sup>4</sup> *Swell's*, swell us. <sup>5</sup> *Dehosh'd*, debased.

<sup>6</sup> *Misprision*, contempt.

<sup>7</sup> *Staggers*, perplexity, bewilderment.

<sup>8</sup> *Careless lapse*, uncared-for falling away from right.

is dumb  
division is the tomb  
What should he

ture as a maid,  
e and she 150  
nd wealth from me.  
r will strive to do 't.  
elf, if thou shouldst

restor'd, my lord,

he stake; which to

c. Here, take her

thy this good gift;  
n<sup>d</sup> shackle up  
that canst not dream,  
ctive scale, 161  
eam; that wilt not

onour where  
] Check thy con-

ails in thy good:  
but presently  
t obedient right  
ves and our power

my care for ever  
careless lapse<sup>8</sup> 170  
oth my revenge and

name of justice,  
Speak; thine an-

s lord; for I submit  
hen I consider  
what dole of honour  
find that she, which

ts most base, is now  
who, so ennobled,

er by the hand, 180

derment.  
falling away from right.

And tell her she is thine: to whom I promise  
A counterpoise, if not to thy estate 182  
A balance more replete.

*Ber.* I take her hand.

*King.* Good fortune and the favour of the  
king

Smile upon this contrâct; whose ceremony  
Shall seem expedient on the now-born brief,

And be perform'd to-night: [the solemn feast  
Shall more attend upon the coming space, 188  
Expecting absent friends.] As thou lov'st her,  
Thy love's to me religious;<sup>1</sup> else, does err.

[*Exeunt King, Bertram, Helena, Lords, and Attendants.*]

*Laf.* [To *Parolles*, who is strutting by him] Do  
you hear, monsieur? a word with you.



*Par.* My lord, you do me most insupportable vexation.—(Act ii. 3. 243.)

*Par.* Your pleasure, sir? 192

*Laf.* Your lord and master did well to make  
his recantation.

*Par.* Recantation?—My lord! my master!

*Laf.* Ay; is it not a language I speak?

*Par.* A most harsh one, and not to be un-  
stood without bloody succeeding. My master!

*Laf.* Are you companion to the Count Rou-  
sillon? 201

*Par.* To any count,—to all counts,—to what  
is man.

*Laf.* To what is count's man: count's mas-  
ter is of another style.

*Par.* You are too old, sir; let it satisfy you,  
you are too old. [*Walks insolently by him.*]

*Laf.* I must tell thee, sirrah, I write man;  
to which title age cannot bring thee. 209

*Par.* What I dare too well do, I dare not do.

*Laf.* I did think thee, for two ordinaries,<sup>2</sup>  
to be a pretty wise fellow; thou didst make  
tolerable vent of thy travel; it might pass:  
yet the scarfs and the bannerets about thee  
did manifoldly dissuade me from believing

<sup>1</sup> *Thy love's to me religious*, thy love to me is con-  
scientiously fulfilled.

<sup>2</sup> *Ordinaries*, meals.



thee a vessel of too great a burden. I have now found thee; when I lose thee again, I care not: yet art thou good for nothing but taking up;<sup>1</sup> and that thou'rt scarce worth.

*Par.* Hadst thou not the privilege of anti-quity upon thee,— 221

*Laf.* Do not plunge thyself too far in anger, lest thou hasten thy trial; which if—Lord have mercy on thee for a hen! So, my good window of lattice, fare thee well: thy case-ment I need not open, for I look through thee. Give me thy hand.

*Par.* My lord, you give me most egregious indignity.

*Laf.* Ay, with all my heart; and thou art worthy of it. 231

*Par.* I have not, my lord, deserved it.

*Laf.* Yes, good faith, every dram of it; and I will not bate thee a scruple.

*Par.* Well, I shall be wiser—

*Laf.* E'en as soon as thou canst, for thou hast to pull at a smack o' the contrary. [If ever thou be'st bound in thy scarf and beaten, thou shalt find what it is to be proud of thy bondage.] I have a desire to hold my acquaintance with thee, or rather my knowledge, that I may say, in the default,<sup>2</sup> he is a man I know. 242

*Par.* My lord, you do me most insupportable vexation.

*Laf.* I would it were hell-pains for thy sake, and my poor doing eternal: [for doing I am past; as I will by thee,<sup>3</sup> in what motion age will give me leave.] [Exit.

*Par.* Well, thou hast a son shall take this disgrace off me; scurvy, old, filthy, scurvy lord!—Well, I must be patient; there is no fettering of authority. I'll beat him, by my life, if I can meet him with any convenience, an he were double and double a lord. I'll have no more pity of his age than I would have of—I'll beat him, an if I could but meet him again.

*Re-enter LAFEU.*

*Laf.* Sirrah, your lord and master's married; there's news for you: you have a new mistress. 258

*Par.* I most unfeignedly beseech your lordship to make some reservation of your wrongs: [he is my good lord; whom I serve above is my master.

*Laf.* Who? God?

*Par.* Ay, sir.

*Laf.* The devil it is that's thy master. Why dost thou garter up thy arms o' this fashion? dost make hose of thy sleeves? do other servants so? Thou wert best set thy lower part where thy nose stands. By mine honour, if I were but two hours younger, I'd beat thee: methinks't, thou art a general offence, and every man should beat thee: I think thou wast created for men to breathe themselves upon thee. 272

*Par.* This is hard and undeserved measure, my lord.

*Laf.* Go to, sir; you were beaten in Italy for picking a kernel out of a pomegranate; you are a vagabond, and no true traveller; you are more saucy with lords and honourable personages than the commission of your birth and virtue gives you heraldry. You are not worth another word, else I'd call you knave. I leave you. [Exit.

*Par.* Good, very good; it is so then;—good, very good; let it be concealed awhile. 283

*Re-enter BERTRAM.*

*Ber.* Undone, and forfeited<sup>4</sup> to cares for ever!

*Par.* What's the matter, sweet-heart?

*Ber.* Although before the solemn priest I've sworn, I will not bed her.

*Par.* What, what, sweet-heart?

*Ber.* O, my Parolles, they have married me!—

I'll to the Tuscan wars, and never bed her.

*Par.* France is a dog-hole, and it no more merits 291

The tread of a man's foot: to the wars!

*Ber.* There's letters from my mother: what the import is, I know not yet.

*Par.* Ay,

That would be<sup>5</sup> known. To the wars, my boy, to the wars!

<sup>1</sup> Taking up, rebuking, contradicting.

<sup>2</sup> In the default, at a need.

<sup>3</sup> As I will by thee, i.e. as I will pass by thee.

<sup>4</sup> Forfeited, forsaken, abandoned.

<sup>5</sup> Would be=requires to be.

speech your lord-  
of your wrongs:  
I serve above is

hy master. Why  
s o' this fashion?  
s? do other ser-  
et thy lower part  
mine honour, if I  
r, I'd beat thee:  
eral offence, and  
e: I think thou  
eathe themselves  
272  
reserved measure,

beaten in Italy  
a pomegranate;  
ue traveller: you  
d honourable per-  
n of your birth  
y. You are not  
I call you knave.  
[Exit.  
s so them:—good,  
I awhile. 283

AM.  
ed<sup>4</sup> to cares for  
sweet-heart?  
olenn priest I've

heart?  
y have married

never bed her.  
, and it no more  
291  
the wars!  
ay mother: what  
et yet.

the wars, my boy,

andoned.  
e.

[He wears his honour in a box unseen,  
That hugs his kicky-wicky<sup>1</sup> here at home,  
Spending his manly marrow in her arms,  
Which should sustain the bound and high  
curvet

Of Mars's fiery steed.] To other regions! 300  
France is a stable! we that dwell in't jades;  
Therefore, to the war!

*Her.* It shall be so: I'll send her to my house,  
Acquaint my mother with my hate to her, 304  
And wherefore I am fled; write to the king  
That which I durst not speak: [his present gift  
Shall furnish me to those Italian fields,  
Where noble fellows strike:] war is no strife  
To the dark house and the detested wife.

*Par.* Will this capriccio<sup>2</sup> hold in thee, art sure?



*Clo.* You should have said, sir, before a knave thou'rt a knave; that's, before me  
thou'rt a knave: this had been truth, sir.—(Act II. 4. 29-31.)

*Her.* Go with me to my chamber, and ad-  
vise me. 311  
I'll send her straight away: to-morrow  
I'll to the wars, she to her single sorrow.

*Par.* Why, these balls bound; there's noise  
in it.—'T is hard:

A young man married is a man that's marr'd:  
[Therefore, away, and leave her; bravely go:  
The king has done you wrong; but, hush, 't is  
so.] [Exit.

SCENE IV. *Paris. An antechamber in  
the palace.*

*Enter HELENA with a letter, and CLOWNS.*

*Hel.* My mother greets me kindly: is she well?  
[*Clo.* She is not well; but yet she has her  
health: she's very merry; but yet she is not well;  
but thanks be given, she's very well, and wants  
nothing i' the world; but yet she is not well.  
*Hel.* If she be very well, what does she ail,  
that she's not very well?]

<sup>1</sup> *Kicky-wicky*, a playful term for a wife.

<sup>2</sup> *Capriccio*, properly an Italian word = fancy.

*Cl.* Truly, she's very well indeed, but for two things.

*Hel.* What two things? 10

*Cl.* One, that she's not in heaven, whither God send her quickly! the other, that she's in earth, from whence God send her quickly!

*Enter PAROLLES.*

*Par.* Bless you, my fortunate lady!

*Hel.* I hope, sir, I have your good will to have mine own good fortunes.

*Par.* You had my prayers to lead them on; and to keep them on, have them still.—O, my knave,—how does my old lady?

*Cl.* So that you had her wrinkles, and I her money, I would she did as you say. 21

*Par.* Why, I say nothing.

*Cl.* Marry, you are the wiser man; for many a man's tongue shakes out his master's undoing: to say nothing, to do nothing, to know nothing, and to have nothing, is to be a great part of your title; which is within a very little of nothing.

*Par.* Away! thou'rt a knave. 28

*Cl.* You should have said, sir, before a knave thou'rt a knave; that is, before me thou'rt a knave; this had been truth, sir.

*Par.* Go to, thou art a witty fool; I have found thee.

*Cl.* Did you find me in yourself, sir? or were you taught to find me? The search, sir, was profitable; and much fool may you find in you, even to the world's pleasure, and the increase of laughter.

*Par.* A good knave, i' faith, and well fed.—Madam, my lord will go away to-night; 40  
A very serious business calls on him.

[The great prerogative and rite of love, Which, as your due, time claims, he does acknowledge;

But puts it off to a compell'd restraint;<sup>1</sup>  
Whose want, and whose delay, is strew'd with sweets,

Which they distil now in the curbed time;<sup>2</sup>  
To make the coming hour overflow with joy,  
And pleasure drown the brim.]

*Hel.* What's his will else?

<sup>1</sup> To a compell'd restraint, by referring to a compulsory abstinence

<sup>2</sup> The curbed time, the time of restraint.

*Par.* That you will take your instant leave o' the king,

And make this haste as your own good proceeding, 50

Strengthen'd with what apology you think May make it probable need.<sup>3</sup>

*Hel.* What more commands he?

*Par.* That, having this obtain'd, you presently Attend his further pleasure.

*Hel.* In everything I wait upon his will.

*Par.* I shall report it so.

*Hel.* I pray you. [*Exit Par.*] Come, sirrah. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V. *Paris.* Another apartment in the palace.

*Enter LAFEU and BERTRAM.*

*Laf.* But I hope your lordship thinks not him a soldier.

*Ber.* Yes, my lord, and of very valiant approval.

*Laf.* You have it from his own deliverance. *Ber.* And by other warranted testimony.

*Laf.* Then my dial<sup>4</sup> goes not true: I took this lark for a bunting. 7

[*Ber.* I do assure you, my lord, he is very great in knowledge, and accordingly valiant.

*Laf.* I have, then, sinned against his experience, and transgressed against his valour; and my state that way is dangerous, since I cannot yet find in my heart to repent.] Here he comes: I pray you, make us friends; I will pursue the amity.

*Enter PAROLLES.*

*Par.* [*To Bertram*] These things shall be done, sir.

[*Laf.* Pray you, sir, who's his tailor?

*Par.* Sir?

*Laf.* O, I know him well, I, sir; he, sir, 's a good workman, a very good tailor. 21

*Ber.* [*Aside to Par.*] Is she gone to the king?

*Par.* [*Aside to Ber.*] She is.

*Ber.* [*Aside to Par.*] Will she away to-night?

*Par.* [*Aside to Ber.*] As you'll have her.

*Ber.* [*Aside to Par.*] I've writ my letters, casketed my treasure,

<sup>3</sup> Probable need, a specious appearance of necessity. —Johnson.

<sup>4</sup> Dial, watch.

your instant leave

your own good pro-

ology you think

ore commands he?  
obtain'd, you pre-

t upon his will.

Par.] Come, sirrah.  
[*Exeunt.*

her apartment in

BERTRAM.

lordship thinks not

of very valiant ap-

is own deliverance.  
anted testimony.

is not true: I took

my lord, he is very  
cordingly valiant.

against his expe-  
dangerous, since I

to repent.] Here  
e us friends; I will

LES.

se things shall be

's his tailor?

I, sir; he, sir, 's a  
tailor.]

he gone to the king?  
is.

she away to-night?  
you'll have her.

write my letters,

appearance of necessity.  
rt, watch.

Given order for our horses; and to-night,  
When I should take possession of the bride,  
End ere I do begin.

Laf. [A good traveller is something at the  
latter end of a dinner;<sup>1</sup> but one that lies three-  
thirds, and uses a known truth to pass a thou-  
sand nothings with, should be once heard, and  
thrice beaten.—] God save you, captain.

Ber. Is there any unkindness between my  
lord and you, monsieur?

Par. I know not how I have deserved to  
run into my lord's displeasure.

Laf. You have made shift to run into't,  
boots and spurs and all, like him that leaped  
into the custard; and out of it you'll run again,  
rather than suffer question for your residence.

Ber. It may be you have mistaken him, my  
lord.

Laf. And shall do so ever, though I took  
him at's prayers. Fare you well, my lord;  
and believe this of me, there can be no kernel  
in this light nut; the soul of this man is his  
clothes: [trust him not in matter of heavy con-  
sequence; I have kept of them tame, and know  
their natures.—Farewell, monsieur: I have  
spoken better of you than you have or will  
to deserve at my hand; but we must do good  
against evil.]

Par. An idle lord, I swear.

Ber. I think so.

Par. Why, do you not know him?

Ber. Yes, I do know him well; and common  
speech

Gives him a worthy pass.—Here comes my  
clog.

*Enter HELENA.*

Hel. I have, sir, as I was commanded from  
you,

Spoke with the king, and have procur'd his  
leave

For present parting;<sup>2</sup> only he desires  
Some private speech with you.

Ber. I shall obey his will.  
You must not marvel, Helen, at my course,

[Which holds not colour with the time, nor does  
The ministration and required office

On my particular. Prepar'd I was not

<sup>1</sup> Something at the latter end of a dinner, i.e. for the  
sake of his traveller's tales. <sup>2</sup> Parting, departing.

For such a business; therefore am I found  
So much unsettled: this drives me to entreat  
you,

That presently you take your way for home,  
And rather muse<sup>3</sup> than ask why I entreat you;]  
For my respects<sup>4</sup> are better than they seem,  
And my appointments<sup>5</sup> have in them a need  
Greater than shows itself, at the first view,  
To you that know them not. This to my  
mother:

[*Giving a letter.*  
T will be two days ere I shall see you; so,  
I leave you to your wisdom.

Hel. Sir, I can nothing say,  
But that I am your most obedient servant.

Ber. Come, come, no more of that.

Hel. And ever shall  
With true observance seek to eke out that  
Wherein toward me my homely stars have  
fail'd

To equal my great fortune.

Ber. Let that go:  
My haste is very great: farewell; hie home.

Hel. Pray, sir, your pardon.

Ber. Well, what would you say?

Hel. I am not worthy of the wealth I owe;  
Nor dare I say 't is mine,—and yet it is;  
But, like a timorous thief, most fain would steal  
What law does vouch mine own.

Ber. What would you have?

Hel. Something; and scarce so much:—no-  
thing, indeed.—

I would not tell you what I would, my lord:—  
Faith, yes;—

Strangers and foes do sunder, and not kiss.

Ber. I pray you, stay not, but in haste to  
horse.

Hel. I shall not break your bidding, good  
my lord.

Ber. Where are my other men, monsieur?—  
Farewell.

[*Exit Helena.*  
Go thou toward home; where I will never come,  
Whilst I can shake my sword, or hear the  
drum.—

Away, and for our flight.

Par. Bravely, coragio!  
[*Exeunt.*

<sup>3</sup> Muse, wonder.

<sup>4</sup> Respects, motives; that to which I have respect, or  
regard, in acting as I do.

<sup>5</sup> Appointments, engagements.

## ACT III.

[SCENE I. Florence. A room in the Duke's palace.]

*Flourish. Enter the DUKE of Florence, attended; the two Frenchmen with a troop of Soldiers.*

*Duke.* So that, from point to point, now have you heard

The fundamental reasons of this war;  
Whose great decision hath much blood let forth,  
And more thirsts after.

*First Lord.* Holy seems the quarrel  
Upon your grace's part; black and fearful  
On the opposer.

*Duke.* Therefore we marvel much our cousin France

Would, in so just a business, shut his bosom  
Against our borrowing prayers.

*Sec. Lord.* Good my lord,  
The reasons of our state I cannot yield, 10  
But like a common and an outward man,  
That the great figure of a council frames  
By self unable motion;<sup>1</sup> therefore dare not  
Say what I think of it, since I have found  
Myself in my uncertain grounds to fail  
As often as I guess'd.

*Duke.* Be it his pleasure.

*First Lord.* But I am sure the younger of  
our nature,

That surfeit on their ease, will day by day  
Come here for physic.

*Duke.* Welcome shall they be;  
And all the honours that can fly from us 20  
Shall on them settle. You know your places  
well;

When better fall, for your avails<sup>2</sup> they fell:  
To-morrow to the field. [*Flourish. Exit.*]

SCENE II. Rousillon. The hall of the Countess's house.

*Enter COUNTESS with letter, and CLOWN.*

*Count.* [*Having read Helena's letter*] It hath  
happened all as I would have had it, save that  
he comes not along with her.

*Clo.* By my troth, I take my young lord to  
be a very melancholy man.

*Count.* By what observance, I pray you?

*Clo.* Why, he will look upon his boot, and  
sing; mend the ruff, and sing; ask questions,  
and sing; pick his teeth, and sing. I know a  
man that had this trick of melancholy sold a  
goodly manor for a song. 10

*Count.* Let me see what he writes, and when  
he means to come. [*Opening a letter.*]

*Clo.* I have no mind to Isbel, since I was at  
court: [Our old ling<sup>3</sup> and our Isbels o' the country  
are nothing lik. your old ling and your  
Isbels o' the court:] the brains of my Cupid's  
knocked out; and I begin to love, as an old  
man loves money, with no stomach.

*Count.* What have we here? 19

*Clo.* E'en that you have there. [*Exit.*]

*Count.* [*Reads*] "I have sent you a daughter-in-  
law: she hath recovered the king, and undone me. I  
have wedded her, not bedded her; and sworn to make  
the not eternal. You shall hear I am run away: know  
it before the report come. If there be breadth enough  
in the world, I will hold a long distance. My duty  
to you. Your unfortunate son, BERTRAM."

This is not well, rash and unbridled boy, 30

To fly the favours of so good a king;

To pluck his indignation on thy head

By the misprizing of a maid too virtuous

For the contempt of empire.

*Re-enter CLOWN.*

*Clo.* O madam, yonder is heavy news within  
between two soldiers and my young lady!

*Count.* What is the matter?

*Clo.* Nay, there is some comfort in the news,  
some comfort; your son will not be killed so  
soon as I thought he would. 40

*Count.* Why should he be killed?

*Clo.* So say I, madam, if he run away, as I  
hear he does: [the danger is in standing to't;]  
that's the loss of men, though it be the getting  
of children.] Here they come will tell you  
more: for my part, I only hear your son was  
run away. [*Exit.*]

<sup>1</sup> Motion, perception, intuition.

<sup>2</sup> Avails, profit.

<sup>3</sup> Ling, a fish (*Gadus molva*).

*Enter HELENA with a letter, and two Gentlemen.*

*First Gent.* Save you, good madam.

*Hel.* Madam, my lord is gone, for ever gone.

*Sec. Gent.* Do not say so.

*Count.* Think upon patience.—Pray you, gentlemen,— 50

I've felt so many quirks<sup>1</sup> of joy and grief,  
That the first face of neither, on the start,  
Can woman me unto't: where is my son, I  
pry you?

*Sec. Gent.* Madam, he's gone to serve the  
Duke of Florence:

[*We met him thitherward; for thence we came,  
And, after some dispatch in hand at court,  
Thither we bend again.*]

*Hel.* Look on his letter, madam; here's my  
passport.

[*Reads*] "When thou canst get the ring upon my  
finger which never shall come off, [and show me a  
child begotten of thy body that I am father to,]  
then call me husband: but in such a *then* I write a  
never."

This is a dreadful sentence.

*Count.* Brought you this letter, gentlemen?

*First Gent.* Ay, madam;  
And, for the contents' sake, are sorry for our  
pains.

*Count.* I prithee, lady, have a better cheer;  
If thou engrossest all the griefs are thine,  
Thou robbst me of a moiety: he was my son;  
But I do wash his name out of my blood, 70  
And thou art all my child.—Towards Florence  
is he?

*Sec. Gent.* Ay, madam.

*Count.* And to be a soldier?

*Sec. Gent.* Such is his noble purpose: and,  
believe't,

The duke will lay upon him all the honour  
That good convenience<sup>2</sup> claims.

*Count.* Return you thither?

*First Gent.* Ay, madam, with the swiftest  
wing of speed.

*Hel.* [*Reads*] "Till I have no wife, I have nothing  
in France."

'Tis bitter.

*Count.* Find you that there?

*Hel.* Ay, madam.

[*First Gent.* 'Tis but the boldness of his  
hand, haply, which his heart was not consent-  
ing to.] 80

*Count.* Nothing in France, until he have no  
wife!

There's nothing here that is too good for him,  
But only she; and she deserves a lord,  
That twenty such rude boys might tend  
upon,  
And call her hourly mistress.—Who was with  
him?

*First Gent.* A servant only, and a gentleman  
Which I have some time known.

*Count.* Parolles, was't not?

*First Gent.* Ay, my good lady, he.

*Count.* A very tainted fellow, and full of  
wickedness.

My son corrupts a well-derived nature 90  
With his inducement.<sup>3</sup>

[*First Gent.* Indeed, good lady,  
The fellow has a deal of that too much,  
Which holds<sup>4</sup> him much to have.

*Count.* ] Y' are welcome, gentlemen.  
I will entreat you, when you see my son,  
To tell him that his sword can never win  
The honour that he loses: more I'll entreat you  
Written to bear along.

*Sec. Gent.* We serve you, madam,  
In that and all your worthiest affairs.

*Count.* Not so, but as we change our cour-  
tesies. 100

Will you draw near?

[*Exeunt Countess and Gentlemen.*

*Hel.* "Till I have no wife, I have nothing  
in France."

Nothing in France, until he has no wife!  
Thou shalt have none, Rousillon, none in  
France;

Then hast thou all again. Poor lord! is't I  
That chase thee from thy country, and expose  
Those tender limbs of thine to the event  
Of the none-sparing war? and is it I  
That drive thee from the sportive court, where  
thou 109

Wast shot at with fair eyes, to be the mark  
Of smoky muskets? [O you leaden messengers,  
That ride upon the violent speed of fire,

<sup>1</sup> Quirks, humours.    <sup>2</sup> Convenience, propriety.

<sup>3</sup> With his inducement, owing to his instigation.

<sup>4</sup> Holds, considers, judges.

Fly with false aim; move the still-piecing<sup>1</sup> air,  
That sings with piercing; do not touch my  
lord! ] 114  
Whoever shoots at him, I set him there;  
Whoever charges on his forward breast,  
I am the catiff that do hold him to 't;  
And, though I kill him not, I am the cause



*Hel.* I am the catiff that do hold him to 't.—(Act III. 2. 117.)

His death was so effected: better 't were  
I met the ravin<sup>2</sup> lion when he roar'd 120  
With sharp constraint of hunger; better 'twere  
That all the miseries which nature owes  
Were mine at once. No, come thou home,  
Rousillon,  
Whence<sup>3</sup> honour but of danger wins a scar,

<sup>1</sup> Still-piecing, closing again immediately.

<sup>2</sup> Ravin, ravenous.

<sup>3</sup> Whence, from there where.

As oft it loses all: I will be gone; 125  
My being here it is that holds thee hence:  
Shall I stay here to do 't? no, no, although  
The air of paradise did fan the house,  
And angels offic'd all: I will be gone,  
That pitiful rumour may report my flight, 130  
To console thine ear. Come, night; end, day!  
For with the dark, poor thief, I'll steal away.  
[*Exit.*]

[SCENE III. Florence. Before the Duke's palace.]

*Flourish.* Enter the DUKE of Florence, BER-  
TRAM, PAROLLES, and Soldiers. Drum,  
and trumpets.

*Duke.* The general of our horse thou art;  
and we,  
Great in our hope, lay our best love and cre-  
dence

Upon thy promising fortune.

*Ber.* Sir, it is  
A charge too heavy for my strength; but yet  
We'll strive to bear it, for your worthy sake,  
To th' extreme edge of hazard.

*Duke.* Then go thou forth;  
And Fortune play upon thy prosperous helm,  
As thy auspicious mistress!

*Ber.* This very day,  
Great Mars, I put myself into thy file:  
Make me but like my thoughts, and I shall  
prove 10  
A lover of thy drum, hater of love. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. Rousillon. Hall in the Countess's house.

Enter COUNTESS and STEWARD.

*Count.* Alas! and would you take the letter  
of her?  
Might you not know she'd do as she has done.  
By sending me a letter? Read it again.

*Stew.* [*Reads*]

"I am Saint Jaques' pilgrim, thither gone:  
Ambitious love hath so in me offended,  
That barefoot plod I the cold ground upon,  
With sainted vow my faults to have amended.  
Write, write, that from the bloody course of war  
My dearest master, your dear son, may hie:  
Bless him at home in peace, whilst I from far 10  
His name with zealous fervour sanctify:

gone: 125  
 s three hence;  
 no, although  
 ne house,  
 be gone,  
 ort my flight, 130  
 night; end, day!  
 f, I'll steal away.  
 [Exit.

Before the Duke's

f Florence, BER-  
 Soldiers. Drum,

horse thou art;

best love and cre-

Sir, it is  
 strength; but yet  
 our worthy sake,  
 rd.  
 en go thou forth;  
 prosperous helm,

This very day,  
 into thy file:  
 ights, and I shall  
 10  
 of love. [Exeunt.

ll in the Countess's

STEWARD.

you take the letter

lo as she has done.  
 Read it again.

thither gone:  
 n me offended,  
 A ground upon,  
 ults to have amended.  
 bloody course of war  
 dear son, may hie:  
 whilst I from far 10  
 ervour sanctify:

His taken labours bid him me forgive; 12  
 I, his despicable Juno, sent him forth  
 From courtly friends, with cumping foes to live,  
 Where death and danger dogs the heels of  
 youth:  
 He is too good and fair for death and me;  
 Whom! I myself embrace, to set him free."  
 Count. Ah, what sharp stings are in her  
 mildest words!

Rinaldo, you did never lack advice<sup>2</sup> so much,  
 As letting her pass so: had I spoke with her,  
 I could have well diverted her intents, 21  
 Which thus she hath prevented.

Stew. Pardon me, madam:  
 If I had given you this at over-night,  
 She might have been o'ertaken; and yet she  
 writes,  
 Pursuit would be but vain.

Count. What angel shall  
 Bless this unworthy husband? he cannot thrive,  
 Unless her prayers, whom heaven delights to  
 hear,  
 And loves to grant, relieve him from the  
 wrath

Of greatest justice. — Write, write, Rinaldo,  
 To this unworthy husband of his wife; 30  
 Let every word weigh heavy of her worth,  
 That he does weigh too light: my greatest  
 grief,

Though little he do feel it, set down sharply.  
 Dispatch the most convenient messenger: —  
 When haply he shall hear that she is gone,  
 He will return; and hope I may that she,  
 Hearing so much, will speed her foot again,  
 Led hither by pure love: which of them both  
 Is dearest to me, I've no skill in sense  
 To make distinction:—provide this messen-  
 ger:— 40

My heart is heavy and mine age is weak:  
 Grief would have years, and sorrow bids me  
 speak. [Exeunt.]

SCENE V. Florence. Before the gate.  
 [Distant march.

Enter an old WIDOW of Florence, DIANA, VIO-  
 LANTA, and MARIANA, with other Citizens.

Wid. Nay, come; for if they do approach  
 our city, we shall lose all the sight.

<sup>1</sup> Whom, i.e. death. <sup>2</sup> Advice, consideration, discretion.

Dia. They say the French count has done  
 most honourable service.

Wid. It is reported that he has taken their  
 greatest commander; and that with his own  
 hand he slew the duke's brother. [Distant  
 march.] We have lost our labour; they are  
 gone a contrary way: hark! you may know  
 by their trumpets. 9

Mari. Come, let's return again, and suffice



Stew. [Reads]. I am Saint Jaques' pilgrim, thither gone.  
 — (Act III. 4. 4.)

ourselves with the report of it. Well, Diana,  
 take heed of this French earl: the honour of a  
 maid is her name; and no legacy is so rich as  
 honesty.

Wid. I have told my neighbour how you  
 have been solicited by a gentleman his com-  
 panion. 16

Mari. I know that knave; hang him! one  
 Parolles: a filthy officer he is in those sugges-  
 tions<sup>3</sup> for the young earl.—Beware of them,  
 Diana; [their promises, enticements, oaths,

<sup>3</sup> Suggestions, incitements, temptations.



tokens, and all these engines of lust, are not the things they go under: many a maid hath been seduced by them; and the misery is, example, that so terrible shows in the wreck of maidenhood, cannot for all that dissuade succession,<sup>1</sup> but that they are limed with the twigs that threaten them. ] I hope I need not to advise you further; but I hope your own grace will keep you where you are, though there were no further danger known but the modesty which is so lost. 39

*Dia.* You shall not need to fear me.

*Wid.* I hope so.— Look, here comes a pilgrim: I know she will lie at my house; thither they send one another: I'll question her.

*Enter HELENA, disguised like a pilgrim.*

God save you, pilgrim! whither are you bound?

*Hel.* To Saint Jaques le Grand.

Where do the palmers lodge, I do beseech you?

*Wid.* At the Saint Francis here, beside the port.

*Hel.* Is this the way? 40

*Wid.* Ay, marry, is 't.—Hark you! they come this way.— [A march afar.

If you will tarry, holy pilgrim,  
But till the troops come by,  
I will conduct you where you shall be lodg'd;  
The rather, for I think I know your hostess  
As ample<sup>2</sup> as myself.

*Hel.* Is it yourself?

*Wid.* If you shall please so, pilgrim.

*Hel.* I thank you, and will stay upon your leisure.

*Wid.* You came, I think, from France?

*Hel.* I did so. I did so.

*Wid.* Here you shall see a countryman of yours 50

That has done worthy service.

*Hel.* His name, I pray you.

*Dia.* The Count Rousillon: know you such a one?

*Hel.* But by the ear, that hears most nobly of him:

His face I know not.

*Dia.* Whatsoe'er he is,

He's bravely taken here. He stole from France, 55

As 't is reported, for the king had married him

Against his liking: think you it is so?

*Hel.* Ay, surely, were the truth: I know his lady.

*Dia.* There is a gentleman that serves the count 59

Reports but coarsely of her.

*Hel.* What's his name?

*Dia.* Monsieur Parolles.

*Hel.* O, I believe with him,

In argument of praise,<sup>3</sup> or to<sup>4</sup> the worth

Of the great count himself, she is too mean

To have her name repeated: all her deserving

Is a reserved honesty, and that

I have not heard examin'd.<sup>5</sup>

*Dia.* Alas, poor lady!

'Tis a hard bondage to become the wife

Of a detesting lord.

*Wid.* I war'nt, good creature, wheresoe'er she is,

Her heart weighs sadly: this young maid might do her 70

A shrewd turn, if she pleas'd.

*Hel.* How do you mean?

May be the amorous count solicits her

In the unlawful purpose.

*Wid.* He does indeed;

And brokes with all that can in such a suit

Corrupt the tender honour of a maid:

But she is arm'd for him, and keeps her guard

In honestest defence.

*Mar.* The gods forbid else!

*Wid.* So, now they come:—

*Flourish of trumpets.*

*Enter BERTRAM, PAROLLES, and the whole army.*

[That is Antonio, the duke's eldest son;

That, Escalus.] }

*Hel.* Which is the Frenchman?

*Dia.* He;

That with the plume: 't is a most gallant fellow. 81

<sup>1</sup> Succession, i.e. their following the example of others who have been wrecked before them.

<sup>2</sup> Ample, fully.

<sup>3</sup> In argument of praise, as for praise.

<sup>4</sup> To, in comparison with.

<sup>5</sup> Examined, called in question.

I would he lov'd his wife: if he were honester,  
He were much goodlier: is't not a handsome  
gentleman? 83

*Hel.* I like him well.

*Dia.* 'Tis pity he's not honest: yond's that  
same knave [*pointing at Parolles*]  
That leads him to these passes:<sup>1</sup> were I his lady,  
I'd poison that vile rascal.

*Hel.* Which is he?

*Dia.* That jack-an-apes with scarfs: why is  
he melancholy?

*Hel.* Perchance he's hurt i' the battle. 90

*Par.* Lose our drum! well.

*Mar.* He's shrewdly vex'd at something:  
look, he has spied us.

*Wil.* Marry, hang you!

*Mar.* And your courtesy, for a ring-carrier!

[*Exeunt Bertram, Parolles, and army.*]

*Wil.* The troop is past. Come, pilgrim, I  
will bring you

Where you shall host:<sup>2</sup> of enjoind penitents  
There's four or five, to Great Saint Jaques<sup>3</sup>  
bound,

Already at my house.

*Hel.* I humbly thank you:

Please it this matron and this gentle maid  
To eat with us to-night, the charge and  
thanking 101

Shall be for me; and, to requite you further,  
I will bestow some precepts of this virgin  
Worthy the note.

*Both.* We'll take your offer kindly.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI. A room in Bertram's lodgings.

*Enter BERTRAM and the two French Lords.*

*Sec. Lord.* Nay, good my lord, put him to't;  
let him have his way.

*First Lord.* If your lordship find him not a  
hilding,<sup>4</sup> hold me no more in your respect.

*Sec. Lord.* On my life, my lord, a bubble.

*Ber.* Do you think I am so far deceived in  
him?

*Sec. Lord.* Believe it, my lord, in mine own  
direct knowledge, without any malice, but to  
speak of him as my kinsman, he's a most

notable coward, an infinite and endless liar,  
an hourly promise-breaker, the owner of no  
one good quality worthy your lordship's enter-  
tainment.<sup>5</sup> 13

[*First Lord.* It were fit you knew him; lest,  
reposing too far in his virtue, which he hath  
not, he might at some great and trusty busi-  
ness, in a main danger, fail you.]

*Ber.* I would I knew in what particular ac-  
tion to try him. 19

*First Lord.* None better than to let him  
fetch off his drum, which you hear him so con-  
fidently undertake to do.

*Sec. Lord.* I, with a troop of Florentines,  
will suddenly surprise him; such I will have,  
whom, I am sure, he knows not from the  
enemy: we will bind and hoodwink him so,  
that he shall suppose no other but that he is  
carried into the leaguer of the adversaries,  
when we bring him to our own tents. Be but  
your lordship present at his examination: if  
he do not, for the promise of his life, and in  
the highest compulsion of base fear, offer to  
betray you, and deliver all the intelligence in  
his power against you, and that with the di-  
vine forfeit of his soul upon oath, never trust  
my judgment in any thing.

[*First Lord.* O, for the love of laughter, let  
him fetch his drum; he says he has a strata-  
gem for't: when your lordship sees the bottom  
of his success in't, and to what metal this  
counterfeit lump of ore will be melted, if you  
give him not John Drum's entertainment, your  
inclining cannot be removed.]—Here he comes.

*Sec. Lord.* O, for the love of laughter, hinder  
not the honour of his design: let him fetch off  
his drum in any hand.<sup>6</sup>

*Enter PAROLLES.*

*Ber.* How now, monsieur! this drum sticks  
sorely in your disposition.

*First Lord.* A pox on't, let it go; 't is but a  
drum. 49

*Par.* But a drum! is't but a drum? A drum  
so lost!—There was excellent command,—to  
charge in with our horse upon our own wings,  
and to rend our own soldiers!

<sup>1</sup> Passes, courses.

<sup>2</sup> Host, lodge.

<sup>3</sup> Jaques, dissyllable here, as in iii. 4. 4, and elsewhere.

<sup>4</sup> Hilding, a base fellow

<sup>5</sup> Entertainment, service, as in iv. i. 17.

<sup>6</sup> In any hand, in any case.

[*First Lord.* That was not to be blamed in the command of the service: it was a disaster of war that Cæsar himself could not have prevented, if he had been there to command.]

*Ber.* Well, we cannot greatly condemn our success: some dishonour we had in the loss of that drum; but it is not to be recovered. 60

*Par.* It might have been recovered.

*Ber.* It might; but it is not now.

*Par.* It is to be recovered: but that the merit of service is seldom attributed to the true and exact performer, I would have that drum or another, or *hic jacet*.<sup>1</sup>

*Ber.* Why, if you have a stomach<sup>2</sup> to't, monsieur: if you think your mystery in stratagem can bring this instrument of honour again into his native quarter, be magnanimous in the enterprise, and go on; I will grace the attempt for a worthy exploit: if you speed well in it, the duke shall both speak of it, and extend to you what further becomes his greatness, even to the utmost syllable of your worthiness.

*Par.* By the hand of a soldier, I will undertake it. 78

*Ber.* But you must not now slumber in it.

*Par.* I'll about it this evening: [and I will presently pen down my dilemmas, encourage myself in my certainty, put myself into my mortal preparation;<sup>3</sup>] and, by midnight, look to hear further from me.

*Ber.* May I be bold to acquaint his grace you are gone about it?

*Par.* I know not what the success will be, my lord; but the attempt I vow.

*Ber.* I know thou'rt valiant; and, to the possibility of thy soldiership,<sup>4</sup> will subscribe for thee. Farewell. 90

*Par.* I love not many words. [*Exit.*]

*Sec. Lord.* No more than a fish loves water.—Is not this a strange fellow, my lord, that so confidently seems to undertake this business, which he knows is not to be done; damns himself to do, and dares better be damned than to do't?

[*First Lord.* You do not know him, my lord,

as we do: certain it is, that he will steal himself into a man's favour, and for a week escape a great deal of discoveries; but when you find him out, you have him ever after.] 101

*Ber.* Why, do you think he will make no deed at all of this, that so seriously he does address himself unto?

*Sec. Lord.* None in the world; but return with an invention, and clap upon you two or three probable lies: [but we have almost embossed him,<sup>5</sup>—you shall see his fall to-night; for indeed he is not for your lordship's respect.]

*First Lord.* We'll make you some sport with the fox, ere we case<sup>6</sup> him. He was first smoked<sup>7</sup> by the old Lord Lafeu: when his disguise and he is parted, tell me what a sprat you shall find him; which you shall see this very night.

*Sec. Lord.* I must go look my twigs: he shall be caught.

*Ber.* Your brother, he shall go along with me.

*Sec. Lord.* As't please your lordship: I'll leave you. [*Exit.*]

*Ber.* Now will I lead you to the house, and show you

The lass I spoke of.

*First Lord.* But you say she's honest.

*Ber.* That's all the fault: I spoke with her but once, 120

And found her wondrous cold; but I sent to her, By this same coxcomb that we have i' the wind,<sup>8</sup>

Tokens and letters which she did re-send; And this is all I've done. She's a fair creature. Will you go see her?

*First Lord.* With all my heart, my lord. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII. Florence. A room in the Widow's house.

*Enter HELENA and WIDOW.*

*Hel.* If you misdoubt me that I am not she, I know not how I shall assure you further, But I shall lose the grounds<sup>9</sup> I work upon.

<sup>1</sup> *Hic jacet*, here lies.

<sup>2</sup> *Stomach*, inclination.

<sup>3</sup> *My mortal preparation*, my preparation for death.

<sup>4</sup> *T. the possibility of thy soldiership*, as far as the matter depends on what thy soldiership may possibly accomplish.

<sup>5</sup> *Embossed him*, inclosed him like game.

<sup>6</sup> *Case*, flay, strip.

<sup>7</sup> *Smoked*, smelled out, found out.

<sup>8</sup> *We have i' the wind*, we have scent of

<sup>9</sup> *Grounds*, *fc.* *editions*.

*Wid.* Though my estate be fall'n, I was  
well born,  
Nothing acquainted with these businesses;  
And would not put my reputation now  
In any staining act.

*Hcl.* Nor would I wish you.  
First, give me trust, the count he is my hus-  
band,

And what to your sworn counsel I have spoken  
Is so from word to word; and then you cannot,  
By the good aid that I of you shall borrow,  
Err in bestowing it.

*Wid.* I should believe you;  
For you have show'd me that which well ap-  
proves  
You're great in fortune.



*Hcl.* If you misdoubt me that I am not she,  
I know not how I shall assure you further.—(Act III. 7. 1, 2.)

*Hcl.* Take this purse of gold,  
And let me buy your friendly help thus far,  
Which I will over-pay and pay again,  
When I have found it. The count he woos  
your daughter, 17  
Lays down his wanton siege before her beauty,  
Resolv'd to carry her: let her, in fine, con-  
sent,  
As we'll direct her how 't is best to bear<sup>1</sup> it;  
Now his important<sup>2</sup> blood will naught deny  
That she'll demand: a ring the county wears,  
That downward hath succeeded in his house

From son to son, some four or five descents  
Since the first father wore it: this ring he  
holds  
In most rich choice; yet, in his idle fire,  
To buy his will, it would not seem too dear,  
Howe'er repented after.

*Wid.* Now I see  
The bottom of your purpose. 20  
*Hcl.* You see it lawful, then: it is no more,  
But that your daughter, ere she seems as  
won,  
Desires this ring; appoints him an encounter;  
In fine, delivers me to fill the time,  
Herself most chastely absent: after this,

<sup>1</sup> Bear, manage, execute.

<sup>2</sup> Important, importunate.

To marry her, I'll add three thousand crowns  
To what is past already.

*Wild.*

I have yielded:

Instruct my daughter how she shall persevere,  
That time and place with this deceit so lawful  
May prove coherent. Every night he comes  
With musics<sup>1</sup> of all sorts, and songs compos'd  
To her unworthiness: it nothing steads<sup>2</sup> us 41

To chide him from our eaves; for he persists,  
As if his life lay on't.

*Hel.*

Why, then, to-night

Let us assay our plot; which, if it speed,  
Is wicked meaning in a lawful deed,  
And lawful meaning in a lawful act;  
Where both not sin, and yet a sinful fact:<sup>3</sup>  
But let's about it. [Exeunt.]

## ACT IV.

SCENE I. *The French camp before Florence.*

*Enter Second French Lord, with five or six  
other Soldiers in ambush.*

*Sec. Lord.* He can come no other way but  
by this hedge-corner. When you sally upon  
him, speak what terrible language you will,—  
though you understand it not yourselves, no  
matter; for we must not seem to understand  
him, unless some one among us, whom we  
must produce for an interpreter.

*First Sold.* Good captain, let me be the in-  
terpreter.

*Sec. Lord.* Art not acquainted with him?  
knows he not thy voice? 11

*First Sold.* No sir, I warrant you.

*Sec. Lord.* But what linsey-woolsey hast  
thou to speak to us again?

*First Sold.* E'en such as you speak to me.

*Sec. Lord.* He must think us some band of  
strangers to the adversary's entertainment.  
Now, he hath a smack of all neighbouring  
languages; therefore we must every one be a  
man of his own fancy, not to know what we  
speak one to another; so we seem to know, is  
to know straight our purpose: choughs' lan-  
guage, gabble enough, and good enough. As  
for you, interpreter, you must seem very poli-  
tic.—But couch, ho! here he comes,—to be-  
guile two hours in a sleep, and then to return  
and swear the lies he forges. 26

*Enter PAROLLES.*

*Par.* Ten o'clock: within these three hours  
't will be time enough to go home. What shall

I say I have done? It must be a very plau-  
sive invention that carries it: they begin to  
smoke me; and disgraces have of late knocked  
too often at my door. I find my tongue is too  
foolhardy; but my heart hath the fear of Mars  
before it and of his creatures, not daring the  
reports of my tongue.

*Sec. Lord.* [Aside] This is the first truth that  
e'er thine own tongue was guilty of.

*Par.* What the devil should move me to  
undertake the recovery of this drum, being  
not ignorant of the impossibility, and knowing  
I had no such purpose? I must give myself  
some hurts, and say I got them in exploit; yet  
slight ones will not carry it; they will say,  
"Came you off with so little?" and great ones  
I dare not give. Wherefore, what's the in-  
stance?<sup>4</sup> Tongue, I must put you into a but-  
ter-woman's mouth, and buy myself another  
of Bajazet's mule, if you prattle me into these  
perils.

*Sec. Lord.* [Aside] Is it possible he should  
know what he is, and be that he is? 49

*Par.* I would the cutting of my garments  
would serve the turn, or the breaking of my  
Spanish sword.

*Sec. Lord.* [Aside] We cannot afford you so.  
*Par.* Or the baring<sup>5</sup> of my beard; and to  
say it was in stratagem.

*Sec. Lord.* [Aside] 'T would not do.

*Par.* Or to drown my clothes, and say I was  
stripped—

*Sec. Lord.* [Aside] Hardly serve.

*Par.* Though I swore I leaped from the  
window of the citadel— 61

<sup>1</sup> Musics, bands of musicians.

<sup>2</sup> It nothing steads, it is of no use.

<sup>3</sup> Part, crime.

<sup>4</sup> Instance, proof.

<sup>5</sup> Baring, shaving.

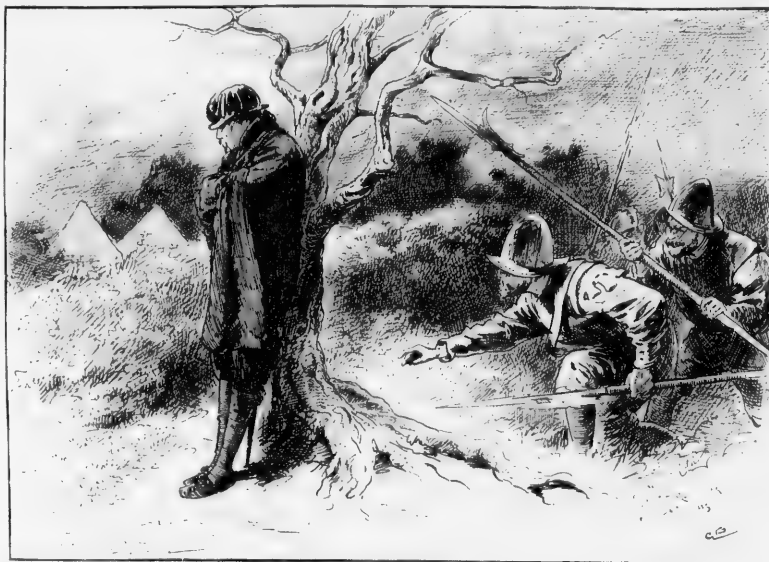
he persists,  
to-night  
speed,  
ed,  
et;  
ful fact:<sup>3</sup>  
[*Exeunt.*

a very plau-  
they begin to  
late knocked  
tongue is too  
fear of Mars  
ot daring the  
rst truth that  
of.  
move me to  
drum, being  
and knowing  
give myself  
n exploit: yet  
they will say,  
nd great ones  
hat's the in-  
ou into a but-  
yself another  
me into these

ble he should  
is? 49  
my garments  
eaking of my  
afford you so.  
beard; and to  
ot do.  
and say I was  
ve.  
ped from the  
61  
r, proof.

*Sec. Lord.* [*Aside*] How deep? 62  
*Par.* Thirty fathom.  
*Sec. Lord.* [*Aside*] Three great oaths would  
scarce make that be believed.  
*Par.* I would I had any drum of the enemy's:  
I would swear I recovered it.  
*Sec. Lord.* [*Aside*] You shall hear one anon.  
[*Drum beats without.*

*Par.* A drum now of the enemy's!  
*Sec. Lord.* *Throca movousus, cargo, cargo,*  
*cargo.* 71  
*All.* *Cargo, cargo, cargo, villianda par corbo,*  
*cargo.*  
*Par.* O, ransom, ransom!—do not hide mine  
eyes. [*They seize and blindfold him.*  
*First Sold.* *Boskos thromuldo boskos.*



*Par.* Within these three hours 't will be time enough to go home.—(Act iv. 1. 27, 28.)

*Par.* I know you are the Muskos' regiment;  
And I shall lose my life for want of lan-  
guage;  
If there be here German, or Dane, low Dutch,  
Italian, or French, let him speak to me;  
I will discover that which shall undo  
The Florentine.  
*First Sold.* *Boskos vauvado:—* 80  
I understand thee, and can speak thy tongue:—  
*Kereybonto:—*sir,  
Betake thee to thy faith, for seventeen poniards  
Are at thy bosom.  
*Par.* O!

*First Sold.* O, pray, pray, pray!—  
*Manka revania dulce.*  
*Sec. Lord.* *Oscorbidulchos volivorco.*  
*First Sold.* The general is content to spare  
thee yet; 80  
And, hoodwink'd as thou art, will lead thee on  
To gather from thee: haply thou mayst inform  
Something to save thy life.  
*Par.* O, let me live!  
And all the secrets of our camp I'll show,  
Their force, their purposes; nay, I'll speak that  
Which you will wonder at.  
*First Sold.* But wilt thou faithfully?  
41

*Par.* If I do not, damn me.

*First Sold.* *Acordo tinta:—*  
Come on; thou art granted space.

*[Exit, with Parolles guarded by four Soldiers. Drum beats without.*

*Sec. Lord.* Go, tell the Count Rousillon, and my brother,

We've caught the woodcock, and will keep him muffled<sup>1</sup> 100

Till we do hear from them.

*Sec. Sold.* Captain, I will.

*Sec. Lord.* 'A will betray us all unto ourselves:—

Inform on that.

*Sec. Sold.* So I will, sir.

*First Lord.* Till then I'll keep him dark and safely lock'd. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE II. *Florence. A room in the Widow's house.*

*Enter BERTRAM and DIANA.*

*Ber.* They told me that your name was Fontibell.

*Dia.* No, my good lord, Diana.

*Ber.* Titled goddess;  
And worth it, with addition! But, fair soul,  
In your fine frame hath love no quality?  
If the quick fire of youth light not your mind,  
You are no maiden, but a monument:  
When you are dead, you should be such a one  
As you are now, for you are cold and stern;  
And now you should be as your mother was  
[When your sweet self was got. 10

*Dia.* She then was honest.

*Ber.* So should you be.]

*Dia.* No:

My mother did but duty; such, my lord,  
As you owe to your wife.

*Ber.* No more o' that,—  
I prithee, do not strive again my vows:  
I was compell'd to her; but I love thee  
By love's own sweet constraint, and will for ever

Do thee all rights of service.

*Dia.* Ay, so you serve us  
Till we serve you; but when you have our  
roses,

You barely leave<sup>2</sup> our thorns to prick ourselves,  
And mock us with our bareness.

*Ber.* How have I sworn!

*Dia.* 'Tis not the many oaths that make the truth, 21

But the plain single vow that is vow'd true.

[What is not holy, that we swear not by,  
But take the High'st to witness. then, pray you,  
tell me,]

If I should swear by God's great attributes,  
I lov'd you dearly, would you believe my oaths,  
When I did love you ill? This has no holding,<sup>3</sup>  
To swear by him whom I protest to love,  
That I will work against him. Therefore your oaths 29

Are words and poor conditions, but unseal'd,  
At least in my opinion.

*Ber.* Change it, change it;

Be not so holy-cruel: love is holy;  
And my integrity ne'er knew the crafts  
That you do charge men with. Stand no more off,

But give thyself unto my sick desires,  
Who then recover: say thou'rt mine, and ever  
My love as it begins shall so perséver.

*Dia.* I see that men make ropes in such a  
scarre,

That we'll forsake ourselves. Give me that ring.

*Ber.* I'll lend it thee, my dear; but have no power 40

To give it from me.

*Dia.* Will you not, my lord?

*Ber.* It is an honour longing to our house,  
Bequeathed down from many ancestors;  
Which were the greatest obloquy i' the world  
In me to lose.

*Dia.* Mine honour's such a ring:  
My chastity's the jewel of our house,  
Bequeathed down from many ancestors;  
Which were the greatest obloquy i' the world  
In me to lose: thus your own proper wisdom  
Brings in the champion honour on my part, so  
Against your vain assault.

*Ber.* Here, take my ring:  
My house, mine honour, yea, my life, be thine,  
And I'll be bid by thee.

<sup>1</sup> Muffled, blindfolded.

<sup>2</sup> Barely leave, leave bare, naked.

<sup>3</sup> Holding, binding force, validity.



*Dia.* When midnight comes, knock at my chamber-window: 54

I'll order take my mother shall not hear.  
Now will I charge you in the band of truth,  
When you have conquer'd my yet-maiden bed,  
Remain there but an hour, nor speak to me:  
My reasons are most strong; and you shall know them

When back again this ring shall be deliver'd:  
And on your finger, in the night, I'll put 61  
Another ring, that what in time proceeds  
May token to the future our past deeds.  
Adieu, till then; then fail not. You have won  
A wife of me, though there my hope be done.

*Ber.* A heaven on earth I've won by wooing thee. [Exit.]

*Dia.* For which live long to thank both heaven and me!

You may so in the end.—  
My mother told me just how he would woo,  
As if she sat in 's heart; she says all men 70  
Have the like oaths: [he had sworn to marry me  
When his wife's dead; therefore I'll lie with him

When I am buried.] Since Frenchmen are so braid,<sup>1</sup>

Marry that will, I live and die a maid:  
Only, in this disguise; I think 't no sin  
To cozen him that would unjustly win. [Exit.]

### SCENE III. *The Florentine camp.*

*Enter the two French Lords.*

*First Lord.* You have not given him his mother's letter?

*Sec. Lord.* I have delivered it an hour since; there is something in 't that stings his nature; for, on the reading it, he changed almost into another man.

*First Lord.* He has much worthy blame laid upon him for shaking off so good a wife and so sweet a lady. 9

*Sec. Lord.* Especially he hath incurred the everlasting displeasure of the king, who had even tuned his bounty<sup>2</sup> to sing happiness to him. I will tell you a thing, but you shall let it dwell darkly with you.

<sup>1</sup> Braid, deceitful.

<sup>2</sup> Bounty, benevolence.

*First Lord.* When you have spoken it, 't is dead, and I am the grave of it.

*Sec. Lord.* He hath perverted a young gentlewoman here in Florence, of a most chaste renown; [and this night he fleshes his will in the spoil of her honour:] he hath given her his monumental<sup>3</sup> ring, and thinks himself made in the unchaste composition. 22



*Sec. Lord.* I have delivered it an hour since.—(Act iv. 3. 3.)

*First Lord.* [Now, God delay our rebellion! as we are ourselves, what things are we!

*Sec. Lord.* Merely our own traitors. And as in the common course of all treasons, we still see them reveal themselves, till they attain to their abhorred ends, so he that in this action contrives against his own nobility, in his proper stream o'erflows himself. 30

*First Lord.* Is it not meant damnable in us, to be trumpeters of our unlawful intents?]

<sup>3</sup> Monumental, memorial.



We shall not, then, have his company to-night?

*Sec. Lord.* Not till after midnight; [for he is dieted to his hour.

*First Lord.* That approaches apace: I would gladly have him see his company<sup>1</sup> anatomized, that he might take a measure of his own judgments, wherein so curiously<sup>2</sup> he had set this counterfeit.<sup>3</sup> 40

*Sec. Lord.* We will not meddle with him till he come; for his presence must be the whip of the other.]

*First Lord.* In the mean time, what hear you of these wars?

*Sec. Lord.* I hear there is an overture of peace.

*First Lord.* Nay, I assure you, a peace concluded.

*Sec. Lord.* What will Count Rousillon do then? will he travel higher, or return again into France? 51

*First Lord.* I perceive, by this demand, you are not altogether of his council.

*Sec. Lord.* Let it be forbid, sir: so should I be a great deal of his act.

*First Lord.* Sir, his wife, some two months since, fled from his house; her pretence is a pilgrimage to Saint Jaques le Grand; which holy undertaking, with most austere sanctimony, she accomplished; and, there residing, the tenderness of her nature became as a prey to her grief; in fine, made a groan of her last breath; and now she sings in heaven.

*Sec. Lord.* How is this justified?<sup>4</sup>

*First Lord.* The stronger<sup>5</sup> part of it by her own letters, which make her story true, even to the point of her death: her death itself, which could not be her office to say is come, was faithfully confirmed by the rector of the place. 69

*Sec. Lord.* Hath the count all this intelligence?

*First Lord.* Ay, and the particular confirmations, point from point, to the full arming of the verity.

[*Sec. Lord.* I am heartily sorry that he'll be glad of this.

*First Lord.* How mightily sometimes we make us comforts of our losses!

*Sec. Lord.* And how mightily some other times we drown our gain in tears! The great dignity that his valour hath here acquired for him shall at home be encountered with a shame as ample. 82

*First Lord.* The web of our life is of a mingled yarn, good and ill together: our virtues would be proud, if our faults whipped them not; and our crimes would despair, if they were not cherished by our virtues.

*Enter a Messenger.*

How now! where's your master? 89

*Mess.* He met the duke in the street, sir, of whom he hath taken a solemn leave: his lordship will next morning for France. The duke hath offered him letters of commendations to the king. [Exit.

*Sec. Lord.* They shall be no more than needful there, if they were more than they can commend.

*First Lord.* They cannot be too sweet for the king's tartness. Here's his lordship now.] 91

*Enter BERTRAM.*

How now, my lord! is't not after midnight?

*Ber.* I have to-night dispatched sixteen businesses, a month's length a-piece, by an abstract of success:<sup>6</sup> I have congied<sup>7</sup> with the duke, done my adieu with his nearest; buried a wife, mourned for her; writ to my lady mother I am returning; entertained<sup>8</sup> my convoy; and between these main parcels of dispatch, effected many nicer needs: the last was the greatest, but that I have not ended yet.

*Sec. Lord.* If the business be of any difficulty, and this morning your departure hence, it requires haste of your lordship. 109

*Ber.* I mean, the business is not ended, as fearing to hear of it hereafter. But shall we have this dialogue between the fool and the soldier? Come, bring forth this counterfeit module,<sup>9</sup> has deceived me, like a double-meaning prophet.

*Sec. Lord.* [Bring him forth: has sat i' the stocks all night, poor gallant knave. 110

<sup>1</sup> Company, companion. <sup>2</sup> Curiously, carefully.

<sup>3</sup> Counterfeit, false coin, i.e. Parolles.

<sup>4</sup> Justified, proved. <sup>5</sup> Stronger, more certain.

<sup>6</sup> An abstract of success, a few brief successful strokes.

<sup>7</sup> Congied, taken leave. <sup>8</sup> Entertained, engaged.

<sup>9</sup> Counterfeit module, delusive image.

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## ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

*Ber.* No matter; his heels have deserved it, in usurping his spurs so long. How does he carry himself? 120

*Sec. Lord.* I have told your lordship already, the stocks carry him. But, to answer you as you would be understood; he weeps like a wench that had shed<sup>1</sup> her milk: ] he hath confessed himself to Morgan, whom he supposes to be a friar, from the time of his remembrance to this very instant disaster of his setting i' the stocks; and what think you he hath confessed?

*Ber.* Nothing of me, has a'?

*Sec. Lord.* His confession is taken, and it shall be read to his face: if your lordship be in 't, as I believe you are, you must have the patience to hear it.

*Ber.* A plague upon him! [looking off]. Muffled! he can say nothing of me.—Hush, hush!

*Enter the six Soldiers, bringing in PAROLLES blindfolded.*

*First Lord.* Hoodman<sup>2</sup> comes!—*Portotartarossa.*

*First Sold.* He calls for the tortures; what will you say without 'em?

*Par.* I will confess what I know without constraint: if ye pinch me like a pasty, I can say no more. 141

*First Sold.* *Bosko chimurcho.*

*First Lord.* *Boblibindo chicurmuco.*

*First Sold.* You are a merciful general.—Our general bids you answer to what I shall ask you out of a note.

*Par.* And truly, as I hope to live.

*First Sold.* [Reads] "First demand of him how many horse the duke is strong." What say you to that? 150

*Par.* Five or six thousand; but very weak and unserviceable: the troops are all scattered, and the commanders very poor rogues, upon my reputation and credit, and as I hope to live.

*First Sold.* Shall I set down your answer so?

*Par.* Do: I'll take the sacrament on't, how and which way you will.

*Ber.* All's one to him. What a past-saving slave is this! 159

[*First Lord.* You're deceived, my lord: this is Monsieur Parolles, the gallant militarist,—

that was his own phrase,—that had the whole theoretic of war in the knot of his scarf, and the practice in the chape<sup>3</sup> of his dagger.

*Sec. Lord.* I will never trust a man again for keeping his sword clean; nor believe he can have everything in him by wearing his apparel neatly.]

*First Sold.* Well, that's set down. 160

*Par.* Five or six thousand horse, I said,—I will say true,—or thereabouts, set down,—for I'll speak truth.

*First Lord.* He's very near the truth in this.

[*Ber.* But I con him no thanks for't, in the nature he delivers it.]

*Par.* Poor rogues, I pray you, say.

*First Sold.* Well, that's set down.

*Par.* I humbly thank you, sir: a truth's a truth, the rogues are marvellous poor. 179

*First Sold.* [Reads] "Demand of him, of what strength they are a-foot." What say you to that?

*Par.* By my troth, sir, if I were to live this present hour, I will tell true. Let me see: [Spurio, a hundred and fifty; Sebastian, so many; Corambus, so many; Jaques, so many; Guiltian, Cosmo, Lodowick, and Gratii, two hundred fifty each; mine own company, Chitopher, Vaumond, Bentii, two hundred fifty each: so that] the muster-file, rotten and sound, upon my life, amounts not to fifteen thousand poll; half of the which dare not shake the snow from off their cassocks, lest they shake themselves to pieces.

*Ber.* What shall be done to him?

*First Lord.* Nothing, but let him have thanks.—Demand of him my condition,<sup>5</sup> and what credit I have with the duke.

*First Sold.* Well, that's set down. [Reads]

"You shall demand of him, whether one Captain Dumain be i' the camp, a Frenchman; what his reputation is with the duke; what his valour, honesty, and expertness in wars; or whether he thinks it were not possible, with well-weighing sums of gold, to corrupt him to a revolt." What say you to this? what do you know of it?

*Par.* I beseech you, let me answer to the particular of the intergatories: demand them singly. 209

*First Sold.* Do you know this Captain Dumain?

<sup>3</sup> Chape, the metal tip at the end of the scabbard.

<sup>4</sup> A-foot, i.e. in infantry. <sup>5</sup> Condition, character.

*Par.* I know him: 'a' was a butcher's prentice in Paris, from whence he was whipped for getting the shrieve's fool with child,—a dumb innocent, that could not say him nay. 214

[*First Lord (Dumain) lifts his hand as if to strike Parolles.*

*Ber.* Nay, by your leave, hold your hands; [though I know his brains are forfeit to the next tile that falls.

*First Sold.* Well, is this captain in the Duke of Florence's camp? 219

*Par.* Upon my knowledge, he is, and lousy.

*First Lord.* Nay, look not so upon me; we shall hear of your lordship anon.]

*First Sold.* What is his reputation with the duke?

*Par.* The duke knows him for no other but a poor officer of mine; and writ to me this other day to turn him out o' the band: I think I have his letter in my pocket.

*First Sold.* Marry, we'll search. 229

*Par.* In good sadness, I do not know; either it is there, or it is upon a file, with the duke's other letters in my tent.

*First Sold.* Here 't is; here's a paper: shall I read it to you?

*Par.* I do not know if it be it or no.

*Ber.* Our interpreter does it well.

*First Lord.* Excellently.

*First Sold.* [Reads] 238

"Dian, the count's a fool, and full of gold,"—

*Par.* That is not the duke's letter, sir; that is an advertisement to a proper maid in Florence, one Diana, to take heed of the allurements of one Count Rousillon, a foolish idle boy, but, for all that, very ruttish: I pray you, sir, put it up again. [*Bertram lifts his hand as if to strike Parolles.*

*First Sold.* Nay, I'll read it first, by your favour.

*Par.* My meaning in 't, I protest, was very honest in the behalf of the maid; [for I knew the young count to be a dangerous and lascivious boy, who is a whale to virginity, and devours up all the fry it finds.] 250

*Ber.* Damnable, both-sides rogue!

*First Sold.* [Reads]

"When he swears oaths, bid him drop gold, and take it;

After he scores, he never pays the score:

Half won is match well made; match, and well make it;

He ne'er pays after-debts, take it before;  
And say a soldier, Dian, told thee this,  
Men are to melt<sup>1</sup> with, boys are not to kiss:  
For count of this,<sup>2</sup> the count's a fool, I know it,  
Who pays before, but not when he does owe it.

Thine, as he vowed to thee in thine ear, 260  
PAROLLES."

*Ber.* He shall be whipped through the army, with this rhyme in 's forehead.

*Sec. Lord.* This is your devoted friend, sir, the manifold linguist, and the armipotent soldier.

*Ber.* I could endure any thing before but a cat, and now he's a cat to me.

*First Sold.* I perceive, sir, by the general's looks, we shall be fain to hang you. 269

[*First Lord whispers to the Soldier.*

*Par.* [Falls on his knees] My life, sir, in any case: not that I am afraid to die; but that, my offences being many, I would repent out the remainder of nature: let me live, sir, in a dungeon, if the stocks, or any where, so I may live.

*First Sold.* We'll see what may be done, so you confess freely; therefore, once more to this Captain Dumain: you have answered to his reputation with the duke, and to his valour: what is his honesty? 279

*Par.* He will steal, sir, an egg out of a cloister: for rapes and ravishments he parallels Nessus: he professes not keeping of oaths; in breaking 'em he is stronger than Hercules: he will lie, sir, with such volubility, that you would think truth were a fool: [drunkenness] is his best virtue, for he will be swine-drunk; and in his sleep he does little harm, save to his bed-clothes about him; but they know his conditions, and lay him in straw.] I have but little more to say, sir, of his honesty: he has every thing that an honest man should not have; what an honest man should have, he has nothing. 292

*First Lord.* I begin to love him for this.

[*Ber.* For this description of thine honesty? A pox upon him for me, he's more and more a cat.]

<sup>1</sup> Melt, meddle.

<sup>2</sup> Count of this, take notice of this.

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*First Sold.* What say you to his expertness in war?

208

*Par.* Faith, sir, has led<sup>1</sup> the drum before the English tragedians,—to belie him, I will not,—and more of his soldiership I know not; [except, in that country he had the honour to be the officer at a place there called Mile-end, to instruct for the doubling of files:] I would

do the man what honour I can, but of this I am not certain.

[*First Lord.* He hath out-villained villany so far, that the rarity redeems him.

*Ber.* A pox on him, he's a cat still.]

*First Sold.* His qualities being at this poor price, I need not to ask you if gold will corrupt him to revolt.

310



*Ber.* Good morrow, noble captain.—(Act iv. 3. 349.)

*Par.* Sir, for a cardecue<sup>2</sup> he will sell the fee-simple of his salvation, [the inheritance of it; and cut the entail from all remainders, and a perpetual succession for it perpetually.]

*First Sold.* What's his brother, the other Captain Dumain?

*Sec. Lord.* Why does he ask him of me?

*First Sold.* What's he?

319

*Par.* E'en a crow o' the same nest; not altogether so great as the first in goodness, but

greater a great deal in evil: he excels his brother for a coward, yet his brother is reputed one of the best that is: in a retreat he outruns any lackey; marry, in coming on he has the cramp.

*First Sold.* If your life be saved, will you undertake to betray the Florentine?

*Par.* Ay, and the captain of his horse, Count Rousillon.

*First Sold.* I'll whisper with the general, and know his pleasure.

330

*Par.* [Aside] I'll no more drumming; a plague of all drums! Only to seem to deserve

<sup>1</sup> Led, carried.

<sup>2</sup> Cardecue, quart d'écu, a quarter of a French crown = fifteen pence.

well, and to beguile the supposition of that lascivious young boy the count, have I run into this danger: yet who would have suspected an ambush where I was taken?

*First Sold.* There is no remedy, sir, but you must die [*Parolles groans*]: the general says, you that have so traitorously discovered the secrets of your army, and made such pestiferous reports of men very nobly held, can serve the world for no honest use; therefore you must die.—Come, headsmen, off with his head. 342

*Par.* O Lord, sir, let me live, or let me see my death!

*First Sold.* That shall you, and take your leave of all your friends. [*Unmuffling him.* So, look about you: know you any here?

[*All laugh, and bear merrily to Parolles.*

*Ber.* Good morrow, noble captain. 349

*Sec. Lord.* God bless you, Captain Parolles.

*First Lord.* God save you, noble captain.

*Sec. Lord.* Captain, what greeting will you to my Lord Lafew? I am for France.

*First Lord.* Good captain, will you give me a copy of the sonnet you writ to Diana in behalf of the Count Rousillon? an I were not a very coward, I'd compel it of you; but fare you well. [*Exeunt Bertram and Lords, laughing.*

*First Sold.* You are undone, captain; all but your scarf, that has a knot on't yet. 350

*Par.* [*Rising*] Who cannot be crushed with a plot?

*First Sold.* [If you could find out a country where but women were that had received so much shame, you might begin an impudent nation.] Fare ye well, sir; I am for France too: we shall speak of you there. [*Exit with Soldiers.*

*Par.* Yet am I thankful: if my heart were great,

'T would burst at this. Captain I'll be no more;

But I will eat and drink, and sleep as soft As captain shall: simply the thing I am Shall make me live. Who knows himself a braggart, 370

Let him fear this; for it will come to pass, That every braggart shall be found an ass. Rust, sword! cool, blushes! and, Parolles, live Safest in shame! being fool'd, by foolery thrive! There's place and means for every man alive. I'll after them. [*Exit.*

[SCENE IV. Florence. Room in the Widow's house.

*Enter HELENA, WIDOW, and DIANA.*

*Hel.* That you may well perceive I have not wrong'd you,  
One of the greatest in the Christian world  
Shall be my surety; 'fore whose throne 't is  
needful,

Ere I can perfect mine intents, to kneel:  
Time was, I did him a desired office,  
Dear almost as his life; which gratitude  
Through flinty Tartar's bosom would peep forth,  
And answer, thanks: I duly am inform'd  
His grace is at Marseilles; to which place  
We have convenient convoy. You must know,  
I am supposed dead: the army breaking,<sup>1</sup> 11  
My husband hies him home; where, heaven  
aiding,

And by the leave of my good lord the king,  
We'll be before our welcome.

*Wid.* Gentle madam,

You never had a servant to whose trust  
Your business was more welcome.

*Hel.* Nor you, mistress,

Ever a friend whose thoughts more truly labour  
To recompense your love; doubt not but heaven  
Hath brought me up to be your daughter's  
dower,

As it hath fated her to be my motive<sup>2</sup> 20  
And helper to a husband. But, O strange men!  
That can such sweet use make of what they hate,  
When saucy trusting of the cozen'd thoughts  
Defiles the pitchy night! so lust doth play  
With what it loathes, for that which is away:  
But more of this hereafter.—You, Diana,  
Under my poor instructions yet must suffer  
Something in my behalf.

*Dia.* Let death and honesty  
Go with your impositions,<sup>3</sup> I am yours  
Upon your will to suffer.

*Hel.* Yet, I pray you: 30  
But, with the word, the time will bring on  
summer,

When briers shall have leaves as well as thorns,  
And be as sweet as sharp. We must away;  
Our wagon is prepar'd, and time revives us:

<sup>1</sup> Breaking, disbanding.

<sup>2</sup> Motive, instrument.

<sup>3</sup> Impositions, injunctions.

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL: still the fine's  
the crown; 30

Whate'er the course, the end is the renown.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V. *Rousillon. Hall of the Countess's house.*

*Enter COUNTESS, LAFEU, and CLOWN.*

*Laf.* No, no, no, your son was misled with

a snipt-taffeta fellow! there, [whose villainous  
saffron would have made all the unbaked and  
doughy youth of a nation in his colour:] your  
daughter-in-law had been alive at this hour,  
and your son here at home, more advanced by  
the king than by that red-tailed humble-bee  
speak of. 7

*Count.* I would I had not known him! It  
was the death of the most virtuous gentle-  
woman that ever nature had praise for creat-



*Clo.* The black prince, sir; alias, the prince of darkness; alias, the devil.—(Act IV. 5. 41, 42.)

ing: if she had partaken of my flesh, and cost  
me the dearest groans of a mother, I could not  
have owed her a more rooted love. 13

*Laf.* 'T was a good lady, 't was a good lady:  
we may pick a thousand salads ere we light on  
such another herb.

*Clo.* Indeed, sir, she was the sweet-marjoram  
of the salad, or rather, the herb of grace.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> A snipt-taffeta fellow, a fellow who wore ribbons or  
shippings of taffeta—Lafeu's contemptuous allusion to  
Parolles' fine clothes. Compare II. 5. 13-21

<sup>2</sup> Herb of grace, rue.

*Laf.* They are not herbs, you knave; they  
are nose-herbs. 20

*Clo.* I am no great Nebuchadnezzar, sir; I  
have not much skill in grass.

[*Laf.* Whether dost thou profess thyself,—  
a knave or a fool?

*Clo.* A fool, sir, at a woman's service, and a  
knave at a man's.

*Laf.* Your distinction?

*Clo.* I would cozen the man of his wife, and  
do his service.

*Laf.* So you were a knave at his service, indeed.

*Clo.* And I would give his wife my bauble, sir, to do her service.

*Laf.* I will subscribe for thee, thou art both knave and fool.

*Clo.* At your service.

*Laf.* No, no, no.

*Clo.* Why, sir, if I cannot serve you, I can serve as great a prince as you are.

*Laf.* Who's that? a Frenchman? 40

*Clo.* Faith, sir, a' has an English name; but his fismomy is more hotter in France than there.

*Laf.* What prince is that?

*Clo.* The black prince, sir; *alias*, the prince of darkness; *alias*, the devil.

*Laf.* Hold thee, there's my purse: I give thee not this to suggest<sup>1</sup> thee from thy master thou talkest of; serve him still. 48

*Clo.* I am a woodland fellow, sir, that always loved a great fire; and the master I speak of ever keeps a good fire. But, sure, he is the prince of the world, let his nobility remain in 's court. I am for the house with the narrow gate, which I take to be too little for pomp to enter: some that humble themselves may; but the many will be too chill and tender, and they'll be for the flowery way that leads to the broad gate and the great fire. 58

*Laf.* Go thy ways, I begin to be a-weary of thee; and I tell thee so before, because I would not fall out with thee. Go thy ways: let my horses be well looked to, without any tricks.

*Clo.* If I put any tricks upon 'em, sir, they shall be jades' tricks; which are their own right by the law of nature. [*Exit.*]

*Laf.* A shrewd knave and an unhappy.<sup>2</sup>

*Count.* So he is. My lord that's gone made himself much sport out of him: 'by his authority he remains here, which he thinks is a patent for his sauciness; and, indeed, he has no pace,<sup>3</sup> but runs where he will. 71

*Laf.* I like him well; 't is not amiss. And I was about to tell you, since I heard of the good lady's death, and that my lord your son

was upon his return home, I moved the king my master to speak in the behalf of my daughter; which, in the minority of them both, his majesty, out of a self-gracious remembrance, did first propose: his highness hath promised me to do it: and, to stop up the displeasure he hath conceived against your son, there is no fitter matter. How does your ladyship like it? 82

*Count.* With very much content, my lord; and I wish it happily effected.

*Laf.* His highness comes post from Marseilles, of as able body as when he numbered thirty: he will be here to-morrow, or I am deceived by him that in such intelligence hath seldom failed. 88

*Count.* It rejoices me that I hope I shall see him ere I die. I have letters that my son will be here to-night: I shall beseech your lordship to remain with me till they meet together.

[*Laf.* Madam, I was thinking with what manners I might safely be admitted.

*Count.* You need but plead your honourable privilege.

*Laf.* Lady, of that I have made a bold charter; but, I thank my God, it holds yet. ]

*Re-enter CLOWN.*

*Clo.* O madam, yonder's my lord your son with a patch of velvet on 's face: whether there be a scar under't or no, the velvet knows; but 't is a goodly patch of velvet: [his left cheek is a cheek of two pile and a half, but his right cheek is worn bare.

*Laf.* A scar nobly got, or a noble scar, is a good livery of honour; so belike is that.

*Clo.* But it is your carbonadoed<sup>4</sup> face. ]

*Laf.* Let us go see your son, I pray you: I long to talk with the young noble soldier. 100

[*Exeunt Countess and Lafew.*  
*Clo.* Faith, there's a dozen of 'em, with delicate fine hats, and most courteous feathers, which bow the head and nod at every man. [*Exit.*]

<sup>1</sup> Suggest, seduce.

<sup>2</sup> Unhappy, roguish.

<sup>3</sup> No pace, no settled, orderly habits.

<sup>4</sup> Carbonadoed, disfigured with cuts.



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ed<sup>d</sup> face.]

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[Exit.

ith cuts.

ACT V.

SCENE I. *The coast of France, near Marseilles.*

Enter HELENA, WIDOW, and DIANA, with two Attendants.

*Hel.* But this exceeding posting day and night  
Must wear your spirits low; we cannot help it:

But, since you've made the days and nights  
as one,

To wear your gentle limbs in my affairs,  
Be bold you do so grow in my requital  
As nothing can unroot you.—In happy time;—

Enter a GENTLEMAN.

This man may help me to his majesty's ear,  
If he would spend his power.—God save you,  
sir.

*Gent.* And you.

*Hel.* Sir, I have seen you in the court of  
France. 10

*Gent.* I have been sometimes there.

*Hel.* I do presume, sir, that you are not fall'n  
From the report that goes upon your goodness;  
And therefore, goaded with most sharp occa-  
sions,

Which lay nice manners by, I put you to  
The use of your own virtues; for the which  
I shall continue thankful.

*Gent.* What's your will?

*Hel.* That it will please you  
To give this poor petition to the king;  
And aid me with that store of power you have  
To come into his presence. 21

*Gent.* The king's not here.

*Hel.* Not here, sir!

*Gent.* Not, indeed:

He hence remov'd last night, and with more  
haste  
Than is his use.

*Wid.* Lord, how we lose our pains!

*Hel.* ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL yet,  
Though time seem so adverse and means un-  
fit.—

I do beseech you, whither is he gone?

*Gent.* Marry, as I take it, to Rousillon;

Whither I am going.

*Hel.* I do beseech you, sir,

Since you are like to see the king before me,  
Commend the paper to his gracious hand; 31  
Which, I presume, shall render you no blame,  
But rather make you thank your pains for it.  
I will come after you with what good speed  
Our means will make us means.



*Hel.* That it will please you  
To give this poor petition to the king —(Act v. 1. 18, 19.)

*Gent.* This I'll do for you.

*Hel.* And you shall find yourself to be well  
thank'd,

Whate'er falls more.—We must to horse  
again:—

Go, go, provide. [Exit.

SCENE II. *Rousillon. The court-yard of  
the Countess's house.*

Enter CLOWN, meeting PAROLLES in tattered  
apparel.

*Par.* Good Monsieur Lavache, give my  
Lord Lafeu this letter: I have ere now, sir,



been better known to you, when I have held familiarity with fresher clothes; but I am now, sir, muddled in Fortune's mood, and smell somewhat strong of her strong displeasure.

*Clo.* Truly, Fortune's displeasure is but sluttish, if it smell so strongly as thou speakest of: [I will henceforth eat no fish of Fortune's buttering. Prithee, allow the wind.<sup>1</sup> 10

*Par.* Nay, you need not to stop your nose, sir; I spake but by a metaphor.

*Clo.* Indeed, sir, if your metaphor stink, I will stop my nose; or against any man's metaphor. Prithee, get thee further.

*Par.* Pray you, sir, deliver me this paper.

*Clo.* Foh, prithee, stand away: a paper from Fortune's close-stool to give to a nobleman! [Look, here he comes himself. 10



*Par.* Nay, you need not to stop your nose, sir; I spake but by a metaphor.—(Act V. 2. 11, 12.)

*Enter LAFEU.*

[Here is a pur of Fortune's, sir, or of Fortune's cat,—but not a musk-cat,—that has fallen into the unclean fishpond of her displeasure, and, as he says, is muddled withal: pray you, sir, use the carp as you may; for he looks like a poor, decayed, ingenious,<sup>2</sup> foolish, rascally knave. I do pity his distress in my similes of comfort, and leave him to your lordship.]

[*Exit.*

<sup>1</sup> Allow the wind, don't stop it, stand to the leeward of me.

<sup>2</sup> *Ingenious*, conscious how contemptible he is.

*Par.* My lord, I am a man whom Fortune hath cruelly scratched. 29

*Laf.* And what would you have me to do, 't is too late to pare her nails now. [Wherein have you played the knave with Fortune, that she should scratch you, who of herself is a good lady, and would not have knaves thrive long under her?] There's a cardcue for you: let the justices make you and Fortune friends; I am for other business.

*Par.* I beseech your honour to hear me one single word.

[*Laf.* You beg a single penny more: come! you shall ha't; save your word. 40]

*Par.*]

*Laf.* [Cox<sup>1</sup> me, does you

*Par.* C that foun

*Laf.* V that lost

*Par.* I some gra

*Laf.* O upon me

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40

*Par.* My name, my good lord, is Parolles.  
*Laf.* [You beg more than "word," then.—]  
Cox! my passion! give me your hand:—how  
does your drum?

*Par.* O my good lord, you were the first  
that found me!

*Laf.* Was I, in sooth? and I was the first  
that lost thee.

*Par.* It lies in you, my lord, to bring me in  
some grace, for you did bring me out. 50

*Laf.* Out upon thee, knave! [dost thou put  
upon me at once both the office of God and  
the devil? one brings thee in grace, and the  
other brings thee out.] [Trumpets sound.] The  
king's coming; I know by his trumpets.—  
Sirrah, inquire further after me; I had talk of  
you last night: though you are a fool and a  
knave, you shall eat; go to, follow.

*Par.* I praise God for you. [Exeunt.

SCENE III. Rousillon. A room in the  
Countess's house.

*Flourish.* Enter KING, COUNTESS, LAFEU,  
the two French Lords, with Attendants.

*King.* We lost a jewel of her; and our esteem  
Was made much poorer by it: but your son,  
As mad in folly, lack'd the sense to know  
Her estimation home.

*Count.* 'Tis past, my liege;  
And I beseech your majesty to make it  
Natural rebellion, done i' the blaze of youth;  
When oil and fire, too strong for reason's force,  
Overbears it, and burns on.

*King.* My honour'd lady,  
I have forgiven and forgotten all;  
Though my revenges were high<sup>2</sup> bent upon  
him, 10

And watch'd the time to shoot.

*Laf.* This I must say,—  
But first I beg my pardon,—the young lord  
Did to his majesty, his mother, and his lady,  
Offence of mighty note; but to himself  
The greatest wrong of all: he lost a wife,  
Whose beauty did astonish the survey  
Of richest eyes; whose words all ears took  
captive;

<sup>1</sup> Cor. God's (disguised form of the word)

<sup>2</sup> High, violently.

Whose dear perfection hearts that scorn'd to  
serve

Humbly call'd mistress.

*King.* Praising what is lost  
Makes the remembrance dear.—Well, call  
him hither;— 20

We're reconcil'd, and the first view shall kill  
All repetition:—let him not ask our pardon;  
The nature of his great offence is dead,  
And deeper than oblivion we do bury  
Th' incensing relics of it: let him approach,  
A stranger, no offender; and inform him  
So 't is our will he should.

*First Gent.* I shall, my liege. [Exit.

*King.* What says he to your daughter?  
have you spoke?

*Laf.* All that he is hath reference to your  
highness.

*King.* Then shall we have a match. I've  
letters sent me 30

That set him high in fame.

*Re-enter First Lord, ushering in BERTRAM.*

*Laf.* He looks well on 't.

*King.* I am not a day of season,<sup>3</sup>  
For thou mayst see a sunshine and a hail  
In me at once: but to the brightest beams  
Distracted clouds give way; so stand thou forth,  
The time is fair again.

*Ber.* [Kneeling] My high-repent'd blames,  
Dear sovereign, pardon to me.

*King.* All is whole;  
[Bertram rises.

Not one word more of the consumed time  
Let's take the instant by the forward top;  
For we are old, and on our quick'st decrees  
Th' inaudible and noiseless foot of Time 41  
Steals ere we can effect them. You remember  
The daughter of this lord?

*Ber.* Admiringly, my liege: at first  
I stuck my choice upon her, ere my heart  
Durst make too bold a herald of my tongue;  
[Where the impression of mine eye infixing,  
Contempt his scornful perspective<sup>4</sup> did lend me  
Which warp'd the line of every other favour;  
Scorn'd a fair colour, or express'd it stol'n; 50  
Extended or contracted all proportions

<sup>3</sup> A day of season, a seasonable day.

<sup>4</sup> Perspective, an optical glass.

<sup>5</sup> Favour, features.

To a most hideous object:] thence it came  
That she whom all men prais'd, and whom myself,  
Since I have lost, have lov'd, was in mine eye  
The dust that did offend it.

*King.* Well excus'd:  
That thou didst love her, strikes some scores  
away

From the great compt: but love that comes  
too late,

Like a remorseful pardon slowly carried,  
To the great sender turns a sour offence,  
Crying, "That's good that's gone." [Our rash  
faults 60

Make trivial price of serious things we have,  
Not knowing them until we know their grave:  
Oft our displeasures,<sup>1</sup> to ourselves unjust,  
Destroy our friends, and after weep their dust:  
Our own love waking cries to see what's done,  
While shameful hate sleeps out the afternoon.]  
Be this sweet Helen's knell, and now forget  
her.

Send forth your amorous token for fair  
Maudlin:

The main consents are had; and here we'll stay  
To see our widower's second marriage-day. 70

*Count.* Which better than the first, O dear  
heaven, bless!

Or, ere they meet, in me, O nature, cesse!<sup>2</sup>

*Laf.* Come on, my son, in whom my house's  
name

Must be digested,<sup>3</sup> give a favour from you,  
To sparkle in the spirits of my daughter,  
That she may quickly come.

[*Bertram gives Lafeu a ring.*

By my old beard,  
And every hair that's on't, Helen, that's dead,  
Was a sweet creature: such a ring as this,  
The last that e'er I took her leave at court,  
I saw upon her finger.

*Ber.* Hers it was not. 80

*King.* Now, pray you, let me see it; for  
mine eye,

While I was speaking, oft was fasten'd to't.—  
This ring was mine; and, when I gave it  
Helen,

I bade her, if her fortunes ever stood  
Necessitied to help, that by this token

<sup>1</sup> Displeasures, dislikes.

<sup>2</sup> Cesse, cease.

<sup>3</sup> Digested, i.e. and so reduced to nothing, and lost.

I would relieve her. Had you that craft, to  
reave<sup>4</sup> her

Of what should stead her most!

*Ber.* My gracious sovereign,  
Howe'er it pleases you to take it so,  
The ring was never hers.

*Count.* Son, on my life,  
I've seen her wear it; and she reckon'd it 90  
At her life's rate.

*Laf.* I'm sure I saw her wear it.

*Ber.* You are deceiv'd, my lord; she never  
saw it:

In Florence was it from a casement thrown  
me,

Wrapp'd in a paper, which contain'd the name  
Of her that threw it; noble she was, and thought  
I stood engag'd; but when I had subscrib'd  
To mine own fortune,<sup>5</sup> and inform'd her fully  
I could not answer in that course of honour  
As she had made the overture, she cens'd  
In heavy satisfaction,<sup>6</sup> and would never 100  
Receive the ring again.

*King.* Plutus himself,  
That knows the tinct<sup>7</sup> and multiplying me-  
dicine,

Hath not in nature's mystery more science  
Than I have in this ring: 'twas mine, 'twas  
Helen's.

Whoever gave it you. Then, if you know  
That you are well acquainted with yourself,  
Confess 'twas hers, and by what rough en-  
forcement

You got it from her: she call'd the saints to  
surety

That she would never put it from her finger,  
Unless she gave it to yourself in bed,— 110  
Where you have never come,—or sent it us  
Upon her great disaster.

*Ber.* She never saw it.

*King.* Thou speak'st it falsely, as I love  
mine honour;

And mak'st conjectural fears to come into me,  
Which I would fain shut out. If it should prove  
That thou art so inhuman,—'t will not prove  
804—

<sup>4</sup> Reave, bereave, deprive.

<sup>5</sup> Subscrib'd to mine own fortune, acknowledged how  
matters stood with me.

<sup>6</sup> Heavy satisfaction, sorrowful acquiescence.

<sup>7</sup> Tinct, tincture.

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equiescence.

And yet I know not:—thou didst hate her  
deadly,

And she is dead; which nothing, but to close  
Her eyes myself, could win me to believe,  
More than to see this ring.—Take him  
away.— *[Guards seize Bertram.]*

*[My fore-past proofs, howe'er the matter fall,*  
Shall tax my fears of little vanity, 122  
Having vainly fear'd too little.—Away with  
him!—]

We'll sift this matter further.

*Ber.* If you shall prove  
This ring was ever hers, you shall as easy  
Prove that I husbanded her bed in Florence,  
Where yet she never was. *[Exit, guarded.]*

*King.* I am wrapp'd in dismal thinkings.

*Enter a GENTLEMAN.*

*Gent.* Gracious sovereign,  
Whether I've been to blame or no, I know not:

*[Presenting a letter to the King.]*  
Here's a petition from a Florentine, 130  
Who hath for four or five removes<sup>1</sup> come short  
To tender it herself. I undertook it,  
Vanquish'd thereto by the fair grace and speech  
Of the poor suppliant, who by this, I know,  
Is here attending; *[her business looks in her*  
With an importing<sup>2</sup> visage; and she told me,  
In a sweet verbal brief, it did concern  
Your highness with herself. ] 138

*King.* *[Reads.]* "Upon his many protestations  
to marry me when his wife was dead, I blush to  
say it, he won me. Now is the Count Ronsillon a  
widower: his vows are forfeited to me, and my hon-  
our's paid to him. He stole from Florence, taking  
no leave, and I follow him to his country for justice:  
grant it me, O king! in you it best lies; otherwise a  
seducer flourishes, and a poor maid is undone.

DIANA CAPULET."

*Laf.* I will buy me a son-in-law in a fair,  
and toll<sup>3</sup> for this:

I'll none of him.

*King.* The heavens have thought well on  
thee, Lafeu, 150  
To bring forth this discovery.—Seek these  
suitors:—

Go speedily and bring again the count.

*[Exeunt Gentleman and some Attendants.]*

<sup>1</sup> *Brounces*, stages of her journey; for she failed to over-  
take the king.

<sup>2</sup> *Importing*, significant.

<sup>3</sup> *Toll*, pay toll.

I am afraid the life of Helen, lady, 153  
Was foully snatch'd.

*Count.* Now, justice on the doers!

*Re-enter BERTRAM, guarded.*

*King.* I wonder, sir, sith wives are mon-  
sters to you,  
And that you fly them as you swear them  
lordship,  
Yet you desire to marry.

*Re-enter GENTLEMAN, with WIDOW and  
DIANA.*

What woman's that?

*Dia.* I am, my lord, a wretched Florentine,  
Derived from the ancient Capulet:

My suit, as I do understand, you know, 160  
And therefore know how far I may be pitied.

*Wid.* I am her mother, sir, whose age and  
honour

Both suffer under this complaint we bring;  
And both shall cease,<sup>4</sup> without your remedy.

*King.* Come hither, count: do you know  
these women?

*Ber.* My lord, I neither can nor will deny  
But that I know them: do they charge me  
further?

*Dia.* Why do you look so strange upon your  
wife?

*Ber.* She's none of mine, my lord.

*Dia.* If you shall marry,  
You give away this hand, and that is mine;  
You give away heaven's vows, and those are  
mine; 171

You give away myself, which is known mine;  
For I by vow am so embodied yours,  
That she which marries you must marry me,—  
Either both or none.

*Laf.* *[To Bertram.]* Your reputation comes  
too short for my daughter; you are no hus-  
band for her.

*Ber.* My lord, this is a fond and desperate  
creature,

Whom sometime I have laugh'd with: let your  
highness 179

Lay a more noble thought upon mine honour  
Than for to think that I would sink it here.

<sup>4</sup> *Cease*, come to an end, perish.

*King.* Sir, for my thoughts, you have them  
ill to friend 182

Till your deeds gain them: fairer prove your  
honour

Than in my thought it lies!

*Dia.* [Good my lord,  
Ask him upon his oath, if he does think  
He had not my virginity.

*King.*] What say'st thou to her?

*Ber.* She's impudent, my lord,  
And was a common gamester to the camp.

*Dia.* He does me wrong, my lord; if I were so,  
He might have bought me at a common price:  
Do not believe him: O, behold this ring, 191

[*Showing it to the King and Countess.*

Whose high respect and rich validity<sup>1</sup>

Did lack a parallel; yet, for all that,  
He gave it to a commoner o' the camp,  
If I be one.

*Count.* He blushes, and 't is it:  
Of six preceding ancestors, that gem,  
Confer'd by testament to the sequent issue,  
Hath it been ow'd and worn. This is his wife;  
That ring's a thousand proofs.

*King.* Methought you said  
You saw one here in court could witness it. 200

*Ber.* I did, my lord, but loth am to produce  
So bad an instrument: his name's Parolles.

*Laf.* I saw the man to-day, if man he be.

*King.* Find him, and bring him hither.

[*Exit Lafeu.*  
*Ber.* What of him?

He's quoted for a most perfidious slave,  
With all the spots o' the world tax'd and  
debosh'd.<sup>2</sup>

Whose nature sickens but to speak a truth.  
Am I or that or this for what he'll utter,  
That will speak any thing?

*King.* She hath that ring of yours.

*Ber.* I think she has: certain it is I lik'd her,  
And boarded her i' the wanton way of youth:  
She knew her distance, and did angle for me,  
Madding my eagerness with her restraint,  
As all impediments in fancy's course 214  
Are motives of more fancy; and, in fine,  
Her own suit, coming with her modern<sup>3</sup> grace,  
Subdu'd me to her rate: she got the ring;

[And I had that which any inferior might  
At market-price have bought.]

*Dia.* I must be patient:  
You, that have turn'd off a first so noble wife,  
May justly diet me.<sup>4</sup> I pray you yet,— 221  
Since you lack virtue, I will lose a husband,—  
Send for your ring, I will return it home,  
And give me mine again.

*Ber.* I have it not.

*King.* What ring was yours, I pray you?

*Dia.* Sir, much like  
The same upon your finger.

*King.* Know you this ring? this ring was  
his of late.

*Dia.* And this was it I gave him, being a-bed.

*King.* The story, then, goes false, you threw  
it him 229

Out of a easement.

*Dia.* I have spoke the truth.

*Ber.* My lord, I do confess the ring was hers.

*King.* You boggle<sup>5</sup> shrewdly, every feather  
starts you.—

*Re-enter LAFEU with PAROLLES.*

Is this the man you speak of?

*Dia.* Ay, my lord.

*King.* Tell me, sirrah,—but tell me true, I  
charge you,

Not fearing the displeasure of your master,  
Which, on your just proceeding, I'll keep off,—  
By him and by this woman here what know  
you?

*Par.* So please your majesty, my master  
hath been an honourable gentleman: tricks  
he hath had in him, which gentlemen have.

*King.* Come, come, to the purpose: did he  
love this woman? 242

*Par.* Faith, sir, he did love her; but how?

*King.* How, I pray you?

*Par.* He did love her, sir, as a gentleman  
loves a woman.

*King.* How is that?

*Par.* He loved her, sir, and loved her not.

*King.* As thou art a knave, and no knave.—  
What an equivocal companion<sup>6</sup> is this! 250

*Par.* I am a poor man, and at your ma-  
jesty's command.

<sup>1</sup> Validity, value.

<sup>2</sup> Debosh'd, debased.

<sup>3</sup> Modern, modish.

<sup>4</sup> Diet me, put me under strict treatment.

<sup>5</sup> Boggle, start aside, swerve.

<sup>6</sup> Companion, contemptuously, as we use fellow.

rior might  
be patient:  
o noble wife,  
yet,— 221  
a husband,—  
it home,

re it not.  
pray you?  
ir, much like  
his ring was  
being a-bed.  
se, you threw  
229

the truth.  
ring was hers.  
every feather

OLLES.

Ay, my lord.  
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our master,  
I'll keep off,—  
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lemen have.  
rpose: did he  
242  
er; but how?

s a gentleman

oved her not.  
nd no knave.—  
is this! 250  
l at your ma-

atment.

we use fellow.

*Laf.* He's a good drum, my lord, but a naughty<sup>1</sup> orator.

*Dia.* Do you know he promised me marriage?

*Par.* Faith, I know more than I'll speak.

*King.* But wilt thou not speak all thou knowest? 257

*Par.* Yes, so please your majesty. I did go between them, as I said; but more than that, he loved her,—for, indeed, he was mad for her, and talked of Satyr, and of Limbo, and of Furies, and I know not what: yet I was in that credit with them at that time, that I knew [of their going to bed; and of other notions, as promising her marriage, and] things which would derive me ill will to speak of; therefore I will not speak what I know.

*King.* Thou hast spoken all already, unless thou canst say they are married: but thou art too fine<sup>2</sup> in thy evidence; therefore stand aside.— 270

This ring, you say, was yours?

*Dia.* Ay, my good lord.

*King.* Where did you buy it? or who gave it you?

*Dia.* It was not given me, nor I did not buy it.

*King.* Who lent it you?

*Dia.* It was not lent me neither.

*King.* Where did you find it, then?

*Dia.* I found it not.

*King.* If it were yours by none of all these ways,

How could you give it him?

*Dia.* I never gave't him.

*Laf.* This woman's an easy glove, my lord; she goes off and on at pleasure.

*King.* This ring was mine; I gave it his first wife. 280

*Dia.* It might be yours or hers, for aught I know.

*King.* Take her away; I do not like her now; To prison with her: and away with him.— Unless thou tell'st me where thou hadst this ring,

Thou diest within this hour.

*Dia.* I'll never tell you.

*King.* Take her away.

<sup>1</sup> Naughty, good-for-nothing. <sup>2</sup> Fine, subtle.

*Dia.* I'll put in bail, my liege.

*King.* I think thee now some common customer.

[*Dia.* By Jove, if ever I knew man, 't was you.

*King.* Wherefore hast thou accus'd him all this while?

*Dia.* Because he's guilty, and he is not guilty: 290

He knows I am no maid, and he'll swear to't; I'll swear I am a maid, and he knows not.

Great king, I am no strumpet, by my life; I'm either maid, or else this old man's wife.]

*King.* She does abuse our ears: to prison with her.

*Dia.* Good mother, fetch my bail. [*She gives Widow the ring.*—Stay, royal sir:

[*Exit Widow.*

The jeweller that owes the ring is sent for, And he shall surety me. But for this lord, Who hath abus'd me, as he knows himself, Though yet he never harm'd me, here I quit him: 300

[He knows himself my bed he hath defil'd; And at that time he got his wife with child: Dead though she be, she feels her young one kick:]

So there's my riddle,—One that's dead is quick:

And now behold the meaning.

*Re-enter WIDOW, with HELENA.*

*King.* Is there no exorcist Beguiles the truer office of mine eyes?

Is't real that I see?

*Hel.* No, my good lord;

'Tis but the shadow of a wife you see,

The name, and not the thing.

*Ber.* Both, both;—O, pardon!

*Hel.* [O my good lord, when I was like this maid, 310

I found you wondrous kind.] There is your ring;

And, look you, here's your letter; this it says: "When from my finger you can get this ring,

And are by me with child, &c." This is done: Will you be mine, now you are doubly won?

*Ber.* If she, my liege, can make me know this clearly,

I'll love her dearly, ever, ever dearly.

*Hel.* If it appear not plain, and prove untrue,

Deadly divorce step between me and you! --

[*To Countess*] O my dear mother, do I see you living! 320

*Laf.* Mine eyes smell onions; I shall weep anon:

[*To Parolles*] Good Tom Drum, lend me a handkercher: so, I thank thee: wait on me home, I'll make sport with thee: let thy courtesies alone, they are scurvy ones.

*King.* Let us from point to point this story know.

To make the even truth in pleasure flow. --

[*To Diana*] If thou be'st yet a fresh uncropped flower,

Choose thou thy husband, and I'll pay thy dower; 325

For I can guess that, by thy honest aid,

Thou kept'st a wife herself, thyself a maid. --  
Of that, and all the progress, more and less,  
Resolvedly<sup>1</sup> more leisure shall express: 332  
All yet seems well; and if it end so meet,  
The bitter past, more welcome is the sweet.

[*Flourish.*]

## EPILOGUE.

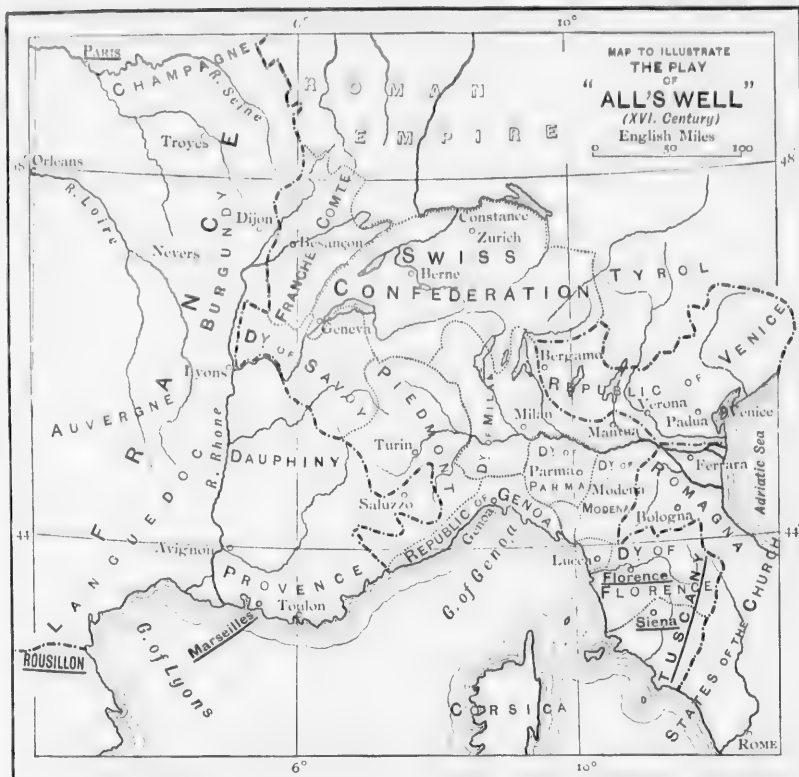
[The king's a beggar, now the play is done:  
All is well ended, if this suit be won,  
That you express content; which we will pay,  
With strife to please you, day exceeding day:  
Ours be your patience then, and yours our  
parts; 339  
Your gentle hands lend us, and take our  
hearts. [*Exeunt.*] 340]

<sup>1</sup> *Resolvedly*, clearly.

ACT V. Scene 3.

If a maid.—  
e and less,  
cross: 332  
so meet,  
the sweet.  
[Flourish.

lay is done:  
won,  
we will pay,  
ceeding day:  
and yours our  
339  
and take our  
[Exeunt.]



## NOTES TO ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

1. DRAMATIS PERSONÆ. The Dramatis Personæ of this play have been left, either through oversight or through the haste with which the play was written, in a very confused and unsatisfactory condition as far as the naming of them goes. We have at least four important speaking characters who have no names at all, viz. the First and Second Lord, the First Soldier, and the Gentleman attached to the French court who aids Helena in her suit to the king (v. 1.); besides these we have Two Gentlemen belonging to the French army (iii. 2), and the usual quantity of nameless lords and gentlemen. In the case of the French lords who accompany Bertram to the war, the omission seems the more singular, because from iv. 3.

109-324 we learn that they were two brothers, and that their names were *Dumain*. In the edition which Kemble prepared for the stage we find no less than five additional Dramatis Personæ named: *Dumain*, *Levis* = First and Second Lords, who take an important part in act iv. scene 3; *Jaques* and *Biron*, belonging to the French army, and friends, apparently, of Bertram; and *Tourville*, a gentleman belonging to the French court, who appears in act v. It would certainly be far more convenient to adopt some names for the First and Second Lord, if not for all these characters; but there is no internal evidence in the play on which we can assign to any of these nameless characters any name except *Dumain* to the First Lord,



and *Dumain*, jun., to his brother; the latter's Christian name not being mentioned. The First Soldier, who plays the part of the Interpreter, is generally known by that title, as appears from the notices of the performance of this play. We have therefore given a somewhat fuller description of the *Dramatis Personæ* than that usually given; and though we have not ventured to go so far as to insert into the list of *Dramatis Personæ* the names to be found in Kemble's acting edition, yet it would be a very great convenience if, as far as concerns the First and Second Lord, editors were to agree to adopt the names of *Dumain* and *Lewis*, for the first of which, as we have already said, there is a justification in the text.—F. A. M.

ACT I. Scene I.

2. Line 5: *to show I am not in ward*.—Wardship was one of the feudal incidents. In virtue of it the lord had the care of his tenant's person during his minority, and enjoyed the profits of his estate. By another "incident," that of marriage, the lord had the right of tendering a husband to his female wards, or a wife to his male wards; a refusal involving the forfeit of the value of the marriage, that is, the sum that any one would give the lord for such an alliance. These customs prevailed in England and in some parts of Germany, but in no province of France with the exception of Normandy. Shakespeare, however, is not responsible for whatever error there may be in making the French king impose a wife upon Bertram, as he only followed the original story. See Hallam, *Middle Ages*, vol. i. p. 177, ed. 1853.

3. Lines 10-12: *whose worthiness would stir it up where it wanted, rather than lack it where there is such abundance*.—So worthy a gentleman as Bertram would be more likely to arouse kindly feelings in a man of defective sympathies, than fail to win them from so generous a heart as that of the King of France. Warburton altered *lack* to *slack*, which, says Capell, "is the very term the place calls for; and so natural a correction, that he who does not embrace it, must be under the influence of some great prepossession."

4. Lines 47-49: *where an unclean mind carries virtuous qualities, these commendations go with pity*.—They are *virtues* and *traitors* too.—While we commend his virtues we naturally feel pity for the man in whom they are but bright spots in a nature otherwise vicious; but why are these virtues called traitors? Surely not, as Johnson thought, because they betray his too confiding friends into evil courses, but because they are false to, inconsistent with, the rest of his character.

5. Line 58: *livelihood*.—Liveliness; not used by Shakespeare in its modern sense. Compare:

W. *livelihood*, in his sweet dream,  
Fl. *livelihood*, and *livelihood*, and *livelihood*, and *livelihood*.

6. Line 61: *than to have it*.—F. 1 reads "then to have it." The reading in the text is due to Dyce. For the insertion of *to* in the second member of the comparison Abbott (*Shakespearean Grammar*, § 416) quotes Bacon (*Essays*, 103): "In a word, a man were better relate himself to a Statue

or Picture, than to suffer his thoughts to pass in another" Capell printed: "than have it."

7. Lines 65, 66: *If the living be enemy to the grief, the excess makes it soon mortal*.—If grief in any shape is the enemy of the living, excessive indulgence in it must soon make of it a fatal or deadly enemy. It is to this sentiment that Lafen refers (l. 68): "How understand we that?"

8. Line 85: *The best wishes, &c.*—Since Rowe the whole of this speech has been given as spoken to Helena. On the suggestion of Dr. Brinsley Nicholson (*Shakespeareana*, vol. i. p. 54) I have assumed the first part of it: "The best wishes that can be forged in your thoughts be servants to you"—to be addressed to the countess.

9. Lines 91, 92:

*the great tears grace his remembrance more  
Than those I shed for him.*

Not, as Johnson supposed, the tears shed by great people, the King and Countess, but, as Monck Mason says, "the big and copious tears she then shed herself, which were caused in reality by Bertram's departure, though attributed by Lafen and the Countess to the loss of her father; and from this misapprehension of theirs graced his remembrance more than those she actually shed for him."

10. Line 100: *sphere*.—The sphere of a star is the orbit in which it moves; and this is generally the sense in which Shakespeare uses the word; he rarely applies it to the star itself, as in the following:—

*all kind of creatures  
That labour on the bosom of this sphere*.—Timon, l. i. l. 15, 16.

11. Line 100: *In our heart's TABLE*.—The table is the material on which the picture is drawn; compare:

*Mine eye hath play'd the painter and hath staid  
Thy beauty's form in table of my heart*.—Sonn. xxiv.

12. Lines 114-116:

*That they take place, when virtue's steely bones  
Look bleak i' the cold wind; withal, full oft we see  
Cold wisdom waiting on superfluous joy.*

The vices of Parolles suit him so well that they enable him to take precedence over men of unattractive, unyielding virtue: he is received into good society when they are left out in the cold, and wisdom starves while folly has more than enough.

For this use of "superfluous" compare:

*I am the poor, neglected man,  
That slave your oracles at cold and see  
Because I doth me "bad," for your power quick  
I fear*.

13. Line 150: *He that hangs himself, &c.*—He that hangs himself and a virgin are, in this circumstance, alike: they are both *self-destroyers*.—Malone.

14. Line 161: *within TEN year it will make itself TEN*.—F. 1 reads "within ten years it will make it selfe two;" which is clearly wrong. The correction is due to Sir Thomas Hamner.

15. Line 171: *which WEAR not now*.—F. 1 reads "which were not now." The correction is Rowe's.

16. Line 179: *Not my virginity yet*.—This speech has

in another "

to the grief, the  
my shape is the  
in it most soon  
of this sentiment  
do we that?"

How the whole  
to Helena. On  
Shakespeareana,  
part of it: "The  
thoughts be ner-  
vintess.

ance — are

by great people,  
Hammer says, "the  
self, which were  
ere, though attri-  
bution of her father;  
s graced his re-  
shed for him."

star is the orbit  
the sense in which  
plies it to the star

imon, l. 1. 65, 6

The table is the  
company;  
hath still'd  
— Sonn. xxiv,

steely bone a  
full oft we see  
Us jolly.

that they enable  
in attractive, un-  
ed society when  
om starves while

ce:  
om,  
not see  
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ce, H. things  
stance, alike; they

make itself TEN.  
make it self two;  
tion is due to Sir

l. 1. 100 — which  
es.

This speech has

caused much perplexity to the commentators. John  
says: "The whole speech is abrupt, unconnected and  
obscure; and Warburton is persuaded that "the eight  
lines following friend (l. 181) is the nonsense of some  
foolish conceited player," who, finding a thousand loves  
mentioned and only three enumerated, added a few more  
of his own. The obscurity, I never, is not so great as  
appears at first sight. The difficulty is the occur-  
rence of the word *there*, without *there* being mentioned  
to which it could refer; 'THESE shall your master have a  
thousand loves' (l. 180). From l. 181: 'The court's a learn-  
ing-place,' it is clear that, with possibly a secret undercur-  
rent of reference to herself (Rollo), the place in Helena's  
and is the court, where Bertram would be entangled in

these thousand love affairs. Nevertheless the transi-  
tion from the short line 'not my virginity yet' is abrupt,  
and perhaps intentionally so. Sir Philip Ferring (Hard  
Knots in Shakespeare, 1886, p. 151) says: "A short line here  
is surely not out of place, where the subject is cut short  
where there is a break, a pause—perhaps a silent wish, a  
secret sigh; where at any rate there is a marked crisis in  
the conversation, and Helena has to extemporize another  
more appropriate but not less engaging topic." If this  
explanation does not satisfy us, we must take refuge in  
the supposition that some words have been lost, the re-  
covery of which will complete the sense; and accordingly  
Hammer reads:

"Not my virginity yet. You're for the court;  
I shall yet arm me there, &c."

This reading was adopted by Capell, while Malone sug-  
gested that the omission is in Parolles's speech, and that  
after the words "tis a withered pear" we should read,  
"I am now bound for the court; will you anything with  
it? (i.e. the court)." It may be noticed that the Folio has  
only a colon at yet, a fact which, so far as it is of any  
value at all, tends to show that the line is incomplete.  
As they stand the words "Not my virginity yet" are a  
reply to Parolles's question, "Will you anything with it?"  
and mean "I will nothing with my virginity yet."

17. Line 181: *A mother, and a mistress, &c.*—These are  
the names Helena applies to the various mistresses who  
will captivate Bertram at court; for instance, a rare and  
matchless dame would be a *phoenix*, and one who com-  
bines him and his affections, a *captain*.

18. Line 188: *Christendome*.—Christian names—the only  
time Shakespeare uses the word in this sense. Malone  
quotes Nash, Four Letters Confuted (1593): "But for an  
author to renounce his *Christendome* to write in his owne  
commendation, to refuse the name which his Godfathers  
and Godmothers gave him in his baptism," &c.

Line 218: *a virtue of a good wing*.—The meaning of  
the passage appears to be this: "If your valour will  
make you go backward for advantage, and your fear  
for the same reason will make you run away, the com-  
pensation that your valour and fear make in you, must be  
a virtue that will fly far and swiftly." A bird of a good  
wing is a bird of swift and strong flight. —*Monck Mason*

22. Line 220: *than hast SENE, remember*  
*friends*.—Dyce quotes W. W. Williams (The Parthenon,

Nov. 1, 1862, p. 81) who proposed to read: "when thou  
hast money, remember thy friends."

## 21. Lines 237, 238:

*The mightiest SPACE in fortune nature brings  
To join like likes, and kiss like NATIVE things*

Malone correctly gives the meaning: "The affections  
given us by nature often unite persons between whom for-  
time or accident has placed the greatest distance or dis-  
parity; and cause them to join like likes (*instar parium*),  
like persons in the same situation or rank of life." *Spem*  
will then be put for *spaces*, according to the metri-  
cal usage, by which "the plural and possessive cases of nouns  
in which the singular ends in *s*, *ce*, *ae*, and *ge* are fre-  
quently written . . . without the additional syllable"  
(Abbott, 8th. Gram. § 471). See also W. M. Walker,  
Shakespeare's Versification, art. II. p. 243, where a large  
number of examples are quoted. For "native" in the  
sense of congenial, kindred compare:

It often sows  
Adoption sows with native choice breeds  
A native ship us from foreign seeds.—Act I. 3. 1. 452

and

The head is not more native to the heart.—II. 1. 2. 47.

22. Line 241: *What HATH BEEN CANNOT be*.—Hammer  
suggested: "What hath *not* been can't be;" and so Dyce;  
but I agree with Sir Philip Ferring (Hard Knots, p. 163)  
in thinking the change unnecessary. These timid ven-  
turers regard as impossible what, in spite of their ob-  
stinate refusal to believe it, has actually taken place.

## ACT I. SCENE 2.

23. Line 1: *Seniors*. The *Senesi*, as they are termed by  
Boccaccio. Painter, who translates him, calls them *Senois*.  
They were the people of a small republic, of which the  
capital was *Sienna*. The Florentines were at perpetual  
variance with them.—*Steevens*.

24. Line 11: *He hath arm'd our answer*.—He hath fur-  
nished us with a ready and fit answer.

25. Line 18: *Count ROUSILLON*.—The Folio, which here  
has *Count Rosignoll*, usually spells the word *Rossillion*.  
Painter has *Rossigliom*.

26. Lines 33-36:  
*but they may jest,  
Till their own scorn return to them untost  
Ere they can hide their levity in honour:  
So like a courtier, &c.*

The punctuation is that of the Folio. Sir William Black-  
stone (approved by Capell, Steevens, and Dyce) proposed to punctuate:

*but they may jest,  
Till their own scorn return to them untost,  
Ere they can hide their levity in honour,  
So like a courtier, &c.*

But the original punctuation gives the better sense: "The  
young lords of the present day," says the king, "may go  
on with their mockeries till no one pays any attention  
to them, and without that power of keeping their folly  
within the bounds required by self-respect which Ber-  
tram's father had. He was so much all that a courteous  
young man ought to be that his pride was without con-  
straint, and his sharpness without bitterness, unless in-

deed it was his equal who had roused him: his sense of honour was a perfectly regulated clock, of which his name was the hammer, and ever struck the note of disapprobation when the hand pointed to the right moment, and then only." The Globe editors mark line 36 as corrupt.

27. Line 45: *In their poor praise he humbled*.—Sir Philip Ferring seems to me very happy in his interpretation of these words: "In the sentence 'he humbled' I catch the *ipsissima verba* of the humble poor—their own poor way of expressing their appreciation of the great man's condescension" (Hard Knots, p. 155). *He humbled*, then, is in the phrase of "creatures of another place," "he made himself humble." Malone explains it, "he being humbled in their poor praise," i.e. humbling himself by accepting their praises. The Globe editors mark the line as corrupt.

28. Lines 50, 51:

*No in APPROPRIATION lives not his epitaph  
As in your royal speech*

*Appropof*, as in li. 5. 3: "of very valiant approval," is the state of being approved; and the lines mean, as Dr. Schmidt explains, after Heath and Malone, "His epitaph receives by nothing such confirmation and living truth as by your speech."

29. Lines 59, 60:

*After my flame lacks oil, to be the SNUFF  
Of younger spirits.*

*Snuff* is the burnt wick, and used metaphorically for a feeble and expiring old age, and the words mean "to be called a *snuff* by younger spirits." Compare:

*My snuff and bathed part of nature should  
Burn itself out.* —Lear, iv. 6. 79, 40.

30. Lines 61, 62:

*whose judgments are  
Mere fathers of their garments.*

Johnson explains this: "Who have no other use of their faculties than to invent new modes of dress."

#### ACT I. SCENE 3.

31.—Stevens calls attention to some verses by William Cartwright prefixed to the folio Beaumont & Fletcher, 1647, which may have reference to this dialogue between the Countess and the Clown, or to that between Olivia and the Clown in Twelfth Night, act i. sc. 5:

Shakespeare to thee was dull, whose best jest lies  
I th' Ladies questions, and the Fools replies;  
Old fashion'd wit, which walkt from town to town  
In turn'd Hose, which our fathers call'd the Clown;  
Whose wit our nice times would obscure as small,  
And which made Bawdry passe for Comed all.

—Ed. 1647, sig. d 2 b.

32. Line 3: *Madam, the care I have had to EVEN your content, &c.*—"It ill becomes me to publish my deserts myself; I would have you look in the record of my deeds, to discover the trouble I have taken to act up to your satisfaction." For the verb *even* in this sense compare:

There's more to be considered; but we'll *even*  
As that good time will give us [and so make the most of it].

—Cymbeline, iii. 4. 184, 185.

33. Line 20: *to go to the world*.—To be married. Compare: "Thus goes every one to the world but I, and I am unmarried; I may sit in a corner and cry heigh-ho for a husband!" (Much Ado, li. 1. 381). And "a woman of the world" is a married woman. "I hope it is no dishonest desire to desire to be a woman of the world" (As You Like It, v. 3. 30).

34. Line 28: *Isabel the woman and I*.—F. 1 has "Isabel the woman and w"; the correction was made in F. 2.

35. Line 25: *Service is no heritage*.—According to Ritschl a proverbial expression. The connection seems to be, "If service is no blessing, children are." The Rev. John Hunter (ed. 1873) quotes Psalm cxxvii. 3, "Lo, children are an heritage of the Lord."

36. Line 40: *You're shallow, madam, in great friends*.—"You don't understand fully what a great friend is." Hamner altered to "you'r shallow, madam; e'en great friends;" and the change was adopted by Capell, Malone, and Dyce.

37. Line 40: *to in the crop, spelt Inne* in the Folio, is to get in, harvest it.

38. Lines 55, 56: *young Charbon the puritan and old Popsam the papist*.—Malone suggested that Popsam was a misprint for Polson, alluding to the custom of eating fish on fast-days; and that Charbon, "Firebrand," was an allusion to the fiery zeal of the Puritans. Dyce quotes a writer in Notes and Queries, Aug. 8, 1863, p. 100. After dismissing the latter part of Malone's conjectures as unsatisfactory this writer continues: "As however Polson is significant of the fasting and self-denying Papist, so I think Charbon, Charbon, or Chairboume was given authentically to the fast-denying sleek Puritan as derivable from *chair bonne*, or *bonne chair*. The antithesis and the appropriateness of the allusions prove the truth of these emendations and interpretations; and if other proof were wanting, it is to be found in this, that Shakespeare has clearly appropriated to his own purposes the old French proverb, 'Jeune chair, et viel polson'—young flesh and old fish (are the daintiest). Hence also, the full meaning intended to be conveyed is not that some, but that the best men, whatever their age or whatever may be their own or their wives' religious opinions, all share the common fate."

39. Line 58: *they may JOWL horns together*.—For *jowl* (i.e. dash, thrust), compare: "That skull had a tongue in it, and could sing once; how the knave *jowl* it to the ground, as if it were Cain's jawbone" (Hamlet, v. 1. 83).

40. Line 64: *the ballad*.—Stevens quotes John Grange. The Golden Aphroditia, whereunto he lived his Garden, 1777:

Content yourself as well as I, let reason rule your hand,  
As cuckolds come by destiny, so cuckoos sing by kind.

41. Line 60: *but ONE every blazing star*.—F. 1 has "one every;" the emendation is due to the Collier MS. Stannott printed "fore."

42. Line 66: *That man should be at woman's command*, &c.—"Tis a wonder if a man should execute a woman's commands, and yet no mischief be done! But then

married. Com-  
at I, and I am  
high-he for a  
woman of the  
is no dishonest  
old." (As You

F. 1 has "*Isbell*  
inde in F. 2.

according to Rit-  
ton seems to be,  
The Rev. John  
"Lo, children

in great friends.  
great friend in"  
on: "Oen great  
cappell, Malone,

in the Folio, is

puritan and old  
at Poyman was a  
son of eating fish  
land," was an al-

Dyce quotes a  
33, p. 106. After  
inferences as un-  
however Poisson is  
ing Papist, so I  
was given an  
aritan as derivable  
antithesis and the  
the truth of these  
other proof was  
Shakespeare has  
the old French  
young flesh and  
the full meaning  
me, but that the  
ver may be their  
all share the com-

together.—For Joul  
I had a tongue in  
ve jowl (to the  
Follet, v. 1. 83).

John Grange,  
and his Gar-

er and and,  
es sing by kind.

tr.—F. 1 has "*ore*  
ollier MS. Stamm-

oman's command,  
xecute a woman's  
done! But then

## NOTES TO ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

last, as like mine, though not very precise or puritanical, will do no mischief; it will bear itself humbly, and do my lady's bidding, though all the while secretly priding itself on its own excellence." The Puritans, as everybody knows, took violent offence at the surplice, and their "big hearts" would brook nothing more ornamental than the black gown. The surplice might be styled a surplice of humility when worn in humble submission to the orders of the church. Stevens quotes A Match at Midnight, 1633 (Dobbsley, ed. Hazlitt, vol. xiii. p. 14): "H" has turned his stomach for all the world like a Puritan's at the sight of a surplice;" and The Hollander, 1640: "A puritan who, because he saw a surplice in the church would needs hang himself in the bell-ropes."

For "no puritan" Tyrwhitt proposed a puritan; "though honestly be a puritan, i.e. strictly moral, it will not stand out obstinately against the injunctions of the church, but will humbly submit itself to them." This conjecture had the approval of Malone, but the original reading gives sufficiently good sense.

43. Line 118: *Love no god that would not extend his might, ONLY where qualities were level.*—Only, as Schmidt points out, is used as if the sentence were not negative, but affirmative—"that would extend it only where, &c."

44. Line 119: *DIAN NO queen of virginia.*—The words *Diana no* were inserted by Theobald. The Folio has "Lucell, queene of Virgins, that," &c. For the word *knight*, applied to a female, compare:

Pardon, goddess of the night,  
Those that slew thy virgin knight.

—Much Ado, v. 3. 12, 13.

Thy virgin knight is Hero, who, like Helena, belonged to Diana's order of chastity. See Much Ado, note 386.

45. Line 120: *that would suffer her poor knight surprised.*—Rowe unnecessarily inserted "to be" before "surprised." Dyce quotes:

And suffer not their mouths shut up, oh Lord,  
Which still thy name with praises doo record.

—Drayton's Harmonie of the Church, 1597, sig. F. 2.

46. Lines 157, 158:

That this distemper'd messenger of wet,  
The many-colour'd Iris, rounds thine eyes!

Referring, says Henley, to "that suffusion of colours which glimmers around the sight when the eye-lashes are wet with tears," he compares:

And round about her tear-distained eye  
Blue circles stream'd like rainbows in the sky.

—Rape of Lucrece, 1586, 1587.

47. Line 177: *The mystery of your LONELINESS.*—Theobald's correction for the luculinesse of the Folios.

48. Line 183: *th' one to th' other.* F. 1 has "ton tooth to th' other," a manifest printer's error.

49. Line 184.—The plural *behaviours* is here, as often elsewhere, used in the sense of "gestures," "manners;" "one man, seeing how much another man is a fool when he dedicates his behaviours to love" (Much Ado, II. 3. 7).

50. Line 194: *bond.*—For this word in the sense of obligation, compare "you make my bonds still greater,"

i.e. my obligations to you (Measure for Measure, v. 1. 8); and:

To build his fortune I will strain a little  
For 'tis a bond in men.

—Measure for Measure, I. 1. 143, 144.

51. Line 197: *appatch'd.*—For this sense of *appatch'd* informed against, compare:

were he twenty times my son,  
I would appatch him. —Rich. II. v. 3. 11.

52. Line 208: *this CAPTIOUS and INTENTIBLE* Farmer supposed *captious* to be a contraction of *captious*; Malone thought it only signified "cunning in receiving what was put into it." No other instance of the word is known. *Intenable* is the reading of F. 2; F. 1 has *intemible*.

53. Line 210: *And lack not to lose still.*—If, like the daughters of Danaus, she still kept on pouring water into a sieve, though the supply never failed, she lost it all. Her love failed not, but since it never was rewarded it was thrown away.

54. Lines 218, 219:  
*Wish chastely, and love dearly, that your Dian  
Was both herself and love.*

Malone proposed to read:

Love dearly, and wish chastely, that, &c.,

but the separation of the dependent clause from "wish" by another verb is but the result of rapid composition. The words of course mean: "If you ever entertained an honest passion which implies the union of chastity and desire, of Diana and Venus, then pity me."

55. Line 220: *I will tell truth.*—So F. 1; F. 2 has "I will tell true."

56. Line 229: *manifest experience*=experience manifested to the world. W. S. Walker (Critical Examination of the Text of Shakespeare, 1890, vol. II. p. 245) proposed *manifold*, and so Dyce.

57. Lines 232, 233:  
*As notes, whose faculties inclusive were  
More than they were in note.*

"As prescriptions which were really more powerful than they were reputed to be." *They were in note*=so far as note has been taken of them. [Schmidt explains *inclusive*: "full of force and import;" but does not more *inclusive* mean "including more qualities," i.e. "more comprehensive"? F. A. M.]

58. Lines 243-251:  
*There's something IN 'T  
THAT his good receipt  
Shall for my legacy, be sanctified.*

For in't Hamner unnecessarily substituted *hints*, which, besides, is not used elsewhere by Shakespeare as a verb. *That* is, as very often, used to introduce a fact supposed to be in connection with what precedes—"it being the case that." The following passages will well illustrate this use:—

What foul play had we, that we came from thence?

—Tempest, I. 2. 60.

I doubt he be not well, that he comes not home.

—Merry Wives, I. 4. 43.

59. Line 280: INTO *thy* attempt.—Into is frequently equivalent to *unto*; compare:—

For his sake  
Did I expose myself, pure for his love,  
I.e. the danger of this adverse town  
—I willth Night, v. 1. 42

## ACT II. SCENE 1.

60. Lines 1, 2:

Farewell, young lords; these warlike principles  
Do not throw from you:—and you, my lords, farewell.

It appears from act i. 2. 13-15—

Yet, for our gentlemen that mean to see  
The Tuscan service, freely have they leave  
To stand on either part:

that the young lords had leave from the king to espouse either side in the Tuscan quarrel. Hence we may conclude, with the Cambridge editors, that there are two parties of lords taking leave of the king here,—the party who were going to join the Florentines, and the party who were going to join the Senoys, and the king turns first to the one and then to the other.

61. Lines 3-5:

Share the advice betwixt you; if both gain, all  
The gift doth stretch itself as 't is receiv'd,  
And is enough for both.

If both parties of young lords endeavour to profit by it, and make it their own, the good advice the king has given them will be a gift ample enough for both.

62. Line 6: *After tell enter d soldiers*.—The meaning of this passage is: "After our being well entered, initiated, as soldiers"—a Latinism; compare such a phrase as *post urbem conditam*. Latinisms in construction, though common in learned writers such as Bacon and Ben Jonson, are very rare in Shakespeare. Milton uses the one in question:

Nor delay'd  
The winged saint after his charge receiv'd.  
—P. I. v. 24

and

He, after he's seduced unminded slunk  
Into the wood fast by. —1b. 332.  
—quoted by Abbott, Sh. Gr. § 417.

63. Lines 12-14:

let high Italy  
Those BATED that inherit but the fall  
Of the last monarchy—see that you come, &c.

The Folios read *higher Italy*. I have ventured to print Schmidt's conjecture *high* (i.e. "great," "exalted") Italy; the passage then becomes fairly intelligible.

If we take *bated* to mean "benten down," "abduced," as in

These griefs and losses have so *bated* me  
That I shall last by spare a pound of flesh  
To-morrow to my bloody creditor  
—Merr. of Ven. iii. 3. 32-34.

The sense will be, "Let great Italy witness your valour, exhibited, as it will be, in subduing those upstart states which have been formed out of the ruins of the Roman empire, the last of the four great monarchies of the world." One of these states would be Sienna, with whom the Florentines were now "by the ears." It is very improbable that Shakespeare was thinking of any particular

quarrel between these two states—such as that of 1495 mentioned by Staunton. For the framework of the play he was simply following Painter's story, without any historical specifications whatever. Thus the King of France is simply King of France, and not Charles VIII., who invaded Italy in 1494 and made an alliance with the Florentine, or any other individual king. Of those who retain the original reading, "*higher Italy*," some give it a geographical signification: "the side next to the Adriatic," says Hammer, "was denominated the higher Italy, and the other side the lower;" but both Florence and Sienna are on the *lower* side, and Capell accordingly says that "the poet has made a little mistake, using '*higher*' where he should have said '*lower*;' but this is of no moment;" while Johnson explains it to mean merely *upper Italy*. Warburton, on the other hand, thought it had a moral sense and meant *higher* in rank and dignity than France—a most forced interpretation. For *bated* Hammer printed *bastards*, the bastards of Italy being opposed to the *sons* of France. The Globe marks the line as corrupt.

64. Line 30: *I shall stay here the FOREHORSE to a snook*.

The forchorse of a team was gaily ornamented with tufts, and ribbons, and bells. Bertram complains that, bedizen'd like one of these animals, he will have to squire ladies at the court instead of achieving honour in the wars.—Staunton.

65. Lines 32, 33:

and no sword worn

But one to dance with.

Light swords were worn for dancing. Douce (Illustrations, ed. 1833, p. 194) quotes: "I thinke wee were as much drend or more of our enemies, when our Gentlemen went simply, and our Servingmen plainly, without Cuts or cards, hearing their heavy Swordes and Bucklers on their thighes, in sted of cuts and Gardes and light dawning Swordes; and when they rode carying good Speares in theyr hands, in stede of white rods, which they cary now, more like ladies or gentlewomen then men; all which delicacies maketh our men cleane effeminate and without strength" (W. Stafford. A Compendious or briefe examination of certayne ordinary complaints, 1581, p. 65, of the New Shakspeare Society's reprint). Compare also

he (Octavius) at Philippi kept  
His sword e'en like a dancer; while I struck  
The lean and wrinkled Cassius.  
—Ant. and Cleop. iii. 11. 35

i.e. Octavius did not draw his sword.

66. Line 37: *I grow to you, and our parting is a tortured body*.—As they grow together, the tearing them asunder was torturing a body.—Monek Mason.

67. Line 43: *one Captain Spurio, with his cicatrice*. Theobald's correction for "one Capitaine Spurio his cicatrice, with" of the Folios.

68. Line 54: *they wear themselves in the cap of the time*, &c.—The language of Parodies is affected and sententious throughout, like that of Don Arnoldo in Love's Labour's Lost. Hence its occasional obscurity. "These young men," he says, "are the ornaments in the cap of fashion, and there they muster, or arrange, the correct modes of

as that of 1495  
work of the play  
without any his-  
e King of France  
VIII., who in-  
with the Floren-  
those who retain  
ne give it a geo-  
to the Adriatic,  
higher Italy, and  
ence and Sienna  
rdinally says that  
ing 'higher' where  
of no moment;  
ely upper Italy.  
t it had a moral  
ity than France  
Hammer printed  
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PROSE to a snook.  
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complaints that  
will have to squire  
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Douce (Illustra-  
wee were as much  
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ely, without Cuts  
and Bucklers on  
s and light daun-  
ing good Spencers  
nch they carry now,  
men; all which  
nate and without  
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ants, 1581, p. 65, of  
Compare also

epi kept  
I struck

and Cleop. iii. 11. 35

parting is a tor-  
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with his cicatrice.  
ne Spurio his sica

the cap of the time.  
ed and sententious  
In Love's Labour's  
y. "These young  
the cap of fashion.  
e correct modes of

walking, eating, and speaking, all under the influence of the most popular leader of fashion."

69. Line 64: *I'll FEE thee to stand up.*—Fee is Theobald's correction for *see* of the Folios. Staunton (comparing Richard II. v. 3. 129, 130:

Good aunt, stand up.  
I do not sue to stand;  
Pardon is all the suit I have in hand.)

reads *see*. "The afflicted king mindful of his own debility remarks, 'Instead of your begging permission of me to rise I'll sue thee for the same grace.'

70. Line 70: *Good faith, across;* i.e. "I would you had broken it across;" for in tilting it was thought awkward and disgraceful to break the spear *across* the body of the adversary, instead of by a direct thrust. Staunton thinks the allusion is "to some game where certain successes entitle the achiever to mark a *cross*."

71. Line 70: *I've seen a MEDICINE.*—For *medicine* in this sense (French, *midicin*), compare:

Camillo,  
I'll never love father nor wife, nor  
—Macbeth, iv. 1. 107  
Wint. Tale, iv. 4. 26-27.  
and  
M. I will have the *medicine* of the sickly weal,  
As I will have your we in our country's purge  
Each drop of us. —Macbeth, v. 2. 27-29.

72. Line 77: *dance canary.*—A lively dance. See note 1 to Love's Labour's Lost, and Douce. Illustrations of Shakespeare, p. 136.

73. Line 80: *To give great Charlemain a pen in's hand.* Charlemain late in life vainly attempted to learn to write. *Dyce*.

74. Lines 87, 88:  
*hath amaz'd me more  
Than I dare blame my weakness.*

more than I like to confess, the confession involving confession of weakness.

75. Line 138: *Since you set up your rest 'gainst remedy.* In the game of *primero* "to set up one's rest" was to stand upon the cards you have in your hand in the hope that they may prove better than those of your adversary; its very common figurative use, "to take a resolution." Compare Romeo and Juliet, note 18.

76. Line 147: *despair most FITS.*—*Fits*, according to Dyce, who quotes Nichols's Illustrations, &c., vol. ii. p. 343, is Theobald's correction for *shifts* of the Folios. Theobald, however, printed *sits*, which is Pope's emendation.

77. Lines 158, 159:  
*I am not an impostor, that proclaim  
Myself against the level of mine aim.*

I am not an impostor, pretending to have another object than that which I am really aiming at.

Lines 161, 165:  
*Ever twice the horses of the sun shall bring  
Their fiery torches his diurnal rim.*

They shall conduct him round his daily orbit." The *glass* in line 168 must be a two-hour glass.

—L. V.

79. Line 167: *His sleepy lamp.*—The Folios have "her sleepy lamp;" corrected by Rowe.

80. Lines 175-177:  
*my maiden's name  
Scar'd otherwise; nay, worse—if worse—extended  
With vilest torture let my life be ended.*

"May my name be otherwise branded, stigmatized as belonging to anything rather than a maiden." What follows is the reading of the Globe Shakespeare, and explains itself. The passage as it stands in the Folios is very difficult. F. 1 has

my maiden's name  
Scar'd otherwise, ne worse of worst extended  
With vilest torture, let my life be ended.

Schmidt (Sh. Lex. s. v. *extend*) attempts to explain this as follows: "nor would that be an increase of ill; it would not be the worst mended by what is still worse." But *ne*—*nor* occurs nowhere else in any work attributed to Shakespeare except in the doubtful Prologue to Pericles (ii. 36), and none but the most servile worshipper of the Folio will be content with this explanation. The other three Folios alter *ne* to *no* ("no worse of worst extended"), which Stevens interprets, "provided nothing worse is offered to me (meaning violation), let my life be ended with the worst of tortures." Of the various emendations suggested, the reading given in the text seems decidedly the best. Malone first suggested *may* for *ne*.

81. Line 184: *Youth, beauty, wisdom, courage, all.*—To mend the metre Theobald printed: "Youth, beauty, wisdom, courage, virtue, all." But see Abbott, Sh. Gr. § 506: "Lines with four accents are found when a number of short clauses or epithets are connected together in one line, and must be pronounced slowly."

82. Line 195: *Ay, by my scepter and my hopes of HEAVEN.* The Folios have "hopes of *help*;" perhaps from the verb occurring twice two lines above. The correction is Thirby's, and is one required by the rhyme.

83. Line 213: *my deed shall match thy DEED.*—So the Folios. The Globe reads "my deed shall match thy *need*."

## ACT II, SCENE 2.

84. Line 24: *as Tib's rush for Tom's forefinger.*—"Tib and Tom," says Douce (Illustrations, p. 196), "were names for any low and vulgar persons, and they are usually mentioned together in the same manner as Jack and Gill." *Rush rings* were sometimes used in the marriage ceremony, especially where the parties had cohabited previously. They were also employed as rustic gifts emblematic of marriage. Boswell quotes:

O thou greates shepherd, Lollin, how great is thy griefe!  
Where bene the nosegayes that she dight for thee?  
The coloured chaplets wrought with a chiefe,  
The knotted *rush-rings*, and gilte Rosemarie?  
—Spenser, Shepherds Calendar, Novem. et

## ACT II, SCENE 3.

85. Lines 1-46: *They say . . . Here comes the king.*—I have printed this passage as it stands in the Globe ed. Johnson, who saw that "the whole merriment of the

scene consists in the pretensions of Parolles to knowledge and sentiments which he has not," was the first to make any change in the distribution of the dialogue. The Folio distributes it as follows:

Line 11: *Par.* So I say both of *golden* and *Parolles*.  
*Cl. I if* of all the learned and authenticke foli-  
*Par.* Right so I say.  
 Line 4: *Cl. I if* In a most weak—  
*Par.* And do bea-muster great power, great trans-  
 which should indeede give vs a further vs to be made; then  
 alone the recourty of the king, vs to bee  
*Cl. I if* vs a truly thankfull.  
*Par.* *King, Helene, and attendants.*  
*Par.* I would have— a little.

The rest is as it appears in the text.

86. Line 29: *A showing of a heavenly effect in an earthly actor.*—The title of some pamphlet is here ridiculed. Warburton.

87. Line 31: *Why, your DOLPHIN is not lustier.*—Steevens thought the Dauphin was intended; but Malone, followed by Dyce, rightly interpreted it of the dolphin, which is "a sportive lively fish." Compare:

his delights  
 Were'd *phish* out, they show'd; his back above  
 The clearest *Phrygian*— — *Ant. & Cleop. v.*

88. Line 64: *merry, to each, but one!*—Monck Mason says: "To each, except Bertram, whose mistress she hoped to be herself." But it is much more natural to understand it, as Rolfe does, to mean "but one mistress."

89. Line 66: *My mouth no more were broken.*—A broken mouth is a mouth which has lost part of its teeth.—*Johnson*

90. Line 67: *And writ as little heard.*—From meaning "to subscribe" ("a gentleman born . . . who writes himself Armiger," *Merry Wives*, i. 1. 9), to *write* came to mean "to claim a title," "lay claim to." Compare, "I must tell thee, sirrah, I *write* man" (line 208 of this scene); "and yet he'll be crowing as if he had *writ* man ever since his father was a bachelor" (ii. Hen. IV. 1. 2. 30).

91. Line 68: *a noble father.*—The Folio here has the stage-direction: *She addresses her to a Lord.*

92. Lines 84, 85: *I had rather be in this choice than throw AMES-ACE for my life.*—It is very difficult to see what Lafen means here. *Ames-ace*, formed from the old French *ambes as*, and now called *ambes-ace*, is the two aces at dice. Now if this were the highest throw, the ace counting highest as in whist, the meaning would be clear; Lafen would say that he would rather have a good chance of winning such a prize as Helena, than have the best possible luck at gaming. But unfortunately there is no proof forthcoming that *ames-ace* was ever counted as the highest throw; on the contrary, except in games in which all doublets counted double, and in which *ames-ace* was still the lowest doublet, as *seizes* was the highest, it was always the lowest throw. Even in the expression of Thomas Nashe, "as you love good fellowship and *ames ace*" ("The Induction to the Dapper Mounser Pages of the Court," prefixed to the *Unfortunate Traveller*, 1594; Works, ed. Grosart, v. 95), the reference is probably to the custom of throwing for wine, the lowest thrower having

to pay for it; and the meaning will be, "as you love good fellowship and would rather throw for wine even if you were the loser, than spoil the sport of the company." The next point to be settled is the meaning of "for my life?" does it mean "in exchange for, as the price of, my life," or "during my whole life?" If the former, we must suppose the preservation of Lafen's life to depend upon the remote chance of his throwing *ames-ace*, and the expression will not amount to more than, "I had rather be in this choice than just escape with my life. But if this is so, why should he have mentioned *ames-ace* rather than any other throw? The latter alternative is the more probable, that is, that the case suggested by Lafen is his throwing *ames-ace*, or having bad luck during the remainder of his life. But how is this to the point, and what is the drift of the speech? Dr. Brinsley Nicholson, who was kind enough to send me a very full discussion of *ames-ace*, answers the question as follows:—"The humorous old man (Lafen) uses a humorous comparison, one not unknown then or now. We may call it, for want of a better term, a *comparison by contraries*, or if you will, an *ironical comparison*; but an other example will best explain it. One lauding a sweet songed prima donna says, 'I'd rather hear her than walk an hundred miles with peas in my boots.' Literally taken this is nonsense, but taken in the spirit in which such a saying is uttered, it is seen that the greatness of his desire is to be measured by the difficulty, toil, pain, or resolution required to complete the task with which he associates that desire." And Mr. P. A. Daniel, who accepts Dr. Nicholson's interpretation, gives another known example of this mode of expression; to the effect, "I would rather have it, than a poke in the eye with a birch rod." Rolfe takes the same view; as he concisely puts it, "He ironically contrasts this ill luck (*ames ace*) for life with the good luck of having a chance in the present choice."

93. Line 90: *No better, if you please; i. e. I wish no better wife than you.*

94. Line 105: *There's one grape yet, &c.*—Old Lafen having, upon the supposition that the lady was refused, reproached the young lords as *boys of ice*, throwing his eyes on Bertram, who remained, cries out, "There is one yet into whom his father put good blood, but I have known thee long enough to know thee for an ass."—*Johnson*.

95. Line 132: *I can lowest place WHEN virtuous things proceed.*—When is Thurlby's correction for *who* *ace* of the Folios.

96. Lines 146, 157:  
*My honour's at the stake; WHICH TO DEFEAT*  
*I must produce my power.*

Which often stands for *which thing* (Abbott, 8th. ed. § 271). So here it is "which danger to defeat." Thurlbald changed *defeat* to *defend*, and so Dyce reads.

97. Line 170: *Into the STAGGERS.* Some species of the *staggers*, or the *horse's apoplexy*, is a raging impatience which makes the animal dash himself with a destructive violence against posts or walls. To this allusion, I suppose, is made.—*Johnson*.



as you love good wine even if you of the company, meaning of "for my the price of, my the former, we it's life to depend ames-ace, and ore than, "I had pe with my life. mentioned ames-ace ter alternative is euse suggested by ing bad luck dur- ow is this to the king says. It is convenient that the marriage ceremony shall forthwith follow.

see, i.e. I wish, no t. &c. Old Lafen lady was refused f ice, throwing his out, "There is one blood, but I have thee for an ass

ES virtuous thing a for whence of the

# TO DEFEAT

(Abbott, Sh. G. to defeat." Theo Dyce reads.

ome species of the raging impatience with a destructive this allusion, I

98. Lines 185, 186:

whose ceremony

Shall seem expedient on the now-born BRIEF.

The brief may be, as Johnson suggests, the marriage contract; but Malone compares:

she told me,  
In a sweet verbal brief, it did concern  
Your highness with herself. —Act v. 3. 136-138.

Viril

I see what is ripe, let this brief suffice,  
It is no pumper'd glutton we present,  
Nor aged counsellor to youthful sin  
—The Tustory of Sir John Oldcastle, Prologue 5-7.

which passages prove that brief need not always imply a written document; it may therefore mean the brief troth (light which has just taken place, and upon which the king says. It is convenient that the marriage ceremony shall forthwith follow.

99. Line 190: else, does err. —The Folio here inserts: *Parolles and Lafew stay behind, commenting of this wedding.*

100. Line 210: What I dare too well do, I dare not do. — I am only too ready to chastise you, but I must not. I am quite man enough to do so, but it is not expedient. You are a lord, and there is no fettering of authority" (see below, line 252).

101. Line 230: MERTHINK'ST. —The Folios have *meethink'st*.

102. Lines 276-279: you are more saucy with lords and more personages than the commission of your birth gives you heraldry; i.e. more than the warrant of your birth and virtue gives you title to be. Handled with some plausibility, altered to "more than the heraldry of your birth and virtue gives you commission."

103. Line 297: That hugs his kicke-rickey here at home. —F. 1. The later Folios have *kick-rickey*; probably a colloquial term formed from *kick*, and implying restiveness. It is applied in an intelligible, though not very complimentary sense to a wife. Nares quotes:

"kick-rickey" is a term used by the  
poets to signify a wife who is not an agent  
in her husband's affairs, but how dear  
and how useful she is to him.

Poems subd. to R. Fletcher's Fygh (1656), p. 166.

and one of Taylor the water-poet's books is entitled, *A Kicke-rickey Winsey*, or a lerry-come-twang; wherein John hath satyrically suted 750 bad Debtors, that will not pay him for his Return of his Journey from Scotland

104. Lines 308, 309:

What is he doing?

To the dark house and the detested wife

The "dark house," says Johnson, "is a house made very discontent." "Detested" is Rowe's correction of the "detected" of the Folios

105. Line 310: capriccio. —F. 1 has *caprichio*. This word was adopted as an English one. Cotgrave under *Caprice*, "a humour, caprichio, &c."

## ACT II. SCENE 1.

106. Line 30: CAPRICCIO. —Capella's correction for *capriccio* of the Folios

107. Line 35: *The search, sir, was profitable.*—Before these words, as at the commencement of the speech, "Did you find me," the Folios have the prefix *Clo*. Perhaps a short speech of Parolles—for instance, "In myself," as Dr. Brinsley Nicholson suggests (*Shakspereana*, vol. i. p. 55)—has fallen out here.

108. Line 44: *puts it off to a compell'd restraint.*—Defers it by referring to a compulsory abstinence. 80:

Please it your lordship, he hath put me off [for payment]  
To the succession of new days this month.

—Tim. of Ath. ii. 2. 10.

109. Lines 45, 46:

Whose want, and whose delay, is strewd with sweets,  
Which they distil now in the curbed time.

The want and delay of "the great prerogative and rite of love" is strewd with the sweets (of expectation), which they (the want and delay) distil now in the time of restraint and abstinence.

## ACT II. SCENE 5.

110. Line 20: *ENO ere I do begin.*—The Folios have: "*And ere I doe begin.*" The emendation, [to whomsoever it may be due,] was found in the margin of Lord Ellesmere's copy of the First Folio, and is supported by a passage in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, act ii. sc. 4. 31:

I know it well, sir; you always end ere you begin

—Mistake

111. Line 40: *like him that leaped into the custard.* It was customary at City banquets for the City fool to leap into a large bowl of custard set for the purpose. Theobald quotes:

He may perchance, in tail of a sheriff's slauer,  
Skip with a rhyme on the tongue, from Newswotting,  
And take his *Umbra* from a custard,  
Shall make my lady my eyes, and I her sisters,  
Laugh all their hools over their slow wits.

—Ben Jonson, *The Devil is an Ass*, i. 1. p. 97, ed. 1631

112. Lines 51-53: *I have spoken better of you than you have or will to deserve at my hand.*—So F. 1. Probably some word has fallen out after *have*; Malone suggested *qualities*. F. 2 reads: "than you have or will deserve."

113. Lines 94, 95:

Der. *Where are my other men, monsieur!*—  
*Farwell.*

The Folios assign these words to Helena:

*Hel.* I shall not break your babbling, good my Lord.

Where are my other men? Monsieur, farwell!

The change in distribution and punctuation is due to Theobald, who observes that "neither the Clown, nor any of her retinue are now upon the stage; Bertram observing Helen to linger fondly, and wanting to shift her off, puts on a show of haste, asks Parolles for his servants, and then gives his wife an abrupt dismissal."

## ACT III. SCENE 1.

114. (Stage-direction) The two Frenchmen.—These are distinguished in the Folio as "*French E*" and "*French G*," and in l. 2 as "*1 Lo. G.*" and "*2 Lo. E.*" I have followed the Globe editors in styling uniformly *G First*







142. Line 34: *after THIS*.—This is omitted in F. 1, added in F. 2.

143. Lines 44-47:  
*which, if it speed,  
Is wicked meaning in a lawful deed,  
And lawful meaning in a LAWFUL act;  
Where both, not sin, and yet a sinful fact.*

For *lawful act* in line 46 Warburton substituted "wicked act," and so Dyce; but Malone satisfactorily explains the original reading: "The first line relates to Bertram. The deed was *lawful*, as being the duty of marriage . . . but his *meaning* was *wicked*, because he intended to commit adultery. The second line relates to Helena, whose *meaning* was *lawful*, in as much as she intended to reclaim her husband. . . . The *act or deed* was *lawful*, for the reason already given. The subsequent line relates to them both. The *fact* was *sinful*, as far as Bertram was concerned, because he intended to commit adultery; yet neither he nor Helena *actually* sinned; not the wife, because both her intention and action were innocent; not the husband, because he did not accomplish his intention; he did not commit adultery.

ACT IV. SCENE 1.

144. Lines 19-22: *therefore we must every one be a man of his own fancy, not to know what we speak one to another; so we seem to know, is to know straight our purpose*.—"We must each fancy a jargon for himself, without aiming to be understood by one another, for provided we appear to understand, that will be sufficient for the success of our project."—*Heuley*. Sir Philip Perring, with great plausibility, proposes to shift the semicolon from *another to fancy*.

145. Line 22: *Choughs' language*.—Compare:  
words that can prat-  
As simply and unnecessarily  
As this Chough: I myself will make  
A *chough* of his face. *Jeopert*.—*Tempest*, ii. 1. 261, 262.

146. Line 43: *Wherefore, what's the INSTANCE?*—According to Schmidt, *instance* is "motive," "that which set him on." So:

The *instances* that second marriage move:  
Are base respects of thrift, but *instincts* of love.  
*Hamlet*, iii. 2. 172, 173.

But Johnson, followed by Rolfe, with greater probability explains it as *proof*. Parolles is seeking for some proof of his exploit. So: "They will scarcely believe this without trial: offer them *instances*" (*Much Ado*, ii. 2. 423).

147. Line 45: *and buy myself another of BAJAZET'S MULES*. Warburton conjectured *mule*, and so Dyce. A *mule* is doubtless used as typical of a dumb creature. Ford quotes a story of a "Philosopher" who "for the emperor's pleasure took upon him to make a *Boyle* (mule) talk;" but what the allusion is in *Bajazet's mule* has not yet been explained.

ACT IV. SCENE 2.

148. Lines 21-31: "T is not the many oaths that make the truth, &c."—This speech is at a first reading very perplex-

ing, but its meaning becomes clearer on repetition. Diana's meaning is, I think, as follows: "A mere multitude of oaths is no evidence of integrity of purpose; a single vow made conscientiously is enough, and such a vow a man takes by what he reverences most, namely, by God's great attributes; but even were I to swear by such an awful oath as this that I loved you well, when I loved you so ill that I was trying to induce you to commit a sin, you would not believe me; in fact, an oath taken in the name of a pure and holy Being to commit an impure and unholy sin against him has no validity at all: therefore—your oaths, sworn as they are in God's name to do him a wrong, are so many empty words and worthless stipulations, but in my opinion are unsealed, that is, are unratified, and have no binding force whatever."

149. Line 25: *If I should swear by God's great attributes*. So the Globe editors; the Folio has *Jones*, probably in accordance with the statute to restrain the abuse of the divine name (3 James I. chap. 21).

150. Lines 38, 39:  
*I see that men MAKE ROSES IN SUCH A SCARRE,  
That we'll forsake ourselves.*

This is the great crux of the play. None of the many emendations which have been proposed being really satisfactory, I have printed the words just as they stand in the Folio, except that the latter prints *ropes* instead of *ropes*. That there is an error somewhere few will doubt, although there have been several ingenious but far-fetched attempts at explanation. All that can be affirmed with any confidence is that the words, "That we'll forsake ourselves, are intended to convey Diana's pretended surrender to the proposals of Bertram, "we will prove unfaithful to our principles, we will give in;" and that the previous line must have given some sort of reason or excuse for such apparent weakness. "Diana ought, in all propriety," says Mr. Halliwell (Phillips) in his folio Shakespeare, "to make some excuse to Bertram (and to the audience) for the abrupt change in her feelings and conduct, some acknowledgment of her powers of persuasion, or some confession of her own impressibility." Diana then abruptly demands the ring, and Bertram fancies his triumph is complete. A *scarre* is a broken precipice, or, according to others, a ravine, or merely a *scarre* (fright).

I subjoin some of the principal emendations which have been suggested:

*Rowe*: "make *hopes* in such affairs."  
*Malone*: "make *hopes*, in such a scene."  
*Mitford*, printed by Dyce: "make *hopes*, in such a case."  
*Halliwell* (Phillips): "may *cope* in such a sort."  
*Stamton*: "make *hopes*, in such a snare."  
*Kinneer*: "have *hopes*, in such a cause."

151. Line 73: *Since Frenchmen are so BRAVE*. Stevens quotes Greene's *Never too Late*, 1616 (ed. Dyce, p. 302):  
Dian rose with all her maids  
Blushing thus at loves *evils*

*i. e.* crafts, deceptions. The word, which is, however, here an adjective, comes from *braud*, to twist; what is deceptful being metaphorically speaking, twisted and tortuous.

rer on reperiual.  
e: "A mere multi-  
city of purpose; a  
ough, and such a  
most, namely, by  
to swear by such  
well, when I loved  
you to commit a  
an oath taken in  
commit an impuri-  
tity at all: there-  
a God's name to do  
ords and worthless  
unseated, that is,  
free whatever."

s great attributes.  
Jones, probably in  
in the abuse of the

UCH A SCARRE,

None of the many  
posed being really  
s just as they stand  
prints rope's instead  
somewhere few will  
eral ingenious but  
l. All that can be  
of the words, "That  
d to convey Diana's  
ls of Bertram, "we  
eg, we will give in;  
e given some sort of  
weakness. "Diana  
lliwel (Phillippe) in  
e excuse to Bertram  
change in her feel-  
gment of his powers  
of her own impressi-  
Is the ring, and Be-  
lete. A *scarre* is a  
others, a ravine, or

endations which have

"  
one,"  
ropes, in such a case."  
in such a *sorte*.  
scarre"  
case."

so BRAED.—Steevens  
G (ed. Dyce, p. 302):  
reals  
reads

is, however, here an  
ist, what is deceitful  
sted and tortuous.

## ACT IV. SCENE 3.

152. Line 21: *Nor, God DELAY our rebellion!* "May God put off the day when our flesh shall rebel;" so where the Countess begs the King to forgive her son, in act v. sc. 1-3:

"I'st post, my hope;  
And I beseech your majesty to make it  
Natural *rebellion*, done 't the blaze of youth;  
When oil and fire, too strong for reason's force,  
Overbears it, and turns on.

Hammer conjectured *allay*.

153. Lines 21-28: *we still see them reveal themselves, till they attain to their abhorred ends.*—They betray themselves before they attain to their abhorred ends, i.e. de-  
stable purposes.

154. Line 29: *in his proper stream o'erflows himself.*  
That is, "betrays his own secrets in his own talk."  
"hasan" He no longer confines his unlawful intents within the bounds of secrecy.

155. Line 34: *for he is DETERM'D to his hour.*—See above:  
"Wh. a mingling comes back at my chamber-window:

"ex. a little compare my yet-to-be-his hour,  
—IV. 2. 54-58.

The meaning then is, "the hour of his appointment is fixed, as well as the duration of his stay." Such is the opinion to which he has to submit. This will help to explain v. 3. 219-221:

"I must be patient;  
You, that have turn'd off a first wife, to a wife,  
Now *content* me.  
You may prescribe rules for me, and give me just as much as little as you please."

156. Line 36: *I would gladly have him see his company*  
*company*—For company in the sense of companionship.

"I know friends and stranger *companies*.  
—Mid. Night's Dream, i. 1. 219.

157. Line 103: *ENTERTAINED my company.*—Taken into  
—*entertain*, guides, &c. For *entertain* compare:

"I was *entertain'd* for a perfumer, as I was smoking a musty room.  
—M. b. Ado, i. 1. 1.

159. Line 113: *this counterfeit MODULE.*—*Module* is a  
of a *model*. *Model* comes through the Italian and  
the Latin *modulus*, a measure; *module* appar-  
ently comes direct from the Latin. *Parolles* is a  
*counterfeit module*, because he pretended to be a soldier  
and was really a fool.

159. Line 135: Stage-direction: the *sc. 10* has, *Enter*  
*Parolles with his Interpreter and Inter. In.* or *Interp.*  
as prefixed to the speeches of the First Soldier.

160. Line 158: *All's one to me.*—In the Folios this con-  
cludes the preceding speech. Chapman made the change.  
It is printed "All's one to me."

161. Line 182: *if I were to live this present hour; i.e.*  
*die at the end of it.* Hammer printed "live but this  
hour" than Dyce, following W. S. Walker, boldly prints  
"I were to die." Toilet suggests that Parolles meant  
"live but this hour," but fear occasioned the mistake.

162. Line 213: *getting the shrieve's fool with child.*—  
"Female idiots were retained in families for diversion as  
well as male, though not so commonly" (Douce, Illus-  
trations, p. 198).

163. Line 222: *your LORDSHIP.*—The Folios have *Lord*,  
without the period, but the abbreviation was no doubt  
intended; corrected by Pope.

164. Line 268: *by THE general's looks.*—So F. 3; F. 1 and  
F. 2 have *your*, a mistake arising from the abbreviation *yr*  
in the MS.

165. Line 280: *He will steal, sir, an egg out of a cloister.*  
He will steal anything, however trifling, from any  
place, however holy.—*Johnson*.

166. Line 303: *a place there called Mile-end.*—Mile-end  
Green was the usual drilling ground for the London train-  
bands. See II. Henry IV. iii. 2. 298.

167. Lines 313, 314: *and cut the entail from all re-  
mainders, and a perpetual succession FOR it perpetually;*  
*i.e.* and set free the estate from payment of all remainders,  
and (grant or sell) a perpetual succession for it. Dyce  
suspects some error. Hammer altered *for it* to "in it."

## ACT IV. SCENE 4.

168. Line 9: *Marcellus.*—F. 1 spells the name of this  
town here *Marcellae*, and in iv. 5. 85, *Marcellus*.

169. Line 16: *Nor you, mistress.*—So F. 4. F. 1, F. 2,  
and F. 3 have: "Nor *your* Mistress."

170. Lines 20, 21:  
*As it hath fat'd her to be my MOTIVE  
And helper to a husband.*

A *motive* is that which moves anything, so, means, instru-  
ment. Compare:

"my teeth shall tear  
The slavish *motive* of recanting fear [i.e. the tongue]  
—R. H. II. i. 1. 162, 163.

171. Lines 30-33:  
*Yet, I pray you:  
But, with the word, the time will bring on summer,  
When briars shall have leaves as well as thorns,  
And be as sweet as sharp.*

Perhaps the passage admits of this explanation. Helena  
has just before said:

You, Diana,  
Under my poor instructions, yet must offer  
Something in my behalf.

To which Diana has replied:

Let death and honesty  
Go with your impositions, I am yours  
Upon your will to suffer.

And Helena now continues: "Yet, I pray you," i.e. for a  
while I pray you BE mine to suffer "but, with the word,  
the time will bring on summer," &c.; i.e. but so quickly  
that it may even be considered as here while we speak,  
the time will, &c.—*Dyce*. Rolfe, with greater probability,  
thinks that the words *Yet, I pray you*, merely serve to  
resume the thread of Helena's discourse, after Diana's  
impulsive interruption.

## ACT IV. SCENE 5.

172. Lines 2-4: *whose villanous saffron would have made all the unbaked and doughy youth of a nation in its colour.*—An allusion to the fashion of wearing yellow. Warburton points out that the mention of *saffron* suggested the epithets *unbaked* and *doughy*, saffron being commonly used to colour pastry. So in the *Winter's Tale* the shepherd's son says: "I must have *saffron* to colour the warden pies" (*Winter's Tale*, iv. 3. 48).

Yellow starch was much used for bands and ruffs, and is said to have been invented by Mrs. Turner, an infamous woman, who was concerned in the murder of Sir Thomas Overbury, and was executed at Tyburn (1615) in a lawn ruff of her favourite colour (see Hazlitt's *Dodgley*, vol. xi. p. 328). Reed quotes Heywood, *If you Know not me, you Know Nobody*: "many of our young married men have tane an order to weare *yellow* garters, points, and shootyngs; and tis thought *yellow* will grow a custom" (Heywood, *Dramatic Works*, vol. i. p. 259, ed. 1874).

173. Line 19: *Then are not HERBS.*—So the Folios. Rowe printed *Sallet-herbs*.

174. Line 22: GRASS. So Rowe: the Folios have *grace*.

175. Line 32: *my bauble.* The fool's *bauble* was a kind of baton; figures of its various shapes will be found in Dounce (Illustrations, Plates II. and III.).

176. Line 41: *an English NAME.*—So Rowe; F. 1 has *rotine*.

177. Line 67: *A skewed knave and an unhappy.*—Compare:

*And a skewed knave, a skewed knave, a skewed knave,*  
—*Love's Labour's Lost*, v. 1. 1.

Here the meaning is simply "roguish" or "mischievous"; but it often has a stronger sense, as: "O most *unhappy* strumpet!" [*pernicious*] (*Com. of Err.* iv. 4. 127). And:

*Unhappy was the folk*  
*That stood by her!* —*Com. of Err.* v. 1. 1.

178. Line 70: *he has no FACE, but runs where he will.* He observes no rule, has no settled habits, is not broken in. Hammer unnecessarily altered *pace to place*; and so even Dyce.

## ACT V. SCENE 1.

179. Line 6: (Stage-direction) Enter a GENTLEMAN. So Rowe, followed by most editors. F. 1 has: *Enter a gentle stranger*; F. 2: *Enter a gentle stranger*; F. 3: *Enter a gentle man a stranger*. An *stranger* or *otringer* is, as Stevens discovered before the appearance of his second edition, a keeper of goshawks. There is, however, no apparent reason why the personage accosted by Helena should be a keeper of goshawks or of anything else, and throughout this scene the Folio prefixes "*Gent*" to his speeches, while in scene 3 it introduces him simply as "*a gentleman*."

## ACT V. SCENE 2.

180. Line 1: *Good Monsieur Larche.* So Dyce. F. 1 has: "*Good M<sup>r</sup> Larche*."

181. Line 26: *I do pity his distress in my SIMILES of comfort.*—Warburton's certain emendation for "*smiles of comfort*" of the Folios.

182. Line 35: *under HER.*—*Her* was added in F. 2.

183. Lines 41, 42:

*Par. My name, my good lord, is Parolles.*

*Laf. You beg more than "word," then.*

A quibble: *Parolles* (*paroles*) in French is not "word" but "words." F. 3 has "more than one word."

184. Line 43: *Cox my pusaion!*—*Cox* or *cock*, as in the oath "by cock and pie," was a disguise or corruption of *God*.

## ACT V. SCENE 3.

185. Lines 1, 2:

*We lost a jewel of her; and our esteem*

*Was made much poorer by it.*

Does *our esteem* mean "the esteem in which we are held by others," or "the esteem in which we hold others?" Schmidt, who explains the phrase by "we are less worth by her loss," seems to take the former view; but surely the King is contrasting his own power of estimating and appreciating true worth with that of Bertram, for he goes on to say that Bertram "lack'd the sense to know her estimation home." Now the King's *esteem* in which he held others was all the poorer, inasmuch as one estimable person so esteemed was lost; and this is much what Staunton means when he interprets *our esteem* by "the sum of all we hold estimable."

186. Line 6: *Natural rebellion, done i' the BLAZE of youth.*—The Folios have *blade*; *blaze* was proposed by Theobald, who, however, did not venture to admit it into his text. It was adopted by Warburton and Capell, and is rendered extremely probable by what follows:

*When I and fire, too strong for reason's laws,*  
*Overcame it, and outbrave it.*

Theobald quotes, in support of his conjecture:

*I do know,*  
*When the flames of love, how I might prevail*  
*I found the tongue was those flames' daughter &*  
—*Hamlet* v. 1. 117.

and

*I do know how I might prevail*  
*When the flames of love, how I might prevail*

Sir Philip Ferring (*Hard Knots*, p. 163) with great probability suggests *blaze*, comparing:

*The strongest earth is straw*  
*Under the wind* —*Titus Andronicus* v. 1. 10.

*The flames of youth burn not with such a blaze*  
—*James I. and VI.* v. 1. 1.

and

*It hath the excess of youth, and heat of blood*  
—*Henry IV.* v. 2. 1.

187. Lines 16, 17:

*Whose beauty did astonish the survey*  
*Of RICHEST EYES.*

*Richest eyes* are eyes that have seen most beauty. Compare: "to have seen much and to have nothing, is to have *rich eyes* and poor hands" (*As You Like It*, iv. 1. 22).

188. Line 48: *Contempt his scornful PERSPECTIVE did*



# WORDS PECULIAR TO ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

## WORDS OCCURRING ONLY IN ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

NOTE.—The addition of sub., adj., verb, adv. in brackets immediately after a word indicates that the word is used as a substantive, adjective, verb, or adverb only in the passage or passages cited.

Those compound words marked with an asterisk are printed as *two* separate words in F. 1.

Act & Sc. Line	Act & Sc. Line	Act & Sc. Line	Act & Sc. Line
Accessory <sup>1</sup> (sub.) II. 1 30	Carleocus..... IV. 3 311	Empirics..... II. 1 125	*Kicky-wicky.. Act & Sc. Line
Advently..... I. 1 220	Cassia <sup>12</sup> (verb) III. 6 111	Entail (sub.)... IV. 3 313	II. 3 295
Admiringly..... I. 1 33	Casketed..... II. 5 26	Enticements... III. 5 20	Languishings.. I. 3 235
Adoptious..... I. 1 188	Cassocks..... IV. 3 192	Entrenched.... II. 1 45	Lapae (sub.)... II. 3 170
A-foot <sup>2</sup> ..... IV. 3 181	Cassless <sup>13</sup> (adj.) II. 3 4	Enwombed.... II. 3 150	Leaguer..... III. 0 28
After-debts.... IV. 3 255	Cesse (verb).... V. 3 72	Examined <sup>14</sup> ... III. 5 66	Ling..... III. 2 14, 15
Allurement.... IV. 3 241	Chape..... IV. 3 104	Excessive <sup>15</sup> ... I. 1 65	*Linsay-wooley IV. 1 13
Amace..... II. 3 85	Cherisher..... I. 3 50	Expertness..... IV. 3 36	Love-line..... II. 1 81
Applications... I. 2 74	Christendoms <sup>16</sup> I. 1 188	Exploit <sup>17</sup> ..... I. 2 17	Manfully..... II. 3 21
Arable..... I. 1 79	Clew..... I. 3 188	Expressive..... II. 1 54	*Market-price.. V. 3 219
Attribute <sup>18</sup> ..... III. 0 04	Coarsely..... III. 5 00	Fachnerious <sup>19</sup> II. 3 35	Mell..... IV. 3 257
Avail (sub.).... I. 1 100	Coherent..... III. 7 30	Fated <sup>20</sup> ..... I. 1 232	Mere <sup>21</sup> ..... III. 5 58
III. 1 22	Coindently..... III. 6 21, 94	File <sup>22</sup> (sub.)... IV. 3 201	Militarist..... IV. 3 161
Bannerets..... II. 3 214	Conjugal..... IV. 3 100	Finisher..... II. 1 129	Ministration... III. 5 65
Barely..... IV. 2 19	Consolate (verb) III. 2 131	Fishpond..... V. 2 22	Misprision <sup>23</sup> ... II. 3 159
Barenness <sup>24</sup> ... IV. 2 19	Cox <sup>25</sup> ..... V. 2 43	Fisnomy <sup>26</sup> ... IV. 5 42	Mites <sup>27</sup> ..... I. 1 164
Barriado <sup>28</sup> (verb) I. 1 124	Credible..... I. 2 4	Fistula..... I. 1 39	Morris <sup>28</sup> ..... II. 2 20
Bed-clothes.... IV. 3 257	Curvet (sub.).. II. 3 209	Foregoers..... II. 3 144	Mourningly... I. 1 30
Blade <sup>29</sup> ..... V. 3 6	Custard..... II. 5 41	Forehorse..... II. 1 30	Muddled <sup>29</sup> ... V. 3 6
*Blowers-up... I. 1 132	Default <sup>30</sup> ..... II. 3 241	Fore-past..... V. 3 121	Murk..... II. 1 169
Boggle..... V. 3 232	Disciplined.... I. 2 28	Gabble (sub.).. IV. 1 22	Musk-ent..... V. 2 21
Both-sides <sup>31</sup> ... IV. 3 251	Diurnal..... I. 1 165	Gossips <sup>32</sup> ..... I. 1 189	*Muster-file... IV. 3 189
Braid (adj.)... IV. 2 73	Doctrine <sup>33</sup> ... I. 3 247	Haggish..... I. 2 20	Mystery <sup>34</sup> ... III. 0 68
*Brawn-buttock II. 2 19	Dog-hole..... II. 3 201	Hawking..... I. 1 105	Naturalize..... I. 1 223
Bubble <sup>35</sup> ..... III. 0 5	Double-manning (adj.) IV. 3 114	Headsmen..... IV. 3 342	Nearly..... IV. 3 168
Bunting..... II. 5 7	Doughy..... IV. 5 4	*High-repented V. 3 36	Neces-sterling V. 3 85
Camping <sup>36</sup> (intrans.) III. 4 14	Droptied..... II. 3 135	*Holy-cruel... IV. 2 32	None-sparling III. 2 108
Canary <sup>37</sup> (sub.) II. 1 77	Dryly..... I. 1 175	Hoodman..... IV. 3 130	Nose-herbs... IV. 5 20
Capriccio <sup>38</sup> .... II. 3 310	Eagerness..... V. 3 213	Idoltrous..... I. 1 108	*Now-born..... II. 3 130
Captious..... I. 3 208	Eats <sup>39</sup> (intrans.) I. 1 175	In (verb)..... I. 3 48	Occidental..... II. 1 169
	Embodied..... V. 3 173	Inadmissible... II. 1 122	Offendress..... I. 1 153
	Embossed <sup>40</sup> ... III. 0 107	Inaudible..... V. 3 41	Out-villamed... IV. 3 305
	Embowelled <sup>41</sup> I. 3 247	Inclusive <sup>42</sup> ... I. 3 232	Overlooking (sub.) I. 1 45
		*Indian-like... I. 3 210	Over-night.... III. 4 23
		Intenible..... I. 3 208	Over-pay..... III. 7 16
			Papist..... I. 3 56
			Pass <sup>43</sup> ..... II. 5 58

<sup>1</sup> Lucree, 222; Sonn. XXXV. 13.

<sup>2</sup> In infant's used frequently in the ordinary sense.

<sup>3</sup> As a sub. used occasionally.

<sup>4</sup> In a loose, unconnected condition; it is not a mess only.

<sup>5</sup> As a sub. used in Sonn. V. 8; xviii. 3. In I. Henry IV.

<sup>6</sup> In 2. 77 the word occurs in the sense of "beauties."

<sup>7</sup> Used elsewhere as a sub.

<sup>8</sup> Of corn. The reading of FF. (in a figurative sense). See note 186.

<sup>9</sup> Used adjectively.

<sup>10</sup> Used figuratively—a cheat; occurs frequently in ordinary sense.

<sup>11</sup> Used transitively in Ant and Cleo. IV. 8. 32.

<sup>12</sup> It is a dance; and so used as a verb in Love's Labour's Lost, III.

<sup>13</sup> Occurs three times—the wine of that name.

<sup>14</sup> An Anglicized Italian word—fancy, humour. See note 108.

<sup>15</sup> —to flay; used frequently elsewhere in various senses.

<sup>16</sup> Venus and Adonis, 897.

<sup>17</sup> —Christian names; the word occurs frequently in its ordinary sense.

<sup>18</sup> In expression "coz my passion."

<sup>19</sup> In the phrase "in the default" —at a need; occurs three times in its ordinary sense.

<sup>20</sup> —learning; used elsewhere in its ordinary sense.

<sup>21</sup> Used in expression "it eats drily."

<sup>22</sup> —included; used elsewhere in other senses.

<sup>23</sup> —exhausted, emptied, in figurative sense; it occurs in literal sense in I. Henry IV. v. 4.

<sup>24</sup> —rich. III. v. 2. 10.

<sup>25</sup> —doubted. Occurs frequently in other senses.

<sup>26</sup> Lucree, Arg. 1.

<sup>27</sup> Used —warlike adventure.

<sup>28</sup> Parodies' equivalent for *factiousness*, which latter word does not occur in Shakespeare.

<sup>29</sup> —having the power of fate; used elsewhere —destined.

<sup>30</sup> For, for papers; used elsewhere in various other senses.

<sup>31</sup> The Clown's form of *physiognomy*.

<sup>32</sup> —Christens, or gives as a sponsor; used elsewhere intransitively in its ordinary sense.

<sup>33</sup> —hawk-like.

<sup>34</sup> Used in a peculiar sense —comprehensive; occurs in Richard III. iv. 1. 59 —including.

<sup>35</sup> —merely.

<sup>36</sup> —contempt; it occurs several times —mistake.

<sup>37</sup> Here —cheese-mites; it is used once again in Pericles, II.

<sup>38</sup> —anything small.

<sup>39</sup> —morris-dances. *Morris* —a camel occurs in Mids. Night's Dream, II. 1. 98; and *morris-dance* in Henry V. II. 4. 30.

<sup>40</sup> —soiled; used, figuratively, in Hamlet, IV. 5. 81.

<sup>41</sup> Used with in —professional experience; occurs frequently in its more usual senses.

<sup>42</sup> Used figuratively —continuation; occurs frequently elsewhere in various other senses.



WORDS PECULIAR TO ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

	Act	Sc.	Line		Act	Sc.	Line		Act	Sc.	Line
re (adv.)	II.	1	124	Remainders <sup>5</sup> .....	IV.	3	313	Smoke <sup>11</sup> .....	III.	6	113
re (adv.)	IV.	3	138	Removes <sup>6</sup> .....	V.	3	131	"Snip" tuffeta.....	IV.	1	31
re	I.	1	10	Resend <sup>7</sup> .....	III.	6	123	Soundness.....	IV.	5	2
re	I.	1	278	Resolvedly.....	V.	3	332	"Spark" <sup>12</sup> .....	I.	3	24
Philosophical.....	II.	3	2	Riddle-like.....	I.	3	233	Spark <sup>12</sup> .....	II.	1	25, 41
.....	IV.	3	103	Ring-carrier.....	III.	5	95	Stagers <sup>13</sup> .....	III.	6	112
Pin-buttock.....	II.	2	18	Rottish.....	IV.	3	243	Steele <sup>14</sup> .....	II.	3	170
Prejudicates.....	I.	2	8	Sally (verb).....	IV.	1	2	Still-piercing.....	I.	1	114
.....	II.	1	95	Searse <sup>15</sup> .....	IV.	2	32	Succession <sup>16</sup> .....	III.	2	113
.....	IV.	3	114	Schools <sup>17</sup> (sub.)	I.	3	24	.....	III.	5	24
.....	II.	2	13	Seducer.....	V.	3	146	.....	I.	3	90
.....	I.	1	10	Self-gracious.....	IV.	5	7	.....	IV.	3	250
.....	I.	1	130	Shrove-Tuesday	II.	2	29	.....	II.	1	62
.....	III.	2	120	Sinthe (conj.)	I.	3	125	.....	II.	1	173
.....	IV.	3	281	Smack <sup>19</sup> .....	IV.	1	18	.....	II.	1	169
.....	II.	3	194, 195								
.....	IV.	5	68								
.....	IV.	5	0								
.....	II.	3	10								

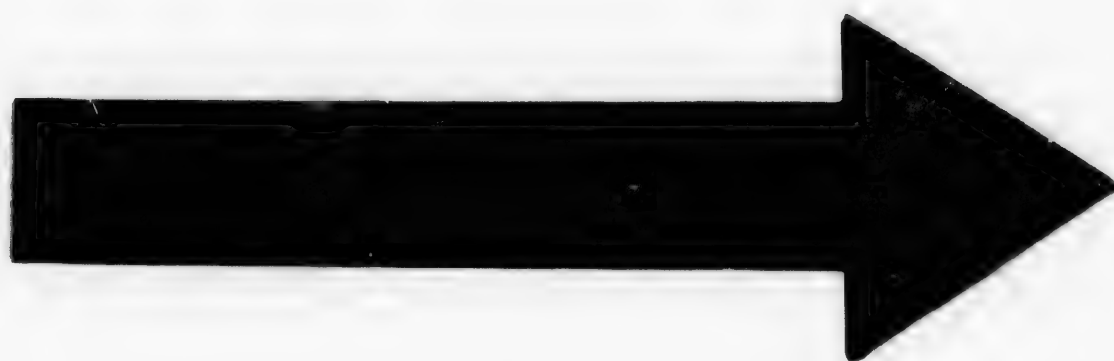
ORIGINAL EMENDATIONS ADOPTED.

None

ORIGINAL EMENDATION SUGGESTED.

Note  
199. v. 3. 216: *Her ONSET, coming*





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JULIUS CÆSAR.

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NOTES AND INTRODUCTION

BY

OSCAR FAY ADAMS AND F. A. MARSHALL.

# DRAMATIS PERSONÆ<sup>1</sup>

JULIUS CÆSAR,		A Soothsayer.
OCTAVIUS CÆSAR,		CINNA, a Poet.
MARCUS ANTONIUS,	{ Triumvirs, after the death of Julius Cæsar.	Another Poet.
M. ÆMILIUS LEPIDUS,		LUCILIUS,
CICERO,	{ Senators.	TITINIUS,
PUBLIUS,		MESSALA,
POPILIUS LENA,		Young CATO,
MARCUS BRUTUS,	{ Conspirators against Julius Cæsar.	VOLUMNIUS,
CASSIUS,		VARRO,
CASCA,		CLITUS,
TREBONIUS,		CLAUDIUS,
LIGARIUS,		STRATO,
DECIVS BRUTUS,		LUCIUS,
METELLUS CIMBER,		DARDANIUS,
CINNA,		PINDARUS, Servant to Cassius.
FLAVIUS,	{ Tribunes.	CALPURNIA, Wife to Cæsar.
MARULLUS,		PORTIA, Wife to Brutus.
ARTEMIDORUS, a Sophist of Cnidos.		

Senators, Citizens, Guards, Attendants, &c.

SCENE, during a great part of the Play, at Rome; afterwards at Sardis,  
and near Philippi.

HISTORIC PERIOD: From March 15th, B.C. 44, to November 27th, B.C. 43.

## TIME OF ACTION.

Six days represented on the stage, with intervals:—

Day 1: Act I. Scenes 1 and 2.—Interval, one month.  
Day 2: Act I. Scene 3.  
Day 3: Acts II. and III.—Interval.

Day 4: Act IV. Scene 1.—Interval.  
Day 5: Act IV. Scenes 2 and 3.—Interval, one day at least.  
Day 6: Act V

<sup>1</sup> Rowe was the first to give the list of Dramatis Personæ imperfectly. Theobald supplied some of the omissions. *Decius Brutus* should be *Decimus Brutus*, strictly speaking, but this mistake came from North's Plutarch, and indeed is found both in the early French translation and in the Greek text of the original (edn. 1572).

The name *Marullus* is throughout spelt *Murellus* in Ff,

except in i. 2. 1, where it is spelt *Marcellus*. Theobald corrected this name to the form given in North's Plutarch, *Marullus*.

*Calpurnia*, wife to Cæsar, is uniformly called *Calphurnia* in the Folio; and so she is called in North's Plutarch, at any rate in the early editions of that work. Many editors retain the spelling *Calphurnia*.

# JULIUS CÆSAR.

## INTRODUCTION.

### LITERARY HISTORY.

This play was first published, so far as we know, in the Folio of 1623, where it occupies pages 109-130 in the division of "Tragedies." At the beginning of the play, and at the head of each page, it is entitled "The Tragedie of Julius Cæsar;" but in the Table of Contents (or, as it is called, "A CATALOGVE of the severall Comedies, Histories, and Tragedies contained in this Volume") it is set down as "The Life and Death of Julius Cæsar." No play in the Folio is printed with greater accuracy, and none presents fewer textual difficulties for the editor or critic.

The date of composition has been the subject of considerable discussion. Malone believed that the play "could not have appeared before 1607;" and Chalmers, Drake, and the earlier commentators generally, were unanimous in accepting his conclusions. There was a natural disposition at first to associate it chronologically with the other Roman plays, neither of which can be placed earlier than 1607; but, though Knight considers it "one of the latest works of Shakespeare," the great majority of recent editors are inclined to put it five years or more earlier than Antony and Cleopatra. Collier argues that it must have been performed before 1603; and Gervinus also decides that it "was composed before 1603, about the same time as Hamlet." He adds that this is "confirmed not only by the frequent external references to Cæsar which we find in Hamlet, but still more by the inner relations of the two plays." Halliwell, in his folio edition, 1865, takes the ground that it was written "in or before the year 1601." This is evident, he says, "from the following lines in Weever's Mirror of Martyrs, printed in that year—lines which unquestionably are to be traced to a recollection of Shake-

speare's drama, not to that of the history as given by Plutarch:

The many-headed multitude were drawne  
By Brutus' speech, that Cæsar was ambitious;  
When eloquent Mark Antonio had shovne  
His virtues, who but Brutus then was vicious?"

I am inclined to believe that this is a reference to Shakespeare's play, though Halliwell appears to have modified his own opinion since the above was written. In his *Outlines of the Life of Shakespeare* (6th ed. 1886, vol. ii. p. 257) he says: "There is supposed to be a possibility, derived from an apparent reference to it in Weever's *Mirror of Martyrs*, that the tragedy of Julius Cæsar was in existence as early as 1599; for although the former work was not published till 1601, the author distinctly tells his dedicatee that 'this poem, which I present to your learned view, some two yeares agoe was made fit for print.' The subject was then, however, a favourite one for dramatic composition, and inferences from such premises must be cautiously received. Shakespeare's was not, perhaps, the only drama of the time to which the lines of Weever were applicable; and the more this species of evidence is studied, the more is one inclined to question its efficacy. Plays on the history of Julius Cæsar are mentioned in Gosson's *Schoole of Abuse*, 1579; the *Third Blast of Retraite* from Plaies, 1580; Henslowe's *Diary*, 1594, 1602; *Mirrour of Policie*, 1598; *Hamlet*, 1603; Heywood's *Apology for Actors*, 1612. There was a French tragedy on the subject published at Paris in 1578, and a Latin one was performed at Christ Church, Oxford, in 1582. Tarlton, who died in 1588, had appeared as Cæsar, perhaps on some unauthorized occasion, a circumstance alluded to in the *Ourania*, 1606."

The allusion in Weever's book does not fit

## JULIUS CESAR.

any of the other plays on the story of Cæsar that have come down to our day; and it does fit Shakespeare's play so exactly that, since it was first pointed out, the editors have unanimously accepted Halliwell's original view of it. It does not follow necessarily that Julius Cæsar must have been written as early as 1599. Even if the *Mirror of Martyrs* was written then, an allusion like this may have been inserted just before it went to press two years later. The date 1599, however, may not be too early. The internal evidence of metre and style is not inconsistent with that date. Fleay (*Chronicle History of Shakespeare*, 1886, p. 214) makes it 1600; "at any rate Cæsar must be anterior to the Quarto Hamlet which was produced in 1601." Stokes (*Chronological Order of Shakespeare's Plays*, 1878, p. 88), after a careful discussion of all the evidence, sums up the matter thus: "The great similarity of style between this play and Hamlet and Henry V. has been pointed out by Gervinus, Spelding, Dowden, Hales, and others, and, I suppose, must have been felt by nearly every reader. It is not only shown by the many allusions to Cæsar in these plays [allusions, by the by, which show a co-ordinate estimation of his character], but by the 'minor relations' of these plays. This point is so strong that, taking into consideration some of the references mentioned above, there can scarcely be any doubt that the original production of this play must be placed in 1599-1600. It may have been revised afterwards, and the appearance of several works bearing similar titles in 1607 suggests, as Mr. Fleay says, its reproduction at that date."

It is not necessary, however, to suppose, as Fleay does, that the play was revised by Ben Jonson. He lays considerable stress on "the spelling of Antony without an *h*: this name occurs in eight of Shakespeare's plays, and in every instance but this invariably is spelled Anthony." But if the scholarly Ben had made this orthographical correction, is it likely that he would have permitted the impossible Latin form Calphurnia to stand? Or would he have retained the Decius Brutus for Decimus Brutus, or such palpable anachronisms as striking clocks and the like? It is as absurd

to suppose that Jonson could have overlooked these things as that Bacon could have originated them. To the latter, as to the former, Decius Brutus for Decimus Brutus would have been like Sly's "Richard Conqueror" for the well-known William.

It may be mentioned here, as a curious instance of judicial blindness, that Judge Holmes, by far the ablest of the advocates of the Baconian lunacy, in his *Authorship of Shakespeare* (3rd ed. 1886, vol. i. p. 289), quotes Bacon's *Essay on Friendship* as a parallel to the second act of the play (and one by which, "if there be a lingering doubt in any mind" as to Bacon's authorship of the latter, that doubt "must be removed"); and yet in the very passage quoted Bacon has "Decimus Brutus" and "Calphurnia," instead of the "Decius Brutus" and "Calphurnia" of the drama. The judge does not see that he is himself furnishing indisputable evidence that the philosopher was perfectly familiar with what the dramatist was palpably ignorant of.

We have no reason to suppose that Shakespeare was indebted to any of the earlier plays on the same subject. The only source from which he appears to have drawn his material was Sir Thomas North's version of Plutarch's *Lives*, translated from the French of Bishop Amyot, and first published in 1579. He has followed North closely, almost slavishly, as the illustrative extracts given in the notes will show. As Gervinus says: "The component parts of the drama are borrowed from the biographies of Brutus and Cæsar in such a manner that not only the historical action in its ordinary course, but also the single characteristic traits in incidents and speeches, nay, even single expressions and words, are taken from Plutarch; even such as are not anecdotal or of an epigrammatic nature, even such as one unacquainted with Plutarch would consider in form and manner to be quite Shakespearian, and which have not unfrequently been quoted as his peculiar property, testifying to the poet's deep knowledge of human nature. From the triumph over Pompey (or rather over his sons), the silencing of the two tribunes, and the crown offered at the Lupercalian feast, until Cæsar's murder,

## INTRODUCTION.

and from thence to the battle of Philippi and the closing words of Antony, which are in part exactly as they were delivered, all in this play is essentially Plutarch. The omens of Cæsar's death, the warnings of the augur and of Artemidorus, the absence of the heart in the animal sacrificed, Calphurnia's dream; the peculiar traits of Cæsar's character, his superstition regarding the touch of barren women in the course, his remarks about thin people like Cassius; all the circumstances about the conspiracy where no oath was taken, the character of Ligarius, the withdrawal of Cicero; the whole relation of Portia to Brutus, her words, his reply, her subsequent anxiety and death; the circumstances of Cæsar's death, the very arts and means of Decius Brutus to induce him to leave home, all the minutest particulars of his murder, the behaviour of Antony and its result, the murder of the poet Cinna; further on, the contention between the republican friends respecting Lucius Pella and the refusal of the money, the dissension of the two concerning the decisive battle, their conversation about suicide, the appearance of Brutus's evil genius, the mistakes in the battle, its double issue, its repetition, the suicide of both friends, and Cassius's death by the same sword with which he killed Cæsar—all is taken from Plutarch's narrative, from which the poet had only to omit whatever destroyed the unity of the action."

Archbishop Trench, in his *Lectures on Plutarch*, in referring to North's translation of the *Lives*, remarks:

"But the highest title to honour which this version possesses has not hitherto been mentioned, namely, the use which Shakespeare was content to make of it. Whatever Latin Shakespeare may have had, he certainly knew no Greek, and thus it was only through Sir Thomas North's translation that the rich treasure-house of Plutarch's *Lives* was accessible to him. . . . It is hardly an exaggeration to say that the whole play—and the same stands good of *Coriolanus* no less—is to be found in Plutarch. Shakespeare indeed has thrown a rich mantle of poetry over all, which is often wholly his own; but of the incident there is almost nothing which he

does not owe to Plutarch, even as continually he owes the very wording to Sir Thomas North."

## STAGE HISTORY.

Julius Cæsar always seems to have been one of the most popular of Shakespeare's plays on the stage, in spite of its want of any female interest, and of the fact that Cæsar, who is virtually the hero, is killed in the middle of the play. We find that on the 20th May, 1613, Lord Treasurer Stanhope paid John Heminges "for presenting before the Princes Highnes the Lady Elizabeth and the Prince Pallatyne Elector fowerteene several plays," of which "Cæsar's Tragedye" was one. When Thomas Kingrew, after the Restoration, established the King's Company, and opened a new theatre at Drury Lane, 1665, Julius Cæsar was one of the stock pieces of the company. Downes gives us the cast as follows: "Julius Cæsar, Mr. Bell, Cassius Major Mowbray, Brutus, Mr. Hart, Anthony Mr. Kynaston, Calphurnia,<sup>1</sup> Mrs. Marshal, Portia, Mrs. Corbet." The only other plays of Shakespeare, which were included in the fifteen stock plays of which Downes gives the casts, are "The Moor of Venice" (*Othello*), and *King Henry the Fourth*; while amongst the other plays, of which he gives merely the names, are included *The Merry Wives of Windsor* and *Titus Andronicus*; so that however much we may decrie Julius Cæsar as an acting play, it had the honour of being one of the four—for we cannot include *Titus Andronicus*—which helped to keep alive Shakespeare's fame at a time when his rivals, Beaumont and Fletcher and Ben Jonson, were held to be his superiors by the general public. During the reigns of Charles II. and James II. Julius Cæsar seems to have been frequently played. In 1682, at the Theatre Royal, it was again acted with identically the same cast as in the above-mentioned performance. In 1684 Killigrew's and Davenant's companies coalesced, and, under the title of the King's Company, removed to the Theatre

<sup>1</sup> This name is spelt *Calphurnia*, as in F.1. both in Downes and Genest throughout, and I have not thought it necessary to alter the spelling, though *Calpurnia* is the correct form.



# JULIUS CÆSAR.

Royal, Drury Lane; some time in that year<sup>1</sup> they presented this play, Betterton appearing

for the first time apparently—as Brutus, supported by William Smith as Cassius, Goodman as Julius Cæsar, Mrs. Cooke as Portia, and Lady Slingsby<sup>2</sup> as Calphurnia. Langbaine (p. 453) says that this play was printed in Quarto, London, 1684; and he adds: "There is an Excellent Prologue to it, printed in Covent Garden Drollery, p. 9." Genest says this edition "differs very little from the original play, except that the part of Marullus is given to Casca, and that of Cicero to Trebonius" (vol. i. p. 423). Lowndes mentions a Quarto of Julius Cæsar with the title-page "a Tragedy, as it is now acted at the Theatre Royal, Lond. n. d. (1680) 4to. On the reverse of the title is a List of Actors, in which Betterton is set down for acting Brutus." He also mentions two Quartos printed in 1684 and 1696 respectively, and another n. d. (1696); so that evidently, during this period, the play was popular among readers as well as among playgoers.

It would appear that Julius Cæsar was not again represented till February 14th, 1704, when it was played at Lincoln's Inn Fields. The cast is not given. This, as will be seen, is nearly twenty years from the last recorded performance. It is most probable that it was represented in the interval more than once, though there is no record of its revival. Betterton was still acting, so he probably played his old part of Brutus. On October 30th, 1705, the company removed to the Haymarket Theatre from Lincoln's Inn Fields, and Julius Cæsar was revived on March 14th, 1706. No

particulars are given, but the cast must have been a strong one; for Betterton, Booth, Verbruggen, Bowman, as well as Mrs. Barry and Mrs. Bracegirdle, were included in the company. The next performance was on January 14th, 1707, at the Haymarket Theatre, when Genest says it was performed "For the encouragement of the Comedians acting in the Haymarket, and to enable them to keep the diversion of plays under a separate interest from Operas - By Subscription" (vol. ii. p. 363).

The cast was, Brutus = Betterton; Cassius = Verbruggen; Antony = Wilks; Julius Cæsar = Booth; Octavius = Mills; Casca = Keen; Calphurnia = Mrs. Barry; Portia = Mrs. Bracegirdle. The minor parts were also played by well-known actors, viz. "Plebeians" = Johnson, Bullock, Norris and Cross. It would appear that "Lord Halifax proposed a subscription for reviving 3 plays of the best authors with the full strength of the company" (*ut supra*). The next play of this series, King and no King, was given on January 21st; and on February 4th the third, Marriage a la Mode, or the Comical Lovers; a compound manufactured by Cibber out of two of Dryden's plays, Marriage a la Mode and Secret Love. Cibber in his Apology (edn. 1740) says: "not only the Actors, (several of which were handsomely advanc'd, in their Salaries) were duly paid, but the Manager himself too, at the Foot of his Account stood a considerable Gainer" (p. 195).

On April 1st of the same year Julius Cæsar was revived for the benefit of Keen, probably with much the same cast. On December 22nd, 1709, at Drury Lane, Booth appeared as Brutus, Powell as Cassius, with Mrs. Knight as Calphurnia. A new prologue and epilogue were spoken by Keen and Mrs. Bradshaw, who represented respectively Julius Cæsar and Portia. On March 16th, 1713, at Drury Lane, Mills played the part of Julius Cæsar for his benefit, Brutus being played by Booth, Antony by Wilks, Cassius by Powell, Casca by Keen. It may be noted that on this, as on many other occasions, such actors as Johnson, Pinkethman, Bullock, Norris, Cross, and Leigh took the parts of the "Plebeians," that is, of the Citizens; the play

<sup>1</sup> Downes does not mention this performance, and Genest does not give the day or the month on which it took place.

<sup>2</sup> This actress appears to have acted many principal parts; among others, Queen Margaret in Crowne's Henry VI., Regan in Tate's mutilation of Lear, and Cressida in Dryden's Troilus and Cressida. She affords the only instance of any titled actress to be found in the playbills of this period; though many of them had a sort of left-handed claim to such a distinction. Downes mentions her among the persons who joined the Duke's Company in 1670 as Mrs. Aldridge and Mrs. Lee, afterwards Lady Slingsby. She is generally spoken of as Mrs. Mary Lee, and appears to have been no relation to poor mad Nat Lee. According to Genest "Dame Mary Slingsby was buried at Pancras 1693, 4" (Genest, vol. i. p. 449).

## INTRODUCTION.

was repeated on the 6th of April. By this time it seems to have become an established favourite. Booth chose it for his benefit March 22nd, 1716. It seems to have been acted at least two or three times every season at Drury Lane up to 1727-28; then it seems to have been put on the shelf as far as that theatre was concerned.

During the period from 1720-28 inclusive, Julius Caesar was played at the Lincoln's Inn Fields Theatre about half a dozen times. On October 18th, 1722, we find in the cast that Quin played Brutus, Boheme Cassius, Walker Antony, Leigh Julius Caesar. It would appear, according to Genest, that the "comic characters" were played by Bullock and others (vol. iii. p. 116). These were the Citizens, whom, as has been pointed out, actors of considerable importance were content to represent. At Goodman's Fields, December 1st, 1732, Julius Caesar was produced and played for twelve consecutive nights. On September 19th, 1736, there was a performance of this play at Drury Lane, with the following cast: Brutus, Quin; Cassius, Milward; Wright, Antony; W. Mills, Julius Caesar; Casca, Ciber, jun.; "Citizens," Johnson, Miller, Harper, and Griffin, with Portia, Mrs. Furnival, and Calphurnia, Mrs. Butler. Davies says that the part of Casca was "enlarged" by "adding to it what belongs to Titinius;" and he observes, "if I remember right, was acted by a principal comedian. Above five and forty years since, Winstone was selected for that character, when Quin acted Brutus, and the elder Mills Cassius, Milward M. Antony, and W. Mills Julius Caesar." He praises Winstone very much, of whom he says: "The assumed doggedness and sourness of Casca sat well upon Winstone;" and adds: "The four principal parts have not since that time been equally presented" (*Dramatic Miscellanies*, vol. ii. p. 212). Davies praises Milward very much in Antony, although it would appear that this actor played Cassius far more frequently, and compares him in this character with Wilks and Barry: he also says that William Mills succeeded better in Caesar than in any other part. But the most interesting thing that the gossiping biographer of Garrick tells us about this play

is, that the great "little Davy" once had a mind to have tried his skill in the part of Cassius; but either from a fear that Quin in Brutus would completely outshine him, or for some other reason, he gave up the idea; and this play was never revived during his management. On April 28th, 1738, there was a performance at Drury Lane for the fund for erecting a monument to the memory of Shakespeare, when Julius Caesar was played; Mrs. Porter being the Portia. In the season 1742, 1743, Quin was engaged at Covent Garden, where he was playing as a counter-attraction to Garrick at Drury Lane; and, as might be expected, we find Julius Caesar revived at that theatre and strongly cast, with Hale as Antony, Ryan as Cassius, Bridgewater as Caesar, and with such actors as Hippisley, Chapman, and Woodward in the small parts of the "Plebeians." This was on November 20th, 1742. On March 18th, 1744, Sheridan took his benefit at Covent Garden in the part of Brutus. At this theatre Mrs. Pritchard appeared as Portia on October 31st, 1744. On March 28th, 1747, we find a solitary performance of Julius Caesar for Sparks's benefit, who played Cassius to the Brutus of Delane and the Antony of Barry. The play was repeated on April 30th, when Gifford was Antony; Barry only appears to have played the part twice that season. On November 24th, 1748, Quin had rather a remarkable cast to support him in his favourite part. It included Delane as Antony, Ryan as Cassius, Sparks as Casca, Mrs. Horton as Calphurnia, and Mrs. Woffington as Portia. Three representations of this play were given in November, 1750, at which Barry was the Antony to Quin's Brutus; and so successful was he in the part that he played it seven times during this season.

On January 31st, 1766, Genest records a performance of this play at Covent Garden "not acted eight years," the cast of which was not very remarkable, except for the fact that Mrs. Bellamy played Portia. Apropos of this performance Genest notices that an edition of Julius Caesar was printed in 1719, "as altered by Davenant and Dryden." This must have been a mistake, however, because Julius

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Cæsar was one of the plays assigned to Killigrew; and therefore Davenant could not play it at his theatre. Walker, who played Brutus on this and subsequent occasions at Covent Garden, used to speak the following lines at the end of the fourth act:—

Sure they have rais'd some devil to their aid,  
And think to frighten Brutus with a shade:  
But ere the night closes this fatal day,  
I'll send more ghosts this visit to repay.

These lines are not found in the edition printed in 1682 "as acted at the Theatre Royal;" but they are given in Bell's edition printed from the Prompter's Book at Covent Garden, 1773. The author of these touching and poetical verses is apparently unknown; but, as Genest points out, it is clear that they must have been received into what he calls "that Sink of corruption—the Prompt Book" after 1682.

We pass over some performances of no particular interest till we come to the first appearance of John Kemble in the character of Brutus. Boaden says: "On the 29th of February, 1812, Mr. Kemble revived the tragedy of Julius Cæsar; he had, as usual, made some very judicious alterations and arrangements in the piece, and in his own performance of Brutus exhibited all that purity of patriotism and philosophy, which has been, not without some hesitation, attributed to that illustrious name" (*Life of Kemble*, vol. ii. p. 543). There can be little doubt that this performance of the play, with Young as Cassius and Charles Kemble as Antony, must have been most effective, as Brutus was one of the characters in which the elder Kemble was supreme. Macready played both Cassius and Brutus, but in his own opinion he chiefly excelled in the latter. It is a pity that this great actor did not adopt the plan which, according to Mrs. Garrick, her husband followed, of writing his own criticisms, or rather of publishing them; for he did write them apparently in his own diary. Perhaps, if he could have seen such criticisms as the following in print during his lifetime, it might have reconciled him to that profession by means of which he gained a position, which he could scarcely have achieved even in the pulpit, after which he appears sometimes to have hankered, but

which profession, nevertheless, he would seem always to have been abusing, and to have regarded as a degradation while he remained in it. In his diary, under date January 24th, 1851, he says: "Acted Brutus as I never—no, never—acted it before, in regard to dignified familiarity of dialogue, or enthusiastic inspiration of lofty purpose. The distance, the reluctance to deeds of violence, the instinctive abhorrence of tyranny, the open simplicity of heart, and natural grandeur of soul I never so perfectly, so consciously portrayed before. I think the audience felt it" (vol. ii. p. 365). Let us hope that the audience did feel all this, or, at any rate, some of it. It is, however, satisfactory to know that among the many mortifications which this great artist had to endure, self-depreciation was not one. In another part of his diary Macready says, with indisputable good sense, that Brutus "is one of those characters that requires peculiar care, which only repetition can give, but it never can be a part that can inspire a person with an eager desire to go to a theatre to see represented." It was in the season 1818–19 that he first played Cassius to Young's Brutus at Covent Garden, apparently on the occasion of the latter's benefit. According to his own account Macready played this part to oblige Young; but he seems to have taken great pleasure in it, and to have repeated it again in 1822, at Covent Garden, to Young's Brutus; Marc Antony being then Charles Kemble and Casca Fawcett. This revival was very successful, there being as much as £600 (?) taken at the first performance.<sup>1</sup>

Edmund Kean, apparently, never played in Julius Cæsar at all. Phelps closed his second season on May 5th, 1846, with this play, which, however, never seems to have been a great favourite with him. In our own time this play has never been represented with greater effect than it was by the celebrated German company of the Theatre Royal, Meiningen, at Drury Lane Theatre, in 1881. The completeness in every detail, and the admir-

<sup>1</sup> See Macready's *Reminiscences*, vol. i. p. 235. I have ventured to query the sum mentioned, as I do not believe Covent Garden Theatre could have held so much money at that time, and at the then existing prices.

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able stage-management, especially in the arrangement of the crowds, rendered these performances some of the most successful ever given by a foreign company in this country.

F. A. M.

### CRITICAL REMARKS.

Julius Cæsar has been condemned, from a dramatic point of view, for its lack of unity. It is like two plays in one, the former being concerned with the death of Cæsar, the latter with the revenge of that deed. The nominal hero disappears at the end of the third act, and only his ghost is seen thereafter. But the ghost is a connecting link between the two parts of the drama. "O Julius Cæsar, thou art mighty yet!" exclaims Brutus, when he comes upon the dead bodies of Cassius and Titinius; and Cassius, as he killed himself, had cried:

Cæsar, thou art reveng'd,  
Even with the sword that kill'd thee.  
(v. 3. 45, 46.)

It is not without purpose that the dramatist introduces these significant utterances. Cæsar is dead, indeed, but we must not forget that his

spirit ranging for revenge,  
With Atë by his side come hot from hell,  
(iii. 1. 271, 272.)

has "let slip the dogs of war" against his butchers. The eloquent prophecy of Antony over his bleeding corpse is fulfilled.

The treatment of the living Cæsar by the poet, however, has been a puzzle to many of the critics. It is evident from the many allusions to the great Roman in the other plays, that his character and history had made a deep impression on Shakespeare. Craik, after quoting the references to Cæsar in *As You Like It*, *II. Henry IV.*, *Henry V.*, the three parts of *Henry VI.*, *Richard III.*, *Hamlet*, *Antony and Cleopatra*, and *Cymbeline*, remarks that these passages "will probably be thought to afford a considerably more comprehensive representation of the mighty Julius than the play which bears his name." "We have," he adds, "a distinct exhibition of little else beyond his vanity and arrogance, relieved and set off by his good-

nature or affability. . . . It might almost be suspected that the complete and full-length Cæsar had been carefully reserved for another drama." Hazlitt remarks that the hero of the play "makes several vapouring and rather pedantic speeches, and does nothing; indeed, he has nothing to do," Hudson says: "Cæsar is far from being himself in these scenes; hardly one of the speeches put into his mouth can be regarded as historically characteristic; taken all together they are little short of a downright caricature." He is in doubt whether to explain this by supposing that Cæsar was too great for the hero of a drama, "since his greatness, if brought forward in full measure, would leave no room for anything else," or whether it was not the poet's plan "to represent Cæsar, not as he was indeed, but as he must have appeared to the conspirators; to make us see him as they saw him; in order that they too might have fair and equal judgment at our hands." He is disposed to rest on the latter explanation, but to me it seems very clearly a wrong one. What the conspirators thought of Cæsar is evident enough from what they themselves say of him. It was not necessary to distort or belittle the character to make us see *how* they saw him; and to have done it to make us see him *as* they saw him would have been a gross injustice to the foremost man of all this world of which we cannot imagine Shakespeare guilty. As to its being necessary in order that we may do justice to the conspirators, if it leads us to justify their course in killing him, does it not make the fate that afterwards befalls them appear most undeserved? Does it not enlist our sympathies too exclusively on their side?

On the whole I am disposed to think that the poet meant to represent Cæsar as Plutarch represents him—as having become ambitious for kingly power, somewhat spoiled by victory, jealous and fearful of his enemies in the state, and superstitious withal, yet hiding his fears and misgivings under an arrogant and haughty demeanour. He is shown, moreover, by the dramatist at a critical point in his career, hesitating between his ambition for the crown (which we need not

suppose to have been of a merely selfish sort, for he may well have believed that asking he could do more for his country's good than in any other capacity) and his doubt whether the time had come for him to accept the crown. It may be a question whether even Cæsar could be truly himself just then; whether even he might not, at such a crisis in his fortunes, show something of the weakness of inferior natures.

It must be remembered, too, that, as Hazlitt has said, Cæsar *does* nothing in the play, *has* nothing to do, except to play the part of the victim in the assassination. So far as any opportunities of showing what he really *is* are concerned, he is at much the same disadvantage as "the man in the coffin" at a funeral—a very essential character in the performance, though in no sense an actor in it. If he is to impress us as verily "great Cæsar," it must be by what he says, not by what he does, and by what he says when there is no occasion for grand and heroic utterance. Under the circumstances a little boasting and bravado appear to be necessary to his being recognized as the Roman Dictator.

After all, there is not so very much of this boastful language put into the mouth of Cæsar; and, as Knight reminds us, some of it is evidently uttered to disguise his fear. When he says:

The gods do this in shame of cowardice;  
Cæsar should be a beast without a heart,  
If he should stay at home to-day for fear,  
(ii. 2. 41-43.)

he is speaking to the servant who has brought the message from the augurers. "Before *him* he could show no fear;" but, the moment the servant has gone (he is doubtless intended to leave the stage), he tells Calpurnia that "for her humour he will stay at home," proving plainly enough that he *does* fear. His reply afterwards to Decius beginning

Cowards die many times before their deaths,  
(ii. 2. 32.)

is directly suggested by Plutarch, who says that when his friends "did counsel him to have a guard for the safety of his person," he would not consent to it, "but said it was

better to die once than always to be afraid of death." His last speech—

I do know but one  
That unassailable holds on his rank,  
Unshak'd of motion; and that I am he,  
Let me a little show it. (iii. 1. 68-71.)

though boastful, is not unnatural in the connection, being drawn from him by the persistent importunities of the friends of Cæsar. The fact that Cæsar has so little to say has, I think, led the critics to exaggerate this characteristic of the speeches.

With regard to Brutus also the critics have had their doubts. Coleridge asks, "What character did Shakespeare mean his Brutus to be?" He is perplexed that Brutus, the stern Roman republican, should say that he would have no objection to a king, or to Cæsar as king, if he would only be as good a monarch as he now seems disposed to be; and also that, in view of all Cæsar had done—crossing the Rubicon, entering Rome as a conqueror, placing Gauls in the senate, &c.—he finds no personal cause to complain of him. He resolves to kill his friend and benefactor, not for what he has been or what he is, but for what he may become. He is no serpent, but a serpent's egg; therefore crush him in the shell.

It is curious that Coleridge should not have seen that by "personal cause," so distinctly opposed to "the general," Brutus refers to his private relations with Cæsar as a man and as a friend, not to public acts or those affecting the common weal. All those enumerated by Coleridge belong to the latter class.

That Brutus should be influenced by his speculations as to what Cæsar might become, is in thorough keeping with the character. Brutus is a scholar, a philosopher, and a patriot; but he is not a statesman. He is an idealist, and strangely wanting in practical wisdom. It is significant that Shakespeare represents him again and again with a book in his hand. He is a man of books rather than a man of the world. His theories are of the noblest, his intentions of the most patriotic and philanthropic, but they are visionary and impracticable. There are such men in every age—reformers who accomplish

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no reform, because their lofty dreams are incapable of being made realities in this workaday world. Such men are easily misled and made tools of by those more unscrupulous than themselves; as Brutus was by Cassius and the rest. They are often inconsistent in argument, as Brutus in the speech that puzzled Coleridge. They are influenced by one-sided views of an important question, deciding it hastily, without looking at it from all sides, as they ought, and as those who are less rash and impulsive see that they ought. So Brutus sends to Cassius for money to pay his legions, because he cannot raise money by vile means; but he knows how Cassius raises the money, and has no scruples about sharing in the fruits of the "indirection." He is thinking only of paying the soldiers, and does not see that he is an accomplice after the act in what he so sharply rebukes in Cassius. He is inconsistent here as in many other cases; but the inconsistency is perfectly consistent with the character.

Cassius is a worse man, but a better statesman, or rather politician. He is shrewd and fertile in expedients, but not overburdened with principle or conscience. He is tricky, and believes that the end justifies the means. He can write anonymous letters to Brutus, "in several hands, as if they came from several citizens," and can put placards in the same vein "on old Brutus' statue." He is none too honest himself, but he understands the value of a good name to "the cause," and therefore wishes to secure the endorsement of one whose "countenance, like richest alchemy, will change to virtue and to worthiness" what, he says, "would appear offence in us"—the less scrupulous politicians.

We must not, however, take Cassius to be worse than he really is. As a politician he is a believer in expediency—whatever is likely to secure the end in view is right; but as a man he has many admirable traits of character. If it were not so, Brutus could not love him as he does. He has a high sense of personal honour withal. He is indignant when Brutus tells him he has "an itching palm;" but he has just told Brutus that bribery is not to be judged severely when it is necessary

for political purposes. "At such a time as this it is not meet" to be overcritical of "every nice offence." There awoke the politician; in the other case, the man. We must not be too hard upon him. Sundry good friends of ours in public life are his modern counterparts.

Except in the great scene in the forum, where his speech to the people is perhaps the finest piece of oratory to be found in all Shakespeare—and entirely his own, be it noted, no hint of it being given by Plutarch—Antony plays no very striking part in the drama. We see him roused by a sudden ambition from his early career of dissipation, and taking a place in the Triumvirate; and it reminds us of Prince Hal's coming to himself, like the repentant prodigal, when he comes to the throne. But Antony is, morally at least, a slighter man than Henry. His reform lacks the sincerity and depth of the latter's, and he cannot hold the higher plane to which he has temporarily risen. His fall is to be depicted in a later and greater drama, of which he is the hero and not a subordinate actor as here.

Portia is one of the noblest of Shakespeare's women. As Mrs. Jameson has said, her character "is but a softened reflection of that of her husband Brutus: in him we see an excess of natural sensibility, an almost womanish tenderness of heart, repressed by the tenets of his austere philosophy: a stoic by profession, and in reality the reverse—acting deeds against his nature by the strong force of principle and will. In Portia there is the same profound and passionate feeling, and all her sex's softness and timidity held in check by that self-discipline, that stately dignity, which she thought became a woman 'so fathered and so husbanded.' The fact of her inflicting on herself a voluntary wound to try her own fortitude is perhaps the strongest proof of this disposition. Plutarch relates that on the day on which Cæsar was assassinated, Portia appeared overcome with terror, and even swooned away, but did not in her emotion utter a word which could affect the conspirators. Shakespeare has rendered this circumstance literally [in ii. 4. 1-20].

"There is another beautiful incident related by Plutarch which could not well be

## JULIUS CESAR.

dramatized. When Brutus and Portia parted for the last time in the island of Nisida, she restrained all expression of grief that she might not shake *his* fortitude; but afterwards, in passing through a chamber in which there hung a picture of Hector and Andromache, she stopped, gazed upon it for a time with a settled sorrow, and at length burst into a passion of tears."

No critic or commentator, I believe, has thought Calpurnia worthy of notice, but the reader may be reminded to compare carefully the scene between her and Caesar with that between Portia and Brutus. The difference in the two women is not more remarkable than that in their husbands' bearing and tone towards them. Portia with mingled pride and affection takes her stand upon her rights as a wife—"a woman that Lord Brutus took to wife"—and he feels the appeal as a man of his noble and tender nature must:

O ye gods,  
Render me worthy of this noble wife!

Calpurnia is a poor creature in comparison with this true daughter of Cato, as her first words to Caesar sufficiently prove:

What mean you, Caesar? Think you to walk forth?  
You *shall* not stir out of your house to-day.  
(ii. 2. 8, 9.)

When a wife takes that tone, we know what the reply will be: "*Cæsar shall* forth." Later, of course, she comes down to entreaty:

Do not go forth to-day. Call it my fear  
That keeps you in the house, and not your own.  
(ii. 2. 50, 51.)

And Caesar, with contemptuous acquiescence in the suggestion to let Antony say he is "not well to-day," yields to her weak importunities. When Decius comes in and urges Caesar to go, the story of her dream and her forebodings is told him with a sneer (can we imagine Brutus speaking of Portia in that manner?), and her husband, falling a victim to the shrewd flattery of Decius, departs to his death with a parting fling at her foolish fears, which

he is ashamed at having for the moment yielded to. Calpurnia was Caesar's fourth wife, and the marriage was one of convenience rather than of affection.

There are no portions of Roman history that seem so real to us as those which Shakespeare has made the subjects of his plays. History merely calls up the ghost of the dead past, and the impression it makes upon us is shadowy and unsubstantial; poetry makes it live again before our eyes, and we feel that we are looking upon men and women like ourselves, not their misty semblances. It might seem at first that the poet, by giving us fancies instead of facts, or fancies mingle! with facts, only distorts and confuses our conceptions of historical verities; but, if he be a true poet, he sees the past with a clearer vision than other men, and reproduces it more truthfully as well as more vividly. He sees it indeed with the eye of imagination, not as it actually was; but there are truths of the imagination no less than of the senses and the reason. Two descriptions may be alike imaginative, but one may be true and the other false. The one, though not a statement of facts, is consistent with the facts and impresses us as the reality would impress us; the other is neither true nor in keeping with the truth, and can only deceive and mislead us. Ben Jonson wrote Roman plays which, in minute attention to the details of the manners and customs of the time, are far more scholarly and accurate than Shakespeare's. He accompanies them with hundreds of notes giving classical quotations to illustrate the action and the language, and showing how painstaking he has been in this respect. The work evinces genuine poetic power as well as laborious research, and yet the effect is far inferior to that of Shakespeare's less pedantic treatment of Roman subjects. The latter knows much less of classical history and antiquities, but has a deeper insight into human nature, which is the same in all ages. Jonson has given us skilfully-modelled and admirably-sculptured statues, but Shakespeare living men and women.





*Flav. Hence! home, you idle creatures.—(Act I. 1. 1.)*

## JULIUS CÆSAR.

### ACT I.

#### SCENE I. *Rome. A street.*

*Enter FLAVIUS, MARULLUS, meeting a rabble of Citizens.*

*Flav.* Hence! home, you idle creatures, get you home.

Is this a holiday? What! know you not, Being mechanical,<sup>1</sup> you ought not walk Upon a labouring day without the sign Of your profession?—Speak, what trade art thou?

*First Cit.* Why, sir, a carpenter.

*Mar.* Where is thy leather apron, and thy rule?

What dost thou with thy best apparel on?—You, sir; what trade are you?

*Sec. Cit.* Truly, sir, in respect of a fine workman, I am but, as you would say, a cobbler. 11

*Mar.* But what trade art thou? Answer me directly.

*Sec. Cit.* A trade, sir, that I hope I may use with a safe conscience; which is, indeed, sir, a mender of bad soles.

*Mar.* What trade, thou knave? thou naughty knave, what trade?

*Sec. Cit.* Nay, I beseech you, sir, be not out with me; yet if you be out, sir, I can mend you.

*Mar.* What mean'st thou by that? Mend me, thou saucy fellow! 21

*Sec. Cit.* Why, sir, cobble you.

*Flav.* Thou art a cobbler, art thou?

*Sec. Cit.* Truly, sir, all that I live by is with the awl.<sup>2</sup> I meddle with no tradesman's matters, nor women's matters, but with all. I am, indeed, sir, a surgeon to old shoes; when they are in great danger, I recover<sup>3</sup> them. As proper<sup>4</sup> men as ever trod upon neat's leather have gone upon my handiwork. 30

*Flav.* But wherefore art not in thy shop to-day?

Why dost thou lead these men about the streets?

*Sec. Cit.* Truly, sir, to wear out their shoes, to get myself into more work. But, indeed, sir,

<sup>2</sup> *Awl*, an obvious pun on *awl* and *all*.

<sup>3</sup> *Recover*, a quibble on *re-cover*.

<sup>4</sup> *Proper*, handsome, well-made.



we make holiday to see Cæsar, and to rejoice in his triumph.

*Mar.* Wherefore rejoice! What conquest brings he home?

What tributaries follow him to Rome,  
To grace in captive bonds his chariot wheels?  
You blocks, you stones, you worse than senseless things! 40

O, you hard hearts, you cruel men of Rome,  
Knew you not Pompey? Many a time and oft  
Have you climb'd up to walls and battlements,  
To towers and windows, yea, to chimney-tops,  
Your infants in your arms, and there have sat  
The livelong day, with patient expectation,  
To see great Pompey pass the streets of Rome;  
And, when you saw his chariot but appear,  
Have you not made an universal shout,  
That<sup>1</sup> Tiber trembled underneath her banks,  
To hear the replication of your sounds 51  
Made in her concave shores?

And do you now put on your best attire?  
And do you now cull out a holiday?  
And do you now strew flowers in his way  
That comes in triumph over Pompey's blood?  
Be gone!

Run to your houses, fall upon your knees,  
Pray to the gods to intermit the plague  
That needs must light on this ingratitude. 60

*Flav.* Go, go, good countrymen, and, for this fault.

Assemble all the poor men of your sort;  
Draw them to Tiber banks, and weep your tears

Into the channel, till the lowest stream  
Do kiss the most exalted shores of all. -

[*Exeunt Citizens with a doleful air.*]

See whether their basest metal be not mov'd!  
They vanish tongue-tied in their guiltiness.  
Go you down that way towards the Capitol;  
This way will I. Disrobe the images,  
If you do find them deck'd with ceremonies.<sup>2</sup>

*Mar.* May we do so? 71  
You know it is the feast of Lupercal.

*Flav.* It is no matter; let no images  
Be hung with Cæsar's trophies. I'll about,  
And drive away the vulgar from the streets;  
So do you too, where you perceive them thick.

These growing feathers pluck'd from Cæsar's wing

Will make him fly an ordinary pitch;<sup>3</sup>  
Who else would soar above the view of men,  
And keep us all in servile fearfulness. 80

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *A public place.*

*An Altar with fire on it, by which the Soothsayer is standing; on either side a mob of citizens.*

*Enter, in procession with music, CÆSAR; ANTONY, for the course; CALPURNIA, PORTIA, DECIVS, CICERO, BRUTUS, CASSIUS, and CASCA, Priests, Senators, Standard-bearers, Lictors, Guards, &c.*

*Cæs.* Calpurnia!

*Casca.* Peace, ho! Cæsar speaks.

[*Music ceases.*]

*Cæs.* Calpurnia!

*Cal.* Here, my lord.

*Cæs.* Stand you directly in Antonius' way,  
When he doth run his course.—Antonius—

*Ant.* Cæsar, my lord!

*Cæs.* Forget not, in your speed, Antonius,  
To touch Calpurnia; for our elders say,  
The barren, touch'd in this holy chase,  
Shake off their sterile curse.

*Ant.* I shall remember;  
When Cæsar says "Do this," it is perform'd.

*Cæs.* Set on, and leave no ceremony out.

[*Music.*]

*Sooth.* Cæsar! 12

*Cæs.* Ha! who calls?

*Casca.* Bid every noise be still.—Peace yet again! [*Music ceases; the crowd opens and discovers Soothsayer.*]

*Cæs.* Who is it in the press<sup>4</sup> that calls on me?

I hear a tongue, shriller than all the music,  
Cry, "Cæsar." Speak; Cæsar is turn'd to hear.

*Sooth.* Beware the ides of March.

*Cæs.* What man is that?

*Brut.* A soothsayer bids you beware the ides of March. 19

*Cæs.* Set him before me; let me see his face.

*Cass.* Fellow, come from the throng; look upon Cæsar. [*The Soothsayer advances.*]

<sup>1</sup> That - so that.

<sup>2</sup> Ceremonies, trophies, honorary ornaments.

<sup>3</sup> Pitch, the height to which a falcon soars; a technical term.

<sup>4</sup> Press, crowd.

*Cass.* What say'st thou to me now? Speak  
once again.

*Sooth.* Beware the ides of March.

*Cass.* He is a dreamer; let us leave him:

[*Exit Soothsayer, Antony, and the rest.*—  
pass. [*Senect.*<sup>1</sup> *Exeunt all but Brutus  
and Cassius in procession.*

*Cass.* Will go see the order of the course?

*Bru.* Not .

*Cass.* I pray you, do.

*Bru.* I am not gamesome; I do lack some  
part

Of that quick spirit that is in Antony.

Let me not hinder, Cassius, your desires; 30  
I'll leave you. [*Going—Cassius stops him.*

*Cass.* Brutus, I do observe you now of late;  
I have not from your eyes that gentleness  
And show of love as I was wont to have;  
You bear too stubborn and too strange a hand  
Over your friend that loves you.

*Bru.* Cassius,  
Be not deceiv'd; if I have veil'd my look,  
I turn the trouble of my countenance  
Merely<sup>2</sup> upon myself. Vexed I am  
Of late with passions of some difference,<sup>3</sup> 40  
Conceptions only proper to myself,  
Which give some soil, perhaps, to my be-  
haviours;

But let not therefore my good friends be  
griev'd,—

Among which number, Cassius, be you one,—  
Nor construe any further my neglect,  
Than that poor Brutus, with himself at war,  
Forgets the shows of love to other men.

*Cass.* Then, Brutus, I have much mistook  
your passion;

By means whereof this breast of mine hath  
huried 49

Thoughts of great value, worthy cogitations.  
Tell me, good Brutus, can you see your face?

*Bru.* No, Cassius; for the eye sees not itself,  
But by reflection by some other things.

*Cass.* 'T is just;  
And it is very much lamented, Brutus,  
That you have no such mirrors as will turn  
Your hidden worthiness into your eye,  
That you might see your shadow. I have heard,

<sup>1</sup> *Senect*, a kind of flourish on the trumpet.

*Merely*, altogether, entirely.

*Passions of some difference*, conflicting emotions.

Where many of the best respect<sup>4</sup> in Rome,—  
Except immortal Caesar,—speaking of Brutus,  
And groaning underneath this age's yoke, 61  
Have wish'd that noble Brutus had his eyes.

*Bru.* Into what dangers would you lead me,  
Cassius,

That you would have me seek into myself  
For that which is not in me?

*Cass.* Therefore, good Brutus, be prepar'd  
to hear;

And, since you know you cannot see yourself  
So well as by reflection, I, your glass,  
Will modestly discover to yourself 69  
That of yourself which you yet know not of.  
And be not jealous on<sup>5</sup> me, gentle Brutus:

Were I a common laughèr, or did use  
To stale<sup>6</sup> with ordinary baths my love  
To every new protester; if you know  
That I do fawn on men, and hug them hard,  
And after scandal<sup>7</sup> them; or if you know  
That I profess myself in banqueting  
To all the rout, then hold me dangerous.

[*Flourish and shout.*

*Bru.* What means this shouting? I do fear,  
the people

Choose Caesar for their king.

*Cass.* Ay, do you fear it?  
Then must I think you would not have it so.

*Bru.* I would not, Cassius; yet I love him  
well.— 82

But wherefore do you hold me here so long?  
What is it that you would impart to me?

If it be aught toward the general good,  
Set honour in one eye, and death i' the other,  
And I will look on both indifferently;  
For let the gods so speed<sup>8</sup> me as I love  
The name of honour more than I fear death.

*Cass.* I know that virtue to be in you, Brutus,  
As well as I do know your outward favour.<sup>9</sup>  
Well, honour is the subject of my story.— 92  
I cannot tell what you and other men  
Think of this life; but, for my single self,  
I had as lief not be as live to be  
In awe of such a thing as I myself.

<sup>4</sup> *Of the best respect*, i.e. best worthy of respect.

<sup>5</sup> *Jealous on*, suspicious or distrustful of.

<sup>6</sup> *Stale*, make stale, or common.

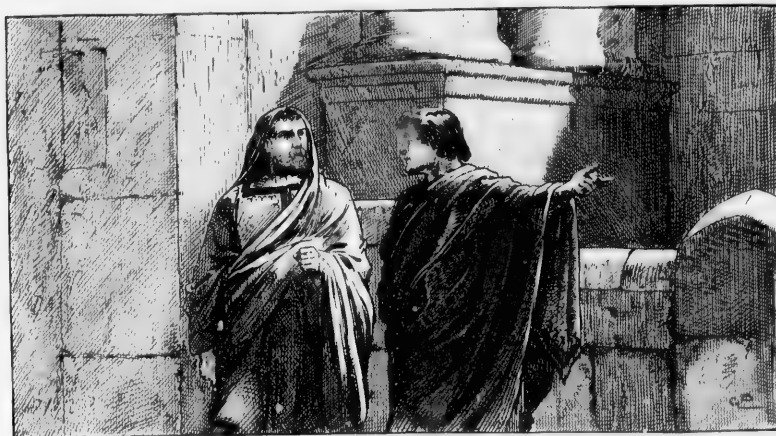
<sup>7</sup> *Scandal*, defame, slander.

<sup>8</sup> *Speed*, favour, prosper.

<sup>9</sup> *Favour*, face, personal appearance.

I was born free as Cæsar; so were you; 97  
We both have fed as well; and we can both  
Endure the winter's cold as well as he:  
For once, upon a raw and gusty day,  
The troubled Tiber chating with her shores,  
Cæsar said to me, "Dar'st thou, Cassius, now  
Leap in with me into this angry flood,  
And swim to yonder point?" Upon the word,

Accounted as I was, I plunged in,  
And bade him follow; so, indeed, he did.  
The torrent roar'd; and we did buffet it  
With lusty sinews, throwing it aside, 108  
And stemming it with hearts of controversy;  
But ere we could arrive the point propos'd,  
Cæsar cried, "Help me, Cassius, or I sink!"  
I, as Æneas, our great ancestor,



Cass. Why, man, he doth bestride the narrow world  
Like a Colossus.—(Act i. 2. 135, 136.)

Did from the flames of Troy upon his shoulder  
The old Anchises bear, so from the waves of  
Tiber

Did I the tired Cæsar;—and this man  
Is now become a god; and Cassius is  
A wretched creature, and must bend his body  
If Cæsar carelessly but nod on him.  
He had a fever when he was in Spain,  
And when the fit was on him I did mark 120  
How he did shake: 'tis true, this god did  
shake;

His coward lips did from their colour fly;  
And that same eye whose bend<sup>1</sup> doth awe the  
world

Did lose his<sup>2</sup> lustre: I did hear him groan;  
Ay, and that tongue of his, that bade the  
Romans

Mark him and write his speeches in their  
books,

Alas! it cried, "Give me some drink, Titinius,"  
As a sick girl. Ye gods, it doth amaze me,  
A man of such a feeble temper should  
So get the start of the majestic world, 130  
And bear the palm alone. [*Shout. Flourish.*]

*Bru.* Another general shout!  
I do believe that these applauses are  
For some new honours that are heap'd on  
Cæsar.

*Cass.* Why, man, he doth bestride the narrow  
world

Like a Colossus; and we petty men  
Walk under his huge legs and peep about  
To find ourselves dishonourable graves.  
Men at some time are masters of their fates;  
The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,  
But in ourselves, that we are underlings. 141

<sup>1</sup> Bend, look.

<sup>2</sup> His, its.

did.  
et it  
108  
trovcrsy:  
ropos'd,  
I sink!"



s in their  
Titinius,"  
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Flourish.

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about  
aves.  
their fates;  
ar stars,  
rlings, 141

Brutus and Cæsar: what should be in that  
Cæsar? 142

Why should that name be sounded more than  
yours?

Write them together, yours is as fair a name;  
Sound them, it doth become the mouth as well;  
Weigh them, it is as heavy; conjure with 'em,  
Brutus will start a spirit as soon as Cæsar.

[*Shou.*

Now, in the names of all the gods at once,  
Upon what meat doth this our Cæsar feed,  
That he is grown so great? Age, thou art  
sham'd! 150

Rome, thou hast lost the breed of noble bloods!  
When went there by an age, since the great  
flood,<sup>1</sup>

But it was fam'd with more than with one  
man?

When could they say till now that talk'd of  
Rome

That her wide walls encompass'd but one  
man?

Now is it Rome indeed, and room enough,  
When there is in it but one only man.

O, you and I have heard our fathers say,  
There was a Brutus<sup>2</sup> once that would have  
brook'd 150

The eternal devil to keep his state in Rome  
As easily as a king!

*Bru.* That you do love me, I am nothing  
jealous;

What you would work me to, I have some aim;<sup>3</sup>  
How I have thought of this, and of these  
times,

I shall recount hereafter; [*Cassius is going to  
speak; checking him*] for this present,

I would not, so with love I might entreat you,  
Be any further mov'd. What you have said,  
I will consider; what you have to say,  
I will with patience hear; and find a time 100  
Both meet to hear and answer such high things.

[*Shouts heard nearer.*

[Till then, my noble friend, chew upon this:  
Brutus had rather be a villager  
Than to repute himself a son of Rome  
Under these hard conditions as<sup>4</sup> this time  
Is like to lay upon us.

<sup>1</sup> Flood, the deluge of Deucalion.

<sup>2</sup> Brutus, Lucius Junius Brutus, who expelled the  
Tarquins.

<sup>3</sup> Aim, conjecture.

<sup>4</sup> As=such as.

*Cass.*

I am glad 175

That my weak words have struck but thus  
much show

Of fire from Brutus.

[*Music.*

*Bru.*] The games are done, and Cæsar is  
returning.

*Cass.* As they pass by, pluck Casca by the  
sleeve; 170

And he will, after his sour fashion, tell you  
What hath proceeded worthy note to-day.

*Bru.* I will do so.—But, look you, Cassius,  
The angry spot doth glow on Cæsar's brow,  
And all the rest look like a chidden train;

[Calpurnia's cheek is pale, and Cicero  
Looks with such ferret and such fiery eyes  
As we have seen him in the Capitol,

Being cross'd in conference<sup>5</sup> by some senators.]

*Cass.* Casca will tell us what the matter is.

[*Music. Re-enter Cæsar, Antony, and  
the rest as before in procession.*

*Cæs.* Antonius! 190  
*Ant.* Cæsar?

*Cæs.* Let me have men about me that are fat,  
Sleek-headed men, and such as sleep o' nights:  
Yond Cassius has a lean and hungry look;  
He thinks too much: such men are dangerous.

*Ant.* Fear him not, Cæsar; he's not dan-  
gerous.

He is a noble Roman and well given.<sup>6</sup>

*Cæs.* Would he were fatter!—but I fear  
him not:

Yet if my name were liable to fear,  
I do not know the man I should avoid 200  
So soon as that spare Cassius. He reads  
much;

He is a great observer, and he looks  
Quite through the deeds of men: he loves no  
plays,

As thou dost, Antony; he hears no music:  
Seldom he smiles; and smiles in such a sort,  
As if he mock'd himself, and scorn'd his  
spirit

That could be mov'd to smile at any thing.  
Such men as he be never at heart's ease  
Whiles they behold a greater than themselves;  
And therefore are they very dangerous. 210  
I rather tell thee what is to be fear'd  
Than what I fear,—for always I am Cæsar.

<sup>5</sup> Conference, debate.

<sup>6</sup> Given, disposed.

Come on my right hand, for this ear is deaf,  
And tell me truly what thou think'st of him.

[*Antony goes to Caesar's side; Brutus crosses to Casca as he is going, and pulls his cloak. Music. Exeunt all in procession, except Casca, Brutus, and Cassius.*]

*Casca.* You pull'd me by the cloak; would you speak with me?

*Bru.* Ay, Casca; tell us what hath chanc'd to-day,

That Cæsar looks so sad.

*Casca.* Why, you were with him, were you not?

*Bru.* I should not then ask Casca what had chanc'd. 219

*Casca.* Why, there was a crown offer'd him; and, being offer'd him, he put it by with the back of his hand, thus; and then the people fell a-shouting.

*Bru.* What was the second noise for?

*Casca.* Why, for that too.

*Cass.* They shouted thrice; what was the last cry for?

*Casca.* Why, for that too.

*Bru.* Was the crown offer'd him thrice?

*Casca.* Ay, marry, was't, and he put it by thrice, every time gentler than other; and at every putting-by mine honest neighbours shouted.

*Cass.* Who offer'd him the crown?

*Casca.* Why, Antony.

*Bru.* Tell us the manner of it, gentle Casca.

*Casca.* I can as well be hang'd as tell the manner of it; it was mere foolery, I did not mark it. I saw Mark Antony offer him a crown;—yet 't was not a crown neither, 't was one of these coronets;—and, as I told you, he put it by once; but, for all that, to my thinking, he would fain have had it. Then he offer'd it to him again; then he put it by again; but, to my thinking, he was very loath to lay his fingers off it. And then he offer'd it the third time; he put it the third time by; and still as he refus'd it, the rabblement shouted, and clapp'd their chop'd hands, and threw up their sweaty nightcaps, and utter'd such a deal of stinking breath because Cæsar refus'd the crown, that it had almost chok'd Cæsar; for he swooned, and fell down at it.

And, for mine own part, I durst not laugh, for fear of opening my lips and receiving the bad air.

*Cass.* But, soft, I pray you: what, did Cæsar swoon?

*Casca.* He fell down in the market-place, and foam'd at mouth, and was speechless.

*Bru.* 'T is very like;—he hath the falling-sickness.<sup>1</sup>

*Cass.* No, Cæsar hath it not; but you and I, And honest Casca, we have the falling sickness.

*Casca.* I know not what you mean by that; but I am sure Cæsar fell down. If the tag-rag people did not clap him and hiss him, according as he pleas'd and displeas'd them, as they use to do the players in the theatre, I am no true<sup>2</sup> man.

*Bru.* What said he when he came unto himself?

*Casca.* Marry, before he fell down, when he perceiv'd the common herd was glad he refused the crown, he pluck'd me ope his doublet and offer'd them his throat to cut:—an I had been a man of any occupation,<sup>3</sup> if I would not have taken him at a word, I would I might go to hell among the rogues;—and so he fell. When he came to himself again, he said, If he had done or said any thing amiss, he desir'd their worships to think it was his infirmity. Three or four wenches, where I stood, cried, "Alas, good soul!"—and forgave him with all their hearts;—but there's no heed to be taken of them; if Cæsar had stabb'd their mothers, they would have done no less.

*Bru.* And after that, he came, thus sad, away?

*Casca.* Ay. 280

*Cass.* Did Cicero say any thing?

*Casca.* Ay, he spoke Greek.

*Cass.* To what effect?

*Casca.* Nay, an I tell you that, I'll ne'er look you i' the face again:—but those that understood him smiled at one another and shook their heads; but, for mine own part, it was Greek to me. [I could tell you more news too: Marullus and Flavius, for pulling scarfs off Cæsar's images, are put to silence.] Fare

<sup>1</sup> Falling-sickness, epilepsy.

<sup>2</sup> True, honest.

<sup>3</sup> Of any occupation, a mechanic, like the plebeians about him.

you well. There was more foolery yet, if I  
could remember it. 291

*Cass.* Will you sup with me to-night, Casca?

*Casca.* No, I am promis'd forth.<sup>1</sup>

*Cass.* Will you dine with me to-morrow?

*Casca.* Ay, if I be alive, and your mind hold,  
and your dinner worth the eating.

*Cass.* Good; I will expect you.

*Casca.* Do so. Farewell both. [*Exit Casca.*]

*Brut.* What a blunt fellow is this grown to  
be!

He was quick mettle<sup>2</sup> when he went to  
school. 300

*Cass.* So is he now, in execution<sup>3</sup>

Of any bold or noble enterprise,

However he puts on this tardy form.

This rudeness is a sauce to his good wit,

Which gives men stomach to digest his words  
With better appetite.

*Brut.* And so it is. For this time I will  
leave you:

To-morrow if you please to speak with me,  
I will come home to you; or, if you will, 309  
Come home to me, and I will wait for you.

*Cass.* I will do so:—till then, think of the  
world.— [*Exit Brutus.*]

Well, Brutus, thou art noble; yet, I see,

Thy honourable metal may be wrought

From that<sup>4</sup> it is dispos'd: therefore it is meet

That noble minds keep ever with their likes;

For who so firm that cannot be seduc'd?

Cæsar doth bear me hard,<sup>5</sup> but he loves

Brutus;

If I were Brutus now, and he were Cassius,

He should not humour me. I will this night,

In several hands,<sup>6</sup> in at his windows throw,

As if they came from several citizens, 321

Writings, all tending to the great opinion

That Rome holds of his name; wherein ob-  
scurely

Cæsar's ambition shall be glanced at;

And after this let Cæsar seat him sure;

For we will shake him, or worse days endure.

[*Exit.*]

<sup>1</sup> I am promised forth, i.e. I have promised to go out  
to supper.

<sup>2</sup> Quick mettle, of a lively spirit.

<sup>3</sup> Execution, metrically five syllables.

<sup>4</sup> From that, from that to which.

<sup>5</sup> Both bear me hard, has a grudge against me.

<sup>6</sup> Hands, handwritings.

### SCENE III. A street.

*Thunder and lightning. Enter, from opposite  
sides, CASCA, with his sword drawn, and  
CICERO.*

[*Cic.* Good even, Casca; brought<sup>7</sup> you Cæsar  
home?

Why are you breathless? and why stare you so?

*Casca.* Are not you mov'd, when all the  
sway<sup>8</sup> of earth

Shakes like a thing infirm? O Cicero,

I have seen tempests, when the scolding winds

Have riv'd the knotty oaks; and I have seen

The ambitious ocean swell and rage and foam,

To be exalted with the threatening clouds:

But never till to-night, never till now,

Did I go through a tempest dropping fire. 10

Either there is a civil strife in heaven,

Or else the world, too saucy with the gods,

Incenses them to send destruction.

*Cic.* Why, saw you any thing more wonderful?

*Casca.* A common slave—you know him  
well by sight—

Held up his left hand, which did flame and burn

Like twenty torches join'd; and yet his hand,

Not sensible of fire, remain'd unscorch'd.

Besides,—I have not since put up my sword,—

Against<sup>9</sup> the Capitol I met a lion, 20

Who glar'd upon me, and went surly by

Without annoying me; and there were drawn

Upon a heap<sup>10</sup> a hundred ghastly women

Transformed with their fear; who swore they

saw

Men, all in fire, walk up and down the streets.

And yesterday the bird of night did sit

Even at noonday upon the market-place,

Hooting and shrieking. When these prodigies

Do so conjointly meet, let not men say,

"These<sup>11</sup> are their reasons,—they are natural;"

For, I believe, they are portentous things 31

Unto the climate<sup>12</sup> that they point upon.

*Cic.* Indeed, it is a strange-disposed time;

But men may construe things after their  
fashion,<sup>13</sup>

<sup>7</sup> Brought, escorted.

<sup>8</sup> Sway, balance, equilibrium.

<sup>9</sup> Against, opposite.

<sup>10</sup> Drawn upon a heap, crowded close together.

<sup>11</sup> These, such and such.

<sup>12</sup> Climate, country.

<sup>13</sup> After their fashion, in their own way.

Clean from<sup>1</sup> the purpose of the things themselves. 35

Comes Cæsar to the Capitol to-morrow?

*Cæsa.* He doth; for he did bid Antonius Send word to you he would be there to-morrow.



*Cæsa.* Cassius, what night is this!—(Act i. 3. 42.)

*Cic.* Good night, then, Cæsa; this disturbed sky 39

Is not to walk in.

*Cæsa.* Farewell, Cicero.

[*Exit Cicero.*]

Enter CASSIUS.

*Cass.* Who's there?

*Cæsa.* A Roman.

*Cass.* Cæsa, by your voice.

*Cæsa.* Your ear is good. [*Thunder and lightning.*] Cassius, what night<sup>2</sup> is this!

*Cass.* A very pleasing night to honest men.

*Cæsa.* Who ever knew the heavens menace so!

*Cass.* Those that have known the earth so full of faults.

For my part, I have walk'd about the streets, Submitting me unto the perilous night;

And thus unbraced,<sup>3</sup> Cæsa, as you see,

Have bar'd my bosom to the thunder-stone;<sup>4</sup>

And when the cross<sup>5</sup> blue lightning seem'd to open 50

The breast of heaven, I did present myself Even in the aim and very flash of it.

*Cæsa.* But wherefore did you so much tempt the heavens?

It is the part of men to fear and tremble When the most mighty gods, by tokens, send Such dreadful heralds to astonish us.

*Cass.* You are dull, Cæsa, and those sparks of life

That should be in a Roman you do want,

Or else you use not. You look pale, and gaze,

And put on fear, and ease yourself in wonder,

To see the strange impatience of the heavens;

But if you would consider the true cause 62

Why all these fires, why all these gliding ghosts,

Why birds, and beasts from quality and kind;<sup>6</sup>

Why old men fool,<sup>7</sup> and children calculate;

Why all these things change from their ordinance,<sup>8</sup>

Their natures and pre-formed faculties, To monstrous quality,—why, you shall find

That heaven hath infus'd them with these spirits, 60

To make them instruments of fear and warning Unto some monstrous state.

Now could I, Cæsa, name to thee a man

Most like this dreadful night,

That thunders, lightens, opens graves, and roars

<sup>2</sup> What night, what a night.

<sup>3</sup> Unbraced, ungirt; explained by the next line.

<sup>4</sup> Thunder-stone, thunderbolt. <sup>5</sup> Cross, zigzag.

<sup>6</sup> From quality and kind, i.e. deviate from or change their natures. <sup>7</sup> Fool, become fools.

<sup>8</sup> Their ordinance, what they were ordained to be.

<sup>1</sup> Clean from, quite away from, or contrary to.



As doth the lion in the Capitol,—

A man no mightier than thyself or me  
In personal action; yet prodigious<sup>1</sup> grown,  
And fearful, as these strange eruptions are.

*Cassius.* 'Tis Cæsar that you mean; is it not,  
Cassius?

*Cass.* Let it be who it is: for Romans now  
Have thews and limbs like to their ancestors,  
But, woe the while!<sup>2</sup> our fathers' minds are  
dead, 82

And we are govern'd with our mothers' spirits;  
Our yoke and sufferance show us womanish.

*Cass.* Indeed, they say, the senators to-morrow

Mean to establish Cæsar as a king;  
And he shall wear his crown by sea and land,  
In every place, save here in Italy.

*Cass.* I know where I will wear this dagger,  
then;

Cassius from bondage will deliver Cassius. 90  
Therein, ye gods, you make the weak most  
strong;

Therein, ye gods, you tyrants do defeat.  
Nor stony tower, nor walls of beaten brass,  
Nor airless dungeon, nor strong links of iron,  
Can be retentive to the strength of spirit;  
But life, being weary of these worldly bars,  
Never lacks power to dismiss itself.  
If I know this, know all the world besides,  
That part of tyranny that I do bear  
I can shake off at pleasure. [Thunder.

*Cass.* So can I; 100

So every bondman in his own hand bears  
The power to cancel his captivity.

*Cass.* And why should Cæsar be a tyrant,  
then?

Poor man! I know he would not be a wolf,  
But that he sees the Romans are but sheep;  
He were no lion, were not Romans hinds.  
Those that with haste will make a mighty fire  
Begin it with weak straws: what trash is Rome,  
What rubbish, and what offal, when it serves  
For the base matter to illuminate 110  
So vile a thing as Cæsar! But, O grief,  
Where hast thou led me? I perhaps speak this  
Before a willing bondman; then I know  
My answer must be made; but I am arm'd,

And dangers are to me indifferent. 115

*Cass.* You speak to Cassa; and to such a man  
That is no fleeing<sup>3</sup> tell-tale. Hold, my hand;<sup>4</sup>  
Be factious<sup>5</sup> for redress of all these griefs;<sup>6</sup>  
And I will set this foot of mine as far  
As who goes farthest.

*Cass.* There's a bargain made.  
[Grasping Cassa's hand.]

Now know you, Cassa, I have mov'd already  
Some certain of the noblest-minded Romans  
To undergo with me an enterprise  
Of honourable-dangerous consequence;  
And I do know, by this, they stay for me  
In Pompey's porch: [Thunder and lightning]  
for now, this fearful night,

There is no stir or walking in the streets,  
And the complexion of the element<sup>7</sup>  
In favour's<sup>8</sup> like the work we have in hand,  
Most bloody, fiery, and most terrible. 120

*Cass.* Stand close awhile, for here comes  
one in haste.

*Cass.* 'Tis Cinna; I do know him by his gait:  
He is a friend.—[Enter CINNA.] Cinna, where  
haste you so?

*Cinna.* To find out you. Who's that?  
Metellus Cimber?

*Cass.* No, it is Cassa; one incorporate  
To our attempt. Am I not stay'd for, Cinna?  
*Cinna.* I am glad on't.<sup>9</sup> [Thunder.] What  
a fearful night is this!

There's two or three of us have seen strange  
sights.

*Cass.* Am I not stay'd for? Tell me.

*Cinna.* Yes, you are.—  
O Cassius, if you could 140  
But win the noble Brutus to our party—

*Cass.* Be you content:—good Cinna, take  
this paper,

And look you lay it in the pretor's chair,  
Where Brutus may but find it; and throw this  
In at his window; set this up with wax  
Upon old Brutus' statue: all this done,  
Repair to Pompey's porch, where you shall  
find us.

Is Decius Brutus and Trebonius there?

<sup>3</sup> Fleering, sneering.

<sup>4</sup> Hold, my hand, Here, take my hand.

<sup>5</sup> Factious, active.

<sup>6</sup> Griefs, grievances.

<sup>7</sup> Element, sky.

<sup>8</sup> Favour, aspect, appearance.

<sup>9</sup> On't, of it; i.e. that he has joined us.

<sup>1</sup> Prodigious, portentous.

<sup>2</sup> Woe the while! alas for the times!



*Cinna.* All but Metellus Cimber; and he's gone<sup>140</sup>  
To seek you at your house. Well, I will hie,<sup>1</sup>  
And so bestow these papers as you bade me.  
*Cass.* That done, repair to Pompey's theatre.  
[*Exit Cinna.*]  
Come, Casca, you and I will yet ere day  
See Brutus at his house; three parts of him  
Is ours already, and the man entire,  
Upon the next encounter, yields him ours.

*Casca.* O, he sits high in all the people's hearts;  
And that which would appear offence in us  
His countenance, like richest alchemy,  
Will change to virtue and to worthiness.<sup>160</sup>  
*Cass.* Him and his worth and our great  
need of him  
You have right well conceited.<sup>2</sup> Let us go,  
For it is after midnight; and ere day  
We will awake him and besure of him. [*Exeunt.*]

## ACT II.

SCENE I. *Rome. Brutus's garden. Thunder and lightning.*

*Enter BRUTUS.*

*Bru.* What, Lucius! ho!—  
I cannot, by the progress of the stars,  
(Give guess how near to day.—Lucius, I say!—  
I would it were my fault to sleep so soundly.—  
When,<sup>3</sup> Lucius, when? awake, I say! What,  
Lucius!

*Enter LUCIUS.*

*Luc.* Call'd you, my lord?  
*Bru.* Get me a taper in my study, Lucius;  
When it is lighted, come and call me here.  
*Luc.* I will, my lord. [*Exit. Lightning.*]  
*Bru.* It must be by his death; and, for my  
part,<sup>10</sup>  
I know no personal cause to spurn at<sup>4</sup> him,  
But for the general.<sup>5</sup> He would be crown'd;—  
How that might change his nature, there's  
the question:  
It is the bright day that brings forth the adder,  
And that craves wary walking. Crown him?  
—that;<sup>6</sup>—

And then, I grant, we put a sting in him,  
That at his will he may do danger with.  
The abuse of greatness is when it disjoins  
Remorse<sup>7</sup> from power; and, to speak truth of  
Cæsar,

I have not known when his affections sway'd  
More than his reason. But 't is a common  
proof<sup>8</sup>  
That lowliness is young ambition's ladder,  
Whereto the climber-upward turns his face;  
But when he once attains the upmost round  
He then unto the ladder turns his back,  
Looks in the clouds, scorning the base degrees<sup>9</sup>  
By which he did ascend: so Cæsar may.  
Then, lest he may, prevent. And, since the  
quarrel  
Will bear no colour for the thing he is,<sup>20</sup>  
Fashion it thus: that what he is, augmented,  
Would run to these and these extremities;  
And therefore think him as a serpent's egg,  
Which hatch'd would, as his kind,<sup>10</sup> grow mis-  
chievous,  
And kill him in the shell.

*Enter LUCIUS.*

*Luc.* The taper burneth in your closet, sir.  
Searching the window for a flint, I found  
This paper thus seal'd up; and I am sure  
It did not lie there when I went to bed.

[*Gives him a letter.*]

*Bru.* Get you to bed again; it is not day.  
Is not to-morrow, boy, the ides of March?

*Luc.* I know not, sir.<sup>41</sup>

*Bru.* Look in the calendar, and bring me  
word.

*Luc.* I will, sir. [*Lightning. Exit.*]

*Bru.* The exhalations,<sup>11</sup> whizzing in the air,

<sup>1</sup> *Hie*, hasten.

<sup>2</sup> *Conceited*, conceived, judged.

<sup>3</sup> *When?* an exclamation of impatience.

<sup>4</sup> *Spurn at*, strike at, attack.

<sup>5</sup> *The general*, the people, the community.

<sup>6</sup> *That*, be that so, suppose that done.

<sup>7</sup> *Remorse*, mercy, or pity.

<sup>8</sup> *Proof*, experience.

<sup>9</sup> *Base degrees*, lower steps.

<sup>10</sup> *As his kind*, like the rest of his species.

<sup>11</sup> *Exhalations*, meteors.

Give so much light that I may read by them.

*[Opens the letter, holds it up, and reads.]*

"Brutus, thou sleep'st; awake, and see thyself.

Shall Rome, etc. Speak, strike, redress!"

"Brutus, thou sleep'st; awake!"

Such instigations have been often dropp'd

When I have took them up.

"Sh. 't Rome, etc." Thus must I piece it out:

Shall Rome stand under one man's awe?

What! Rome?

My ancestors did from the streets of Rome

The Tarquin drive, when he was call'd a king.

"Speak, strike, redress!"—Am I entreated

To speak and strike? O Rome, I make thee

promise,

If the redress will follow, thou receivest

Thy full petition at the hand of Brutus!

*Enter LUCIUS.*

*Luc.* Sir, March is wasted fifteen days.

*[Knocking within.]*

*Bru.* 'Tis good. Go to the gate; somebody

knocks.—*[Exit Lucius.]*

Since Cassius first did whet me against Cæsar

I have not slept.

Between the acting of a dreadful thing

And the first motion, all the interim is

Like a phantasma<sup>1</sup> or a hideous dream:

The Genius<sup>2</sup> and the mortal instruments<sup>3</sup>

Are then in council; and the state of man,

Like to a little kingdom, suffers then

The nature of an insurrection.

*Enter LUCIUS.*

*Luc.* Sir, 'tis your brother Cassius at the

door,

Who doth desire to see you.

*Bru.* Is he alone?

*Luc.* No, sir; there are more<sup>4</sup> with him.

*Bru.* Do you know them?

*Luc.* No, sir; their hats are pluck'd about

their ears,

And half their faces buried in their cloaks,

That<sup>5</sup> by no means I may discover them

By any mark of favour.<sup>6</sup>

*Bru.* Let 'em enter.

*[Exit Lucius.]*

<sup>1</sup> Phantasma, vision.

<sup>2</sup> Genius, spirit, soul.

<sup>3</sup> Mortal instruments, bodily powers.

<sup>4</sup> More, more. <sup>5</sup> That, so that. <sup>6</sup> Favour, face, feature.

They are the faction. O conspiracy,  
Shan'st thou to show thy dangerous brow by  
night,

When evils are most free? O, then, by day

Where wilt thou find a cavern dark enough

To mask thy monstrous visage? Seek none,

conspiracy;

Hide it in smiles and affability;

For, if thou path,<sup>7</sup> thy native semblance on,

Not Erebus itself were dim enough

To hide thee from prevention.<sup>8</sup>

*Enter CASSIUS, followed by CASCA, DECIVS,*

*CINNA, METELLUS CIMBER, and TREBONIUS,*

*with their faces muffled in their togas.*

*Cass.* I think we are too bold upon your rest:

Good morrow, Brutus; do we trouble you?

*Bru.* I have been up this hour, awake all night.

Know I these men that come along with you?

*Cass.* Yes, every man of them; and no man

here

But honours you; and every one doth wish

You had but that opinion of yourself

Which every noble Roman bears of you.—

*[They all uncover their faces.]*

This is Trebonius.

*Bru.* He is welcome hither.

*Cass.* This, Decius Brutus.

*Bru.* He is welcome too.

*Cass.* This, Casca; this, Cinna; and this,

Metellus Cimber.

*Bru.* They are all welcome.—

What watchful cares do interpose themselves

Betwixt your eyes and night?

*Cass.* Shall I entreat a word?

*[He retires with Cassius.]*

*Dec.* Here lies the east; doth not the day

break here?

*Casca.* No.

*Cinna.* O, pardon, sir, it doth; and yon grey

lines

That fret<sup>9</sup> the clouds are messengers of day.

*Casca.* You shall confess that you are both

deceiv'd.

Here, as I point my sword, the sun arises;

Which is a great way growing on<sup>10</sup> the south,

<sup>7</sup> Path, walk.

<sup>8</sup> Prevention, discovery, and consequent thwarting.

<sup>9</sup> Fret, diversity, variegate.

<sup>10</sup> Growing on, verging toward.

Weighing<sup>1</sup> the youthful season of the year.  
Some two months hence up higher toward the  
north 100

He first presents his fire; and the high east  
sheds as the Capitol, directly here.

*Brutus and Cassius come forward.*

Give me your hands all over, one by  
one.

*Cass.* And let us swear our resolution.

*Brut.* No, not an oath! If not the face of mirth,  
The sufferance of our souls, the time's abuse,  
These be motives weak, break off betimes,  
And every man hence to his idle bed;  
So let high-sighted<sup>2</sup> tyranny range  
fill each man drop by lottery. But of these,

As I am sure they do, bear fire enough 120  
To kindle cowards, and to steel with valour  
The melting spirits of women; then, country-  
men,

What need we any spur but our own cause  
To prick us to redress? what other bond

Than secret Romans that have spoke the word,  
And will not palter<sup>3</sup> and what other oath  
Than honesty to honesty engag'd

That this shall be, or we will fall for it? 125  
Swear priests and cowards and men cautious,<sup>4</sup>  
Old feeble carriages and such suffering souls

That welcome wrongs; unto bad causes swear  
Such creatures as men doubt: but do not stain

The even<sup>5</sup> virtue of our enterprise,  
Nor the insuppressible<sup>6</sup> metal of our spirits,

To think that our cause or our performance  
Did need an oath; when every drop of blood,

That every Roman bears, and nobly bears,  
Is guilty of a several<sup>7</sup> bastardy

If he do break the smallest particle  
Of any promise that hath pass'd from him.

*Cass.* But what of Cicero? Shall we sound  
him? 141

I think he will stand very strong with us.  
*Cass.* Let us not leave him out.

*Cinna.* No, by no means.  
*Met.* O, let us have him; for his silver hairs

Will purchase us a good opinion,  
And buy men's voices to commend our deeds:

<sup>1</sup> Weighing, considering.

<sup>2</sup> High-sighted, supercilious, haughty.

<sup>3</sup> Palter, shuffle, equivocate.

<sup>4</sup> Cautious, crafty, wary.

<sup>5</sup> Even, pure, blameless.

<sup>6</sup> Insuppressible, irrepressible.

<sup>7</sup> Several, separate.

It shall be said, his judgment rul'd our hands;  
Our youths and wildness shall no whit appear.  
But all be buried in his gravity.

*Brut.* O, name him not: let us not break  
with him;<sup>8</sup> 150

For he will never follow any thing  
That other men begin.

*Cass.* Then leave him out.  
*Cass.* Indeed, he is not fit.

*Dec.* Shall no man else be touch'd but only  
Cæsar?

*Cass.* Decius, well urg'd;—I think it is not  
meet

Mark Antony, so well belov'd of Cæsar,  
Should outlive Cæsar. We shall find of him

A shrewd<sup>9</sup> contriver, and you know his means,  
If he improve them, may well stretch so far

As to annoy us all; which to prevent, 160  
Let Antony and Cæsar fall together.

*Brut.* Our course will seem too bloody, Caius  
Cassius,

To cut the head off and then hack the limbs,  
Like wrath in death, and envy<sup>10</sup> afterwards;

For Antony is but a limb of Cæsar;  
Let us be sacrificers, but not butchers, Caius.

We all stand up against the spirit of Cæsar,  
And in the spirit of men there is no blood;

O, that we then could come by<sup>11</sup> Cæsar's spirit,  
And not dismember Cæsar! But, alas, 170

Cæsar must bleed for it! And, gentle friends,  
Let's kill him boldly, but not wrathfully;

Let's carve him as a dish fit for the gods,  
Not hew him as a carcass fit for hounds:

And let our hearts, as subtle masters do,  
Stir up their servants to an act of rage,

And after seem to chide 'em. This shall make<sup>12</sup>  
Our purpose necessary and not envious;<sup>13</sup>

Which so appearing to the common eyes,  
We shall be call'd purgers,<sup>14</sup> not murderers.

And for Mark Antony, think not of him; 181  
For he can do no more than Cæsar's arm

When Cæsar's head is off.

*Cass.* Yet I fear him;  
For in the ingrafted love he bears to Cæsar—

*Brut.* Alas, good Cassius, do not think of him:

<sup>8</sup> Break with him, breach it to him.

<sup>9</sup> Shrewd, evil, mischievous.

<sup>10</sup> Envy, malice.

<sup>11</sup> Come by, get at.

<sup>12</sup> Make, make to appear.

<sup>13</sup> Envious, malicious.

<sup>14</sup> Purgers, cleansers, or healers.

If he love Cæsar, all that he can do  
Is to himself.—take thought<sup>1</sup> and die for Cæsar;  
And that were much he should; for he is given  
To sports, to wildness, and much company.

*Treb.* There is no fear<sup>2</sup> in him; let him not  
die; 190

For he will live and laugh at this hereafter.

[*Clock strikes.*]

*Bru.* Peace! count the clock.

*Cass.* The clock has stricken three.

*Treb.* 'Tis time to part.

*Cass.* But it is doubtful yet

Whether Cæsar will come forth to-day or no;

For he is superstitious grown of late;

Quite from<sup>3</sup> the main<sup>4</sup> opinion he held once

Of fantasy, of dreams, and ceremonies;<sup>5</sup>

It may be, these apparent<sup>6</sup> prodigies,

The unaccustom'd terror of this night,

And the persuasion of his augurers 200

May hold him from the Capitol to-day.

*Dec.* Never fear that. If he be so resolv'd,

I can o'ersway him; for he loves to hear

That unicorns may be betray'd with trees,

And bears with glasses, elephants with holes,

Lions with toils, and men with flatterers;

But, when I tell him he hates flatterers,

He says he does,—being then most flattered.

Let me work;

For I can give his humour the true bent, 210

And I will bring him to the Capitol.

*Cass.* Nay, we will all of us be there to

fetch him.

*Bru.* By the eighth hour; is that the utter-

most?

*Cinna.* Be that the uttermost, and fail not

then.

*Met.* Caius Ligarius doth bear Cæsar hard;<sup>7</sup>

Who rated him for speaking well of Pompey;

I wonder none of you have thought of him.

*Bru.* Now, good Metellus, go along by

him;<sup>8</sup>

He loves me well, and I have given him reasons;

Send him but hither, and I'll fashion him.

<sup>1</sup> Take thought, give way to anxiety or despondency.

<sup>2</sup> Fear, ground for fear, cause of fear.

<sup>3</sup> From, away from, contrary to.

<sup>4</sup> Main, strong, fixed.

<sup>5</sup> Ceremonies, omens drawn from sacrifices, or ceremonial

rites.

<sup>6</sup> Apparent, manifest

<sup>7</sup> Bear Cæsar hard, bear him a grudge

<sup>8</sup> By him, by his house.

*Cass.* The morning comes upon 's; we'll leave  
you, Brutus.— 221

And, friends, disperse yourselves; but all re-  
member

What you have said, and show yourselves true  
to him.

*Bru.* Good gentlemen, look fresh and merrily.

Let not our looks put on<sup>9</sup> our purposes;

But bear it as our Roman actors do,

With untir'd spirits and formal constancy;<sup>10</sup>

And so, good morrow to you every one.

[*Exeunt all but Brutus, muffling up  
their faces in their togas.*]

[*Boy!* Lucius! Fast asleep? It is no matter;

Enjoy the honey-heavy dew of slumber: 230

Thou hast no figures,<sup>11</sup> nor no fantasies,

Which busy care draws in the brains of men;

Therefore thou sleep'st so sound.]

*Enter PORTIA.*

*Por.* Brutus, my lord!

*Bru.* Portia, what mean you? Wherefore  
rise you now?

It is not for your health thus to commit

Your weak condition to the raw cold morning.

*Por.* Nor for yours neither. You've un-  
gently, Brutus,

Stole from my bed; and yesternight, at supper,

You suddenly arose and walk'd about, 230

Musing and sighing, with your arms across;

And, when I ask'd you what the matter was,

You star'd upon me with ungentle looks:

I urg'd you further; then you scratch'd your  
head,

And too impatiently stamp'd with your foot:

Yet I insisted, yet you answer'd not,

But with an angry wafture<sup>12</sup> of your hand

Gave sign for me to leave you. [So I did;

Fearing to strengthen that impatience

Which seem'd too much enkindled; and withal

Hoping it was but an effect of humour, 250

Which sometime hath his hour with every

man.

It will not let you eat, nor talk, nor sleep,

And, could it work so much upon your shape

As it hath much prevail'd on your condition,<sup>13</sup>

<sup>9</sup> Put on, show, disclose

<sup>10</sup> Formal constancy, outward self-possession.

<sup>11</sup> Figures pictures created by imagination.

<sup>12</sup> Wafture, waving. <sup>13</sup> Condition, disposition, temper.

[I should not know you, Brutus.] Dear my lord,  
Make me acquainted with your cause of grief.

*Bru.* I am not well in health, and that is all.



*Bru.* [Raising her] Kneel not, gentle Portia.—(Act II. l. 278.)

*Por.* Brutus is wise, and, were he not in health,

He would embrace the means to come by it.

*Bru.* Why, so I do.—Good Portia, go to bed. 280

*Por.* Is Brutus sick?—[and is it physical]<sup>1</sup>  
To walk unbraced<sup>2</sup> and suck up the humours

<sup>1</sup> *Physical*, medicinal, wholesome.

<sup>2</sup> *Unbraced*, ungirt.

Of the dank<sup>3</sup> morning? What! is Brutus sick,]  
And will he steal out of his wholesome bed,  
To dare the vile contagion of the night,  
And tempt the rheumy<sup>4</sup> and unpurged air  
To add unto his sickness? No, my Brutus;  
You have some sick offence<sup>5</sup> within your mind,  
Which, by the right and virtue of my place,  
I ought to know of: and, upon my knees, 270

[Kneels.

I charm<sup>6</sup> you, by my once commended beauty,  
By all your vows of love and that great vow,  
Which did incorporate and make us one,  
That you unfold to me, yourself, your half,  
Why you are heavy, and what men to-night  
Have had resort to you; for here have been  
Some six or seven, who did hide their faces  
Even from darkness.

*Bru.* [Raising her] Kneel not, gentle Portia.

*Por.* I should not need, if you were gentle  
Brutus.

Within the bond of marriage, tell me, Brutus,  
Is it excepted I should know no secrets 281  
That appertain to you? Am I yourself  
But, as it were, in sort or limitation,  
To keep with you at meals, comfort your bed,  
And talk to you sometimes? Dwell I but in  
the suburbs

Of your good pleasure? If it be no more,  
Portia is Brutus' harlot, not his wife.

*Bru.* You are my true and honourable wife;  
As dear to me as are the ruddy drops  
That visit my sad heart. [Embraces her.]

*Por.* If this were true, then should I know  
this secret. 291

I grant I am a woman; but withal  
A woman that Lord Brutus took to wife:  
I grant I am a woman; but withal  
A woman well reputed, Cato's daughter.  
Think you I am no stronger than my sex,  
Being so father'd and so husbanded?  
Tell me your counsels; I will not disclose 'em:  
I have made strong proof of my constancy,  
Giving myself a voluntary wound 300  
Here in the thigh; can I bear that with patience,  
And not my husband's secrets?

<sup>3</sup> *Dank*, damp, moist.

<sup>4</sup> *Rheumy*, causing rheumatism; according to some damp.

<sup>5</sup> *Some sick offence*, something that offends and makes you sick.

<sup>6</sup> *Charm*, conjure.

11. Scene 1.

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[*Kneels.*

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ACT II. S.

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<sup>1</sup> *Char*

<sup>2</sup> *Exor*  
Henry V

<sup>3</sup> *To w*

*Bru.* O ye gods,  
Render me worthy of this noble wife!— 303  
[Knocking within.  
Hark, hark! one knocks. Portia, go in a while;  
And by and by thy bosom shall partake  
The secrets of my heart.  
All my engagements I will construe to thee,  
All the charactery<sup>1</sup> of my sad brows:  
Leave me with haste.— [Exit Portia.

*Enter LUCIUS and LIGARIUS.*

Lucius, who's that knocks?  
*Luc.* Here is a sick man that woul<sup>1</sup> speak  
with you. 310  
*Bru.* Caius Ligarius, that Metellus spake  
of.

Boy, stand aside.—Caius Ligarius! how?

*Lig.* Vouchsafe good morrow from a feeble  
tongue.

*Bru.* O, what a time have you chose out,  
brave Caius,

to wear a kerechief! Would you were not sick!  
*Lig.* I am not sick, if Brutus have in hand  
Any exploit worthy the name of honour.

*Bru.* Such an exploit have I in hand, Ligarius,  
[Had you a healthful ear to hear of it. 319

*Lig.* By all the gods that Romans bow before,  
I here discard my sickness. Soul of Rome!  
Brave son, deriv'd from honourable loins!  
Thou, like an exorcist,<sup>2</sup> has conjur'd up  
My mortified<sup>3</sup> spirit. Now bid me run,  
And I will strive with things impossible,  
Yea, get the better of them. What's to do?

*Bru.* A piece of work that will make sick  
men whole.

*Lig.* But are not some whole that we must  
make sick?

*Bru.* That must we also. What it is, my  
Caius,]

I shall unfold to thee, as we are going, 330  
To whom<sup>4</sup> it must be done.

*Lig.* Set on your foot;  
And with a heart new-fir'd I follow you,  
To do I know not what; but it sufficeth  
That Brutus leads me on.

*Bru.* Follow me, then. [Exeunt.

<sup>1</sup> Charactery, handwriting.

<sup>2</sup> Exorcist, one who raises spirits. See note 80, II.  
Henry VI. <sup>3</sup> Mortified, deadened.

<sup>4</sup> To whom, to him to whom.

SCENE II. A room in Cæsar's palace.

Thunder and lightning. Enter CÆSAR in his  
night-gown.

*Cæs.* Nor heaven nor earth have been at  
peace to-night;  
Thrice hath Calpurnia in her sleep cried out,  
"Help, ho! they murder Cæsar!"— Who's  
within?

*Enter a Servant.*

*Serv.* My lord!

*Cæs.* Go bid the priests do present<sup>5</sup> sacrifice,  
And bring me their opinions of success.

*Serv.* I will, my lord. [Exit.

*Enter CALPURNIA.*

*Cal.* What mean you, Cæsar? Think you  
to walk forth?

You shall not stir out of your house to-day.

*Cæs.* Cæsar shall forth. The things that  
threaten'd me 10

Ne'er look'd but on my back; when they shall  
see

The face of Cæsar, they are vanished.

*Cal.* Cæsar, I never stood on ceremonies,<sup>6</sup>  
Yet now they fright me. There is one within,  
Besides the things that we have heard and  
seen,

Recounts most horrid sights seen by the watch.  
A lioness hath whelped in the streets;  
And graves have yawn'd and yielded up their  
dead;

Fierce fiery warriors fought upon the clouds,  
In ranks and squadrons and right form of war,  
Which drizzled blood upon the Capitol; 21  
The noise of battle hurtled<sup>7</sup> in the air,  
Horses did neigh and dying men did groan;  
And ghosts did shriek and squeal about the  
streets.

O Cæsar! these things are beyond all use,<sup>8</sup>  
And I do fear them.

*Cæs.* What can be avoided,  
Whose end is purpos'd by the mighty gods?  
[Yet Cæsar shall go forth; for these predictions  
Are to the world in general as to Cæsar.

<sup>5</sup> Present, immediate.

<sup>6</sup> Stood on ceremonies, laid stress on omens

<sup>7</sup> Hurtled, clashed.

<sup>8</sup> Use, what is usual.

*Cal.* When beggars die, there are no comets  
seen; 30

The heavens themselves blaze forth the death  
of princes.

*Cæs.* ] Cowards die many times before their  
deaths;

The valiant never taste of death but once.  
Of all the wonders that I yet have heard,  
It seems to me most strange that men should fear;  
Seeing that death, a necessary end,  
Will come when it will come.---

*Enter a Servant.*

What say the augurers?

*Serv.* They would not have you to stir forth  
to-day.

Plucking the entrails of an offering forth, 30  
They could not find a heart within the beast.

*Cæs.* The gods do this in shame of cowardice;  
Cæsar should be a beast without a heart,

*[Exit Servant.]*

If he should stay at home to-day for fear.  
No, Cæsar shall [not. Danger knows full well  
That Cæsar is more dangerous than he.

We are two lions litter'd in one day,  
And I the elder and more terrible;—  
And Cæsar shall ] go forth.

*Cal.* Alas! my lord,  
Your wisdom is consum'd in confidence.  
Do not go forth to-day. Call it my fear 50  
That keeps you in the house, and not your own.  
We'll send Mark Antony to the senate-house,  
And he shall say you are not well to-day;  
Let me, upon my knees, prevail in this.

*Cæs.* Mark Antony shall say I am not well,  
And, for thy humour, I will stay at home.

*Enter DECIVS.*

Here's Decius Brutus, he shall tell them so.

*Dec.* Cæsar, all hail! Good morrow, worthy  
Cæsar;

I come to fetch you to the senate-house.

*Cæs.* And you are come in very happy time  
To bear my greeting to the senators, 61

And tell them that I will not come to-day.  
Cannot is false; and that I dare not, false;  
I will not come to-day Tell them so, Decius.

*Cal.* Say, he is sick

*Cæs.* Shall Cæsar send a lie?

Have I in conquest stretch'd mine arm so far,

To be afraid<sup>1</sup> to tell grey-beards the truth?—  
Decius, go tell them Cæsar will not come.

*Dec.* Most mighty Cæsar, let me know some  
cause,

Lest I be laugh'd at when I tell them so. 70  
*Cæs.* The cause is in my will,—I will not  
come:

That is enough to satisfy the senate.  
But, for your private satisfaction,  
Because I love you, I will let you know:—  
Calpurnia here, my wife, stays<sup>2</sup> me at home.  
She dream'd to-night she saw my statue,<sup>3</sup>  
Which, like a fountain with an hundred spouts,  
Did run pure blood; and many lusty Romans  
Came smiling and did bathe their hands in it;  
And these

Does she apply for warnings and portents 80  
Of evils imminent; and on her knee  
Hath begg'd that I will stay at home to-day.

*Dec.* This dream is all amiss interpreted;  
It was a vision fair and fortunate.

Your statue spouting blood in many pipes,  
In which so many smiling Romans bath'd,  
Signifies that from you great Rome shall suck  
Reviving blood; and that great men shall press  
For tinctures, stains, relics, and cognizance.<sup>4</sup>  
This by Calpurnia's dream is signified. 90

*Cæs.* And this way have you well ex-  
pounded it.

*Dec.* I have, when you have heard what I  
can say;

And know it now. The senate have concluded  
To give this day a crown to mighty Cæsar.  
If you shall send them word you will not come,  
Their minds may change. Besides, it were a  
mock

Apt to be render'd,<sup>5</sup> for some one to say,  
"Break up the senate till another time,  
When Cæsar's wife shall meet with better  
dreams." 99

If Cæsar hide himself, shall they not whisper,  
"Lo, Cæsar is afraid?"

Pardon me, Cæsar, for my dear, dear love  
To your proceeding<sup>6</sup> bids me tell you this;  
And reason to my love is liable.<sup>7</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *Afraid*, used interchangeably with *afraid*.

<sup>2</sup> *Stays*, i.e. makes me stay.

<sup>3</sup> *Statua*, statue.

<sup>4</sup> *Cognizance*, tokens, souvenirs; plural.

<sup>5</sup> *Apt to be render'd*, likely to be uttered in reply.

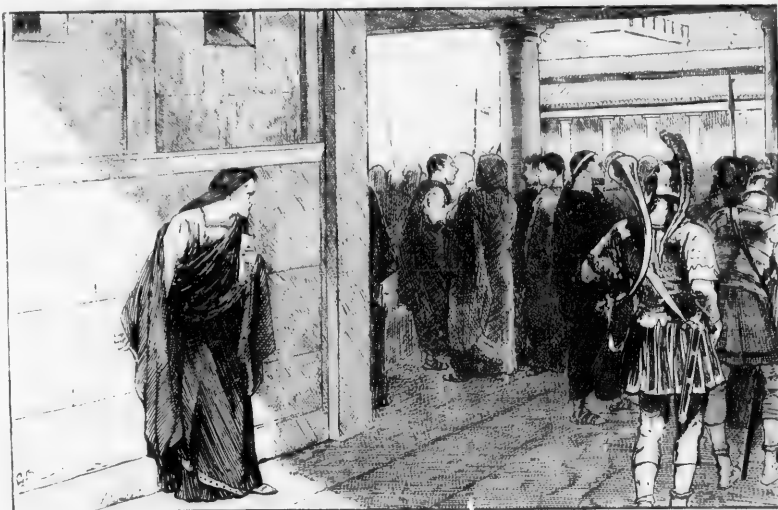
<sup>6</sup> *Proceeding*, progress, career.

<sup>7</sup> *Liable*, subject, subordinate.

*Cæs.* How foolish do your fears seem now,  
Calpurnia! 105  
I am ashamed I did yield to them.—  
[Give me my robe, for I will go.—]

*Enter PUBLIUS, BRUTUS, LIGARIUS, METELLUS,  
CASCA, TREBONIUS, and CINNA.*  
And look where Publius is come to fetch me.  
[*Erit Calpurnia.*]

*Pub.* Good morrow, Cæsar.  
*Cæs.* Welcome, Publius.—  
What, Brutus, are you stirr'd so early too?—  
[Good morrow, Casca.—*Caius Ligarius,* 111  
Cæsar was ne'er so much your enemy  
As that sameague which hath made you lean.—  
What is't o'clock?  
*Bru.* Cæsar, 't is strucken eight.  
*Cæs.*] I thank you for your pains and courtesy.



*Art.* Here will I stand till Cæsar pass along.—(Act II. 3. 11.)

*Enter ANTONY.*

See! Antony, that revels long o' nights,  
Is notwithstanding up.—Good morrow, An-  
tony.

*Ant.* So to most noble Cæsar.  
*Cæs.* Bid them prepare within.—  
I am to blame to be thus waited for.—  
Now, Cinna:—Now, Metellus:—what, Tre-  
bonius! 120

I have an hour's talk in store for you.  
Remember that you call on me to-day;  
Be near me, that I may remember you.  
*Treb.* Cæsar, I will:—[*aside*] and so near  
will I be

That your best friends shall wish I had been  
further. 125

*Cæs.* Good friends, go in, and taste some  
wine with me;  
And we, like friends, will straightway go  
together.

[*Exeunt Cæsar and Antony, Casca and De-  
cius, Cinna and Metellus, and Trebonius.*]

*Bru.* That every like is not the same,<sup>1</sup> O  
Cæsar,  
The heart of Brutus yearns<sup>2</sup> to think upon!  
[*Erit.*]

<sup>1</sup> That every like is not the same, that the semblance is  
not always the reality (the same as it seems).

<sup>2</sup> Yearns, grieves.

SCENE III. *A street near the Capitol.*

*Enter ARTEMIDORUS, reading a paper.*

*Art.* "Caesar, beware of Brutus; take heed of Cassius; come not near Casca; have an eye to Cinna; trust not Trebonius; mark well Metellus Cimber; Decius Brutus loves thee not; thou hast wrong'd Caius Ligarius. There is but one mind in all these men, and it is bent against Caesar. If thou beest not immortal, look about you; security gives way to conspiracy. The mighty gods defend thee! Thy lover,

ARTEMIDORUS."

Here will I stand till Caesar pass along, 11  
And as a suitor will I give him this.  
My heart laments that virtue cannot live  
Out of<sup>2</sup> the teeth of emulation.<sup>3</sup>  
If thou read this, O Caesar, thou mayst live;  
If not, the fates with traitors do contrive.<sup>4</sup>

[*Exit.*]

SCENE IV. *Another part of the same street, before the house of Brutus.*

*Enter PORTIA and LUCIUS.*

*Por.* I prithee, boy, run to the senate-house;  
Stay not to answer me, but get thee gone:  
Why dost thou stay?

*Luc.* To know my errand, madam.

*Por.* I would have had thee there, and here  
again,  
Ere I can tell thee what thou shouldst do  
there.—

[*Aside*] O constancy,<sup>5</sup> be strong upon my  
side!

Set a huge mountain 'tween my heart and  
tongue!

I have a man's mind, but a woman's might.  
How hard it is for women to keep counsel!—  
Art thou here yet?

*Luc.* Madam, what should I do?  
Run to the Capitol, and nothing else? 11  
And so return to you, and nothing else?

*Por.* Yes, bring me word, boy, if thy lord  
look well,

For he went sickly forth; and take good  
note

<sup>1</sup> Security gives way, carelessness, or lack of caution, opens a way. <sup>2</sup> Out of, i.e. out of the reach of.  
<sup>3</sup> Emulation, envy <sup>4</sup> Contrive, conspire, plot.  
<sup>5</sup> Constancy, self-possession.

What Caesar doth, what suitors press to him.  
Hark, boy! what noise is that?

*Luc.* I hear none, madam.

*Por.* Prithee, listen well;  
I heard a bustling rumour<sup>6</sup> like a fray,  
And the wind brings it from the Capitol.

*Luc.* Sooth,<sup>7</sup> madam, I hear nothing. 20

*Enter the Soothsayer.*

*Por.* Come hither, fellow: which way hast  
thou been?

*Sooth.* At mine own house, good lady.

*Por.* What is't o'clock?

*Sooth.* About the ninth hour, lady.

*Por.* Is Caesar yet gone to the Capitol?

*Sooth.* Madam, not yet; I go to take my  
stand,

To see him pass on to the Capitol.

*Por.* Thou hast some suit to Caesar, hast  
'hou not?

*Sooth.* Tha' I have, lady; if it will please  
Caesar

To be so good to Caesar as to hear me,  
I shall beseech him to befriend himself. 30

*Por.* Why, know'st thou any harm's in-  
tended<sup>8</sup> towards him?

*Sooth.* None th<sup>+</sup> I know will be, much that  
I fear may chance.

Good morrow to you.—Here the street is nar-  
row;

The throng that follows Caesar at the heels,  
Of senators, of pretors, common suitors,  
Will crowd a feeble man almost to death:  
I'll get me to a place more void,<sup>9</sup> and there  
Speak to great Caesar as he comes along.

[*Exit.*]

*Por.* I must go in.—Ay me, how weak a  
thing

The heart of woman is! O Brutus, 40  
The heavens speed thee in thine enterprise!—  
Sure, the boy heard me.—Brutus hath a suit,  
That Caesar will not grant.—O, I grow faint!—  
Run, Lucius, and commend me to my lord;  
Say I am merry: come to me again,  
And bring me word what he doth say to thee.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

<sup>6</sup> Rumour, murmur, noise.

<sup>7</sup> Sooth, in truth.

<sup>8</sup> Harm's intended, harm that is intended.

<sup>9</sup> Void, open; opposed to narrow above.

ACT III.

SCENE I. *The Capitol; the Senate sitting.*

*A crowd of people in the street leading to the Capitol; among them ARTEMIDORUS and the Soothsayer. Flourish. Enter CÆSAR, BRUTUS, CASSIUS, CASCA, DECIUS, METELLUS, TREBONIUS, CINNA, ANTONY, LEPIDUS, POPILIUS, PUBLIUS, and others.*

*Cæs.* The ides of March are come.

*Sooth.* Ay, Cæsar; but not gone.

*Art.* Hail, Cæsar! Read this schedule.

*Dec.* Trebonius doth desire you to o'er-read,

At your best leisure, this his humble suit.

*Art.* O, Cæsar, read mine first; for mine's a suit

That touches Cæsar nearer: read it, great Cæsar.

*Cæs.* What touches us ourself shall be last serv'd.



*Por.* Why, know'st thou any harm's intended towards him?—(Act II. 4. 31.)

*Art.* Delay not, Cæsar; read it instantly.

*Cæs.* What! is the fellow mad?

*Pop.* Sirrah, give place.

*[Forcing the Soothsayer off.]*

*Cass.* What! urge you your petitions in the street?

Come to the Capitol.

*CÆSAR enters the Capitol, the rest following. All Senators rise. CÆSAR sits in state chair.*

*Pop.* *[To Cassius]* I wish your enterprise to-day may thrive.

*Cass.* What enterprise, Popilius?

*Pop.* Fare you well.

*[Advances to Cæsar.]*

*Bru.* What said Popilius Lena?

*Cass.* He wish'd to-day our enterprise might thrive.

I fear our purpose is discovered.

[*Cassius crosses behind to Cassius, and Decius to Casca.*]

*Bru.* Look, how he makes to Cæsar; mark him.

*Cass.* Casca, be sudden, for we fear prevention.—<sup>19</sup>

Brutus, what shall be done? If this be known, Cassius or Cæsar never shall turn back,<sup>1</sup>

For I will slay myself.

[*Popilius kisses Cæsar's hand.*]

*Bru.* Cassius, be constant:

Popilius Lena speaks not of our purposes;

For, look, he smiles, and Cæsar doth not change.<sup>2</sup>

*Cass.* Trebonius knows his time; for, look you, Brutus,

He draws Mark Antony out of the way.

[*Antony and Trebonius cross behind state chair and exunt.*]

*Dec.* [*crosses to Brutus*] Where is Metellus Cimber? Let him go

And presently prefer his suit to Cæsar.

[*Metellus advances to Cæsar's chair.*]

*Bru.* He is address'd;<sup>3</sup> press near and second him.

*Cinna.* Casca, you are the first that rears your hand.<sup>30</sup>

*Casca.* Are we all ready?

[*Goes to side of Cæsar's chair.*]

*Cæs.* What is now amiss

That Cæsar and his senate must redress?

*Met.* Most high, most mighty, and most puissant Cæsar,

Metellus Cimber throws before thy seat

An humble heart.—<sup>4</sup> [*Kneeling.*]

*Cæs.* I must prevent thee, Cimber.

These couchings and these lowly courtesies

Might fire the blood of ordinary men,

And turn pre-ordinance and first decree

Into the law of children. Be not fond,<sup>4</sup>

To think that Cæsar bears such rebel blood

That will be thaw'd from the true quality <sup>41</sup>

With<sup>5</sup> that which melteth fools,—I mean sweet words,

Low-crook'd curtsies, and base spaniel fawn-  
ing. <sup>43</sup>

Thy brother by decree is banish'd;  
If thou dost bend and pray and fawn for  
him,

I spurn thee like a cur out of my way.

Know, Cæsar doth not wrong; nor without  
cause

Will he be satisfied. [*Metellus rises.*]

*Met.* Is there no voice more worthy than  
my own, <sup>49</sup>

To sound more sweetly in great Cæsar's ear

For the repealing<sup>6</sup> of my banish'd brother?

*Bru.* [*Kneeling*] I kiss thy hand, but not in  
flattery, Cæsar;

Desiring thee that Publius Cimber may

Have an immediate freedom of repeal.

[*Brutus rises.*]

*Cæs.* What, Brutus!

*Cass.* [*Kneeling*] Pardon, Cæsar; Cæsar,  
pardon:

As low as to thy foot doth Cassius fall,

To beg enfranchisement for Publius Cimber.

*Cæs.* I could be well mov'd, if I were as you;

If I could pray to move,<sup>7</sup> prayers would move  
me:

But I am constant as the northern star, <sup>60</sup>

[*Cassius rises.*]

Of whose true-fix'd and resting quality

There is no fellow in the firmament.

The skies are painted with unnumber'd sparks;

They are all fire, and every one doth shine;

But there 's but one in all doth hold his place;

So, in the world; 't is furnish'd well with men,

And n. e. are flesh and blood, and apprehen-  
sive;<sup>8</sup>

Yet, in the number, I do know but one

That unassailable holds on his rank,

Unshak'd of motion: and that I am he, <sup>70</sup>

Let me a little show it, even in this,—

That I was constant Cimber should be banish'd,

And constant do remain to keep him so.

*Cinna.* [*Kneeling*] O Cæsar!—

*Cæs.* Hence! wilt thou lift up Olympus?

*Dec.* [*Kneeling*] Great Cæsar,—

*Cæs.* Doth not Brutus bootless kneel?

<sup>6</sup> Repeating, recalling (from exile).

<sup>7</sup> Pray to move, resort to prayers in order to move others.

<sup>8</sup> Apprehensive, endowed with apprehension, intelligent.

<sup>1</sup> Turn back, return home.

<sup>2</sup> Change, change colour or expression.

<sup>3</sup> Address'd, prepared, ready.

<sup>4</sup> Fond, foolish.

<sup>5</sup> With, by.

*Cæsar.* Speak, hands, for me.

[*Metellus lays hold on Cæsar's robe;—Cæsar strikes Cæsar in the neck. Cæsar catches hold of his arm. He then is stabbed by several other conspirators, and at last by Marcus Brutus.*

*Cæs.* Et tu, Brute!<sup>1</sup>—Then, fall, Cæsar.

[*Falls dead at the foot of Pompey's statue. The Senators and People retire in confusion.*

[*Cinna.* Liberty! Freedom! Tyranny is dead!—

Run hence, proclaim, cry it about the streets.

*Cass.* Some to the common pulpits, and cry out,

"Liberty, freedom, and enfranchisement!" ]

*Bru.* People, and senators! be not affrighted; Fly not; stand still:—ambition's debt is paid.

[*Cass.* Go to the pulpit, Brutus.

*Dec.* And Cassius too.

*Bru.* Where's Publius?

*Cinna.* Here, quite confounded with this mutiny.

*Met.* Stand fast together, lest some friend of Cæsar's

should chance—

*Bru.* Talk not of standing.—Publius, good cheer;<sup>2</sup>

There is no harm intended to your person, Nor to no Roman else: so tell them, Publius.

*Cass.* And leave us, Publius; lest that the people

Rushing on us should do you some mischief.

*Bru.* Doso;—and let no man abide<sup>3</sup> this deed, But we the doers.

*Enter TREBONIUS.*

*Cass.* Where is Antony?

*Treb.* Fled to his house amaz'd.

Men, wives, and children stare, cry out, and run, As it were doomsday.

*Bru.* Fates! we will know your pleasures:— That we shall die, we know; 't is but the time, And drawing days out, that men stand upon.

*Cass.* Why, he that cuts off twenty years of life

Cuts off so many years of fearing death.

<sup>1</sup> Et tu, Brute! And thou, Brutus!

<sup>2</sup> Good cheer, be of good cheer, be not alarmed.

<sup>3</sup> Abide, answer for.

*Bru.* Grant that, and then is death a benefit; So are we Cæsar's friends that have abridg'd His time of fearing death. —[*Stoop, Romans, stoop,*

And let us bathe our hands in Cæsar's blood Up to the elbows, and besmear our swords. Then walk we forth, even to the market—

And, waving our red weapons o'er our heads

Let's all cry, "Peace! Freedom! and Liberty!"

*Cass.* [Stoop, then, and wash.—] How many ages hence

Shall this our lofty scene be acted o'er

In states unborn and accents yet unknown!

*Bru.* How many times shall Cæsar bleed in sport,

That now on Pompey's basis<sup>4</sup> lies along

No worthier than the dust!

*Cass.* So oft as that shall be, So often shall the knot of us be call'd

The men that gave their country liberty.

*Dec.* What! shall we forth?

*Cass.* Ay, every man away; Brutus shall lead; and we will grace his heels With the most boldest and best hearts of Rome.

*Enter a Servant.*

*Bru.* Soft, who comes here? A friend of Antony's.

*Serv.* Thus, Brutus, did my master bid me kneel; [Kneeling.

Thus did Mark Antony bid me fall down; And, being prostrate, thus he bade me say:—

Brutus is noble, wise, valiant, and honest;

Cæsar was mighty, bold, royal, and loving.

Say I love Brutus and I honour him;

Say I fear'd Cæsar, honour'd him, and lov'd him.

If Brutus will vouchsafe that Antony

May safely come to him and be resolv'd<sup>5</sup>

How Cæsar hath deserv'd to lie in death,

Mark Antony shall not love Cæsar dead

So well as Brutus living; but will follow

The fortunes and affairs of noble Brutus

Thorough<sup>6</sup> the hazards of this untrod state

With all true faith. So says my master Antony.

*Bru.* Thy master is a wise and valiant Roman; I never thought him worse. [Servant rises.

<sup>4</sup> On Pompey's basis, i.e. at the base of Pompey's statue.

<sup>5</sup> Resolv'd, informed, satisfied.

<sup>6</sup> Thorough, the original form of through.



Tell him, so please him come unto this place,  
He shall be satisfied; and, by my honour, 141  
Depart untouch'd.

*Serv.* I'll fetch him presently.  
[*Exit Servant.*]

*Bru.* I know that we shall have him well  
to friend.<sup>1</sup>

*Cass.* I wish we may; but yet have I a mind  
That fears him much; and my misgiving still<sup>2</sup>  
Falls shrewdly to the purpose.<sup>3</sup>

*Bru.* But here comes Antony. —

*Enter ANTONY.*

Welcome, Mark Antony.

*Ant.* O mighty Cæsar! Dost thou lie so low?  
[*Kneeling by Cæsar's body.*]

Are all thy conquests, glories, triumphs, spoils,  
Shrunk to this little measure? Fare thee  
well. — 150

[*Rises*] I know not, gentlemen, what you intend,

Who else must be let blood,<sup>4</sup> who else is rank;<sup>5</sup>  
If I myself, there is no hour so fit  
As Cæsar's death's hour, nor no instrument  
Of half that worth as those your swords, made  
rich

With the most noble blood of all this world.  
I do beseech ye, if you bear me hard,<sup>6</sup>  
[*Now, whilst your purpled hands do reek and  
smoke,*]

Fulfil your pleasure. Live a thousand years,  
I shall not find myself so apt to die; 160  
No place will please me so, no mean of death,  
As here by<sup>7</sup> Cæsar and by you cut off,  
The choice and master spirits of this age.

*Bru.* O Antony! beg not your death of us.  
Though now we must appear bloody and cruel,  
As, by our hands and this our present act,  
You see we do, yet see you but our hands  
And this the bleeding business they have done:  
Our hearts you see not: they are pitiful; 165  
And pity to the general wrong of Rome—  
As fire drives out fire, so pity pity—  
Hath done this deed on Cæsar. For your p

<sup>1</sup> To friend, for a friend.

<sup>2</sup> Still, always

<sup>3</sup> Falls shrewdly to the purpose, turns out to be very  
much to the purpose.

<sup>4</sup> Let blood, bled, that is, put to death.

<sup>5</sup> Rank, too full-blooded

<sup>6</sup> Bear me hard, i.e. dislike me.

<sup>7</sup> By, beside.

To you our swords have leaden points, Mark  
Antony;

Our arms in strength of malice, and our hearts  
Of brothers' temper, do receive you in,  
With all kind love, good thoughts, and rever-  
ence.

*Cas.* Your voice shall be as strong as any  
man's,

In the disposing of new dignities. 175

*Bru.* Only be patient, till we have appeas'd  
The multitude, beside themselves with fear,  
And then we will deliver<sup>8</sup> you the cause  
Why I, that did love Cæsar when I struck him,  
Have thus proceeded.

*Ant.* I doubt not of your wisdom.

Let each man render me his bloody hand:  
First, Marcus Brutus, will I shake with you;—  
Next, Caius Cassius, do I take your hand;—  
Now, Decius Brutus, yours;—now yours, Me-  
tellus;

Yours, Cinna;—and, my valiant Cæsa, yours;—  
Though last, not least in love, yours, good  
Trebonius.

Gentlemen all,—alas! what shall I say? 180  
My credit now stands on such slippery ground,  
That one of two bad ways you must conceit<sup>9</sup>  
me,

Either a coward or a flatterer.—

[*Bending over Cæsar's body.*]

That I did love thee, Cæsar, O, 't is true!

If then thy spirit look upon us now,  
Shall it not grieve thee dearer<sup>10</sup> than thy death,  
To see thy Antony making his peace,  
Shaking the bloody fingers of thy foes,—  
Most noble! in the presence of thy corse?

Had I as many eyes as thou hast wounds, 200  
Weeping as fast as they stream forth thy  
blood,

It would become me better than to close  
In terms of friendship with thine enemies.

Pardon me, Julius!—Here wast thou bay'd,<sup>11</sup>  
brave hart;

Here didst thou fall; and here thy hunters  
stand,

Sign'd<sup>12</sup> in thy spoil and crimson'd in thy  
lethe.<sup>13</sup>—

<sup>8</sup> Deliver, declare to.

<sup>9</sup> Conceit, conceive, consider.

<sup>10</sup> Dearer, more intensely.

<sup>11</sup> Bay'd, brought to bay.

<sup>12</sup> Sign'd, marked, stained.

<sup>13</sup> Lethe, metaphorically for flowing blood.

[O world! thou wast the forest to this hart;  
And this, indeed, O world, the heart of thee.  
How like a deer strucken by many princes  
Hast thou here lie?]

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*Cass.* Mark Antony,—

*Ant.* Pardon me, Caius Cassius:  
The enemies of Cæsar shall say this;  
Then, in a friend, it is cold modesty.<sup>1</sup>

*Cass.* I blame you not for praising Cæsar so;  
But what compact mean you to have with us?  
Will you be prick'd<sup>2</sup> in number of our friends;  
Or shall we on, and not depend on you?

*Ant.* Therefore I took your hands; but was  
molested

Sway'd from the point, by looking down on  
Cæsar.

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Friends am I with you all and love you all;  
Upon this hope, that you shall give me reasons  
Why and wherein Cæsar was dangerous.

*Bru.* Or else were this a savage spectacle:  
Our reasons are so full of good regard  
That were you, Antony, the son of Cæsar,  
You should be satisfied.

*Ant.* That's all I seek;  
And am moreover suitor that I may  
Produce<sup>3</sup> his body to the market-place,  
And in the pulpit, as becomes a friend,  
Speak in the order of his funeral.

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*Bru.* You shall, Mark Antony.

*Cass.* [Taking him aside] Brutus, a word  
with you:—

You know not what you do: do not consent  
That Antony speak in his funeral:  
Know you how much the people may be mov'd  
By that which he will utter?

*Bru.* [Aside to Cassius] By your pardon;—  
I will myself into the pulpit first,  
And show the reason of our Cæsar's death;  
What Antony shall speak, I will protest  
He speaks by leave and by permission;  
And that we are contented Cæsar shall

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Have all true rites and lawful ceremonies.  
It shall advantage more than do us wrong.

*Cass.* [Aside to Brutus] I know not what  
may fall;<sup>4</sup> I like it not.

*Bru.* Mark Antony, here, take you Cæsar's  
body.

<sup>1</sup> Cold modesty, cool (dispassionate) moderation.

<sup>2</sup> Prick'd, marked, i.e. enlisted.

<sup>3</sup> Produce, bear forth. <sup>4</sup> Fall, befall.

You shall not in your funeral speech blame us,  
But speak all good you can devise of Cæsar,  
And say you do't by our permission;  
Else shall you not have any hand at all  
About his funeral. And you shall speak  
In the same pulpit whereto I am going,  
After my speech is ended.

*Ant.* Be it so;

I do desire no more.

*Bru.* Prepare the body then, and follow us.

[Exeunt all but Antony.]

*Ant.* [Kneeling at the feet of Cæsar's body]  
O, pardon me, thou bleeding piece of earth,  
That I am meek and gentle with these but-  
chers!

Thou art the ruins of the noblest man  
That ever lived in the tide of times.  
Woe to the hands that shed this costly blood!  
Over thy wounds now do I prophesy,—  
Which, like dumb mouths, do ope their ruby  
lips

200

To beg the voice and utterance of my tongue:—  
A curse shall light upon the limbs of men;  
Domestic fury and fierce civil strife  
Shall cumber all the parts of Italy;  
Blood and destruction shall be so in use,  
And dreadful objects so familiar,  
That mothers shall but smile when they behold  
Their infants quarter'd with the hands of war,  
All pity chok'd with custom of fell deeds;  
And Cæsar's spirit ranging for revenge,  
[With Atë by his side come hot from hell,]  
Shall in these confines with a monarch's voice  
Cry "Havoc!"<sup>5</sup> and let slip the dogs of war;  
That<sup>6</sup> this foul deed shall smell above the earth  
With carrion men groaning for burial.—

*Enter a Servant.*

You serve Octavius Cæsar, do you not?

*Serv.* I do, Mark Antony.

*Ant.* Cæsar did write for him to come to  
Rome.

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*Serv.* He did receive his letters and is coming;  
And bid me say to you, by word of mouth—

[Seeing the body.]

O Cæsar!— [He is overcome with grief.]

*Ant.* Thy heart is big; get thee apart and  
weep.

<sup>5</sup> Havoc! the old signal that no quarter was to be given.

<sup>6</sup> That, so that.

Passion,<sup>1</sup> I see, is catching; for mine eyes,  
Seeing those beads of sorrow stand in thine,  
Begun to water. Is thy master coming?

*Serv.* He lies to-night within seven leagues  
of Rome.

*Ant.* Post back with speed, and tell him  
what hath chanc'd.

Here is a mourning Rome, a dangerous Rome,  
No Rome<sup>2</sup> of safety for Octavius yet; <sup>289</sup>  
Hie hence, and tell him so. Yet, stay awhile;  
Thou shalt not back till I have borne this corse  
Into the market-place: there shall I try,  
In my oration, how the people take  
The cruel issue of these bloody men;  
According to the which thou shalt discourse  
To young Octavius of the state of things.  
Lend me your hand.

[*Exeunt with Cæsar's body.*]

SCENE II. *The Forum.*

*Shouts of Citizens heard within. Enter BRUTUS  
and CASSIUS, and a throng of Citizens.*

*Citizens.* We will be satisfied; let us be  
satisfied.

*Bru.* Then follow me, and give me audience,  
friends.—

Cassius, go you into the other street,  
And part the numbers.<sup>3</sup>—

Those that will hear me speak, let 'em stay  
here;

Those that will follow Cassius, go with him;  
And public reasons shall be rendered  
Of Cæsar's death.

*First Cit.* I will hear Brutus speak.

*Sec. Cit.* I will hear Cassius; and compare  
their reasons,

When severally<sup>4</sup> we hear them rendered. <sup>10</sup>

[*Exit Cassius with some of the Citi-  
zens. Brutus goes into the rostrum.*]

*Third Cit.* The noble Brutus is ascended:  
silence!

*Bru.* Be patient till the last.

Romans, countrymen, and lovers!<sup>5</sup> hear me for  
my cause, and be silent, that you may hear;  
believe me for mine honour, and have respect  
to mine honour, that you may believe; cen-

sure<sup>6</sup> me in your wisdom, and awake your  
senses, that you may the better judge. If  
there be any in this assembly, any dear friend  
of Cæsar's, to him I say that Brutus' love to  
Cæsar was no less than his. If then that  
friend demand why Brutus rose against Cæsar,  
this is my answer,—Not that I loved Cæsar  
less, but that I loved Rome more. Had you  
rather Cæsar were living, and die all slaves,  
than that Cæsar were dead, to live all free  
men? As Cæsar loved me, I weep for him;  
as he was fortunate, I rejoice at it; as he was  
valiant, I honour him; but as he was ambi-  
tious, I slew him. There is tears for his love;  
joy for his fortune; honour for his valour; and  
death for his ambition. Who is here so base  
that would be a bondman? If any, speak;  
for him have I offended. Who is here so rude  
that would not be a Roman? If any, speak;  
for him have I offended. Who is here so vile  
that will not love his country? If any, speak,  
for him have I offended. I pause for a reply.

*All.* None, Brutus, none. <sup>38</sup>

*Bru.* Then none have I offended. I have  
done no more to Cæsar than you shall do to  
Brutus. The question of his death is enrolled  
in the Capitol; his glory not extenuated,  
wherein he was worthy; nor his offences en-  
forced,<sup>7</sup> for which he suffered death. <sup>44</sup>

*Enter four Guards bearing CÆSAR's body on a  
bier, ANTONY and others.*

Here comes his body, mourned by Mark  
Antony, who, though he had no hand in his  
death, shall receive the benefit of his dying, a  
place in the commonwealth; as which of you  
shall not? With this I depart,—that, as I  
slew my best lover for the good of Rome, I  
have the same dagger for myself, when it  
shall please my country to need my death. <sup>52</sup>

[*He descends from the rostrum.*]

*All.* Live, Brutus, live! live!

*First Cit.* Bring him with triumph home  
unto his house.

*Sec. Cit.* Give him a statue with his ancestors.

*Third Cit.* Let him be Cæsar.

*Fourth Cit.* Cæsar's better parts  
Shall now be crown'd in Brutus.

<sup>1</sup> Passion, emotion. <sup>2</sup> Rome, a play upon *room*.

<sup>3</sup> Part the numbers, divide the multitude.

<sup>4</sup> Severally, separately.

<sup>5</sup> Lovers, friends.

<sup>6</sup> Censure, judge.

<sup>7</sup> Enforced, exaggerated.

awake your  
e judge. If  
r dear friend  
ntus' love to  
f then that  
gainst Cæsar,  
loved Cæsar  
e. Had you  
ie all slaves,  
live all free  
eep for him;  
it; as he was  
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s valour; and  
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s here so rude  
f any, speak;  
is here so vile  
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th his ancestors.  
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is.

ed, exaggerated.

*First Cit.* We'll bring him to his house with  
shouts and clamours.

*Bru.* My countrymen,—

*Sec. Cit.* Peace! silence! Brutus speaks.

*First Cit.* Peace, ho! 50

*Bru.* Good countrymen, let me depart alone,  
And, for my sake, stay here with Antony;  
Do grace<sup>1</sup> to Cæsar's corpse, and grace his  
speech

Tending to Cæsar's glories; which Mark Antony  
By our permission is allow'd to make.

I do entreat you, not a man depart,  
Save I alone, till Antony have spoke. [*Exit.*]

*First Cit.* Stay, ho! and let us hear Mark  
Antony.

*Third Cit.* Let him go up into the public  
chair;<sup>2</sup>

We'll hear him.—Noble Antony, go up. 60

*Ant.* For Brutus' sake, I am beholding<sup>3</sup> to  
you. [*He goes up into the rostrum.*]

*Fourth Cit.* What does he say of Brutus!

*Third Cit.* He says, for Brutus' sake,  
He finds himself beholding to us all.

*Fourth Cit.* 'T were best he speak no harm  
of Brutus here.

*First Cit.* This Cæsar was a tyrant.

*Third Cit.* Nay, that's certain;

We are blest that Rome is rid of him.

*Sec. Cit.* Peace! let us hear what Antony  
can say.

*Ant.* You gentle Romans,—

*All.* Peace, ho! let us hear him.

*Ant.* Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me  
your ears;

I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him.  
The evil that men do lives after them, 80

The good is oft interred with their bones;

So let it be with Cæsar. The noble Brutus

Hath told you Cæsar was ambitious;

If it were so, it was a grievous fault,

And grievously hath Cæsar answer'd it.

Here, under leave of Brutus and the rest,—

For Brutus is an honourable man,

So are they all, all honourable men,—

Come I to speak in Cæsar's funeral. 80

He was my friend, faithful and just to me;

But Brutus says he was ambitious;

<sup>1</sup> Grace, honour

<sup>2</sup> Public chair, the rostrum or pulpit in the Forum.

<sup>3</sup> Bidding, beholden

And Brutus is an honourable man. 92

He hath brought many captives home to Rome,  
Whose ransom did the general coffers fill;

Did this in Cæsar seem ambitious?

When that the poor have cried, Cæsar hath  
wept;

Ambition should be made of sterner stuff.

Yet Brutus says he was ambitious;

And Brutus is an honourable man.

You all did see that on the Lupercal 100

I thrice presented him a kingly crown,

Which he did thrice refuse: was this ambition?

Yet Brutus says, he was ambitious;

And, sure, he is an honourable man.

I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke,

But here I am to speak what I do know.

You all did love him once,—not without cause;

What cause withholds you then to mourn for  
him?

O judgment, thou art fled to brutish beasts,

And men have lost their reason!—Bear with  
me; 110

My heart is in the coffin there with Cæsar,

And I must pause till it come back to me.

*First Cit.* Methinks there is much reason in  
his sayings.

*Sec. Cit.* If thou consider rightly of the  
matter,

Cæsar hath had great wrong.

*Third Cit.* Has he not, masters?

I fear there will a worse come in his place.

*Fourth Cit.* Mark'd ye his words? He would  
not take the crown;

Therefore 't is certain he was not ambitious.

*First Cit.* If it be found so, some will dear  
abide it.<sup>4</sup>

*Sec. Cit.* Poor soul! his eyes are red as fire  
with weeping. 120

*Third Cit.* There's not a nobler man in  
Rome than Antony.

*Fourth Cit.* Now mark him, he begins again  
to speak.

*Ant.* But yesterday the word of Cæsar might  
Have stood against the world; now lies he  
there,

And none so poor to do him reverence.

O masters! if I were dispos'd to stir

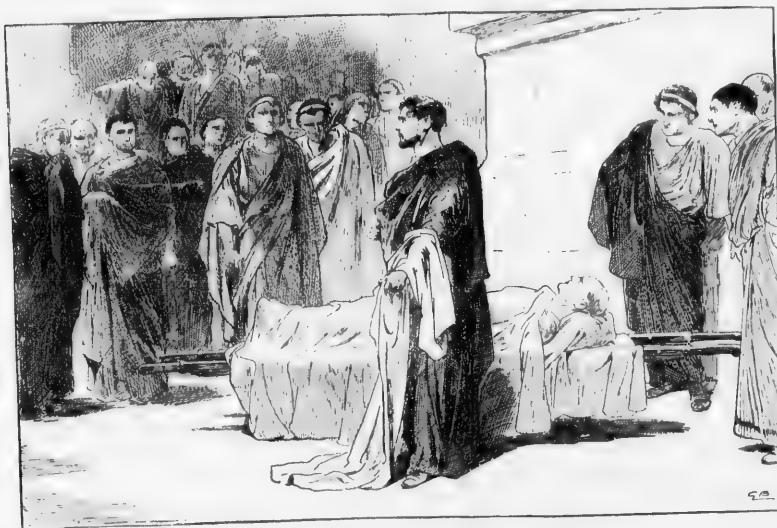
Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,

<sup>4</sup> Dear abide it, pay dearly for it.

I should do Brutus wrong and Cassius wrong,  
 Who, you all know, are honourable men: 129  
 I will not do them wrong; I rather choose  
 To wrong the dead, to wrong myself and you,  
 Than I will wrong such honourable men.  
 But here's a parchment, with the seal of Cæsar;  
 I found it in his closet; 't is his will.  
 Let but the commons<sup>1</sup> hear this testament—  
 Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read—

And they would go and kiss dead Cæsar's  
 wounds,  
 And dip their napkins<sup>2</sup> in his sacred blood,  
 Yea, beg a hair of him for memory, 139  
 And, dying, mention it within their wills,  
 Bequeathing it as a rich legacy  
 Unto their issue.

*Fourth Cit.* We'll hear the will: read it,  
 Mark Antony.



*Ant.* You all do know this mantle.—(Act iii. 2. 174.)

*All.* The will, the will! we will hear Cæsar's  
 will. 144

*Ant.* Have patience, gentle friends, I must  
 not read it:

It is not meet you know how Cæsar lov'd you.  
 You are not wood, you are not stones, but  
 men:

And, being men, hearing the will of Cæsar,  
 It will inflame you, it will make you mad:  
 'Tis good you know not that you are his  
 heirs; 150

For if you should, O, what would come of it?

*Fourth Cit.* Read the will! we'll hear it,  
 Antony! 152

You shall read us the will! Cæsar's will!

*Ant.* Will you be patient? Will you stay  
 awhile?

I have o'ershot myself, to tell you of it.  
 I fear I wrong the honourable men  
 Whose daggers have stabb'd Cæsar; I do fear it.

*Fourth Cit.* They were traitors! honourable  
 men!

*All.* The will! the testament!  
*Sec. Cit.* They were villains, murderers! 160

The will! Read the will!

*Ant.* You will compel me, then, to read the  
 will?

<sup>1</sup> Commons, common people, plebeians.

<sup>2</sup> Napkins, handkerchiefs.

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152

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Will you stay

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s, murderers!

160

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Then make a ring about the corpse of Caesar,  
And let me show you him that made the will.  
Shall I descend? And will you give me leave?

*All.* Come down.

*Sec. Cit.* Descend.

*[He comes down from the rostrum, and goes to the head of the body.]*

*Third Cit.* You shall have leave.

*Fourth Cit.* A ring; stand round.

*First Cit.* Stand from the hearse, stand from the body.

*Sec. Cit.* Room for Antony!—most noble Antony!

*Ant.* Nay, press not so upon me; stand far<sup>1</sup> off.

*All.* Stand back! room! bear back!

*Ant.* If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.

You all do know this mantle: I remember  
The first time ever Cæsar put it on;  
Twas on a summer's evening, in his tent,  
That day<sup>2</sup> he overcame the Nervii:—  
Look! in this place ran Cassius' dagger through;  
See what a rent the envious Casca made;  
Through this the well-beloved Brutus stabb'd;  
And as he pluck'd his cursed steel away,<sup>3</sup>  
Mark how the blood of Cæsar follow'd it,  
As rushing out of doors, to be resolv'd<sup>4</sup>  
If Brutus so unkindly knock'd, or no;  
For Brutus, as you know, was Cæsar's angel:<sup>4</sup>  
Judge, O you gods, how dearly Cæsar lov'd him!

This was the most unkindest cut of all;  
For when the noble Cæsar saw him stab,  
Ingratitude, more strong than traitors' arms,  
Quite vanquish'd him: then burst his mighty heart;

And, in his mantle mulling up his face,  
Even at the base of Pompey's statua,  
Which all the while ran blood, great Cæsar fell.  
O, what a fall was there, my countrymen!  
Then I, and you, and all of us fell down,  
Whilst bloody treason flourish'd over us.  
O, now you weep; and I perceive you feel  
The dint<sup>5</sup> of pity: these are gracious drops.  
Kind souls, what! weep you when you but behold

<sup>1</sup> Far, probably a contraction of farther.

<sup>2</sup> That day, on that day when. <sup>3</sup> Resolv'd, satisfied.

<sup>4</sup> I, darling. <sup>5</sup> Dint, impression.

Our Cæsar's vesture wounded? Look you here,  
Here is himself, marr'd, as you see, with traitors.

*First Cit.* O piteous spectacle!

202

*Sec. Cit.* O noble Cæsar!

*Third Cit.* O woful day!

*Fourth Cit.* O traitors, villains!

*First Cit.* O most bloody sight!

*Sec. Cit.* We will be reveng'd!

*All.* Revenge! About! Seek! Burn! Fire!  
Kill! Slay! Let not a traitor live!

*Ant.* Stay, countrymen.

210

*First Cit.* Peace there! Hear the noble Antony.

*Sec. Cit.* We'll hear him, we'll follow him,  
we'll die with him.

*Ant.* Good friends, sweet friends, let me not stir you up

To such a sudden flood of mutiny.

They that have done this deed are honourable;—

What private griefs<sup>6</sup> they have, alas! I know not,  
That made them do it; they are wise and honourable,

And will, no doubt, with reasons answer you.  
I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts:  
I am no orator, as Brutus is;  
But, as you know me all, a plain blunt man,  
That love my friend; and that they know full well

That gave me public leave to speak of him.  
For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,  
Action, nor utterance, nor the power of speech,  
To stir men's blood: I only speak right on;  
I tell you that which you yourselves do know,  
Show you sweet Cæsar's wounds, poor, poor dumb mouths,

And bid them speak for me: but, were I Brutus,

220

And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony  
Would ruffle up your spirits, and put a tongue  
In every wound of Cæsar that should move  
The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny.

*All.* We'll mutiny.

*First Cit.* We'll burn the house of Brutus.

*Third Cit.* Away, then! come, seek the conspirators.

*Ant.* Yet hear me, countrymen; yet hear me speak.

<sup>6</sup> Grievs, grievances.

*All.* Peace, ho! Hear Antony, most noble  
Antony.  
*Ant.* Why, friends, you go to do you know  
not what. 240  
Wherein hath Cæsar thus deserv'd your loves?  
Alas, you know not!—I must tell you, then:—  
You have forgot the will I told you of.  
*All.* Most true;—the will!—let's stay, and  
hear the will.

*Ant.* Here is the will, and under Cæsar's  
seal:— 245  
[*Reading the scroll*] To every Roman citizen  
he gives,  
To every several man, seventy-five drachmas,<sup>1</sup>  
*Sec. Cit.* Most noble Cæsar!—we'll revenge  
his death.  
*Third Cit.* O royal Cæsar!  
*Ant.* Hear me with patience. 250



*Third Cit.* Tear him, tear him!—(Act III. 3. 40.)

*All.* Peace, ho! 251  
*Ant.* Moreover, he hath left you all his  
walks,  
His private arbours, and new-planted orchards,<sup>2</sup>  
On this side Tiber; he hath left them you  
And to your heirs for ever, common pleasures,  
To walk abroad, and recreate yourselves.  
Here was a Cæsar! when comes such another?  
*First Cit.* Never, never!—Come, away,  
away!  
We'll burn his body in the holy place,  
And with the brands fire<sup>3</sup> the traitors' houses.  
Take up the body. 261  
*Sec. Cit.* Go, fetch fire.  
*Third Cit.* Pluck down benches.  
*Fourth Cit.* Pluck down forms, windows, any  
thing. [*Exeunt Citizens, with the body.*]

<sup>1</sup> *Drachmas*, coins equal to about 9d. each.

<sup>2</sup> *Orchards*, gardens.

<sup>3</sup> *Fire*, metrically a dissyllable.

*Ant.* Now let it work.—Mischief, thou art  
afoot,  
Take thou what course thou wilt!—How now,  
fellow?

*Enter a Servant.*

*Serv.* Sir, Octavius is already come to Rome.  
*Ant.* Where is he? 268  
*Serv.* He and Lepidus are at Cæsar's house.  
*Ant.* And thither will I straight to visit him:  
He comes upon a wish. Fortune is merry,  
And in this mood will give us any thing.  
*Serv.* I heard him say Brutus and Cassius  
Are rid like madmen through the gates of  
Rome.  
*Ant.* Belike<sup>4</sup> they had some notice of the  
people,  
How I had mov'd them. Bring me to Octavius.  
[*Exeunt.*]

<sup>4</sup> *Belike*, probably.



nder Caesar's  
245  
oman citizen

ve drachmas,<sup>1</sup>  
we'll revenge

250



chief, thou art  
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Caesar's house.  
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me to Octavius.  
[Exeunt.]

[SCENE III. *The same. A street.*

*Enter CINNA the poet.*

*Cinna.* I dream'd to-night that I did feast  
with Cæsar,  
And things unlucky charge my fantasy:  
I have no will to wander forth of doors,  
Yet something leads me forth.

*Enter Citizens.*

*First Cit.* What is your name?

*Sec. Cit.* Whither are you going?

*Third Cit.* Where do you dwell?

*Fourth Cit.* Are you a married man, or a  
bachelor?

*Sec. Cit.* Answer every man directly. 10

*First Cit.* Ay, and briefly.

*Fourth Cit.* Ay, and wisely.

*Third Cit.* Ay, and truly, you were best.

*Cinna.* What is my name? Whither am I  
going? Where do I dwell? Am I a married  
man, or a bachelor? Then to answer every  
man directly and briefly, wisely and truly:—  
Wisely, I say, I am a bachelor.

*Sec. Cit.* That's as much as to say, they are

fools that marry;—you'll bear me a bang<sup>1</sup> for  
that, I fear. Proceed; directly. 21

*Cinna.* Directly, I am going to Cæsar's  
funeral.

*First Cit.* As a friend, or an enemy?

*Cinna.* As a friend.

*Sec. Cit.* That matter is answered directly.

*Fourth Cit.* For your dwelling,—briefly.

*Cinna.* Briefly, I dwell by the Capitol.

*Third Cit.* Your name, sir, truly.

*Cinna.* Truly, my name is Cinna.

*First Cit.* Tear him to pieces; he's a con-  
spirator. 31

*Cinna.* I am Cinna the poet, I am Cinna  
the poet.

*Fourth Cit.* Tear him for his bad verses,  
tear him for his bad verses.

*Cinna.* I am not Cinna the conspirator.

*Sec. Cit.* It is no matter, his name's Cinna;  
pluck but his name out of his heart, and turn  
him going.<sup>2</sup> 39

*Third Cit.* Tear him, tear him! Come, brands,  
ho! firebrands! To Brutus', to Cassius'; burn  
all. Some to Decius' house, and some to Casca's;  
some to Ligarius'; away! go! [Exeunt.]

## ACT IV.

[SCENE I. *Rome. A room in Antony's house.*

ANTONY, OCTAVIUS, and LEPIDUS, seated at  
a table.

*Ant.* These many, then, shall die; their  
names are prick'd.<sup>3</sup>

*Oct.* Your brother too must die: consent  
you, Lepidus?

*Lep.* I do consent,—

*Oct.* Prick him down, Antony.

*Lep.* Upon condition Publius shall not live,  
Who is your sister's son, Mark Antony.

*Ant.* He shall not live; look, with a spot I  
damn him.

But, Lepidus, go you to Cæsar's house;  
Fetch the will hither, and we shall determine  
How to cut off some charge in legacies.

*Lep.* What, shall I find you here? 10

*Oct.* Or here, or at the Capitol. 11

[Exit Lepidus.]

*Ant.* This is a slight, unmeritable man,  
Meet to be sent on errands; is it fit,  
The three-fold world divided,<sup>4</sup> he should stand  
One of the three to share it?

*Oct.* So you thought him;  
And took his voice who should be prick'd to die  
In our black sentence and proscription.<sup>5</sup>

*Ant.* Octavius, I have seen more days than  
you:

And though we lay these honours on this man,  
To ease ourselves of divers slanderous loads,  
He shall but bear them as the ass bears gold,  
To groan and sweat under the business,<sup>6</sup> 23  
Either led or driven, as we point the way;  
And having brought our treasure where we will,

<sup>1</sup> *Bear me a bang*, get a blow from me.

<sup>2</sup> *Turn him going*, turn him adrift, send him packing.

*Prick'd*, marked.

<sup>3</sup> *Prospection*; metrically four syllables.

<sup>4</sup> *Business*; here a trisyllable.



Then take we down his load, and turn him off,  
Like to the empty ass, to shake his ears  
And graze in commons.

*Oct.* You may do your will;  
But he's a tried and valiant soldier.

*Ant.* So is my horse, Octavius, and for that  
I do appoint him store of provender: 30  
It is a creature that I teach to fight,  
To wind, to stop, to run directly on,—  
His corporal motion govern'd by my spirit.  
And, in some taste,<sup>1</sup> is Lepidus but so:  
He must be taught, and train'd, and bid go  
forth;—

A barren-spirited fellow, one that feeds  
On objects, arts, and imitations  
Which, out of use and stal'd by other men,  
Begin his fashion: do not talk of him,  
But as a property.<sup>2</sup>—And now, Octavius, 40  
Listen great things:—Brutus and Cassius  
Are levying powers;<sup>3</sup> we must straight make  
head:

Therefore let our alliance be combin'd,  
Our best friends made, and our best means  
stretch'd out;

And let us presently go sit in council,  
How covert matters may be best disclos'd,  
And open perils surest answered.

*Oct.* Let us do so: for we are at the stake,<sup>4</sup>  
And bay'd about with many enemies;  
And some that smile have in their hearts, I  
fear, 50  
Millions of mischiefs. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *Before the tent of Brutus, in the  
camp near Sardis.*

*Drum.* Enter BRUTUS, LUCILIUS, TITINIUS, and  
Soldiers; PINDARUS meeting them; LUCIUS at  
some distance.

*Bru.* Stand, ho!

*Lucil.* Give the word, ho! and stand.

*Bru.* What now, Lucilius! is Cassius near?

*Lucil.* He is at hand; and Pindarus is come  
To do you salutation from his master.

[*Pindarus gives a letter to Brutus.*]

<sup>1</sup> Taste, measure, degree.

<sup>2</sup> A property, a thing to be used as we please.

<sup>3</sup> Powers, forces.

<sup>4</sup> At the stake, like a wild beast tied to a stake, to be  
baited by dogs.

*Bru.* He greets me well. — Your master,  
Pindarus,  
In his own change,<sup>5</sup> or by ill officers,  
Hath given me some worthy cause to wish  
Things done undone; but, if he be at hand,  
I shall be satisfied.

*Pin.* I do not doubt 10  
But that my noble master will appear  
Such as he is, full of regard<sup>6</sup> and honour.

*Bru.* He is not doubted. [*Exit Pindarus.*]  
— A word, Lucilius:

How he receiv'd you, let me be resolv'd.<sup>7</sup>

*Lucil.* With courtesy, and with respect  
enough,

But not with such familiar instances,<sup>8</sup>  
Nor with such free and friendly conference,  
As he hath us'd of old.

*Bru.* Thou hast describ'd  
A hot friend cooling: ever note, Lucilius,  
When love begins to sicken and decay 20  
It useth an enforced ceremony.

There are no tricks in plain and simple faith;  
But hollow men, like horses hot at hand,<sup>9</sup>  
Make gallant show and promise of their mettle,  
But when they should endure the bloody spur  
They fall<sup>10</sup> their crests, and like deceitful jades  
Sink in the trial. [*Distant trumpets heard.*]

Comes his army on?

*Lucil.* They mean this night in Sardis to  
be quarter'd;

The greater part, the horse in general,  
Are come with Cassius.

[*Trumpets sound nearer.*]

*Bru.* Hark, he is arriv'd.— 31  
March gently on to meet him.

*Cass.* [*Without*] Stand, ho!

*Enter CASSIUS and Soldiers.*

*Bru.* Stand, ho! Speak the word along.

*First Sold.* Stand!

*Sec. Sold.* Stand!

*Third Sold.* Stand!

*Cass.* Most noble brother, you have done  
me wrong.

<sup>5</sup> In his own change, because of some change in himself.

<sup>6</sup> Full of regard, worthy of all regard.

<sup>7</sup> Resolv'd, informed.

<sup>8</sup> Familiar instances, proofs or manifestations of fami-  
liarity.

<sup>9</sup> Hot at hand, spirited when held in.

<sup>10</sup> Fall, let fall.

*Bru.* Judge me, ye gods! Wrong I mine enemies!  
And, if not so, how should I wrong a brother?  
*Cass.* Brutus, this sober form of yours hides wrongs;  
And when you do them—  
*Bru.* Cassius, be content;<sup>1</sup>  
Speak your griefs<sup>2</sup> softly, — I do know you well:  
Before the eyes of both our armies here,  
Which should perceive nothing but love from us,  
Let us not wrangle: bid them move away;  
Then in my tent, Cassius, enlarge<sup>3</sup> your griefs,  
And I will give you audience.  
*Cass.* Pindarus,  
Bid our commanders lead their charges off  
A little from this ground.  
*Bru.* Lucius, do you the like; and let no man  
Come to our tent, till we have done our conference.  
Lucilius and Titinius, guard our door.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *Within the tent of Brutus.*

*Enter BRUTUS and CASSIUS.*

*Cass.* That you have wrong'd me doth appear in this:  
You have condemn'd and noted<sup>4</sup> Lucius Pella  
For taking bribes here of the Sardians;  
Wherein my letter, praying on his side,  
Because I knew the man, was slighted off.<sup>5</sup>  
*Bru.* You wrong'd yourself to write in such a case.  
*Cass.* In such a time as this it is not meet  
That every nice<sup>6</sup> offence should bear his comment.<sup>7</sup>  
*Bru.* Let me tell you, Cassius, you yourself  
Are much condemn'd to have<sup>8</sup> an itching palm,  
To sell and mart your offices for gold  
To undeservers.  
*Cass.* I am an itching palm!  
[*Half draws his sword.*]

<sup>1</sup> Content, quiet, calm.      <sup>2</sup> Griefs, grievances.  
<sup>3</sup> Enlarge, state fully.      <sup>4</sup> Noted, stigmatized.  
<sup>5</sup> Slighted off, treated slightly, disregarded.  
<sup>6</sup> Nice, petty, trifling.  
<sup>7</sup> Bear his comment, receive its criticism.  
To have, for having.

You know that you are Brutus that speaks this,  
Or, by the gods, this speech were else your last.  
*Bru.* The name of Cassius honours this corruption,  
And chastisement doth therefore hide his head.  
*Cass.* Chastisement!  
*Bru.* Remember March, the ides of March remember!  
Did not great Julius bleed for justice' sake?  
What villain touch'd his body, that did stab,  
And not for justice? What! shall one of us,  
That struck the foremost man of all this world  
But for supporting robbers,—shall we now  
Contaminate our fingers with base bribes,  
And sell the mighty space of our large honours  
For so much trash as may be grasped thus?  
I had rather be a dog, and bay the moon,  
Than such a Roman.  
*Cass.* Brutus, bay not me;  
I'll not endure it: you forget yourself,  
To hedge me in. I am a soldier, I,  
Older in practice, abler than yourself  
To make conditions.  
*Bru.* Go to; you are not, Cassius.  
*Cass.* I am.  
*Bru.* I say you are not.  
*Cass.* Urge me no more, I shall forget myself;  
Have mind upon your health, tempt me no further.  
*Bru.* Away, slight man!  
*Cass.* Is't possible?  
*Bru.* Hear me, for I will speak.  
[*Cassius advances angrily, as if going to speak.*]  
Must I give way and room to your rash choler?  
Shall I be frighted when a madman stares?  
*Cass.* O ye gods, ye gods! [*Cassius paces agitatedly to and fro.*] Must I endure all this?  
*Bru.* All this? ay, more: fret till your proud heart break;  
Go show your slaves how choleric you are,  
And make your bondmen tremble. Must I budge?  
Must I observe<sup>9</sup> you? Must I stand and crouch

<sup>9</sup> Conditions, the terms on which offices are to be conferred.  
<sup>10</sup> Observe, be obsequious to.

Under your testy humour? [*Cassius stops, restraining himself with great effort.*] By the gods,

You shall digest the venom of your spleen, Though it do split you; for, from this day forth, I'll use you for my mirth, yea, for my laughter, When you are waspish.

*Cass.* Is it come to this?

*Bru.* You say you are a better soldier: 51  
Let it appear so; make your vaunting true,  
And it shall please me well: for mine own part,  
I shall be glad to learn of noble men.

*Cass.* [*Calmly*] You wrong me every way;  
you wrong me, Brutus;  
I said an elder soldier, not a better:  
Did I say better?

*Bru.* If you did, I care not.

*Cass.* When Cæsar liv'd he durst not thus  
have mov'd me.

*Bru.* Peace, peace! you durst not so have  
tempted him.

*Cass.* I durst not! 60

*Bru.* No.

*Cass.* What? durst not tempt him?

*Bru.* For your life you durst not.

*Cass.* [*Suppressing his anger by a great effort*] Do not presume too much upon my  
love;

I may do that I shall be sorry for.

*Bru.* You have done that you should be  
sorry for.

There is no terror, Cassius, in your threats;  
For I am arm'd so strong in honesty  
That they pass by me as the idle wind  
Which I respect not. I did send to you  
For certain sums of gold, which you denied  
me;— 70

For I can raise no money by vile means:  
By heaven, I had rather coin my heart,  
And drop my blood for drachmas, than to wring  
From the hard hands of peasants their vile  
trash

By any indirection.<sup>1</sup>—I did send  
To you for gold to pay my legions,  
Which you denied me. Was that done like  
Cassius?

Should I have answer'd Caius Cassius so?

When Marcus Brutus grows so covetous, 70  
To lock such rascal counters<sup>2</sup> from his friends,  
Be ready, gods, with all your thunderbolts,  
Dash him to pieces!

*Cass.* I denied you not.

*Bru.* You did.

*Cass.* I did not;—he was but a fool  
That brought my answer back.—Brutus hath  
riv'd my heart;

A friend should bear a friend's infirmities,  
But Brutus makes mine greater than they are.

*Bru.* I do not, till you practise them on me.

*Cass.* You love me not.

*Bru.* I do not like your faults.

*Cass.* A friendly eye could never see such  
faults.

*Bru.* A flatterer's would not, though they do  
appear 91

As huge as high Olympus.

*Cass.* Come, Antony, and young Octavius,  
come,

Revenge yourselves alone on Cassius!

For Cassius is a weary of the world;

Hated by one he loves, brav'd by his brother,  
Check'd<sup>3</sup> like a bondman; all his faults ob-  
serv'd,

Set in a note-book, learn'd and conn'd by rote,  
To cast into my teeth. O, I could weep  
My spirit from mine eyes!—There is my  
dagger, 100

And here my naked breast; within, a heart  
Dearer than Plutus<sup>4</sup> mine, richer than gold:  
If that thou beest a Roman, take it forth;  
I, that denied thee gold, will give my heart:  
Strike, as thou didst at Cæsar; for I know,  
When thou didst hate him worst, thou lov'dst  
him better

Than ever thou lov'dst Cassius.

*Bru.* Sheathe your dagger:  
Be angry when you will, it shall have scope;  
Do what you will, dishonour shall be humour.<sup>5</sup>  
O Cassius, you are yoked with a lamb, 110  
That carries anger as the flint bears fire,  
Who, much enforced,<sup>6</sup> shows a hasty spark  
And straight is cold again.

<sup>2</sup> *Counters*, pieces of metal used in casting accounts; here used contemptuously for money.

<sup>3</sup> *Check'd*, chided, reproved.

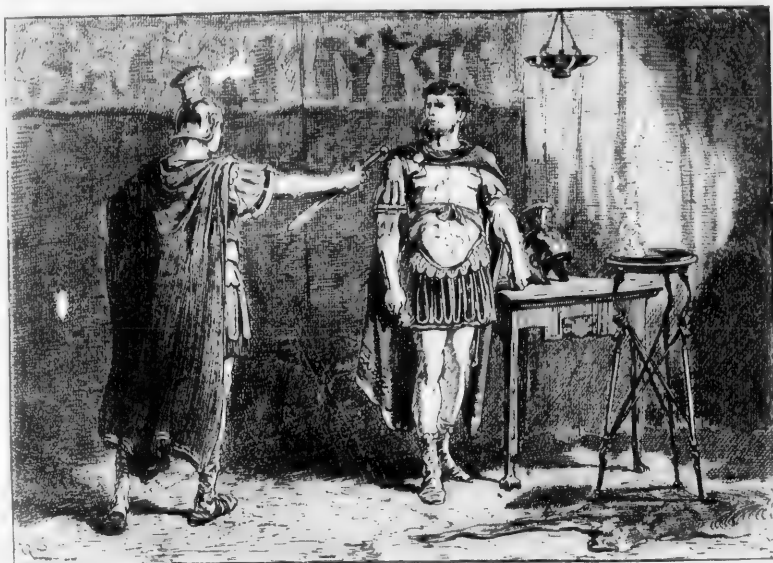
<sup>4</sup> *Plutus*, the Roman god of wealth.

<sup>5</sup> *Shall be humour*, shall be regarded as mere caprice.

<sup>6</sup> *Enforced*, struck forcibly.

*Cass.* Hath Cassius liv'd  
To be but mirth and laughter to his Brutus,  
When grief and blood ill-temper'd vexeth him?  
*Bru.* When I spoke that, I was ill-temper'd too.  
*Cass.* Do you confess so much? Give me  
your hand. 117  
*Bru.* [Embracing him.] And my heart too.

*Cass.* O Brutus!—  
*Bru.* What's the matter?  
*Cass.* Have not you love enough to bear  
with me,  
When that rash humour which my mother  
gave me 120  
Makes me forgetful?



*Cass.* There is my dagger,  
And here my naked breast.—(Act iv. 3. 100, 101.)

*Bru.* Yes, Cassius; and from henceforth,  
When you are over-earnest with your  
Brutus, 122  
He'll think your mother chides, and leave  
you so. [Noise within.]

[*Poet.* [Within] Let me go in to see the  
generals:

There is some grudge between 'em; 't is not  
meet  
They be alone.

*Lucil.* [Within] You shall not come to  
them.

*Poet.* [Within] Nothing but death shall stay  
me.]

Enter [*Poet, followed by*] LUCILIUS and  
TITINIUS.

[*Cass.* How now? What's the matter?  
*Poet.* For shame, you generals! What do  
you mean? 130

Love, and be friends, as two such men should  
be;

For I have seen more years, I'm sure, than  
ye.

*Cass.* Ha, ha! how vilely doth this cynic  
rhyme!

*Bru.* Get you hence, sirrah! saucy fellow,  
hence!

*Cass.* Bear with him, Brutus; 'tis his fashion.<sup>1</sup>

*Bru.* I'll know his humour when he knows his time.

What should the wars do with these jiggings<sup>2</sup> fools!—

Companion,<sup>3</sup> hence!

*Cass.* Away! away! be gone!  
[*Exit Poet.*]

*Bru.* Lucilius and Titinius, bid the commanders

Prepare to lodge their companies to-night.

*Cass.* And come yourselves, and bring Messala with you, 141

Immediately to us.

[*Exeunt Lucilius and Titinius.*]

*Bru.* Lucius!

*Enter Lucius.*

A bowl of wine.

[*Exit Lucius.*]

*Cass.* I did not think you could have been so angry.

*Bru.* O Cassius, I am sick of many griefs!

*Cass.* Of your philosophy you make no use,

If you give place<sup>4</sup> to accidental evils.

*Bru.* No man bears sorrow better:—Portia is dead.

*Cass.* Ha! Portia?

*Bru.* She is dead.

*Cass.* How scap'd I killing, when I cross'd you so!— 150

O insupportable and touching loss!—

Upon what sickness?

*Bru.* Impatient of my absence,  
And grief that young Octavius with Mark Antony

Have made themselves so strong;—for with her death

That tidings came.—With this she fell distract;<sup>5</sup>

And, her attendants absent, swallow'd fire.

*Cass.* And died so?

*Bru.* Even so.

*Cass.* O ye immortals gods!

*Enter LUCIUS, with a jar of wine, a goblet, and a taper.*

*Bru.* Speak no more of her.—Give me a bowl of wine.— [Taking the goblet.  
In this I bury all unkindness, Cassius. [Drinks.

*Cass.* My heart is thirsty for that noble pledge.— 160

Fill, Lucius, till the wine o'erswell the cup;  
I cannot drink too much of Brutus' love.

[Drinks. *Exit Lucius.*]

*Enter TITINIUS, with MESSALA.*

*Bru.* Come in, Titinius.—Welcome, good Messala.—

Now sit we close about this taper here,  
And call in question<sup>6</sup> our necessities.

[*Titinius and Messala sit.*]

*Cass.* [Aside] Portia, art thou gone?

*Bru.* No more, I pray you.

[*Brutus and Cassius sit at the table.*]

Messala, I have here received letters,  
That young Octavius and Mark Antony  
Come down upon us with a mighty power,<sup>7</sup>  
Bending their expedition toward Philippi.

*Mess.* Myself have letters of the selfsame tenour. 171

*Bru.* With what addition?

*Mess.* That by proscription and bills of outlawry,

Octavius, Antony, and Lepidus

Have put to death an hundred senators.

*Bru.* Therein our letters do not well agree;

Mine speak of seventy senators that died

By their proscriptions, Cicero being one.

*Cass.* Cicero one?

*Mess.* Cicero is dead,

And by that order of proscription.<sup>8</sup>— 180

Had you your letters from your wife, my lord?

*Bru.* No, Messala.

*Mess.* Nor nothing in your letters writ of her?

*Bru.* Nothing, Messala.

*Mess.* That, methinks, is strange.

*Bru.* Why ask you? Hear you aught of her in yours?

<sup>1</sup> Fashion; here a trisyllable. <sup>2</sup> Jiggings, rhyming.

<sup>3</sup> Companion; used contemptuously = fellow.

<sup>4</sup> Give place, give way.

<sup>5</sup> Fell distract, became distracted.

<sup>6</sup> Call in question, consider, discuss.

<sup>7</sup> Power, force, army.

<sup>8</sup> Proscription, pronounced as a quadrisyllable.

goblet, and

Give me a  
goblet.  
[Drinks,  
that noble

all the cup;  
is' love.  
Exit Lucius.

MESSALA.

Welcome, good

here,

ties.

Exit Messala sit.  
gone!

I pray you.  
at the table.  
tters,

Antony

ity power;

Philippi.

the selfsame

and bills of out-

senators.

not well agree;

that died

being one.

dead,

ion.<sup>8</sup>— 180

wife, my lord?

letters writ of

inks, is strange.

ou aught of her

Mess. No, my lord.

Bru. Now, as you are a Roman, tell me true.

Mess. Then like a Roman bear the truth I  
tell;

For certain she is dead, and by strange manner.

Bru. Why, farewell, Portia. [All rise and  
advance.] We must die, Messala: 190

With meditating that she must die once,

I have the patience to endure it now.

Mess. Even so great men great losses should  
endure.

Cass. I have as much of this in art<sup>1</sup> as you,  
But yet my nature could not bear it so.

Bru. Well, to our work alive.<sup>2</sup> What do  
you think

Of marching to Philippi presently?<sup>3</sup>

Cass. I do not think it good.

Bru.

Your reason?

Cass. This it is:

Tis better that the enemy seek us; 199

So shall he waste his means, weary his soldiers,

Doing himself offence; whilst we lying still

Are full of rest, defence, and nimbleness.

Bru. Good reasons must, of force,<sup>4</sup> give  
place to better.

The people 'twixt Philippi and this ground

Do stand but in a forc'd affection;

For they have grudg'd us contribution:

The enemy, marching along by them,

By them shall make a fuller number up,

Come on refresh'd, new-added,<sup>5</sup> and encour-  
ag'd;

From which advantage shall we cut him off

If at Philippi we do face him there, 211

These people at our back.

Cass. Hear me, good brother.

Bru. Under your pardon.—You must note  
beside

That we have tried the utmost of our friends,

Our legions are brim-full, our cause is ripe:

The enemy increaseth every day;

We, at the height, are ready to decline.

There is a tide in the affairs of men,

Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;

Omitted,<sup>6</sup> all the voyage of their life 220

Is bound in shallows and in miseries.

<sup>1</sup> Art, theory.

<sup>2</sup> Alive, connected with the living, not the dead.

<sup>3</sup> Presently, immediately.

New-added, reinforced.

<sup>4</sup> Of force, of necessity.

<sup>5</sup> Omitted, neglected

On such a full sea are we now afloat; 222  
And we must take the current when it serves,  
Or lose our ventures.

Cass. Then, with your will, go on;  
We'll along ourselves, and meet them at  
Philippi.

Bru. The deep of night is crept upon our  
talk,

And nature must obey necessity,  
Which we will nigard with a little rest.

There is no more to say!

Cass. No more. Good night!

Early to-morrow will we rise and hence. 230

Bru. Lucius, my gown.—[Exit Lucius.]

Farewell, good Messala!—

Good night, Titinius!—Noble, noble Cassius,

Good night, and good repose!

Cass.

O my dear brother!

[Embracing Brutus.

This was an ill beginning of the night;

Never come such division 'tween our souls!

Let it not, Brutus.

Enter LUCIUS, with the gown.

Bru. Every thing is well.

Cass. Good night, my lord!

Bru. Good night, good brother!

Tit., Mess. Good night, Lord Brutus!

Bru. Farewell, every one!—

[Exeunt Cassius, Titinius, and Messala.

Give me the gown. Where is thy instrument?

Luc. Here, in the tent.

[Goes for his lute, and returns.

Bru. What! thou speak'st drowsily!

Poor knave,<sup>7</sup> I blame thee not; thou art o'er-  
watch'd.<sup>8</sup> 241

Call Claudius and some other of my men;

I'll have them sleep on cushions in my tent.

Luc. Varro and Claudius!

Enter VARRO and CLAUDIUS.

Var. Calls my lord?

Bru. I pray you, sirs, lie in my tent and sleep;

It may be I shall raise you by and by

On business to my brother Cassius.

Var. So please you, we will stand and watch  
your pleasure.

<sup>7</sup> Knave, boy.

<sup>8</sup> O'erwatch'd, worn out with watching.

*Bru.* I will not have it so; lie down, good sirs;  
It may be I shall otherwise bethink me—  
Look, Lucius, here 's the book I sought for so;  
I put it in the pocket of my gown.

[*Servants lie down.*]

*Luc.* I was sure your lordship did not give it  
me.

*Bru.* Bear with me, good boy; I am much  
forgetful.

Canst thou hold up thy heavy eyes awhile,  
And touch thy instrument a strain or two?

*Luc.* Ay, my lord, an't please you.

*Bru.*

It does, my boy;

I trouble thee too much, but thou art willing.



*Bru.* Ha! who comes here?—(Act IV. 3. 275.)

*Luc.* It is my duty, sir.

260

*Bru.* I should not urge thy duty past thy  
might;

I know young bloods look for a time of rest.

*Luc.* I have slept, my lord, already.

*Bru.* It was well done, and thou shalt sleep  
again;

I will not hold thee long; if I do live,  
I will be good to thee.

[*Lucius sits, and begins to play, but  
soon falls asleep.*]

This is a sleepy tune.—O murderous slumber,  
Lay'st thou thy leaden nace<sup>1</sup> upon my boy,  
That plays thee music?—Gentle knave, good  
night;

I will not do thee so much wrong to wake thee:  
If thou dost nod, thou break'st thy instrument:  
I'll take it from thee [*Takes lute from Lucius  
and lays it down*]; and, good boy, good  
night.

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Let me see, let me see;—is not the leaf turn'd  
down

Where I left reading? Here it is, I think.

[*He sits down.*]

*Enter the Ghost of Cæsar.*

How ill this taper burns!—Ha! who comes here?  
I think it is the weakness of mine eyes  
That shapes this monstrous apparition.<sup>2</sup>

[*Ghost approaches.*]

<sup>2</sup> Apparition; metrically five syllables



It comes upon me.—Art thou any thing?  
Art thou some god, some angel, or some devil,  
That mak'st my blood cold and my hair to  
stare?<sup>1</sup>  
Speak to me what thou art.  
*Ghost.* Thy evil spirit, Brutus.  
*Bru.* Why com'st thou?  
*Ghost.* To tell thee thou shalt see me at  
Philippi.

*Bru.* Well; then I shall see thee again?  
*Ghost.* Ay, at Philippi.  
[*Ghost vanishes.*]

*Bru.* Why, I will see thee at Philippi then.  
Now I have taken heart, thou vanishest:  
Ill spirit, I would hold more talk with thee.  
Boy! Lucius!—Varro! Claudius!—  
Sirs,  
awake!—

[*Claudius!*]  
*Luc.* The strings, my lord, are false.  
*Bru.* He thinks he still is at his instrument.  
*Lucius, awake!*  
*Luc.* [*Advancing*] My lord!

*Bru.* [Didst thou dream, Lucius, that thou  
so criest out?  
*Luc.* My lord, I do not know that I did cry.  
*Bru.* Yes, that thou didst.] Didst thou see  
any thing?  
*Luc.* Nothing, my lord.  
*Bru.* Sleep again, Lucius.—Sirrah, Claudius!  
Fellow thou! awake!

*Var.* My lord!  
*Cla.* My lord! [*Both advance.*]  
*Bru.* Why did you cry out, sirs, in your  
sleep?  
*Var.* *Cla.* Did we, my lord?  
*Bru.* Ay; saw you any thing?  
*Var.* No, my lord, I saw nothing.  
*Cla.* Nor I, my lord.  
*Bru.* Go, and commend me to my brother  
Cassius;

Bid him set on his powers<sup>2</sup> betimes before,  
And we will follow.  
*Var.* *Cla.* It shall be done, my lord.  
[*Exeunt.*]

ACT V.

SCENE I. *The plains of Philippi.*

*Enter OCTAVIUS, ANTONY, and their army.*

*Oct.* Now, Antony, our hopes are answered.  
You said the enemy would not come down,  
But keep the hills and upper regions.  
It proves not so: their battles<sup>3</sup> are at hand;  
They mean to warn<sup>4</sup> us at Philippi here,  
Answering before we do demand of them.

*Ant.* Tut! I am in their bosoms,<sup>5</sup> and I  
know  
Wherefore they do so: they could be content  
To visit other places, and come down  
With fearful bravery,<sup>6</sup> thinking by this face<sup>7</sup>  
To fasten our thoughts that they have  
conquered.  
[*Drum.*]

*Ant.* Stand up,  
his powers, move forward his forces.  
his battalions, forces.  
his, summon, attack. <sup>5</sup> Bosoms, confidence.  
his fearful bravery, with a show of courage though  
his ar. <sup>7</sup> Face, appearance.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mess.* Prepare you, generals: 12  
The enemy comes on in gallant show;  
Their bloody sign of battle is hung out,  
And something to be done immediately.  
*Ant.* Octavius, lead your battle softly on,  
Upon the left hand of the even field.  
*Oct.* Upon the right hand I; keep thou the  
left.  
*Ant.* Why do you cross me in this exigent?<sup>9</sup>  
*Oct.* I do not cross you; but I will do so. 20  
[*March.*]

*Drum. Enter BRUTUS, CASSIUS, and their army;  
LUCILIUS, TITINIUS, MESSALA, and others.*

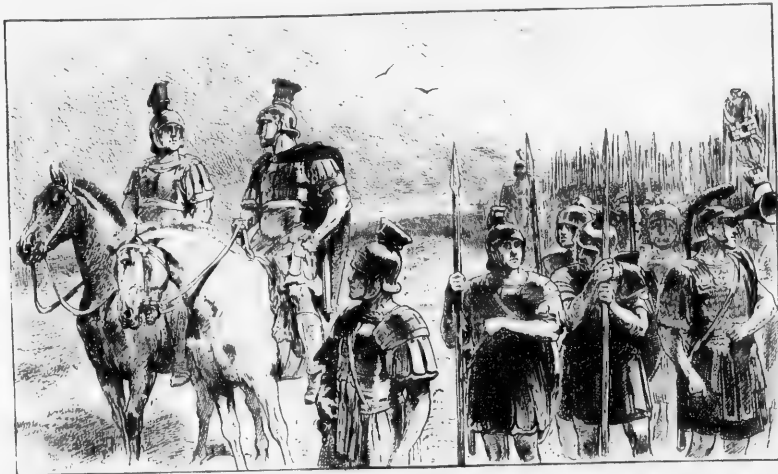
*Bru.* They stand and would have parley.  
[*Cass.* Stand fast, Titinius; we must out  
and talk.  
*Oct.* Mark Antony, shall we give sign of  
battle?

<sup>1</sup> Battle. army. <sup>9</sup> Exigent, exigency.  
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*Ant.* No, Cæsar, we will answer on their charge.<sup>1</sup> 24  
 Make forth;<sup>2</sup> the generals would have some words.  
*Oct.* Stir not until the signal.  
*Bru.* Words before blows; is it so, countrymen?  
*Oct.* Not that we love words better, as you do.

*Bru.* Good words are better than bad strokes, Octavius.  
*Ant.* In your bad strokes, Brutus, you give good words; 30  
 Witness the hole you made in Cæsar's heart, Crying, "Long live! Hail, Cæsar!"  
*Cass.* Antony,  
 The posture<sup>3</sup> of your blows are yet unknown;



Octavius, Antony, and their army.—(Act v. 1.)

But for your words, they rob the Hybla<sup>4</sup> bees,  
 And leave them honeyless.

*Ant.* Not stingless too.

*Bru.* O, yes, and soundless too;  
 For you have stol'n their buzzing, Antony,  
 And very wisely threat before you sting.

*Ant.* Villains, you did not so when your vile daggers

Hack'd one another in the sides of Cæsar; 40  
 You show'd your teeth like apes, and fawn'd like hounds,

And bow'd like bondmen, kissing Cæsar's feet;  
 Whilst damned Casca, like a cur, behind,  
 Struck Cæsar on the neck. O you flatterers!

*Cass.* Flatterers!—Now, Brutus, thank yourself; 45

This tongue had not offended so to-day,  
 If Cassius might have rul'd.

*Oct.* Come, come, the cause;<sup>5</sup> if arguing make us sweat,

The proof of it<sup>6</sup> will turn to redder drops. 50  
 Look—

I draw a sword against conspirators;  
 When think you that the sword goes up again?<sup>7</sup>

Never, till Cæsar's three and thirty wounds  
 Be well aveng'd; or till another Cæsar  
 Have added slaughter to the sword of traitors.

<sup>1</sup> On their charge, when they attack us

<sup>2</sup> Make forth, go forward

<sup>3</sup> Posture, character, direction.

<sup>4</sup> Hybla, in Sicily, was famous for its honey.

<sup>5</sup> The cause, let us to business.

<sup>6</sup> The proof of it, the practical application or enforcement of it.

<sup>7</sup> Up again, back to its sheath.

*Bru.* Caesar, thou canst not die by traitors' hands,  
Unless thou bring'st them with thee.

*Oct.* So I hope;  
I was not born to die on Brutus' sword.

*Bru.* O, if thou wert the noblest of thy  
s' ain,<sup>1</sup>

Young man, thou couldst not die more honourably.<sup>60</sup>

*Cass.* A peevish<sup>2</sup> schoolboy, worthless of such honour,

Join'd with a masker and a reveller!

*Ant.* Old Cassius still!

*Oct.* Come, Antony; away!—  
Defiance, traitors, hurl we in your teeth:  
If you dare fight to-day, come to the field;  
If not, when you have stomachs.<sup>3</sup>

[*Exeunt Octavius, Antony, and their army.*]

*Cass.* Why now, blow wind, swell billow,  
and swim bark!

The storm is up, and all is on the hazard.

[*Bru.* Ho, Lucilius! hark, a word with you.  
*Lucil.* My lord!

[*Brutus and Lucilius talk apart.*]

*Cass.* Messala!

*Mess.* What says my general?

*Cass.* Messala,  
This is my birthday; as this very day<sup>72</sup>  
Was Cassius born. Give me thy hand, Messala;  
Be thou my witness that against my will,  
As Pompey was,<sup>4</sup> am I compell'd to set  
Upon one battle all our liberties.

You know that I held Epicurus strong,  
And his opinion; now I change my mind,  
And partly credit things that do presage.<sup>70</sup>

Coming from Sardis, on our former<sup>5</sup> ensign  
Two mighty eagles fell; and there they perch'd,  
Gorging and feeding from our soldiers' hands;  
Who to Philippi here consorted us:

This morning are they fled away and gone,  
And in their steads do ravens, crows, and kites  
Fly o'er our heads and downward look on us,  
As we were sickly prey; their shadows seem  
A canopy most fatal, under which  
Our army lies, ready to give up the ghost.

<sup>1</sup> Strain, race, stock

<sup>2</sup> Peevish, foolish.

<sup>3</sup> Stomachs, appetites.

<sup>4</sup> As Pompey was, i.e. at Pharsalia

<sup>5</sup> Former, foremost, forward.

*Mess.* Believe not so.

*Cass.* I but believe it partly;  
For I am fresh of spirit, and resolv'd<sup>91</sup>  
To meet all perils very constantly.

*Bru.* Even so, Lucilius.<sup>6</sup>

*Cass.* Now, most noble Brutus,  
The gods to-day stand friendly, that we may,  
Lovers in peace, lead on our days to age!  
But since the affairs of men rest still incertain,<sup>7</sup>

Let's reason with the worst that may befall.

If we do lose this battle, then is this

The very last time we shall speak together;

What are you then determined to do?<sup>100</sup>

*Bru.* Even by the rule of that philosophy  
By which I did blame Cato for the death

Which he did give himself. I know not how,  
But I do find it cowardly and vile,

For fear of what might fall, so to prevent<sup>8</sup>

The time of life,—arming myself with patience

To stay<sup>9</sup> the providence of some high powers

That govern us below.

*Cass.* Then, if we lose this battle,

You are contented to be led in triumph

Thorough<sup>10</sup> the streets of Rome?<sup>110</sup>

*Bru.* No, Cassius, no! think not, thou noble  
Roman,

That ever Brutus will go bound to Rome;

He bears too great a mind. But this same  
day

Must end that work the ides of March begun;  
And whether we shall meet again I know  
not.

Therefore our everlasting farewell take;

For ever, and for ever, farewell, Cassius!

If we do meet again, why, we shall smile;

If not, why, then this parting was well made.

*Cass.* For ever, and for ever, farewell, Brutus!

If we do meet again, we'll smile indeed;<sup>121</sup>

If not, 't is true, this parting was well made.

*Bru.* Why, then lead on.—O that a man  
might know

The end of this day's business ere it come!

But it sufficeth that the day will end,

And then the end is known.—Come, ho!  
away! [*Flourish of trumpets. Exeunt.*]

<sup>6</sup> Even so, Lucilius, indicating the close of the private conversation.

<sup>7</sup> Incertain=uncertain.

<sup>8</sup> Present, anticipate.

<sup>9</sup> Stay, await

<sup>10</sup> Thorough, through.

[SCENE II. *The field of battle.**Alarum. Enter BRUTUS and MESSALA.**Br.* Ride, ride, Messala, ride, and give these bills<sup>1</sup>

Unto the legions on the other side.

[*Loud alarum.*

Let them set on at once; for I perceive  
But cold demeanour in Octavius' wing,  
And sudden push<sup>2</sup> gives them the overthrow.  
Ride, ride, Messala; let them all come down.

[*Exeunt.*]SCENE III. *Another part of the field.*

*Alarums, drums, trumpets, and shouts. Enter  
CASSIUS with an eagle in his hand, and  
TITINIUS.*

*Cass.* O, look, Titinius, look, the villains fly!  
Myself have to mine own turn'd enemy:  
This ensign here of mine was turning back;  
I slew the coward, and did take it<sup>3</sup> from him.

*Tit.* O Cassius, Brutus gave the word too  
early;

Who, having some advantage on Octavius,  
Took it too eagerly; his soldiers fell to spoil,  
Whilst we by Antony are all enclos'd.

[*Alarums, drums, and shouts.**Enter PINDARUS.*

*Pin.* Fly further off, my lord, fly further off!  
Mark Antony is in your tents, my lord! 10  
Fly, therefore, noble Cassius, fly far<sup>4</sup> off!

*Cass.* This hill is far enough. [*Gives ensign  
to Pindarus.*—Look, look, Titinius;  
Are those my tents where I perceive the fire?

*Tit.* They are, my lord.

*Cass.* Titinius, if thou lov'st me,  
Mount thou my horse and hide thy spurs in  
him,  
Till he have brought thee up to yonder  
troops,

And here again, that I may rest assur'd  
Whether yond troops are friend or enemy.

*Tit.* I will be here again, even with a thought.[*Exit.*

*Cass.* Go, Pindarus, get higher on that hill;  
My sight was ever thick; regard Titinius, 21  
And tell me what thou not'st about the field.—

[*Pindarus goes up.*

This day I breathed first: time is come round,  
And where I did begin, there shall I end;  
My life is run his compass.—Sirrah, what  
news!

*Pin.* [Above] O my lord!*Cass.* What news!

*Pin.* Titinius is enclosed round about  
With horsemen that make to him on the  
spur;—

Yet he spurs on.—Now they are almost on  
him;— 30

Now, Titinius!—

Now some light.—O, he lights too.—He's  
ta'en;—and, hark!

They shout for joy.

[*Distant shouts and flourish  
of trumpets.*

*Cass.* Come down, behold no more.—  
O, coward that I am to live so long,  
To see my best friend ta'en before my face!—

*PINDARUS comes down.*

Come hither, sirrah!

In Parthia did I take thee prisoner;  
And then I swore thee, saving of thy life,  
That whatsoever I did bid thee do,  
Thou shouldst attempt it. Come now, keep  
thine oath! 40

Now be a freeman; and with this good sword,  
That ran through Cæsar's bowels, search this  
bosom.

Stand not to answer: here, take thou the  
hilts;<sup>5</sup>

And, when my face is cover'd, as 't is now,  
Guide thou the sword. [*Pindarus takes the  
sword, and Cassius runs upon it: he falls.*]  
Cæsar, thou art reveng'd,

Even with the sword that kill'd thee. [*Dies.*

*Pin.* So, I am free; yet would not so have  
been,

Durst I have done my will.—O Cassius!  
Far from this country Pindarus shall run, 49  
Where never Roman shall take note of him.

[*Exit. Alarums.*<sup>1</sup> Bills, written orders.<sup>2</sup> Push, onset, charge.<sup>3</sup> It, i.e. the ensign, or standard implied in ensign, or standard-bearer.<sup>4</sup> Far, farther.<sup>5</sup> Hilts, i.e. the sword by the hilt.

*Enter TITINIUS, with a laurel crown on his head, and MESSALA.*

*Mess.* It is but change,<sup>1</sup> Titinius; for Octavius is overthrown by noble Brutus' power, 52  
As Cassius' legions are by Antony.

*Tit.* These tidings will well comfort Cassius.

*Mess.* Where did you leave him?

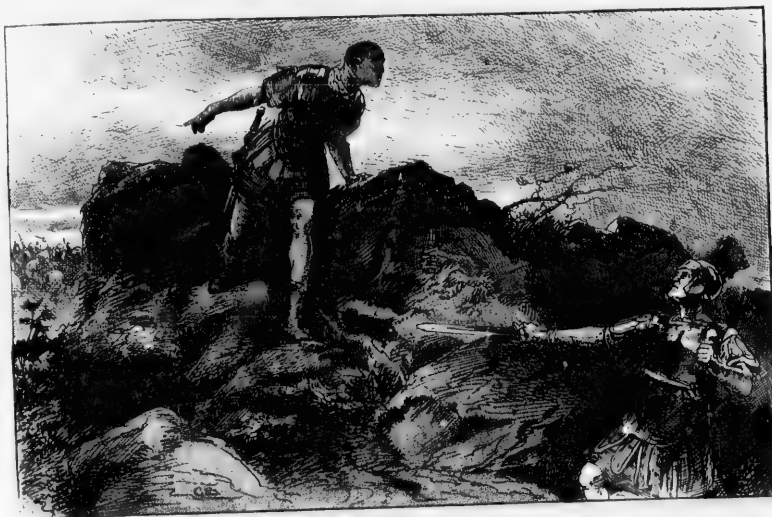
*Tit.* All disconsolate,  
With Pindarus his bondman, on this hill.

*Mess.* [*Seeing Cassius' body*] Is not that he  
that lies upon the ground?

*Tit.* He lies not like the living. O my heart!

[*Mess.* Is not that he?

*Tit.* No, this was he, Messala,  
But Cassius is no more.—O setting sun! 60



*Pin. Titinius is enclosed round about.—(Act v. 3. 28.)*

As in thy red rays thou dost sink to night,<sup>2</sup>  
So in his red blood Cassius' day is set; 62  
The sun of Rome is set! Our day is gone;  
Clouds, dews, and dangers come; our deeds  
are done!]

Mistrust of my success<sup>3</sup> hath done this deed.

[*Mess.* Mistrust of good success hath done  
this deed.

O hateful Error, Melancholy's child!  
Why dost thou show to the apt thoughts of men  
The things that are not? O Error, soon con-  
ceiv'd,

<sup>1</sup> *Change, alternation of fortune.*

<sup>2</sup> *To night, that is, into night, or darkness.*

<sup>3</sup> *Success, used in its neutral sense, referring to the  
whether good or bad.*

Thou never com'st unto a happy birth, 70  
But kill'st the mother that engender'd thee.

*Tit.*] What, Pindarus! Where art thou,  
Pindarus?

*Mess.* Seek him, Titinius, whilst I go to meet  
The noble Brutus, thrusting this report  
Into his ears; [—I may say, thrusting it;  
For piercing steel and darts envenom'd  
Shall be as welcome to the ears of Brutus  
As tidings of this sight.]

*Tit.* Hie you, Messala,  
And I will seek for Pindarus the while.— 70

[*Exit Messala.*

Why didst thou send me forth, brave Cassius?  
Did I not meet thy friends? and did not they  
Put on my brows this wreath of victory,

And bid me give it thee? Didst thou not hear their shouts?

Alas! thou hast misconstrued every thing! But hold thee, take this garland on thy brow; Thy Brutus bid me give it thee, and I Will do his bidding.—Brutus, come apace, And see how I regarded Caius Cassius.—<sup>88</sup> By your leave, gods:—this is a Roman's part; Come, Cassius' sword, and find Titinius' heart.

[Dies.

*Alarum.* Enter MESSALA, with BRUTUS, young CATO, STRATO, VOLUMNIVS, and LUCILIUS.

*Bru.* Where, where, Messala, doth his body lie?

*Mess.* Lo, yonder, and Titinius mourning it.

*Bru.* Titinius' face is upward.

*Cato.* He is slain.

*Bru.* O Julius Cæsar, thou art mighty yet! Thy spirit walks abroad, and turns our swords In<sup>1</sup> our own proper entrails. [*Low alarums.*

*Cato.* Brave Titinius!

Look, whether he have not crown'd dead Cassius!

*Bru.* Are yet two Romans living such as these?

The last of all the Romans, fare thee well! It is impossible that ever Rome<sup>100</sup> Should breed thy fellow.—Friends, I owe moe<sup>2</sup> tears

To this dead man than you shall see me pay.— I shall find time, Cassius, I shall find time.— Come, therefore, and to Thassos send his body; His funerals<sup>3</sup> shall not be in our camp, Lest it discomfort us.—Lucilius, come;— And come, young Cato; let us to the field.— [*Labeo and Flavius, set our battles on:—*] 'T is three o'clock; and, Romans, yet ere night We shall try fortune in a second fight.<sup>110</sup>

[*Exeunt.*

#### SCENE IV. Another part of the field.

*Alarum.* Enter, fighting, Soldiers of both armies; then BRUTUS, young CATO, LUCILIUS, and others.

*Bru.* Yet, countrymen, O, yet hold up your heads!

*Cato.* What bastard doth not! Who will go with me!

I will proclaim my name about the field:—

I am the son of Marcus Cato, ho!

A foe to tyrants, and my country's friend;

I am the son of Marcus Cato, ho!

[*Charges the enemy.*

*Bru.* And I am Brutus, Marcus Brutus, I; Brutus, my country's friend; know me for Brutus!

[*Exit, charging the enemy. Cato is overpowered, and falls.*

*Lucil.* O young and noble Cato, art thou down?

Why, now thou diest as bravely as Titinius, And mayst be honour'd, being Cato's son.<sup>11</sup>

*First Sold.* Yield, or thou diest.

*Lucil.* Only I yield to die: There is so much that<sup>4</sup> thou wilt kill me straight;

[*Offering money.*

Kill Brutus, and be honour'd in his death.

*First Sold.* We must not.—A noble prisoner!

*Sec. Sold.* Room, ho! Tell Antony, Brutus is ta'en.

*First Sold.* I'll tell the news.—Here comes the general.—

Enter ANTONY.

Brutus is ta'en, Brutus is ta'en, my lord.

*Ant.* Where is he?

*Lucil.* Safe, Antony; Brutus is safe enough.<sup>20</sup>

I dare assure thee that no enemy Shall ever take alive the noble Brutus; The gods defend him from so great a shame! When you do find him, or alive or dead, He will be found like Brutus, like himself.

*Ant.* This is not Brutus, friend; but, I assure you,

A prize no less in worth. Keep this man safe,

Give him all kindness; I had rather have Such men my friends than enemies. Go on,

And see whether Brutus be alive or dead, And bring us word unto Octavius' tent<sup>81</sup> How every thing is chanc'd.

[*Flourish of trumpets. Exeunt.*

<sup>1</sup> In, into. <sup>2</sup> Moe, more. <sup>3</sup> Funerals=modern funeral.

<sup>4</sup> That, on condition that.

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ets. *Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *Another part of the field.*

*Enter BRUTUS, DARDANIUS, CLITUS, STRATO, and VOLUMNIUS.*

*Bru.* Come, poor remains of friends, rest on this rock.

*Cl.* Statilius show'd the torch-light, but, my lord,

He came not back; he is or ta'en or slain.

*Bru.* Sit thee down, Clitus: slaying is the word;

It is a deed in fashion. Hark thee, Clitus.—

[*Whispering.*]

*Cl.* What! I, my lord? No, not for all the world.

*Bru.* Peace then! no words.

*Cl.* I'll rather kill myself.

[*Bru.* Hark thee, Dardanius!

[*Whispers him.*]

*Dar.* Shall I do such a deed?

*Cl.* O Dardanius!

*Dar.* O Clitus! 10

*Cl.* What ill request did Brutus make to thee?

*Dar.* To kill him, Clitus. Look, he meditates.

*Cl.* Now is that noble vessel full of grief, That<sup>1</sup> it runs over even at his eyes.]

*Bru.* Come hither, good Volumnius; list a word.

*Vol.* What says my lord?

*Bru.* Why, this, Volumnius:

The ghost of Cæsar hath appear'd to me

Two several times by night,—at Sardis once,

And, this last night, here in Philippi fields.

I know my hour is come.

*Vol.* Not so, my lord. 20

*Bru.* Nay, I am sure it is, Volumnius.

Thou seest the world, Volumnius, how it goes;

Our enemies have beat us to the pit:

[*Low alarums.*]

It is more worthy to leap in ourselves

Than tarry till they push us. Good Volumnius,

Thou know'st that we two went to school together;

<sup>1</sup> That, so that.

Even for that our love of old, I prithee,

Hold thou my sword-hilts whilst I run on it.

*Vol.* That's not an office for a friend, my

lord. [*Alarums still.*]

*Cl.* Fly, fly, my lord! there is no tarrying here. 30

*Bru.* Farewell to you;—and you;—and you, Volumnius.—

[*Strato, thou hast been all this while asleep; Farewell to thee too, Strato.*]

—Countrymen, My heart doth joy that yet in all my life

I found no man but he was true to me.

I shall have glory by this losing day,

More than Octavius and Mark Antony

By this vile conquest shall attain unto.

So, fare you well at once; for Brutus' tongue

Hath almost ended his life's history. 40

Night hangs upon my eyes; my bones would rest,

That have but labour'd to attain this hour.

[*Alarum. Cry within, "Fly, fly, fly!"*]

*Cl.* Fly, my lord, fly!

*Bru.* Hence, I will follow.—

[*Exeunt Clitus, Dardanius, and Volumnius.*]

I prithee, Strato, stay thou by thy lord.

Thou art a fellow of a good respect;<sup>2</sup>

Thy life hath had some smatch<sup>3</sup> of honour in it:

Hold then my sword, and turn away thy face

While I do run upon it. Wilt thou, Strato?

*Str.* Give me your hand first; fare you

well, my lord.

*Bru.* Farewell, good Strato.—Cæsar, now

be still; 50

I kill'd not thee with half so good a will.

[*He runs on his sword and dies.*]

*Alarums. Retreat. Enter OCTAVIUS, ANTONY,*

*MESSALA, LUCILIUS, and the army.*

*Oct.* What man is that?

*Mess.* My master's man.—Strato, where is

thy master?

*Str.* Free from the bondage you are in,

Messala:

The conquerors can but make a fire of him;

For Brutus only overcame himself,

And no man else hath honour by his death.

<sup>2</sup> Respect, reputation, estimation.

<sup>3</sup> Smatch, snack, taste.

*Lucil.* So Brutus should be found.—I thank thee, Brutus,  
That thou hast prov'd Lucilius' saying true.

*Oct.* All that serv'd Brutus, I will entertain<sup>1</sup> them. 60

[Fellow, wilt thou bestow thy time with me?

*Strat.* Ay, if Messala will prefer<sup>2</sup> me to you.

*Oct.* Do so, good Messala.

*Mess.* How died my master, Strato?

*Strat.* I held the sword, and he did run on it.

*Mess.* Octavius, then take him to follow thee,  
That did the latest service to my master.]

*Ant.* This was the noblest Roman of them all.

All the conspirators, save only he,  
Did that they did in envy of great Cæsar;  
He only, in a general honest thought  
And common good to all, made one of them.  
His life was gentle; and the elements  
So mix'd in him that Nature might stand up  
And say to all the world, "This was a man!"

*Oct.* According to his virtue let us use him,  
With all respect and rites of burial.

Within my tent his bones to-night shall lie,  
Most like a soldier, ordered honourably.—

So, call the field<sup>3</sup> to rest, and let's away, 80  
To part<sup>4</sup> the glories of this happy day.

[*Exeunt.*]

<sup>1</sup> Entertain, take into service.    <sup>2</sup> Prefer, recommend.

<sup>3</sup> Field, army.

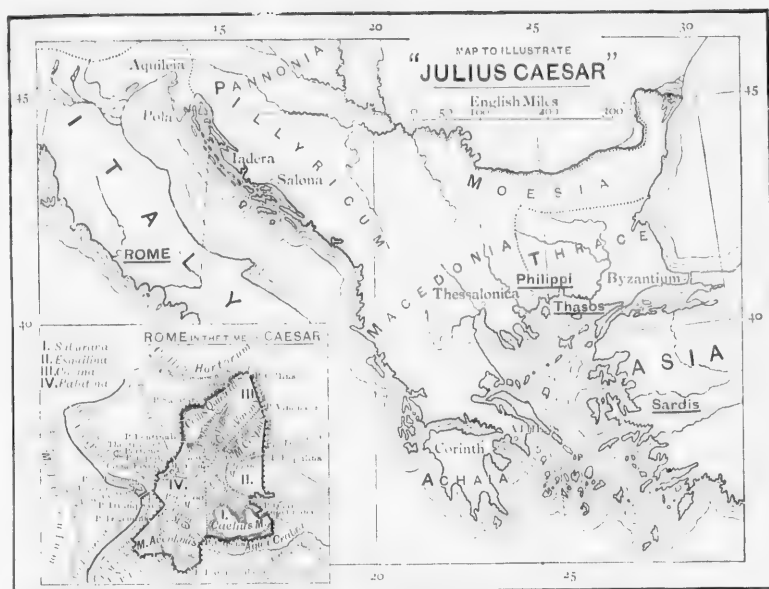
<sup>4</sup> Part, divide, share.



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 e, share.



## NOTES TO JULIUS CAESAR.

### DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

**I CAIUS JULIUS CÆSAR** was born in July, 100 B.C. He belonged to the Julian family (*Julia gens*), one of the most ancient in Rome. Through the influence of Marius, who had married his aunt, he was made a priest of Jupiter when a mere boy. In 83 B.C. he married Cornelia, the daughter of Cinna, which offended Sulla, who proscribed him when he refused to divorce his wife. After being in concealment for some time in the Sabine country he was pardoned by Sulla, who is reported to have said of him, "In that boy there are many Mariuses." Soon after, Cæsar went to Nicomedes, king of Bithynia, and subsequently won distinction in the Roman campaign in Cilicia. About 76 B.C., while on his way to Rhodes to study oratory under Apollonius Molo, he was captured by pirates, and detained until his friends could ransom him. This done, he manned a Milesian fleet, pursued and took the pirates, and crucified them, as he had threatened while with them, though they supposed it to be a jest. In 68 B.C. he was elected quaestor at Rome. The same year his wife died, and in 67 B.C. he married Pompeia, a relative of Pompey and grand-daughter of

Sulla. He became edile in 65 B.C., and gained great favour with the people by the magnificence of the public games he instituted. In 64 B.C. he was chosen Pontifex Maximus. The next year the conspiracy of Catiline occurred, and being suspected of complicity in it he narrowly escaped sharing the fate of its leaders. Becoming praetor in 62 B.C. he was sent a year later as propraetor to Spain, where his military successes led to his being called *imperator* by the army. He was chosen one of the consuls in 60 B.C., and to strengthen his influence with Pompey gave him his daughter Julia in marriage. He also formed a secret alliance with Pompey and Crassus, known as the first triumvirate. Soon after the government of Gaul was decreed to him for five years, and in 58 B.C. his famous Gallic campaigns began. In two years he had subdued the Helvetii, the German Ariovistus, and the Belgic tribes. In 56 B.C. he overran and conquered nearly all the rest of Gaul; and in 55 he destroyed two German tribes that had tried to establish themselves in the province. He also bridged the Rhine and carried the war into the German territory. The same year he invaded Britain, and a year later made further conquests in the island. The next few years, to 51 B.C.,



were spent in quelling formidable insurrections and otherwise completing the pacification of Gaul. Meanwhile his daughter who married Pompey had died, and a coldness and jealousy had sprung up between the generals. In 59 B.C. the senate, influenced by his enemies, required him to disband his army. This he determined not to do, and being supported by his soldiers he crossed the Rubicon and began his triumphant progress to Rome, while Pompey, the consul, and most of the senate fled towards Capua. Pompey, closely pursued by Cæsar, kept on to Brundisium, and escaped into Greece. Cæsar, unable to follow for want of ships, turned to Spain, where the lieutenants of Pompey had a formidable army. Completing the conquest of the country in forty days, and reducing Massilia also, he returned to Rome, where he had already been declared dictator. After many difficulties and delays he managed to get an army across into Greece, and encountered Pompey at Dyrrachium, where he was repulsed with some loss, and withdrew to Thessaly, pursued by his rival. The battle of Pharsalia followed, with the defeat of Pompey and his flight to Egypt, where he was treacherously murdered. Cæsar, having followed him to Egypt, was captivated by Cleopatra, and established her upon the throne to which her elder brother had been a claimant. He then marched against Pharnaces, king of Pontus, and defeated him near Zela, sending to the senate the famous despatch, *Veni, vidi, vici*. Returning to Rome in September, 47 B.C., he set out that same year for Africa, where he routed the Pompeian forces under Scipio at Thapsus. He now came back to Rome master of the world, but was soon called into Spain, where the sons of Pompey had gathered a powerful army, which, after a very severe action at Munda, he utterly defeated. This was the last of Cæsar's wars, and he henceforth devoted himself to the interests of his country and the world, reforming the calendar, enacting salutary laws, and carrying out great public improvements. The senate had made him *imperator* for life, as well as dictator and *præfectus morum*; and he was already *pontifex maximus*, or head officer of the religion of the state. Having no legitimate children, he adopted his grand-nephew Octavius as his successor and inheritor of his name.

At this point in his history the play begins, and the rest is told better by Shakespeare than this concise sketch can give it. The assassination occurred on the Ides of March, 44 B.C., in the fifty-sixth year of Cæsar's age.

2. OCTAVIUS CÆSAR, or Caius Julius Cæsar Octavianus, as he was named when he became the heir of Julius Cæsar, was born at Velitæ, near Rome, 63 B.C. He was the son of Caius Octavius and Atia, daughter of Cæsar's sister Julia. At the age of twelve he pronounced a funeral oration in praise of his grandmother Julia, and at sixteen assumed the *toga virilis*. Being adopted by Julius Cæsar, he went with him to Spain in 45 B.C. When Cæsar was assassinated he was pursuing his studies at Apollonia, whence he returned to Rome to claim his inheritance. He found a rival in Antony, but in 43 B.C. defeated him near Mutina (Modena) in Cisalpine Gaul. The senate, jealous of his growing power, transferred the command of his army to Decimus Brutus; but he marched to Rome,

was elected consul before he had reached the legal age, and formed the triumvirate with Antony and Lepidus against Marcus Brutus and the other republicans. Then followed the events of the play, ending with the battle of Philippi, 42 B.C. Octavius and Antony soon quarrelled, but after a feigned reconciliation combined their forces against Sextus Pompey, over whom Octavius gained a decisive victory (36 B.C.) while Antony was warring in the East or dallying with Cleopatra in Egypt. Meanwhile Octavius was establishing his power in Italy; and Antony's infatuation with Cleopatra and his neglect of Octavia (sister of Octavius) led to a final and irreconcilable breach with Antony and the war which ended in his ruin at Actium, 31 B.C. Octavius was now sole master of the Roman empire, and, after being several times elected as consul, received the title of Augustus from the senate in 27 B.C. Four years later he accepted the *tribunitia potestas* for life, and held it until his death, in August, 14 A.D. Of the glories of this reign it is unnecessary to add any detailed account here.

3. MARCUS ANTONIUS, born about 83 B.C., was noted in his early years for his extravagance and dissipation. For a time he was a lieutenant of Cæsar in his Gallic campaigns, and in January, 49 B.C., was intrusted by him on his departure for Spain with the command of his forces in Italy. He did good service, and later commanded the left wing of Cæsar's army at Pharsalia. When Cæsar became dictator, in 47, Antony was made master of the horse; and in 44 he was colleague of Cæsar in the consulship. His career after the death of Cæsar is sketched in the preceding notice of Octavius, and Shakespeare fills out the outline in the present play and in Antony and Cleopatra. After the battle of Actium Antony retreated to Alexandria, where he killed himself in 30 B.C.

4. MARCUS JUNIUS BRUTUS was born 80 B.C. Cato Uticensis was his maternal uncle, and became his father-in-law. In the civil wars Brutus sided with Pompey; but after the battle of Pharsalia he became the intimate friend of Cæsar. The remainder of his history is included in the play. His death by his own hand occurred in 36 B.C.

5. CAIUS CASSIUS LONGINUS showed his early zeal for liberty at school, where he struck Faustus, the son of Sulla, for boasting of his father's absolute power. He married a sister of his friend Brutus. He was quaestor under Crassus in the disastrous expedition against the Parthians in 53 B.C., and saved the remnant of the army by a skilful retreat. Later he defeated the Parthians in Syria. He commanded a fleet for Pompey, and surrendered to Cæsar after the battle of Pharsalia. His connection with the conspiracy against Cæsar and his subsequent fortunes are related in the play.

6. CALPURNIA was the daughter of Lucius Calpurnius Piso, who was consul in 58 B.C. She was married to Cæsar in 59 B.C., and was his fourth wife; the other three being Cosutia, Cornelia, and Pompeia. Little else is known of her history beyond what Plutarch narrates and Shakespeare incorporates in the play.

7. PORTIA (or PORCIA, as the name is also spelt) was the daughter of Cato and the wife of Brutus. Plutarch is

## Dramatis Personæ.

the chief authority for the details of her life, and most of these have been made use of by the dramatist.

8. **PUBLIUS SERVILIUS CÆSAR.** Of this character we know little except that he was tribune of the people at the time he joined the conspiracy against Cæsar, that he fought at Philippi, and that he died soon after the battle.

9. **CAIUS TREBONIUS** had been a tribune of the people in 55 B.C., and was also one of Cæsar's legates in Gaul. He was elected city prætor in 48 and consul in 45 B.C. He took part in the conspiracy, as described in the play; and in 43 B.C. he was killed at Smyrna by Dolabella.

10. **QUINTUS LIGARIUS** fought for Pompey in the civil war, and after Pharsalia he renewed the war against Cæsar in Africa. He was pardoned by the victor, but forbidden to enter Italy. His friends endeavoured to have the sentence reversed, but, being opposed by Tubero, engaged the services of Cicero, who pronounced a well-known oration (*Pro Ligario*) in his behalf. According to Plutarch, Cæsar had resolved to give decision against Ligarius, but was led by the eloquence of Cicero to pardon him. He showed his gratitude by conspiring against his benefactor, as represented by Shakespeare.

11. **DECIMUS JUNIUS BRUTUS** (the *Decius Brutus* of the play) had served under Cæsar in Gaul, and been commander of his cavalry. He was slain in 33 B.C. by Camillus, a Gaul, to whom he had fled for refuge, and who was greatly indebted to him for former favours, and his head was sent to Antony.

12. **LUCIUS TILLIUS CIMBER** (the *Metellus Cimber* of the play) was a partisan of Cæsar in the civil war, but turned against him subsequently and became one of his assassins.

13. **LUCIUS CORNELIUS CINNA** was a son of the more famous Roman of the same name. He was a brother-in-law of Cæsar, and a son-in-law of Pompey. He was prætor in 44 B.C., when he entered into the conspiracy.

14. **CAIUS HELVIUS CINNA**, who, according to Plutarch, was killed by the mob because he was mistaken for the conspirator, was a poet of no mean order, if we may judge of him by the tributes of his contemporaries and the few fragments of his works that have come down to us. He was a companion and friend of Catullus, and is supposed to be the Cinna of Virgil's ninth Eclogue.

15. The **CICERO** of the play is of course the great orator (106-43 B.C.), but the slight part he performs calls for no extended account of him here.

16. The young **CATO** was a son of Cato Uticensis and brother of Portia.

Of the other characters in the play little or nothing is known except what Plutarch tells us in the passages quoted from North's translation below. Most of them owe the preservation of their names to their connection with the fate of the great Dictator.

## ACT I. SCENE 1.

17. Line 3: *Being MECHANICAL.*—Shakespeare uses this word as a substantive in *Mids. Night's Dream*, iii. 2. 9:

A crew of patches, rude mechanicals;

and in *H. Henry VI.* i. 3. 196:

Base dunghill villain and mechanical

Shakespeare uses the substantive *mechanic* only once, in *Coriolanus*, v. 3. 83, and he uses the adjective—belonging to the class of workmen, in *Henry V.* i. 2. 200, and in *Antony and Cleopatra*, iv. 4. 32; v. 2. 209. He never uses either the substantive or adjective in what may be called, more or less, its scientific sense. Much stress has been laid by some commentators upon the anti-democratic tone of Shakespeare in his plays; and, indeed, this feature of his writings has been used as an argument that the plays must have been written by some one who belonged to the aristocratic class: these persons would probably point out with triumph that Shakespeare never uses the word *mechanical* or *mechanic* except in a contemptuous sense, as will be seen from the quotations and references given above. But, on the other hand, we must not forget that Shakespeare was, above all things, a dramatist; and, in every instance that he has used either *mechanical* or *mechanic*, he has put the word into the mouths of persons who would naturally despise the working-classes. For the unreasoning mob, always ready to be led by the nose by any demagogue, Shakespeare undoubtedly had an honest contempt; and students of human nature will find that this contempt is just as strong amongst our middle class as it was in Shakespeare's day. That Shakespeare had any lack of sympathy with the honest and industrious poor, or that he was wanting in love of true liberty, no one who reads his plays intelligently can for a moment imagine.—F. A. M.

18. Lines 4, 5:

without the SIGN

OF YOUR PROFESSION.

On this passage Mr. Aldis Wright has the following note: "It is more likely Shakespeare had in his mind a custom of his own time than any sumptuary laws of the Romans" (*Clarendon Press ed.* p. 82). It is evident that there is no reference here to the mediæval guilds; as the next speech but one, that of Marullus, shows us that what the tribune meant was not that the mechanics should wear any special badge or *sign*, but merely the usual working dress of their trade or occupation; in short, that they had no right to be in holiday attire, or, as we should say, in their Sunday clothes, on a working day.—F. A. M.

19. Line 11: *a COBBLER.*—He puts his answer in such a way as to suggest the meaning of a clumsy workman rather than a mender of shoes, and for some time the tribune does not perceive the quibble.

20. Line 14: *a mender of bad SOLES.*—We have a similar play upon *sole* in the *Merchant of Venice*, iv. 1. 123:

Not on thy *sole*, but on thy *soul*, harsh Jew.

21. Line 15: *What trade, thou knave?*—In the *FF.* this speech is given to *Flavius*; but the reply, "Mend me," shows that it belongs to *Marullus*.

22. Line 16: *be not OUT, &c.*—The play upon *out* with (angry with) and *out* (at toes or heels) is obvious enough, though Marullus does not see it.

23. Lines 24-27: *all that I live by is with theawl. I meddle with no tradesman's matters, nor women's matters, but WITH ALL. I am, indeed, sir, a surgeon to old shoes.*

—F. I reads thus: "all that I live by, is with the *Aulus*; I meddle with no Tradesmans matters, nor womens matters; but *withal* I am indeed Sir, a Surgeon to old shoes;" a reading which, to my mind, is utterly indefensible. It is quite clear that there is a pun intended on *with aul* and *with all*; but that the full stop or colon has been omitted in the Folio, and that *withal* is a misprint for *with all*. If *withal* be joined on to the following sentence, I cannot see what possible meaning it can have. The actor, in speaking the words, must pause after *withal*; and therefore it would show a most foolish and pedantic adherence to the old text if the very slight alteration adopted by nearly all modern editors were rejected. As to the question of printing "with *aul*," or "with *all*," that is a matter of no importance. To the ear the pun is clear enough, and that is the great point to be considered. Many instances might be noticed of this excessively primeval and obvious play upon words; in fact, I believe that no one, who has ever been guilty of a pun at all, has failed to make this one.—F. A. M.

24. Lines 28, 29: *As proper men as ever trod upon neat's leather*.—This expression was proverbial. In *The Tempest* (ii. 2. 62, 73) the drunken Stephano cuts it in two, and mixes the halves up with other familiar phrases: "*As proper a man as ever went on four legs*;" and "*any emperor that ever trod on neat's leather*."

25. Line 30: *his triumph*.—This was Cæsar's fifth and last triumph, celebrated in honour of his defeat of the sons of Pompey in Spain, at the battle of Munda, March 17th, B.C. 45.

26. Line 47: *To see great Pompey PASS THE STREETS OF ROME*.—For a similar elliptical use of the verb *to pass* compare King John, v. 4. 40: "*Passing these flats*;" and Richard III. i. 4. 45:

I *pass'd*, methought, the melancholy flood.

Rolfe very aptly quotes a parallel expression, Antony and Cleopatra, i. 4. 20, "*To reel the streets at noon*."

27. Line 50: *Tiber trembled underneath HER banks*. A Roman would have said "*his banks*;" but there is no ground for changing the gender either here or in i. 2. 101 below, as some editors have done. Shakespeare undoubtedly wrote *her* in both passages.

28. Line 56: *That comes in triumph over Pompey's BLOOD*.—That is, "over Pompey's offspring;" not, as might be supposed, over Pompey's death or murder. The elder of Pompey's sons, Cneius Pompey, was slain after the battle of Munda; but there is no specific reference to that fact in the present passage. *Blood*, in the sense of *relations by blood*, or lineal descent, is often used by Shakespeare. Compare Richard II. i. 3. 57, 58:

Farewell, my *blood*; which if to-day thou shed,  
Lament we may, but not revenge thee dead.

[This certainly seems to me rather a strained interpretation of the text. "Pompey's blood" may be equivalent here to "Pompey's blood relations;" but I can only find two passages, besides the one quoted, where *blood* is used by Shakespeare to signify "relations by blood," and not merely "relationship." In the passage from Richard II.,

quoted above, King Richard is addressing Hereford, and it is evident that *blood* is there used in a double sense. In I. Henry VI. iv. 5. 10, 17, John Talbot says to his father:

The world will say, he is not Talbot's *blood*,  
That basely fled when noble Talbot stood;

where the expression is simply elliptical—of *Talbot's blood*, though there it might be taken to mean "offspring." The remaining passage is in Richard III. ii. 4. 61-63:

themselves, the conquerors,  
Make war upon themselves, brother to brother,  
*Blood to blood*, self against self;

where *blood* certainly means *blood relationship*. As for *blood* being equivalent to "blood-shed," we may quote Macbeth, iii. 4. 126: "The secret'st man of *blood*."—F. A. M.]

29. Line 60: *See WHETHER*.—The Ff. print *where*, as in v. 4. 30 below, and some modern editors have *where* or *where*; but *whether* is equally common in the early editions when the word is metrically equivalent to a monosyllable (as in ii. 1. 194 below), and, in our day, it had better be read or recited as a disyllable in all cases. The unaccented extra syllable is common enough in Shakespeare's verse.

30. Line 72: *the feast of LUPERCAL*.—The *Lupercal* was a cavern in the Palatine Hill, sacred to the old Italian god *Lupercus*, who came to be identified with Pan. Virgil refers to it in the *Æneid*, viii. 344:

sub rupe *Lupercal*  
Parrhasio dictum Panos de more Lycæi.

Here the feast of the *Lupercalia* was annually celebrated in February. After certain rites and sacrifices, the *Luperci*, or priests of *Lupercus*, ran through the city, wearing only a goat-skin cincture, and striking with thongs of leather all whom they met. This symbolized a purification of the land and the people. The day of the ceremony was called *des februata* (from *februo*, purify), and the month *Februarius*.

31. Line 78: *fly an ordinary PITCH*.—For *pitch* as a technical term of falconry compare I Henry VI. ii. 4. 11:

Between two hawks, which flies the higher *pitch*;

and for its metaphorical use, as here, Richard II. i. 1. 109:

How high a *pitch* his resolution soars!

#### ACT I. SCENE 2.

32. Line 4: *When he doth RUN HIS COURSE*.—Compare North's Plutarch (Life of Cæsar): "At that time the feast *Lupercalia* was celebrated, the which in old time men say was the feast of shepherds or herdmen, and is much like unto the feast of *Lycæans* in Arcadia. But, howsoever it is, that day there are divers noble men's sons, young men, (and some of them magistrates themselves that govern them), which run naked through the city, striking in sport them they meet in their way with leather thongs, hair and all on, to make them give place. And many noblemen and gentlewomen also go of purpose to stand in their way, and do put forth their

<sup>1</sup> For the convenience of the reader we have taken the references from Skelton's Shakespeare's Plutarch, as the text from North's Plutarch contained therein is a most careful collation of all the best editions of that book.

ends to be stricken, as scholars hold them out to their doommaster to be stricken with the fern; persuading themselves that, being with child, they shall have good delivery; and so, being barren, that it will make them to conceive with child. . . . Antonius, who was Consul at that time, was one of them that ran this holy course" (pp. 95, 96).

33. Line 19: *the IDES of March*.—In the Roman calendar the Ides fell on the 15th of March, May, July, and October, and on the 13th of the other months.

34. Line 29: *that quick spirit that is in Antony*.—Similar references to Antony's reputation for levity and profligacy (e.g. below, ll. 1. 138, 139) are skillfully introduced by the dramatist, to make the contrast of his behaviour after the death of Cæsar more impressive.

35. Line 39: *MERELY upon myself*.—This emphatic sense of *merely* and the adjective *mere* is common in Elizabethan writers, but it has sometimes been a stumbling-block to editors. For example, Bacon in his 58th Essay (Of Vicissitude of Things) remarks: "As for confutations and great draughts, they do not *merely* displease and destroy" (that is, do not *entirely* do so); but Montague, Whately, and others, mistaking and perverting the meaning, have changed "*and destroy*" to "*but destroy*." Compare Hamlet, i. 2. 135-137:

O, fie! 'tis an unweeded garden,  
That grows to seed; things rank and gross in nature  
Possess it *merely*.

36. Line 42: *Which give some soil, perhaps, to my BEHAVIOURS*. There is no reason for suspecting the plural to be a misprint. Compare Much Ado, ii. 3. 8: "seeing how much another man is a fool when he dedicates his *behaviours* to love;" and again, in line 100 of the same scene: "whom she hath in all outward *behaviours* seemed ever to abhor." Shakespeare uses the plural in five other passages, but more frequently the singular.

37. Line 52: *for the eye sees not itself, &c.*—Compare Troilus and Cressida, iii. 3. 105, 106:

nor doth the *eye* itself,  
That most pure spirit of sense, *behold itself*.

Steevens quotes Sir John Davies, Nozze Teisum, 1599:  
the mind is like the *eye*,

*Not seeing itself, when other things it sees.*

It may be worth noting that there is a curious optical experiment, by means of which *the eye* may be said to *see itself*. If in a darkened room, against any level plain-surfaced surface (such as a drawn blind or a distempered wall), a lighted candle be waved *vertically* in front of the eye, you will presently see, projected on the plain surface behind the candle, a map of the interior of the eye, somewhat magnified, in which the small blood-vessels and a dark cavity, representing the pupil of the eye, can be clearly distinguished. F. A. M.]

38. Line 53: *But by reflection by some other things*.—This is the meaning of the Ff. and is easily explicable as meaning "only by being reflected by something else." Pope, however, changed it to "*reflection from some other things*;" and Walker made the further alteration of *thing* for *things*, which Dyce adopts. [I think there can be no

doubt that the clumsy repetition of *by* is a printer's mistake for *from* or *in*. It is unfortunate that there is no other passage in Shakespeare in which he uses either the verb *reflect* or the noun *reflection* with a preposition after it in a similar sense. The plural may be allowed to stand. —F. A. M.]

39. Line 56: *mirrors*.—Walker, followed by Dyce, reads *mirror*.

40. Line 60: *Except immortal Cæsar*.—This is said significantly, if not ironically.

41. Line 62: *Have wish'd that noble Brutus had his eyes*.—Whether *his* refers to Brutus, or to his friends, has been disputed. On the whole, the former is the preferable explanation, as it avoids the necessity of making *his* equivalent to *their*, while it gives as good a sense. The friends of Brutus have wished that he could see himself as he is, or as in the *mirror* which Cassius would hold up to him.

42. Line 66: *Therefore, good Brutus, &c.*—Craink (English of Shakespeare, *ad loc.*) remarks: "The eager, impatient temper of Cassius, absorbed in his own idea, is vividly expressed by his thus continuing his argument as if without appearing to have even heard Brutus's interrupting question; for such is the only interpretation which his *therefore* would seem to admit of."

43. Line 72: *a common LAUGH*.—The Ff. have "common laughter;" amended by Pope, who has been followed by all the recent editors. *Lover* has been plausibly suggested as in keeping with the context. "A common *lover*" would be "everybody's friend."

44. Line 77: *profess myself*.—That is, "make protestations of friendship."

45. Line 80: *Set honour in one eye, &c.*—Coleridge says: "Warburton would read *death* for *both*; but I prefer the old text. There are here three things—the public good, the individual Brutus's honour, and his death. The latter two so balanced each other that he could decide for the first by equipoise; nay—the thought growing—that honour had more weight than death. That Cassius understood it as Warburton is the beauty of Cassius as contrasted with Brutus" (Notes on Shakespeare, p. 102, Harper's ed.). Craink remarks: "It does not seem to be necessary to suppose any such change or growth either of the image or the sentiment. What Brutus means by saying that he will look upon honour and death indifferently, if they present themselves together, is merely that, for the sake of the honour, he will not mind the death, or the risk of death, by which it may be accompanied; he will look as fearlessly and steadily upon the one as upon the other. He will think the honour to be cheaply purchased even by the loss of life; that price will never make him falter or hesitate in clutching at such a prize. He must be understood to set honour above life from the first; that he should ever have felt otherwise for a moment would have been the height of the unheroic."

46. Line 95: *I had as LIEF not be as LIVE to be*.—There is a play upon *lie*, which was always pronounced and often printed *liece*, and *live*.

47. Line 98: *We have both fed as well.* That is, "have been bred as well, brought up as well." Our birth and training have been as good as his. It is a characteristic Roman touch to lay so much stress on physical strength and endurance as Cæsar does in this passage.

48. Line 100: *For once, upon a rare and gusty day, &c.*—Cæsar was a famous swimmer. Wright (Clarendon Press ed.) quotes the following passage from Holland's translation of Suetonius (allegedly referred to by Malone, Var. Ed. vol. xii, p. 16): "At Alexandria being busy about the assault and winning of a bridge where by a sodaine sallie of the enemies he was driven, to take a boat, & many besides made hast to get into the same, he leapt into the sea, and by swimming almost a quarter of a mile recovered cleare the next ship: bearing up his left hand all the while, for feare the writings which he held therein should take wet, and drawing his rich coate armour after him by the teeth, because the enemy should not have it as a spoyle" (Life of Julius Cæsar, ed. 1000, p. 20). Plutarch's account makes the feat still more difficult: "The third danger was in the battle by sea, that was fought by the tower of Phar: where meaning to help his men that fought by sea, he leapt from the pier into a boat. Then the Egyptians made towards him with their oars on every side; but he, leaping into the sea, with great hazard saved himself by swimming. It is said, that then, holding divers books in his hand, he did never let them go, but kept them always upon his head above water, and swam with the other hand, notwithstanding that they shot marvellously at him, and was driven sometime to duck into the water; howbeit the boat was drowned presently" (p. 80).

49. Lines 107-109.

*The torrent roar'd; and we did buffet it  
With lusty sinews, throwing it aside,  
And stemming it with hearts of controversy.*

Compare the spirited description of Ferdinand swimming, in *Tempest*, ii. 1. 114-120.

I saw him beat the surges under him,  
And ride upon their backs; he trod the water,  
Whose current he flung aside, and breasted  
The surge most swollen that met him; his bold head  
Rave the contentious waves he kept; and oar'd  
Himself with his good arms in lusty stroke  
To the shore.

50. Lines 112-114:

*I, as ÆNEAS, our great ancestor,  
Did from the flames of Troy upon his shoulder  
The old Anchises bear.*

Compare II. Henry VI. v. 2. 62, 63:

*As did Æneas old Anchises bear,  
So bear I thee upon my manly shoulders.*

51. Line 122: *His coward lips did from their colour fly.* The meaning may be simply "lose their colour;" but Craik remarks: "There can, I think, be no question that Warburton is right in holding that we have here a pointed allusion to a soldier flying from his colours." Possibly the dramatist had both ideas in his mind at the same time; and the double meaning of the sentence is intentional.

52. Line 130: *Like a Colossus.*—For other allusions to the famous *Colossus* of Rhodes, see I. Henry IV. v. 1. 123, where Falstaff asks Prince Hal to bestride him if he is struck down in the battle; and the Prince replies: "Nothing but a *colossus* can do thee that friendship;" and *Troilus and Cressida*, v. 5. 7-9:

—Hastard Margarelon  
Hath *Colossus* presence;  
And stands *Colossus*-wise, waving his beam, &c.

53. Line 155: *wide WALLS.*—The FF. have "wide *Walls*," which some editors retain. Rowe's emendation of *walls* is, however, generally adopted.

54. Line 156: *ROME indeed, and ROOM enough.*—There is an evident play on *Rome* and *room*, as in *iii. 1. 250* below:

No *Rome* of safety for Octavius yet.

The two words were probably pronounced alike in Shakespeare's day; but that the modern pronunciation of *Rome* was beginning to be heard appears from I. Henry VI. *iii. 1. 51*, where the Bishop of Winchester says, "This *Rome* shall remedy," and Warwick replies, "Room thither, then." For the play on *room*, compare *King John*, *iii. 1. 150*: "I have *room* with *Rome* to curse awhile;" and *Hawkins*, *Apollo Shroving*, p. 88: "We must have *rooms*, more than the whole *City of Rome*." Dyce, in his *Glossary* (p. 367), quotes other examples of this pronunciation.

55. Line 160: *The ETERNAL devil.*—Johnson took *eternal* to be a misprint or corruption of *infernal*. Walker (*Critical Examination*, vol. 1. p. 63), followed by Abbott (*Grammar*, p. 16), regards it as used inaccurately in the sense of *infernal*. Schmidt explains it as "used to express extreme abhorrence," as in "*eternal* villain" (*Othello*, *iv. 2. 130*) and "*eternal* hell" (*Hamlet*, *v. 2. 370*). According to Wright and Halliwell's *Archaic Dictionary*, *eternal* is used in the east of England for "infernal, damned;" and the Yankee *tarnal* is probably the same provincialism. In the present passage it seems to be used in this way, or as a familiar intensive.

56. Line 188: *by some SENATORS.*—Dyce reads *senator*, which was suggested by Walker.

57. Line 192: *Let me have men about me that are FAT.*—Compare North's Plutarch (Life of Cæsar): "Cæsar also had *Cassius* in great jealousy, and suspected him much, whereupon he said upon a time to his friends, 'what will *Cassius* do, think ye? I like not his pale looks.' Another time when Cæsar's friends complained unto him of *Antonius* and *Dolabella*, that they pretended some mischief towards him: he answered them again, 'As for those fat men and smooth-combed heads,' quoth he, 'I never reckon of them; but these pale-visaged and currier lean people, I fear them most,' meaning *Brutus* and *Cassius*." So also in Life of *Brutus*: "For, intelligence being brought him one day, that *Antonius* and *Dolabella* did conspire against him: he answered, 'That these fat long-haired men made him not afraid, but the lean and whitely-faced fellows,' meaning that by *Brutus* and *Cassius*" (p. 97).

58. Line 220: *Why, there was a crown offer'd him, &c.*—Compare North (Life of *Antonius*): "When he [Antony] was come to Cæsar, he made his fellow-runners with

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he (Antony)  
runners with

him lift him up, and so he did put his laurel crown upon his head, signifying thereby that he had deserved to be king. But *Caesar*, making as though he refused it, turned away his head. The people were so rejoiced at it, that they all clapped their hands for joy. *Antonia* again did put it on his head; *Caesar* again refused it; and thus they were striving off and on a great while together. As oft as *Antonia* did put this laurel crown unto him, a few of his followers rejoiced at it; and as oft also as *Caesar* refused it, all the people together clapped their hands. . . . *Caesar*, in a rage, arose out of his seat, and plucking down the collar of his gown from his neck, he shewed it naked, bidding any man strike off his head that would. This laurel crown was afterwards put upon the head of one of *Caesar's* statues or images, the which one of the tribunes plucked off. The people liked his doing therein so well, that they waited on him home to his house, with great clapping of hands. Howbeit *Caesar* did turn them out of their offices for it. In the Life of *Caesar*, the tearing open his doublet, and offering his throat to be cut, is said to have been in his own house when "the Consuls and Pretors, accompanied with the whole assembly of the Senate, went unto him in the market-place, where he was set by the pulpit for orations, to tell him what honours they had decreed for him in his absence," and he offended them by "sitting still in his majesty, disdainful to rise up unto them when they came in." The historian adds that, "afterwards to excuse his folly, he imputed it to his disease, saying, 'that their wit are not permit wh'ed, have t is disease of the falling evil, when standing on their feet they speak to the common people, but at noon trouble with a trembling of their body, and a sick (dare) (mmev) I giddiness'" (p. 36).

59. Line 245: *the rabblement*.—*ATTED*.—The FF. have *hoted*, which is clearly a misprint for *shorted*—the spelling of the word above in "mine honest neighbour *shorted*." Johnson and Knight read *hoted*, which is out of place as expressing "insult, not applause."

60. Line 250: *'T is very like;—he hath the falling-sickness*. In the FF. there is no point after *like*, but it is evident from North that Brutus must have known of Caesar's infirmity: "For, concerning the constitution of his body, he was lean, white, and soft skinned, and often subject to head-ach, and otherwhile to the falling-sickness (the sickness took him the first time, as it is reported, in Corduba, a City of SPAIN); but yet therefore yielded not to the disease of his body, to make it a cloak to cherish him withal, but contrarily, took the pains of war as a medicine to cure his sick body, fighting always with his disease, travelling continually, living soberly, and commonly lying abroad in the field" (p. 67).

61. Line 263: *I am no TRUE MAN*.—In Shakespeare's *ay true man* was the familiar antithesis to *thief*, as *best man* now is. Compare (*inter alia*) Love's Labour's Lost, iv. 3. 187: "A true man or a thief;" and Measure for Measure, iv. 2. 46: "Every true man's apparel fits a thief."

62. Line 268: *he pluck'd*.—*WE* *pluck'd*.—The *we* is the expletive dative, used generally to give a free and

easy tone to the discourse. Compare the confusion due to the use of it in the dialogue between Petruccio and Grumio in The Taming of the Shrew, I. 2. 8-17: "Alas, I say, knock me here soundly."

*doublet* is the English garment so called, which Shakespeare, with his usual carelessness in such matters, claps on the shoulders of his Romans.

63. Line 270: *a man of any occupation*.—Johnson explains the phrase as in the foot-note to the text. Grand White takes it to mean "a man of action; a busy man." The Clarendon Press edition suggests that both senses may be combined, which is barely possible.

64. Line 282: *As he spoke Greek*.—The absurdity of Caesar's speaking Greek in a popular assembly is sufficiently obvious; but it is introduced to prepare the way for the little joke: "It was Greek to me." According to Shakespeare's authority Caesar knew Greek. See the quotation from North in note on ill. 1. 33, p. 147.

65. Line 300: *He was quick*.—*SETTLE*. The reading of Collier's MS. *Corrector* is *mettled*. Walker would read *metel* on account of the *blunt*, but *mettle* and *metel* were used interchangeably in Shakespeare's time.

66. Line 304: *This rudeness is a sauce to his good wit*, &c.—Compare Lear, ii. 2. 101-103:

This is some fellow,  
Who, having been praised for bluntness, doth  
A flattery follow.

67. Line 319: *HE should not humour me*.—Johnson is clearly right in making *he* refer to Caesar. He explains the passage thus: "Caesar loves Brutus, but if Brutus and I were to change places his love should not *humour* me, should not take hold of my affection, so as to make me forget my principles" (Var. Ed. xii. p. 24). Warburton says it is a reflection on Brutus's ingratitude: he renders the sentence thus: "He (Brutus) should not cajole me as I do him" (*ut supra*). Wright is inclined to agree with Warburton, because "Cassius is all along speaking of his own influence over Brutus, notwithstanding the difference of their characters, which made Caesar dislike the one and love the other." To this Rolfe replies: "The chief objection to Warburton's explanation, in our opinion, is that it seems to leave the mention of Caesar unconnected with what follows. We fancy that this occurred to Wright, and that what we have just quoted is an attempt to meet the objection; but, to our thinking, it is far from successful. If we accept Johnson's interpretation, *he should not humour me* naturally follows what precedes, and is naturally followed by what comes after: Caesar should not cajole me as he does Brutus; and I am going to take measures to counteract the influence Caesar has over him."

#### ACT I. SCENE 3.

68. Line 10: *a tempest dropping fire*.—The FF. reading is "a Tempest-dropping-fire." Rowe was the first to delete the hyphens.

69. Line 14: *any thing more wonderful*.—That is, "anything more than was wonderful," as Craik explains it; not "anything more wonderful than usual," as Abbott, in his Shakespearean Grammar (§ 6), makes it.



70. Line 15: YOU KNOW *him* well by sight.—A "graphic touch" that has needlessly vexed the souls of commentators. Dyce suggests "you'd know him," and Craik "*you knew him*" (that is, would have known him); but the slaves had no distinctive dress by which one would recognize them as such.

[The only distinction was that the males were not allowed to wear the *toga* nor the females the *stola*; otherwise they were dressed like other poor people of the time, in dark-coloured clothes and *crepidee* (slippers). It had been proposed in the senate to give them a distinctive dress; but it was decided not to do so, lest they should learn how numerous they were. Cicero in his oration in Pisonem (38, 92), speaks of *vestia servilia*.—F. A. M.]

For the context, compare North (Life of Cæsar): "Certainly destiny may easier be foreseen than avoided, considering the strange and wonderful signs that were said to be seen before Cæsar's death. For, touching the fires in the element, and spirits running up and down in the night, and also the solitary birds to be seen at noontide sitting in the great market-place, are not all these signs perhaps worth the noting, in such a wonderful chance as happened? But *Strabo* the philosopher writeth, that divers men were seen going up and down in fire; and furthermore, that there was a slave of the soldiers that did cast a marvellous burning flame out of his hand, inasmuch as they that saw it thought he had been burnt; but when the fire was out, it was found he had no hurt. Cæsar self also doing sacrifice unto the gods, found that one of the beasts which was sacrificed had no heart; and that was a strange thing in nature: how a Beast could live without a heart" (pp. 97, 98).

71. Line 21: GLAZ'D upon me.—The Fl. have "*glaz'd vpon me*," which Pope was the first to correct.

72. Lines 22, 23: *and there were drawn  
UPON A HEAP a hundred ghastly women.*  
For the use of *upon* or *on*, compare Henry V. iv. 5. 18:  
Let us on *heaps* go offer up our lives;  
and Exodus viii. 14: "And they gathered them together  
*upon heaps*." For *heap*, applied to persons, compare also  
Richard III. ii. 1. 53: "Among this princely *heap*," &c.

73. Line 35: CLEAN *from the purpose*.—This use of *clean* is common in the Authorized Version of the Bible. See Psalms lxxvii. 8; Isaiah xxiv. 19; Joshua iii. 17, &c. Compare also Ascham's Scholemaster (Mayor's ed. p. 37): "This fault is *clean* contrary to the first."

74. Line 42: WHAT NIGHT *is this!*—Craik prints "*what a night is this!*" but the omission of the *a* in such exclamations was not unusual. Compare Two Gentlemen of Verona, i. 2. 53, 54:  
*What night is she, that knows I am a maid,  
And would I not force the letter to my view!*

and Twelfth Night, ii. 5. 123-126:  
*Fab. What devil o' poison has she dress'd him!  
Sir T. And with a hat wane the staniel checks at it!*

75. Line 49: the THUNDER-STONE.—The ancients believed that such a solid body fell with the lightning and did the mischief. It is called *brontia* by Pliny in his Natural History (xxxvii. 10). Compare Cy. veline, iv. 2. 270, 271:

*Good. Fear no more the lightning-flash,  
(It) Nor the all-dreaded thunder-stone.*  
and Othello, v. 2. 234, 235:

Are there no stones in heaven  
But what serve for the thunder?  
It is said that the fossil shell known as the belemnite, or *finger-stone*, gave rise to this superstition. [*Brontia* has generally been identified with those roundish masses of crystallized iron pyrites (sulphuret of iron), often found in the neighbourhood of iron ore, which are still commonly known by the name of *thunder-stones*. Pliny's description is as follows: "*Brontia* is shaped in manner of a Tortoise head; it falleth with a *cracke of thunder* (as it is thought) from heaven; and if we will believe it, quencheth the fire of lightning" (Holland's Pliny, edn. 1601, vol. ii. p. 625 B.)—F. A. M.]

76. Line 60: CASE *yourself in wonder*.—The Fl. have "*cast your selfe in wonder*," which is followed by Collier, Staunton, and the Cambridge editors. *Case* was proposed independently by Swynfen Jervis and M. W. Williams, and is adopted by Dyce and others. Wright explains "*cast yourself in*" as "*hastily dress yourself in*."

77. Line 65: Why old men FOOL, &c.—The Fl. reading is "Why Old men, *Fooles*," &c. The correction was suggested by Lettson, and is accepted by Dyce, the Cambridge editors, and others. Collier and Staunton read, with Blackstone: "Why old men *fools*;" that is, why old men become fools. [I think there is a good deal to be said here for the reading of F. 1, though Lettson's ingenious conjecture secures an effective antithesis; still the fact that *old men, fools, and children* were all trying to explain the phenomena and calculating what the various portents meant, would be a circumstance sufficiently unusual for Cassius to mention.—F. A. M.]

78. Line 75: As doth the lion in the Capitol.—That is, "roars in the Capitol as doth the lion." Wright suggests that Shakespeare imagined that lions were kept in the Capitol, as they were in the Tower of London.

79. Line 76: A man no mightier than thyself or ME.—The grammatical error is not uncommon among intelligent people even now. *Than* is easily mistaken for a preposition. We can hardly, however, agree with Craik (p. 127), that "the personal pronoun must be held to be, in some measure, emancipated from the dominion or tyranny of syntax."

80. Line 80: I know where I will wear this dagger, then.  
As Craik remarks, it is a mistake to omit the comma after dagger, as some editors do. "Cassius does not intend to be understood that he is prepared to plunge his dagger into his heart at that time, but in that case."

81. Line 117: Hold, my hand.—It is curious that some editors omit the comma after *Hold*; and Craik explains thus: "Have, receive, take hold (of it); there is my hand." Of course the *Hold* is merely interjectional, as in Macbeth, ii. 1. 4: "*Hold, take my sword*;" and many similar passages.

82. Line 126: Pompey's porch.—This was a magnificent portico of a hundred columns connected with Pompey's Theatre, in the Campus Martius.

83. Line 128: *the ELEMENT*.—Often used for the heaven or sky; as by North (Life of Pompey): "the dust in the element," or the air. See also the quotation in note on line 15 above: "the fires in the element." Milton uses the word in the same sense in *Comus*, 298: "some gay creatures of the element" (spirits of the air).

84. Line 129: *IN FAVOUR'S like*, &c.—The Ff. read: *Is Favours*, like the *Worke* we have in hand.

The emendation is due to Johnson, and is generally adopted. Steevens suggested *It favours*, or *Is favour'd*; and Rowe, *Is feverous*.

85. Line 130: *our ATTEMPT*.—The Ff. have "our *Attempts*," which some editors retain. The emendation is Walker's.

86. Line 144: *Where Brutus may BUT find it*.—The *but* is apparently equivalent to *only* (as not unfrequently), the meaning being "only taking care to place it so that Brutus may be sure to find it" (Craik). Abbott (Grammar, § 125) gets at the same meaning by paraphrasing thus: "Where Brutus can (do nothing) but find it."

87. Line 146: *Upon old Brutus' statue*.—Compare North (Life of Brutus): "But for Brutus, his friends and countrymen, both by divers procurements and sundry rumours of the city, and by many bills also, did openly call and procure him to do that he did. For under the image of his ancestor *Junius Brutus*, (that drave the kings out of Rome) they wrote: 'O, that it pleased the gods thou wert now alive, Brutus!' and again, 'that thou wert here among us now!' His tribunal or chair, where he gave audience during the time he was Pretor, was full of such bills: '*Brutus* thou art asle-p, and art not *Brutus* indeed'" (p. 112).

88. Line 152: *Pompey's theatre*.—This was the first stone theatre built in Rome, and could accommodate 40,000 spectators. It was opened in B.C. 55 with dramatic representations and gladiatorial shows lasting for many days.

#### ACT II. SCENE 1.

89.—In the Ff. the heading of the scene is "*Enter Brutus in his Orchard*," that is, in his garden, the usual sense in which Shakespeare uses *orchard* (see *As You Like It*, note 6, and *Much Ado*, note 62). In iii. 2. 253 below, we have mention of "private arbours, and new-planted orchards," which are described in North's Plutarch as "*gardens and arbours*."

90. Line 10: *It must be by his death*.—Coleridge (p. 103) remarks here: "This speech is singular—at least, I do not at present see into Shakespeare's motive, his *rationale*, or in what point of view he meant Brutus's character to appear. For surely—(this, I mean, is what I say to myself, with my present *quantum* of insight, only modified by my experience in how many instances I have ripened into a perception of beauties where I had before descried faults)—surely nothing can seem more discordant with our historical preconceptions of Brutus, or more lowering to the intellect of the Stoico-Platonic tyrannicide, than the tokens here attributed to him—to him, the stern Roman republican; namely, that he would have no objection to

a king, or to Caesar, a monarch in Rome, would Caesar but be as good a monarch as he now seems disposed to be! How, too, could Brutus say that he found no personal cause—none in Caesar's past conduct as a man? Had he not crossed the Rubicon? Had he not entered Rome as a conqueror? Had he not placed his Gauls in the Senate? Shakespeare, it may be said, has not brought these things forward. True—and this is just the ground of my perplexity. What character did Shakespeare mean his Brutus to be?" By *personal* cause Brutus clearly meant such as "concerned himself personally," as opposed to such as affected "the general," or the public weal. The acts to which Coleridge refers all come under the latter head.

Dowden (Primer, p. 117) well says: "Brutus acts as an idealizer and theorizer might, with no eye for the actual bearing of facts, and no sense of the true importance of persons. Intellectual doctrines and moral ideals rule the life of Brutus; and his life is most noble, high, and stainless, but his public action is a series of mistakes. Yet even while he errs we admire him, for all his errors are those of a pure and lofty spirit. . . . All the practical gifts, insight, and tact, which Brutus lacks, are possessed by Cassius; but of Brutus's moral purity, veneration of ideals, disinterestedness, and freedom from unworthy personal motive, Cassius possesses little."

Brutus was a scholar, a philosopher, but not a practical man. It is not without purpose that Shakespeare represents him as a reader and quoter of books. His politics were those of books, and too good for the real life about him.

91. Line 12: *But for THE GENERAL*.—This use of the *general* for the community or the people was common. Compare Measure for Measure, ii. 4. 27:

*The general*, subject to a well-wish'd king;

and Hamlet, ii. 2. 457: "caviare to the general."

92. Line 15: *Crown him?*—THAT.—The use of *that*, though clear enough (Be that so, suppose that), is exceptional. We do not know of any other instance of the word thus standing alone.

93. Line 24: *the UPMOST round*.—This is the only instance of *upmost* in Shakespeare; and *uppermost* he does not use at all.

94. Line 34: *And kill him in the shell*.—Craik (p. 150) remarks: "It is impossible not to feel the expressive force of the hemistich here. The line itself is, as it were, killed in the shell."

95. Line 40: *the IDES of March*.—The Ff. have "the first of March;" corrected by Theobald. [This is one of the instances where one is obliged to substitute what Shakespeare ought to have written for what he, most probably, did write. See the note of Mr. Aldis Wright in the Clarendon Press ed., where the passage from the Life of Brutus is quoted which led Shakespeare into the error.—F. A. M.]

96. Line 53: *My ANCESTORS*.—Dyce reads "My ancestor;" but the plural may well enough stand, and most editors retain it; though, strictly speaking, the singular number would be more correct, for there was only one of his ancestors of whom Brutus could have been thinking, and



that was Junius Brutus, the first consul, and the expeller of the Tarquins.

97. Line 59: *March is wasted FIFTEEN days.*—This is the early reading, but Theobald and the majority of modern editors change it to “*fourteen days.*” The text is true to Roman usage, which in such cases counted the current day as complete. Thus in the New Testament, Christ says, “*After three days I will rise again;*” but the crucifixion was on Friday, and the resurrection early on Sunday morning.

98. Line 66: *The GENIUS and the MORTAL instruments.* --There has been much dispute over these words, but they probably mean nothing more than the mind or soul and the bodily powers through which it acts. Compare lines 175-177 below:

And let our *hearts*, as subtle masters do,  
Stir up their servants to an act of rage,  
And after seem to chide 'em.

According to Johnson, the poet "is describing the *insurrection* which a conspirator feels agitating the *little kingdom* of his own mind; when the *genius*, or power that watches for his protection, and the *mortal instruments*, the passions, which excite him to a deed of honour and danger, are in council and debate; when the *desire* of action, and the care of safety, keep the mind in continual fluctuation and disturbance" (Var. Ed. vol. x. p. 39). But though *genius* elsewhere in Shakespeare has this sense (as in *The Comedy of Errors*, v. 1. 332:

One of these men is *Genius* to the other, &c.),

it does not suit the present passage, especially when compared with the one quoted, in which *hearts* is clearly parallel to *genius* here.

[I must say that I cannot agree with this note. In the first place Shakespeare never uses *genius* in any other sense than in what may be called its *spiritual* sense, i.e. that of "a spirit, either good or evil, which governs our actions." Besides the passage in our text, and that given above from The Comedy of Errors, Shakespeare uses the word *genius* five times: in Twelfth Night, iii. 4. 142: "His very *genius* hath taken the infection of the device;" in Troilus and Cressida, iv. 4. 52, 53:

Hark! you are call'd: some say the *Genius* so  
Cries "Come!" to him that instantly must die:

in *Macbeth*, iii. 1. 55-57:

and, under him,  
My *Gemmas* is rebuk'd; as, it is said,  
Mark Antony's was by Cæsar;

in *The Tempest*, iv. 1. 26, 27:

the strong'st suggestion  
thus can;

and in II. Henry IV. iii. 2. 337, in the sense of the embodied spirit: "a" was the *very genius* of famine." The only one of these passages, in which *genius* can have anything but the meaning which Johnson gives it, is the one from Twelfth Night; and, as that is in prose, it is difficult to believe that Shakespeare would have written *genius* had he meant simply *spirit* or *soul*. Perhaps the distinction may seem to some persons not of much importance, for the *genius*, whether good or bad, would act through the *soul* or spiritual part of the man; but I think it would be a pity to lose sight of the special meaning

here—a meaning which it appears always to have had in English literature, at least up to the middle of the seventeenth century—embodying, as it does, a belief which was a very characteristic one. As to the passage below (175–177), Mr. Adams follows Craik in regarding it as the parallel or complement of this; but I cannot see any positive connection between them. There is no distinction in the latter between the spiritual and bodily parts of men; the meaning simply is: “let our *hearts* (i.e. our feelings) stir us up to an act of rage which afterwards, in our calmer moments, they may seem to disapprove” (see note 110 below); while in the passage before us the struggle is represented as taking place, in one man’s being, between the spirit that is supposed, more or less, to govern the actions, and the mortal part of him (including the will); which puts these actions into force. *Mortal* probably is used here in the sense of “deadly,” as in *Macbeth*, l. 5. 42.—F. A. M.]

99. Line 67: *the state of man*.—F. 1 has "the state of a man;" corrected in F. 2. Knight and Craik, however, retain the *a*.

On the passage comp. *Troilus and Cressida*, ii, 3. 184-186:

'twixt his mental and his active parts  
Kingdom'd Achilles in commotion rages,  
And batters down himself.

100. Line 70: *your brother Cassius*.—Cassius had married Junia, the sister of Brutus.

101. Line 72: *there are* MOE with *him*.—This word *moe* occurs forty or more times in the early editions of Shakespeare, as in other books of the time. It was regularly used with a plural or collective noun. The only instance of the latter sort in Shakespeare is *Tempest*, v. 1. 234. "And *moe* diversity of sounds." The modern editions generally change the word to *more*, unless it is required for the rhyme, as in *Much Ado*, ii. 3. 72-75:

Sing no more ditties, sing no *moet*,  
Of dumps so dull and heavy;  
The fraud of men was ever so,  
Since summer first was leavy.

[The difficulty in deciding whether or not to retain such forms as *moë* is to know where to draw the line; for we may soon, without intending it, be logically committed to an old-spelling text. Skeat says that *moë* and *more* were originally "well-distinguished words, the former relating to number, the latter to size."—F. A. M.]

102. Line 85: *For, if thou PATH, thy native's vblance*.—This, except for the comma after *path*, is the "eading of the Ff. *Path* is found as a transitive verb in Drayton, and its intransitive use (= walk) is not more peculiar than many other liberties of the kind in Shakespeare. It is possible, however, that it may be a misprint, and various emendations have been proposed. Southern and Coleridge independently suggested *pat*, which Dyce adopts; but it seems a Hibernicism to speak of *putting* on one's natural appearance. Other conjectures are *pass* and *hadd*. Johnson well paraphrases the passage: "If thou walk in thy true form." [There is a verb in Sanskrit, *path*, *panth*, to go, which comes from the same root, *pat*, to go, as the Greek *πατος*, to tread, and our *path*. In the old slang word still used by thieves, *to pad*—to go, we have an old cognate form of the verb.—F. A. M.]

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103. Line 107: *Which is a great way growing on the south, &c.*—That is, "which must be far to the south, considering the time of year." It is curious that no commentator has noted that on the 15th of March, or previous to the vernal equinox, the sun would not rise at all to the south of the true east, but a little *northward* of that point. (It should be noted that during this and the preceding speech the change from night to early dawn is supposed to take place; but, even in Italy, in the middle of March it would not be light at three o'clock in the morning.—F. A. M.)

104. Line 114: *No, not an oath! &c.*—Compare North (Life of Brutus): "the only name and great calling of Brutus did bring on the most of them to give consent to this conspiracy: who having never taken oaths together, nor taken or given any caution or assurance, nor binding themselves one to another by any religious oaths, they all kept the matter so secret to themselves, and could so cunningly handle it, that notwithstanding the gods did reveal it by manifest signs and tokens from above, and by predictions of sacrifices, yet all this would not be believed" (p. 114).

105. Line 114: *the FACE of men.*—This is the Ff. reading, and is retained by most of the recent editors. Warburton proposed *fate for face*, Mason *faith*, and Malone *faiths*.

106. Line 134: *the INSUPPRESSIVE metal of our spirits.* The passive sense of *insuppressive* is paralleled by that of sundry other words in *-ive*. Compare *unexpressive* (inexpressible) in *As You Like It*, iii. 2. 10:

The fair, the chaste, and *unexpressive* she;

*uncomprehensive* (incomprehensible or unknown) in *Probus* and *Cressida*, iii. 3. 198: "th' *uncomprehensive* deeps;" &c.

107. Line 138: *a several bastardy.*—"A special or distinct act of baseness, or of treachery against ancestry and honourable birth" (Vaik).

108. Lines 144, 145:

his SILVER hairs

Will PURCHASE us a good opinion.

*Cicero* was then about sixty years old. There is a play upon *silver* and *purchase*.

109. Line 150: *let us not break with him.*—Compare North (Life of Brutus): "For this cause they durst not acquaint *Cicero* with their conspiracy, although he was a man whom they loved dearly, and trusted best; for they were afraid that he being a coward by nature, and age also having increased his fear, he would quite turn and alter all their purpose, and quench the heat of their enterprise, (the which specially required hot and earnest execution)" (p. 114).

110. Lines 170-180.—One part of this passage has been already alluded to in note 93 above. The point of what Brutus says, when we look at it in its entirety, is evident. He is advising a course of deliberate hypocrisy; the conspirators are to try and entrap the sympathies of the people by committing the murder with all due delicacy and decorum, and then *pretending* to regret it. This is very characteristic advice, and shows that Brutus was

quite fit to be the leader of a political party which claimed to be the "popular" one. But it appears that all the great actors who played the part of Brutus, and, naturally enough, sought to make him a sympathetic character, have always omitted this passage on the stage; as well they might, considering their object.—F. A. M.

111. Line 183: *Yet I fear him.*—Pope, whom Craik follows, reads "Yet I do fear him."

112. Line 187: *take thought and die.*—Both *think* and *thought* are used in this sense. Compare Antony and Cleopatra, iii. 13. 1:

*Cleo.* What shall we do, Enobarbus?

*Eno.*

*Think, and die.*

See also I. Samuel ix. 5, and Matthew vi. 25. Bacon (Henry VII. p. 230) says that Hawis "dyed with thought" (anxiety).

113. Line 192: *count the clock.*—A palpable anachronism, as the Roman *clepsydre*, or water-clocks, had no mechanism for striking the hours.

114. Lines 204, 205:

*That unicorns may be betray'd with trees,*

*And bears with glasses, elephants with holes.*

Stevens says: "Unicorns are said to have been taken by one who, running behind a tree, eluded the violent push the animal was making at him, so that his horn spent its force on the trunk, and stuck fast, detaining the beast till he was despatched by the hunter" (Var. Ed. vol. xii. pp. 50, 51). Compare Spenser, *Fairy Queens*, ii. 5. 10:

Like as a Lyon, whose imperial powre

A proud rebellious *Unicorn* defyes,

T' avoide the rash assault and wrathful stowre

Of his fier fier foe, him to a tree applies,

And when hee running in full course he spies,

He slips aside; the whiles that furious beast

His precious horne, sought of his enimyes,

Strikes in the stocke, he thence can be releast,

But to the mighty victor yields a bounteous feast.

There is a similar allusion in *Timon of Athens*, iv. 3. 330: "wert thou the *unicorn*, pride and wrath would confound thee and make thine own self the conquest of thy wrath."

Stevens adds (*ut supra*, p. 51): "Bears are reported to have been surprised by means of a mirror, which they would gaze on, affording their pursuers an opportunity of taking a surer aim. This circumstance, I think, is mentioned by Claudian. Elephants were seduced into pitfalls, lightly covered with hurdles and turf, on which a proper bait to tempt them was exposed. See Pliny's *Natural History*, book viii."

115. Line 215: *Caius Ligarius doth bear Cæsar hard.*—His real name was Quintus, but the mistake is in North. Compare the Life of Brutus: "Now amongst Pompey's friends, there was one called *Caius Ligarius*, who had been accused unto *Cæsar* for taking part with Pompey, and *Cæsar* discharged him. But *Ligarius* thanked not *Cæsar* so much for his discharge, as he was offended with him for that he was brought in danger by his tyrannical power. And, therefore, in his heart he was always his mortal enemy, and was besides very familiar with Brutus, who went to see him being sick in his bed, and said unto

him: '*Ligarius* in what a time art thou sick!' *Ligarius* rising up in his bed, and taking him by the right hand, said unto him: '*Brutus*,' said he, 'if thou hast any great enterprise in hand worthy of thyself, I am whole'" (p. 113).

116. Line 210: *I have given him REASONS*.—Dyce adopts Walker's suggestion of *reasons*; but no change is called for.

117. Line 225: *Let not our looks put on our purposes*.—That is, "such expression as would betray our purposes." Craik compares the exhortation of Lady Macbeth to her husband (i. 5. 64-67):

To beguile the time,  
Look like the time; bear welcome in your eye,  
Your hand, your tongue: look like the innocent flower,  
But be the serpent under 't

See also *Macbeth*, i. 7. 81, 82:

Away, and mock the time with fairest show:  
False face must hide what the false heart doth know.

118. Line 230: *the HONEY-HEAVY DEW of slumber*.—The Ft. reading is: "the *hony-heavy-Dew* of slumber." This, with the slight change in the text, is retained by Knight and the Cambridge editors. It is aptly explained by Grant White as "slumber as refreshing as dew, and whose heaviness is sweet." Dyce reads, "the *heavy honey-dew* of slumber."

119. Line 233: Enter *PORTIA*.—Compare North (*Life of Brutus*): "Now *Brutus*, who knew very well that for his sake all the noblest, valiantest, and most courageous men of *ROME* did venture their lives, weighing with himself the greatness of the danger: when he was out of his house, he did so frame and fashion his countenance and looks that no man could discern he had anything to trouble his mind. But when night came that he was in his own house, then he was clean changed: for either care did wake him against his will when he would have slept, or else oftentimes of himself he fell into such deep thoughts of this enterprise, casting in his mind all the dangers that might happen: that his wife lying by him, found that there was some marvellous great matter that troubled his mind, not being wont to be in that taking, and that he could not well determine with himself. . . . This young lady being excellently well seen in philosophy, loving her husband well, and being of a noble courage, as she was also wise: because she would not ask her husband what he ailed before she had made some proof by herself: she took a little razor, such as barbers occupy to pare men's nails, and causing her maids and women to go out of her chamber gave herself a great gash withal in her thigh, that she was straight all of a gore blood: and incontinently after a vehement fever took her, by reason of the pain of her wound. Then perceiving her husband was marvellously out of quiet, and that he could take no rest, even in her greatest pain of all she spake in this sort unto him: 'I being, O *Brutus*,' said she, 'the daughter of *Cato*, was married unto thee; not to be thy bed-fellow, and companion in bed and at board only, like a harlot, but to be partaker also with thee of thy good and evil fortune. Now for thy self, I can find no cause of fault in thee touching our match: but for my part, how may I shew my duty towards thee,

and how much I would do for thy sake, if I cannot constantly bear a secret mischance or grief with thee, which requireth secrecy and fidelity? I confess, that a woman's wit commonly is too weak to keep a secret safely: but yet *Brutus* good education, and the company of virtuous men have some power to reform the defect of nature. And for myself, I have this benefit moreover, that I am the daughter of *Cato*, and wife of *Brutus*. This notwithstanding, I did not trust to any of these things before, until that now I have found by experience that no pain or grief whatsoever can overcome me.' With those words she shewed him her wound on her thigh, and told him what she had done to prove herself. *Brutus* was amazed to hear what she said unto him, and lifting up his hands to heaven, he besought the gods to give him the grace he might bring his enterprise to so good pass, that he might be found a husband, worthy of so noble a wife as *Portia*: so he then did comfort her the best he could" (pp. 115, 116).

120. Line 246: *an angry WAFTURE of your hand*.—The Ft. have *wafter*, which probably indicates the current pronunciation of the word.

121. Line 261: *Is Brutus sick?*—This old English use of *sick* is still current in America. Grant White says here: "For *sick*, the correct English adjective to express all degrees of suffering from disease, and which is universally used in the Bible and by Shakespeare, the Englishman of Great Britain has poorly substituted the adverb *ill*."

122. Line 271: *I CHARM you*.—"I conjure you;" as in *Lucrece*, 1681, 1682:

And for my sake, when I might charm thee so,  
For she that was thy *Lucrece*, now attend me.

Pope needlessly changed *charm* to the prosaic *charge*.

123. Lines 280, 290:

As dear to me as are the ruddy drops  
That visit my sad heart.

Some commentators regard this as an anticipation of Harvey's discovery; but the general fact of the circulation of the blood was known centuries before his day, though the details of the process were not understood. Gray has imitated the passage in *The Bard*, 41:

Dear as the ruddy drops that warm my heart.

124. Line 308: *All the CHARACTERY of my sad browes*.—For *charictery* compare *Merry Wives of Windsor*, v. 5. 77:

Falries use flowers for their *charactery*.

It will be observed that the word is accented as here.

125. Line 315: *To wear a KERCHIEF*.—The word *kerchief* (French, *couverir*, to cover, and *chef*, head) is here used in its original meaning of a covering for the head. As Malone notes, Shakespeare gives to Rome the manners of his own time, it being a common practice in England for sick people to wear a *kerchie* on their heads. Compare Fuller's *Worthies*: "If any there be sick, they make him a posset, and tye a *kerchief* on his head, and if that will not mend him, then God be merciful to him."

126. Line 323: *like an EXORCIST*.—See II. Henry VI. note 89.

If I cannot con-  
with thee, which  
that a woman's  
safely; but yet  
any of virtuous  
fect of nature.  
oreover, that I  
utus. This note  
things before,  
ce that no pain  
With those words  
n, and told him  
utus was amazed  
ng up his hands  
him the grace  
nt pass, that he  
noble a wife as  
best he could"

our hand.—The  
ates the current

at English use of  
White says here:  
e to express all  
which is univer-  
are, the English-  
anted the adverb

ture you;" as in

hee so,  
nt me.  
rosaic charge.

drops

anticipation of  
t of the circula-  
before his day,  
not understood.  
rd, 41:  
y heart.

my sad brows.—  
Windsor, v. 6. 77:  
tery.  
ented as here.

—The word *ker-*  
f, head) is here  
ng for the head.  
ome the manners  
etice in England  
ir heads. Com-  
sick, they make  
ead, and if that  
t to him."

II. Henry VI.

ACT II. SCENE 2.

127. Line 2: *Thrice hath Calpurnia in her sleep cried out*, &c. Compare North (Life of Cæsar): "he heard his wife *Calpurnia*, being fast asleep, weep and sigh, and put forth many fumbling lamentable speeches: for she dreamed that *Cæsar* was slain, and that she had him in her arms. . . . Insomuch that *Cæsar* rising in the morning, she prayed him, if it were possible, not to go out of the doors that day, but to adjourn the session of the Senate, until another day. And if that he made no reckoning of her dream, yet that he would search further of the sooth-sayers by their sacrifices, to know what should happen him that day. Thereby it seemed that *Cæsar* likewise did fear or suspect somewhat, because his wife *Calpurnia* until that time was never given to any fear and superstition; and that then he saw her so troubled in mind with this dream she had. But much more afterwards, when the soothsayers having sacrificed many beasts one after another, told him that none did like them: then he determined to send *Antonius* to adjourn the session of the Senate. But in the mean time came *Decius Brutus*, sturmiu'd *Albinus*, in whom *Cæsar* put such confidence, that in his last will and testament he had appointed him to be his next heir, and yet was of the conspiracy with *Cassius* and *Brutus*: he, fearing that if *Cæsar* did adjourn the session that day, the conspiracy would be trayed, laughed at the soothsayers, and reproved *Cæsar*, saying, 'that he gave the Senate occasion to mislike with him, and that they might think he mocked them, considering that by his commandment they were assembled, and that they were ready willingly to grant him all things, and to proclaim him king of all his provinces of the Empire of *ROME* out of *ITALY*, and that he should wear his diadem in all other places both by sea and land. And furthermore, that if any man should tell them from him they should depart for that present time, and return again when *Calpurnia* should have better dreams, what would his enemies and ill-willers say, and how could they like of his friends' words?' (pp. 98, 99).

128. Line 19: *FOUGHT upon the clouds*.—The *Ff.* have *fight*, which Knight and Craik retain. The emendation is due to Dyce.

129. Line 23: *Horses did neigh*.—Here the 1st Folio has "Horses do neigh," which *F.* 2 corrects.

130. Line 24: *And ghosts did shriek and squeal about the streets*.—Compare *Hamlet*, i. 1. 113-120:

In the most high and palmy state of Rome,  
A little ere the mightiest Julius fell,  
The graves stood tenantless, and the sheeted dead  
Did squeak and gibber in the Roman streets:  
As, stars with trains of fire, and dews of blood,  
Disasters in the sun; and the moist star,  
Upon whose influence Neptune's empire stands,  
Was sick almost to doomsday with eclipse.

131. Line 46: *We are two lions litter'd in one day*.—The *Ff.* reading is, "We heare," &c. Upton's correction is generally adopted by the editors. Theobald proposed "We

132. Line 67: *To be AFEARD to tell greybeards the truth*. See *Midsummer Night's Dream*, note 148.

133. Line 72: *That is enough to satisfy the senate; i. e.* "That should be enough, as I look at it, or as I choose to admit."

134. Line 76: *my statua*.—Here the *Ff.* have *statue*, as in iii. 2. 192 below:

Euen at the Base of Pompey's Statue;

but the editors, with few exceptions, substitute *statua*, which was common both in poetry and prose in Elizabethan writers. See II. Henry VI. note 189.

135. Lines 79-81:

And these

Does she apply for warnings and portents  
Of evils imminent.

We have printed this passage as in Dyce. In *Ff.* lines 79 and 80 are printed as one line, making an Alexandrine in a very awkward portion of the speech. *Ff.* read "And Evils imminent." Hammer first substituted the obvious correction *Of*. There can be little doubt that *And* was a repetition by the printer in mistake from the line above. — F. A. M.

136. Line 89: *For TINCTURES, STAINS, relics, and cognizance*.—"Tinctures and stains are understood both by Malone and Steevens as carrying an allusion to the practice of persons dipping their handkerchiefs in the blood of those whom they regarded as martyrs. And it must be confessed that the general strain of the passage, and more especially the expression 'shall press for tinctures,' &c., will not easily allow us to reject this interpretation. Yet does it not make the speaker assign to Cæsar by implication the very kind of death Calpurnia's apprehension of which he professes to regard as visionary? The pressing for tinctures and stains, it is true, would be a confutation of so much of Calpurnia's dream as seemed to imply that the Roman people would be delighted with his death —

Many lusty Romans

Came smiling, and did bathe their hands in it.

Do we refine too much in supposing that this inconsistency between the purpose and the language of Decius is intended by the poet, and that in this brief dialogue between him and Cæsar, in which the latter suffers himself to be so easily won over—persuaded and relieved by the very words that ought naturally to have confirmed his fears—we are to feel the presence of an unseen power driving on both the unconscious prophet and the blinded victim?" (Craik).

137. Lines 102, 103:

for my dear, dear love

To your proceeding bids me tell you this;

i. e. "For my loving concern for your welfare or success leads me to take the liberty to say this." He apologizes for venturing to advise Cæsar, but excuses it on the ground of affectionate interest.

138. Line 104: *And reason to my love is liable*.—"Reason, or propriety of conduct and language, is subordinate to my love" (Johnson); or, as Rolfe gives it, "my love leads me to indulge in a freedom of speech that my reason would restrain."

139. Line 114: *'t is STRUCKEN eight*.—For the anachronism see note 113 above. Elsewhere we find, as forms

of the participle, *struck*, *struck* (a variation in spelling), *stricken*, and *stricken*.

140. Lines 128-129:

*That every LIKE is not the SAME, O Cæsar,  
The heart of Brutus YEARNs to think upon!*

It grieves me to the heart to think that to be like a thing is not necessarily to be really that thing." It is hard for Brutus to play a part—to pretend to be other than he is. For his friend Cassius nothing is easier than to suit his behaviour to his immediate purpose.

For *yearns* the Ft. have *earn*s, which is merely a different spelling of the word. Rolfe quotes examples of it from Spenser (*Fæerie Queene*, iii. 10. 21):

And ever his heart hart much *earn*ed at the sight

(where the sense is the same as here; and l. 6. 25: "he for revenge did *earn*." Shakespeare uses *yearn* both transitively and intransitively. For an example of the former see Henry V. iv. 3. 26:

It *yearn*s me not [grieves or troubles me not] if men my garments wear

#### ACT II. SCENE 4.

141. Line 20: Enter the SOOTHSAYER.—Rowe changed *Soothsayer* to *Artemidorus*. It must be confessed that the introduction of the two characters is singular; but at the beginning of the next scene we have speeches assigned to them in immediate succession, and in the heading of that scene the Ft. also give "Enter *Artemidorus*, Publius, and the *Soothsayer*." It is therefore improbable that there is any misprint or corruption in the original text; and under these circumstances we are not justified in making any alterations.

142. Line 42: *Brutus hath a suit*, &c.—This is said lest the boy, whose presence she has for the moment forgotten, should suspect what she refers in the line above:

*Brutus hath a suit, &c.*—This is the enterprise!

#### ACT III. SCENE 1.

143. The Capitol.—Here, as in *Hamlet* (iii. 2. 109) and Antony and Cleopatra (ii. 6. 18), the assassination of Cæsar is represented as occurring in the Capitol instead of the Curia of Pompey. Compare North (*Life of Brutus*): "Furthermore, they [the conspirators] thought also, that the appointment of the place where the council should be kept was chosen of purpose by divine providence, and made all for them. For it was one of the porches about the theatre, in the which there was a certain place full of seats for men to sit in; where also was set up the image of Pompey, which the city had made and consecrated in honour of him, when he built, with divers porches about it. In this place was the assembly of the Senate appointed to be, just on the fifteenth day of the month *March*, which the ROMANS call, *Idus Martias*: so that it seemed some god of purpose had brought Cæsar thither to be slain, for revenge of Pompey's death" (p. 116).

See also the *Life of Cæsar*: "And one *Artemidorus*, also, born in the Isle of *Ætides*, a Doctor of rhetoric in the Greek tongue, who by means of his profession was very familiar with certain of *Brutus*' confederates; and there-

fore knew the most part of all their practices against Cæsar, came and brought him a little bill, written with his own hand, of all that he meant to tell him. He, marking how Cæsar received all the supplications that were offered him, and that he gave them straight to his men that were about him, pressed nearer to him, and said: 'Cæsar, read this memorial to your self, and that quickly, for they be matters of great weight, and touch you nearly.' Cæsar took it of him, but could never read it, though he many times attempted it, for the number of people that did salute him" (p. 99).

144. Line 8: *What touches us OURSELF shall be last serv'd*.—Collier's MS. Corrector reads:

*That touches us OURSELF shall be last serv'd;*

and Craik adopts the unnecessary change.

145. Line 13: *I wish your enterprise to-day may thrive*.

Compare North (*Life of Brutus*): "Another Senator, called *Popilius Læna*, after he had saluted *Brutus* and *Cassius* more friendly than he was wont to do, besought [that is, whispered] softly in their ears, and told them: 'I pray the gods you may go through with that you have taken in hand; but widdal, dispatch, I reade you, for your enterprise is bewrayed.' When he had said, he presently departed from them, and left them both afraid that their conspiracy would be out" (p. 117).

146. Line 18: *Look, how he makes to Cæsar; MARK him*.—Aldott (*Grammar*, § 385) here would make *mark* a dissyllable, or rather prolonged in utterance (so as to *ma-ark*), thereby introducing a most ridiculous and unnecessary vice in elocution. The line is obviously defective of one syllable; but, most probably, this deficiency is intentional; the hiatus being filled up by the gesture of the actor, and the broken nature of the line adding to its dramatic force. Compare Richard II. note 170.

147. Line 21: *Cassius OR Cæsar never shall turn back*. Malone proposed to read: "Cassius on Cæsar," &c.; but, as Ritson remarks, "Cassius says, if the plot be discovered, at all events either he or Cæsar shall never return alive; for, if the latter cannot be killed, he is determined to slay himself." Craik objects that to *turn back* cannot mean to return alive, or to return in any way; but Rolfe quotes Richard III. iv. 4. 184:

Ere from this war thou *turn* a conqueror;

and As You Like It, iii. 1. 6-8:

bring him dead or living

Within this twelvemonth, or *turn* thou no more

To seek a living in our territory

148. Line 22: *Cassius, be constant, &c.*—Compare North (*Life of Brutus*): "And when *Cassius* and certain other clapped their hands on their swords under their gowns to draw them, *Brutus*, marking the countenance and gesture of *Læna*, and considering that he did use himself rather like an humble and earnest suitor, then like an accuser, he said nothing to his companion (because there were many amongst them that were not of the conspiracy), but with a pleasant countenance encouraged *Cassius*. And immediately after, *Læna* went from Cæsar, and kissed his hand: which shewed plainly that it was for some matter concerning himself that he had held him so long in talk" (p. 118).

149. Line 26: *He draws Mark Antony out of the way.*—This is also from North (Life of Brutus): "*Trebonius on the other side drew Antonius aside, as he came into the house where the Senate sat, and held him with a long talk without*" (p. 118).

150. Line 31: *Are we all ready?*—The Fl. give these words to Caesar, in whose mouth they are palpably inappropriate. Ritson proposed to join them to the speech of Cinna, but Collier's MS. Corrector gives them to Casca. This is better, and is adopted by Craik, Dyce, and others.

151. Line 33: *Most high, most mighty, and most precious Caesar.*—Compare North (Life of Brutus): "So when he was set, the conspirators flocked about him, and amongst them they presented one *Tullius Cimber*, who made humble suit for the calling home again of his brother that was banished. They all made as though they were intercessors for him, and took *Cæsar* by the hands, and kissed his head and breast. *Cæsar* at the first, simply refused their kindness and entreaties: but afterwards, perceiving they still pressed on him, he violently thrust them from him. Then *Cimber* with both his hands plucked *Cæsar's* gown over his shoulders, and *Cæsar* that stood behind him, drew his dagger first and struck *Cæsar* upon the shoulder, but gave him no great wound. *Cæsar* feeling himself hurt, took him straight by the hand he held his dagger in, and cried out, in Latin: 'O traitor *Casca*, what dost thou?' *Casca* on the other side cried in Greek, and called his brother to help him. So divers running on a heap together to fly upon *Cæsar*, he looking about him to have fled, saw *Brutus* with a sword drawn in his hand ready to strike at him: then he let *Casca's* hand go, and casting his gown over his face, suffered every man to strike at him that would. Then the conspirators thronging one upon another, because every man was desirous to have a cut at him, so many swords and daggers lighting upon one body, one of them hurt *Brutus*, and among them *Brutus* caught a blow on his hand, because he would make one in murdering of him, and all the rest also were every man of them bloodied. *Cæsar* being slain in this manner, *Brutus*, standing in the midst of the house, would have spoken, and stayed the other Senators that were not of the conspiracy, to have told them the reason why they had done this fact. But they, as men both afraid and amazed, fled, one upon another's neck in haste to get out at the door, and no man followed them. For it was set down, and agreed between them, that they should kill no man but *Cæsar* only, and should intreat all the rest to look to defend their liberty" (p. 119).

152. Line 36: *These couchings.*—Hammer substitutes *couchings*; but, as Singer notes, *couching* had the same sense. He cites Huloet: "Cowche, like a dogge; *prostratus, prosereno*." Compare also Genesis, xlix. 14: "Issachar is a strong ass couching down between two burdens."

153. Line 39: *Into the law of children.*—The Fl. reading is "the line of children," an obvious misprint, first cor-

Life of *Cæsar* he is called *Metellus Cimber*, and in Suetonius *Cimber Tullius*.

rected by Johnson. Like most of the palpable errors of the type in the early editions, it has sometimes been defended, though very lamely.

154. Line 43: *Low-crooked curties.*—Collier's MS. Corrector reads "*Low-crouched*;" but Singer again quotes Huloet, who has "*crooke-backed* or *crouche-backed*."

155. Line 47: *Know, Cæsar doth not wrong, &c.*—Ben Jonson, in his Discoveries, speaking of Shakespeare, says: "Many times he fell into those things could not escape laughter; as when he said in the person of *Cæsar*, one speaking to him, '*Cæsar, thou dost me wrong*,' he replied, '*Cæsar did never wrong but with just cause*.'" And he ridicules the expression again in his Staple of News: "Cry you mercy; you never did wrong but with just cause." Craik believes that the words stood originally as Jonson has quoted them; but it is more probable, as Collier has suggested, that Jonson was quoting only from memory, which, as he himself says, was "shaken with age now, and sloth." If the passage stood at first as he gives it, the author must have subsequently modified it, and the present text should not be meddled with; but the American editor Hudson adopts the reading proposed by Tyrwhitt:

*Met. Cæsar, thou dost me wrong.*

*Cæs. Know, Cæsar doth not wrong, but with just cause,*  
Nor without cause will he be satisfied.

156. Line 51: *For the REPEALING of my banish'd brother.*—In the next speech we have the substantive *repeat* used in this same sense of recalling from exile. See also Coriolanus, v. 5. 5:

*Repeat him with the welcome of his mother;*

and Lucrece, 640:

*I sue for exile'd majesty's repeal.*

157. Line 67: *And men are flesh and blood, and apprehensive.*—For this use of *apprehensive* compare Falstaff's eulogy on sack in II. Henry IV. iv. 3. 107: "makes it [the brain] *apprehensive*, quick, forgetive."

158. Line 77: *Et tu, Brute!*—It is curious that no ancient Latin authority has been discovered for this exclamation which Shakespeare has made classical. It is found in the True Tragedy of Richard Duke of York, which was first printed in 1595, and on which the Third Part of Henry VI. was founded; and also in a poem by S. Nicholson, entitled Acolastus his Afterwit, printed in 1600. In both we find the line,

*Et tu Brute! Wilt thou stab Cæsar too?*

It may have been taken from the Latin play on the death of *Cæsar* which we know to have been acted at Oxford in 1582, though no copy has come down to our day. In Suetonius (l. 82) *Cæsar* is made to say to *Brutus* *Kai es cæsar* (And thou too, my son?).

159. Line 94: *and let no man ABIDE this deed.*—We find *abide* again in this sense (be held responsible for) in iii. 2. 119 of the present play:

*If it be found so, some will dear abide it,*

or pay dearly for it.

160. Line 101: *Why, he that cuts off twenty years of life, &c.*—Some editors transfer this speech to Cassius, though



the *Fi* have the prefix *Cask*. It is in keeping with what Casca has said in l. 3. 101 above:

So every bondman in his own hand bears, &c.

## 161. Lines 111-113:

*Hate many ages hence  
Shall this our lofty scene be acted o'er  
In states unborn and accents yet unknown!*

Of course this is put into the mouth of Cassius for stage effect; but it is not out of keeping with the character, or the circumstances, as some have asserted. That Cassius should think of the great political significance of Caesar's downfall is natural enough; and also of the prominent place the event would have in histories and historical dramas to be written in future times and far-off lands. This "prophecy after the event" is no unfamiliar thing in poetry, and is historically justifiable whenever, as here, we have to admit the possibility that the idea might occur to the speaker. In this particular instance it seems naturally suggested, and is impressively carried out in the following speeches.

162. Line 113: *In states unborn*.—F. 1 has *state*, and in line 115 *lye along*. Both errors were corrected in F. 2.

163. Line 136: *THOROUGH* the hazards of this untrod state.—The form *thorough*—through is common enough in old writers. Compare v. 1. 110 of this play: "*Thorough* the streets of Rome." But that is an imperfect line; a better instance is in *Midsummer Night's Dream*, ii. 1. 190, 197

And *through* this distemperature we see  
The seasons alter

164. Line 143: *I know that we shall have him well to friend*.

The guileless confidence of Brutus that Antony will join their faction is characteristic of the man, as the shrewd misgivings of Cassius are of *him*. Brutus, as we have seen, is inclined to think others as honest and disinterested as he is himself, but Cassius is an experienced politician, who has learned how selfish the great majority of men are.

165. Line 163: *The choice and master spirits of this age*.—It is curious that Craik should think that *choice* may be a substantive. It is beyond all question an adjective in the same construction as *master*.

166. Line 171: *As fire drives out fire, so pity pity*.—The old proverbial comparison is a favourite one with Shakespeare. See *Romeo and Juliet*, i. 2. 46: "one fire burns out another's burning;" *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, ii. 4. 192:

Even as one heat another heat expels;

and *Coriolanus*, iv. 7. 54: "One fire drives out one fire."

[Some commentators think it necessary to point out here that *fire* is to be regarded as a dissyllable in the first place, and as a monosyllable in the second; but to make such a distinction in pronouncing this word on the stage is practically impossible. Owing to our system of vowels such words as *fire*, *spire*, *sire*, &c., must be pronounced as if spelt *fi-er*, *spi-er*, *si-er*; but if we pronounced the *i* as it is pronounced in Italian, we could make such words monosyllables or dissyllables at pleasure. In English we have no choice between pronouncing *fire* as a dissyllable *fi-er*, or as *fir*, if we wish to make a monosyllable of it. But the best plan is to regard the *i*, in such words as *fire*, *sire*, &c.,

as = *ie*, and when we want to make them monosyllables we must treat the diæresis as we treat a *portamento* in music.—F. A. M.]

167. Line 174: *Our arms in strength of malice*, &c.—F. 1 reads thus:

Our Arms in strength of malice, and our Hearts  
Of Brothers temper, do receive you in,  
With all kinde love, good thoughts, and reverence.

Pope reads "*exempt from malice*;" Capell and Dyce, "*no strength of malice*;" Collier's MS. Corrector, "*in strength of welcome*;" and Singer suggests, "*in strength of amity*." Knight, the Cambridge editors, Grant White, and Rolfe follow the Folio. Grant White remarks: "The difficulty found in this passage, which even Mr. Dyce suspects to be corrupt, seems to result from a forgetfulness of the preceding context:

Though now we must appear bloody and cruel,  
As, by our hands and this our present act,  
You see we do, yet see you but our hands  
And this the bleeding business they have done:  
Our hearts you see not: they are painful;  
And pity to the general wrong of Rome, &c.

So (*Brutus* continues) our arms, even in the intensity of their hatred to *Cæsar's* tyranny, and our hearts in their brotherly love to all Romans, do receive you in."

168. Lines 177, 178:

*Your voice shall be as strong as any man's,  
In the disposing of new dignities.*

There spoke the politician Cassius, who assumes that Antony is more likely to be influenced by the promise of a share in the substantial profits of the revolution than by the fine patriotism of Brutus.

169. Line 180: *THOUGH LAST, NOT LEAST in love, yours, good Trebonius*.—This has been quoted in support of the Quarto reading in Lear, i. 1. 85:

*Although the last not least in our dear love;*

but the expression *Though last not least* was an alliterative commonplace at that time, and no argument can be based upon it where the comparative merits of two texts are concerned.

170. Line 196: *Shall it not grieve thee DEARER than thy death!*—The use of *dear* in expressions like this (and "*dearest* foe" in *Hamlet*, i. 2. 182, &c.) is easily explained. The word simply expresses intensity of feeling or interest, whether in the way of love or hate; or, in other words, it "imports the excess, the utmost, the superlative, of that to which it is applied." Compare Richard II. note 78.

171. Line 200: *erinson'd in thy LETHE*.—That is, "in the stream that bears thee to oblivion." Collier's MS. Corrector alters *lethe* to *death*; but Collier, in his second edition, restores *lethe*, which is also the reading of Knight, Dyce, Staunton, the Cambridge editors, Grant White, and Rolfe.

172. Lines 207, 208:

*O world! thou wast the forest to this HART;  
And this, indeed, O world, the HEART of thee.*

Coleridge would not believe that Shakespeare wrote these lines, and endeavoured to show that the conceit was not introduced as conceits generally are in plays, namely, as

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a mere verbal quibble; but there is no good reason for doubting that the passage is genuine. It is in the fashion of the time, which Shakespeare had not then outgrown — if, indeed, he ever did outgrow it completely — and it follows naturally enough from the preceding lines, with their picture of the slain *hart* and the bloody huntsman. As Rolfe notes, the same quibble occurs in *As You Like It*, iii. 2. 290, and *Twelfth Night*, i. 1. 21; both of which plays, it may be added, were written about the same time as *Julius Caesar*. Compare Richard II. note 115.

173. Line 228: *PRODUCE his body* TO THE MARKET-PLACE.

It will be seen that *produce* is here used in its original Latin sense of *bear forth*; but this does not show, as some have supposed, anything more than a schoolboy acquaintance with Latin. *The market-place* was of course the Forum. Compare I. Henry VI. ii. 2. 4, 5:

*Let's forth the body of old Salisbury*

*And here advance it in the market-place.*

174. Line 241: *Have all TRUE rites*.—Dyce follows Pope in reading "*due rites*," but the change is unnecessary and prosaic.

175. Line 258: *Woe to the HANDS, &c.*—The *Fl.* have *hand*; but the plural is in accordance with line 158 above: "Now, whilst your purpled *hands*," &c.

176. Line 262: *the LIMBS of men*.—The old reading may be corrupt, but the case is not clear enough to justify a change. Hammer reads *kind for limbs*; Warburton, *line*; Johnson, *lives or ignoms* (that is, bloodhounds; Collier's MS. *Corrector, loins*; Staunton, *limbs*; and Dyce, *limbs*. Walker suggests *times*, and Grant White *sons*.

177. Line 271: *With ATE by his side come hot from hell*.—Crak observes that "this Homeric goddess had taken a strong hold of Shakespeare's imagination;" as is shown by his repeated references to her. Compare *Much Ado*, ii. 1. 253: "the infernal *Atē*;" *Love's Labour's Lost*, v. 2. 604: "More *Ates*, more *Ates*!" and King John, ii. 1. 63:

*An Ate, stirring him to blood and strife.*

178. Line 273: *the dogs of war*.—Steele, in the *Tatler* (No. 137), suggests that by *the dogs of war* Shakespeare probably meant "fire, sword, and famine." He compares Henry V. I. Chorus, 5-8:

*Then should the warlike Harry, like himself,*

*Assume the port of Mars; and at his heels,*

*Trailing in like hounds, should famine, sword and fire*

*Crouch for employment.*

See also I. Henry VI. iv. 2. 10, 11:

*You tempt the fury of my three attendants,*

*Lean famine, quartering steel, and climbing fire.*

179. Line 283: *FOR mine eyes*.—F. 1 has "*from mine eyes*," which F. 2 corrects. Dyce alters *Began* in the next line to *Begin*.

180. Line 280: *No ROME of safety for Octavius yet*.—There is a play on *Rome* and *room*, as in i. 2. 158 above. See note 54.

# ACT III. SCENE 2.

181. —For this scene and the next compare North (*Life of Brutus*): "Now at the first time, when the murder was newly done, there were sudden outcries of people

that ran up and down the city, the which indeed did the more increase the fear and tumult. But when they saw they slew no man, neither did spoil or make havoc of anything, then certain of the Senators, and many of the people, emboldening themselves, went to the Capitol unto them. There, a great number of men being assembled together one after another, *Brutus* made an oration unto them, to win the favour of the people, and to justify that they had done. All those that were by said they had done well, and cried unto them that they should boldly come down from the Capitol; whereupon *Brutus* and his companions came boldly down into the market-place. The rest followed in troupe, but *Brutus* went foremost, very honourably compassed in round about with the noblest men of the city, which brought him from the Capitol, through the market-place, to the pulpit for orations. When the people saw him in the pulpit, although they were a multitude of rascals of all sorts, and had a good will to make some stir; yet, being ashamed to do it, for the reverence they bare unto *Brutus*, they kept silence to hear what he would say. When *Brutus* began to speak, they gave him quiet audience; howbeit, immediately after, they shewed that they were not all contented with the murder. For when another, called *Cinna*, would have spoken, and began to accuse *Cæsar*, they fell into a great uproar among them, and marvellously reviled him; insomuch that the conspirators returned again into the capitol. There *Brutus*, being afraid to be besieged, sent back again the noblemen that came thither with him, thinking it no reason that they, which were no partakers of the murder, should be partakers of the danger.

"Then *Antonius*, thinking good his testament should be read openly, and also that his body should be honourably buried, and not in hugger-mugger, lest the people might thereby take occasion to be worse offended if they did otherwise: *Cassius* stoutly spake against it. But *Brutus* went with the motion, and agreed unto it: wherein it seemeth he committed a second fault. For the first fault he did, was when he would not consent to his fellow conspirators, that *Antonius* should be slain: and therefore he was justly accused, that thereby he had saved and strengthened a strong and grievous enemy of their conspiracy. The second fault was, when he agreed that *Cæsar's* funerals should be as *Antonius* would have them, the which indeed marred all. For first of all, when *Cæsar's* testament was openly read among them, whereby it appeared that he bequeathed unto every citizen of *Rome* 75 drachmas a man; and that he left his gardens and arbors unto the people, which he had on this side of the river *Tiber*, in the place where now the temple of *Fortune* is built: the people then loved him, and were marvellous sorry for him. Afterwards, when *Cæsar's* body was brought into the market-place, *Antonius* making his funeral oration in praise of the dead, according to the ancient custom of *Rome*, and perceiving that his words moved the common people to compassion, he framed his eloquence to make their hearts yearn the

1 Compare *Hamlet*, iv. s. 83:

and we have done but greenly

In hugger-mugger to inter him.



more; and taking *Cæsar's* gown all bloody in his hand he laid it open to the sight of them all, shewing what a number of cuts and holes it had upon it. Therewithal the people fell presently into such a rage and mutiny, that there was no more order kept amongst the common people. For some of them cried out, "Kill the murderers."

Others plucked up forms, tables, and stalls about the market-place, as they had done before at the funerals of *Clodius*; and having laid them all on a heap together they set them on fire, and thereupon did put the body of *Cæsar*, and burnt it in the midst of the most holy places. And furthermore, when the fire was thoroughly kindled some here, some there, took burning firebrands, and ran with them to the murderers' houses that killed him, to set them on fire. Howbeit *Brutus*, foreseeing the danger before, had very privately saved himself, and fled. But there was a poet named *Cinna*, who had been no partaker of the conspiracy, but was always one of *Cæsar's* chiefest friends; he dreamed, the night before that *Cæsar* had him to supper with him, and that, he refusing to go, *Cæsar* was very importunate with him, and compelled him; so that at length he led him by the hand into a great dark place, where being marvellously afraid, he was driven to follow him in spite of his life.

This dream put him all night into a fever; and notwithstanding, the next morning when he heard that they carried *Cæsar's* body to burial, being ashamed not to accompany his funerals, he went out of his house, and thrust himself into the prease of the common people, that were in a great uproar. And because some one called him by his name *Cinna*: the people thinking he had been that *Cinna* who in an oration he made had spoken very evil of *Cæsar*, they, falling upon him in their rage, slew him outright in the market-place" (p. 122).

182. Line 12: *Be patient till the last, &c.*—Hazlitt says that the speech of Brutus "certainly is not so good as Antony's." To this Knight replies: "In what way is it not so good? As a specimen of eloquence, put by the side of Antony's, who can doubt that it is tame, passionless, severe, and therefore ineffective? But as an example of Shakespeare's wonderful power of characterization, it is beyond all praise. It was the consummate artifice of Antony that made him say, 'I am no orator, as Brutus is.' Brutus was not an orator. . . . He is a man of just intentions, of calm understanding, of settled purpose, when his principles are to become actions. But his notion of oratory is this:

I will myself into the pulpit first,  
And show the reason of our *Cæsar's* death.

And he does show the reason. . . . He expects that Antony will speak with equal moderation—all good of *Cæsar*—no blame of *Cæsar's* murderers; and he thinks it an advantage to speak before Antony. He knew not what oratory really is. But Shakespeare knew, and how, is intended Antony."

Warburton remarks that the style of the speech of Brutus is an "imitation of his famed Laconic brevity." Compare North (Life of *Lautus*): "But for the Greek tongue, they do note in some of his epistles, that he counterfeited that brief compendious manner of speech of the Lacedæmonians. As when the war was begun, he

wrote unto the Pergamenians in this sort: 'I understand you have given *Dolabella* money; if you have done it willingly, you confess you have offended me; if against your wills, shew it then by giving me willingly.' Another time again unto the Samians: 'Your councils be long, your doings be slow, consider the end.' And in another Epistle he wrote unto the Patariens: 'The Xanthians, despising my good will, have made their country a grave of despair, and the Patariens that put themselves into my protection, have lost no jot of their liberty; and therefore, whilst you have liberty, either choose the judgment of the Patariens, or the fortune of the Xanthians.' These were *Brutus's* manner of letters, which were honoured for their briefness" (p. 107).

183. Line 17: *CENSURE me in your wisdom*.—The meaning of *censure*, if not clear in itself, is made so by the equivalent *judge* at the end of the sentence. Compare the use of the substantive in *Hamlet*, l. 3. 60.

Take each man's *censure*, but reserve thy judge.

184. Line 41: *The question of his death*. A statement of the reasons why he was put to death; or the answer to any question that may be asked concerning it.

185. Lines 52-54: *his glory not EXTENUATED, wherein he was worthy; nor his offences ENFORCED, for which he suffered death*.—Again, in Antony and Cleopatra, v. 2. 125, we have *enforce*, in the sense of exaggerated, opposed to *extenuate*:

We will *extenuate* rather than *enforce*.

186. Line 57: *Shall now be crown'd in Brutus*.—The *now* was not in the F1, but was inserted by Pope, and has been generally adopted by the editors.

187. Line 63: *Cæsar's* GLORIES.—Dyce adopts Walker's suggestion of *glory*.

188. Line 66: *Save I alone*.—Compare v. 5. 60 of this play: "Save only he." This is one of many illustrations of the loose syntax of the Elizabethan time.

189. Line 70: *I am BEHOLDING to you*.—This word *beholding* is often used by our writers of the time instead of *beholden*. Craik has shown that the latter is probably a corruption of *geheaden*, the perfect participle of the Anglo-Saxon *healden*, to hold, whence its meaning of held bound, or obliged.

190. Line 79: *to BURY Cæsar*.—Compare the reference in *Coriolanus* (iii. 3. 51) to "the holy churchyard." Would Bacon have been guilty of such anachronisms? (It is true that the Romans usually cremated the bodies of the dead in *Cæsar's* time, but *burial* was the general practice up to the later period of the Republic, and afterwards in the case of children a lot of persons struck by lightning *Marcus* was *buried*, but *Sulla* was cremated. The urns containing the ashes and bones of the dead were always placed in a sepulchre. It is worth remarking that in the well-known speech of *Hamlet* to his father's ghost house the word *burn'd* (l. 4. 48, 49):

the sepulchre  
Whence I have taken the signet of your will

But *Hamlet's* father was *buried*, not cremated.—F. A. H.

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191. Lines 89, 91:

*The evil that men do lives after them,  
The good is oft interred with their bones.*

Compare Henry VIII. iv. 2. 45, 46:

"Men's evil manners live in brass; their virtue  
We write in water."

192. Line 115: *Has he not, mutual?*

—F. omit not, which was supplied by Craik and is accepted by Dyce. The text proposed "Has he, my masters" but the negative seems to be required by the context.

193. Line 138: *And dip their NAPKINS in his sacred*

—The word *napkin* for handkerchief, is common in Shakespeare and contemporary writers, and is said to be still used in this sense in Scotland. Compare Hamlet, v. 2.

Here, Hamlet, take my *napkin*, rub thy face

In Othello the famous handkerchief is more than once called a *napkin*; as in iii. 3. 290: "I am glad I have found this *napkin*."

194. Line 177: *the Nervii*.—A warlike Belgic tribe, the designation of whom (B.C. 57) was an important event in Caesar's Gallic campaigns.

195. Line 225: *For I have neither wit, nor words, nor* —F. I has writ for wit; corrected in F. 2. Johnson and Malone defend *writ*, and Knight considers that it may be explained as a prepared writing.

196. Line 247: *seventy-five DRACHMAS*.—The *drachma* was a Greek coin worth about ninepence. Of course the value of money was then much greater than in our day.

197. Lines 253, 254:

*His private arbours, and new-planted orchards,  
ON THIS SIDE TIBUR.*

—*Orchard*, or gardens, were on the *other side* of the river, as a Roman would say, or with reference to the city proper, where the Forum, in which Antony is spoken of as situated. The error is copied by Shakespeare from North's Plutarch. See the passage in note 181 above. Compare also Horace, Satires, l. 9. 18:

*Trans Tibrim longe cubat is prope Cesaris hortos  
—MUCH ADO, I. 1. 62.*

198. Line 273: *I heard HIM say*.—Capell and Collier's Corrector change *him* to *them*, and Dyce to *'em*. Knight, the Cambridge editors, and others retain the *him* of the text.

### ACT III. SCENE 3.

199. Line 2: *And things UNLUCKY charge my fantasy*

—The word *unlucky* is a corruption of *unlucky*. The emendation is adopted by Knight, and is generally adopted. Knight, however, reads *unlucky*, and Collier's MS. Corrector gives *unlucky*.

200. Line 3: *I have no will to wander*

—Compare Tempest, v. 1. 160: "thrust forth of Milan;" and Henry VI. ii. 2. 157: "forth of France."

Line 13: *As you were best*.—The word *you* is originally dative (it was a dative, not a nominative), and was subsequently mistaken for the nominative. Compare

the similar misconception in regard to *if you please* a contraction of *if it please you*.

202. Line 40: *To BRUTES, to CASSIUS, &c.*—The F. has "to Brutus, to Cassius, burne all. Some to Decius Hostilius and some to Caska. some to Ligarius. Away, go." It is evident that all the names are in the possessive; but Grant White has "To Brutus, to Cassius," and "to Ligarius."

### ACT IV. SCENE 1.

203.—The heading of the scene in the Ff. is simply "Enter Antony, Octavius, and Lepidus;" but it is evident that they are supposed to be in Rome. Lepidus is sent to Caesar's house for the will, and is told that, on his return, Antony and Octavius will be "or here or at the Capitol." The triumvirs actually met on a small island in the river Rhenus (now the Reno), near Bononia (the modern Bologna). Compare North (Life of Antony): "Thereupon all three met together to wit, Caesar, Antonius, and Lepidus" in an "and environed round about with a little river, and there remained three days together. Now as touching all other matters they were easily agreed, and did divide all the empire of Rome between them, as if it had been their own inheritance. But yet they could hardly agree whom they would put to death: for every one of them would kill their Enemies, and save their Kinsmen and friends. Yet at length, giving place to their greedy desire to be revenged of their Enemies, they spurned all reverence of Blood, and holiness of friendship at their feet. For Caesar left Cicero to Antonius will, Antonius also forsook Lucius Caesar, who was his Uncle by his Mother: and both of them together suffered Lepidus to kill his own Brother Paulus. Yet some Writers affirm, that Caesar and Antonius requested Paulus might be slain, and that Lepidus was contented with it. In my Opinion there was never a more horrible, unnatural, and cruel change then this was. For thus changing murder for murder, they did as well kill those whom they did forsake and leave unto others, as they also which others left unto them to kill; but so much more was their wickedness and cruelty great unto their friends, for that they did put them to death being innocents, and having no cause to hate them" (p. 169).

204. Line 5: *YOUR sister's son*.—According to Plutarch, the man was Lucius Caesar, and Mark Antony was the son of his sister. Upton suggested that Shakespeare wrote "You are his sister's son;" but it is more probable that he got the relationships confused.

205. Line 22: *To groan and sweat under the business*.—The trisyllabic pronunciation of *business*, which its derivation and orthography require, was not lost in Shakespeare's day, though beginning to disappear. Compare Richard II. ii. 1. 217.

To see this *business*. To-morrow next, &c.

206. Line 27: *And graze on commons*.—Craik adopts the reading of Collier's MS. Corrector: "And graze on commons."

On objects, arts, and imitations.—The line is probably corrupt, but no satisfactory emendation has been proposed. Theobald and Dyce read: "On objects, arts, and imitations;"

and Statton has.

defining *objects* as "things thrown away as useless." This reading adopted by the Cambridge editors. [There seems to me no necessity for altering the text at all; the passage describes a man utterly devoid of originality, content with the *objects*, *arts*, and fashions or *imitations* which others have pursued or adopted for a long time, till they have become stale or obsolete to most men. *Objects* is a favourite word of Shakespeare, and used by him with a very wide range of meaning; to change it to such an etymological abolition as *objects* seems to me a fantastic act of critical acrobatics. F. A. M.]

208 Line 44: *Our best friends made, and our best means stretch'd out.* This is the reading of F. 2; F. 1 having only *Our best friends made, our means stretch'd out.*

Malone suggested

Our best friends made, our means stretch'd out.

## ACT IV. SCENE 2.

209 Line 7: *In his own CHANGE, or by ill OFFICES.* Either because of some change on his own part, or from some fault on the part of his officers. Warburton wishes to read *charge*, and Johnson *offices*, neither of which is an improvement on the original text.

210 Line 25: *like horses HOT at HAND.*—"That is, apparently, when held by the hand, or led; or rather, perhaps, when acted upon only by the rein" (Crail). Compare Henry VIII. v. 3. 21-24:

those that tame wild horses  
Pace 'em not in their hands to make 'em gentle;  
But stop their mouths with statthorn bits, and spur 'em,  
Till they obey the rein.

211 Line 26: *They FALL their CRESTS.*—Compare Troilus and Cressida, i. 3. 379, 380:

His crest

Crail says that this transitive use of *fall* "is not common in Shakespeare;" but Rolfe remarks that it occurs sixteen times.

212 Line 50: *LUCIUS, do you the like; &c.*—F. 1 reads thus.

*Lucilius*, do you the like, and let no man  
Come to our Tent, till we have done our Conference.  
Let *Lucius* and *Titinius* guard our doors.

Crail transposed *Lucius* and *Lucilius*, which mends the measure and removes the absurdity of associating a servant boy and an officer of rank in the guarding of the door. Cassius sends his servant Pindarus with a message to his division of the army, and Brutus sends his servant Lucius on a similar errand. The Folio itself confirms this correction, since it makes *Lucilius* oppose the intrusion of the *Poet*, and at the close of the conference Brutus addresses "*Lucilius* and *Titinius*," who had evidently remained on guard together all the while. Knight and the Cambridge editors nevertheless retain the old reading.

## ACT IV. SCENE 3.

213.—With this scene compare North (Life of Brutus): "Therefore, before they fell in hand with any other matter, they went into a little chamber together, and

bade every man avoid, and did shut the doors to them. Then they began to pour out their complaints one to the other, and grew hot and bold, earnestly accusing one another, and at length fell both weeping. Their friends that were without the chamber, hearing them loud within and angry between themselves, they were both amazed and afraid also, lest it would grow to further matter: but yet they were commanded that no man should come to them. Notwithstanding, one *Marcus Phœnius* (Favonius), that had been a friend and a follower of *Cato* while he lived, and took upon him to counterfeited a philosopher, not with wisdom and discretion, but with a certain bodden and frantic motion; he would needs come into the chamber, though the men offered to keep him out. But it was no boot to let *Phœnius*, when a mad mood or toy took him in the head; for he was a hot hasty man, and sudden in all his doings, and for never a senator of them all. Now, though he in this bold manner of speech after the profession of the Cynic philosophers, (as who would say, *Dogs*) yet his boldness did no hurt many times, because they did but laugh at him to see him so mad. This *Phœnius* at that time, in despite of the door-keepers, came into the chamber, and with a certain scolding and mocking gesture, which he counterfeited of purpose, he rehearsed the verses which old *Nestor* said in *Homer*:

*My dogs, I pray you, hearken both to me,  
For I have seen no years than mine three.*

*Cassius* fell a-laughing at him: but *Brutus* thrust him out of the chamber, and called him dog and counterfeited Cynic. Howbeit his coming in brake their strife at that time, and so they left each other" (pp. 134, 135).

214. Line 2: *You have condemn'd and noted Lucius Pella, &c.*—On this matter compare North (Life of Brutus): "The next day after, *Brutus*, upon complaint of the *SARDIANS*, did condemn and note *Lucius Pella* for a defamed person, that had been a Praetor of the *ROMANS*, and whom *Brutus* had given charge unto: for that he was accused and convicted of robbery, and pilfery in his office. This judgment much misliked *Cassius*, because he himself had secretly (not many days before) warned two of his friends, attainted and convicted of the like offences, and openly had cleared them: but yet he did not therefore leave to employ them in any manner of service as he did before. And therefore he greatly reproved *Brutus*, for that he would shew himself so straight and severe, in such a time as was meet to bear a little then to take things at the worst. *Brutus* in contrary manner answered, that he should remember the *Ides of March*, at which time they slew *Julius Cæsar*, who neither pilled nor pilloped the country, but only was a favourer and suborner of them that did rob and spoil, by his countenance and authority" (p. 135).

215. Line 4: *my LETTER.*—F. 1 has "*my Letters*;" corrected in F. 2. Dyce and some others retain the plural, and chance was in the next line to *seere*; but it is more likely that a letter should have been added to *letter* than that *seere* should have been misprinted *seas*.

216. Line 6: *Let me tell you, Cassius, you yourself.*—Capell and Dyce read "*And let me tell you.*" &c. (The

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you yourself.—  
ou," &c. (The

is deficient in a syllable, but there is no necessity to  
anything. The speaker pauses before answering. The  
And is incredibly weak. — F. A. M.]

217 Line 20: *What villain touch'd his body, &c.*—That  
who that touch'd his body was such a villain," &c.  
Compare v. 4. 2 below: "What bastard doth not!"

218 Line 28: *DAY not me.*—The FF. have "bade not me,"  
which Theobald corrected.

219 Line 37: *Away, SLIGHT man!*—Compare iv. 1. 12  
below.

This is a *satirical* comment on a man,  
and *Othello*, ii. 3. 270: "so *slight* so drunken, and so indis-  
cret an officer."

220 Line 45: *Must I OBSERVE you?*—Must I be obse-  
quious to you, or treat you as a superior?" Rolfe com-  
pares II. Henry IV. iv. 4. 30:

For he is gracious, if he *deserveth*  
that is, "treated with deference" or "with due regard to  
his rank.")

221 Line 54: *of NOBLE men.*—Collier's MS. Corrector  
changes this early reading to "of *abler* men," and is fol-  
lowed by Dyce. Wright remarks: "Brutus says *noble*  
because it is what he wishes *Cassius* to be."

Dyce accepts Collier's emendation "*abler* men" with-  
out any hesitation. Craik strongly supports it, and  
Stanton, in his note on the passage, calls it "a very plau-  
sible emendation." Collier, in his Notes and Emendations  
(p. 401), justifies this emendation by reference to the  
previous speech of *Cassio*, iv. 3. 30-32:

I am a soldier, I,  
Oblivion in practice, *abler* than yourself  
To make conditions.

He adds afterwards: "Cassius had said nothing about  
noble men," and his reply to the above has reference to  
what he did actually utter; but *Cassius* has said nothing  
about "*abler* men" in its general and abstract sense  
more capable," but in a particular sense, with reference  
to the selection of persons for the offices at his disposal  
(to *make conditions*; and see foot-note on *conditions*).  
According to Collier's argument we ought to expect  
neither *noble* nor *abler*, but *better*, for that is the epithet  
which *Brutus* resents so strongly (see above, line 51).  
Moreover *noble*—pronounced, as it should be, emphati-  
cally—is a very appropriate word here, as it contrasts  
strongly with *slight* applied to *Cassius* by *Brutus* above  
(line 37). This emendation seems to me, like so many of  
those made in Collier's MS. copy, to be just such a one  
as a person, going through the plays with his pencil,  
would make on the spur of the moment, because it was  
what he thought Shakespeare *ought* to have written.—  
F. A. M.]

222 Line 75: *By any INDIRECTION.*—By any dishonest  
course, any methods not "straightforward." Compare  
the adjective in II. Henry IV. iv. 5. 185: "*indirect*  
crook'd ways."

223 Line 80: *To look such RASCAL COUNTERS from his*  
*friends.*—"To refuse this vile money to his friends."  
*Rascal* was originally the hunter's term for a lean and  
worthless deer, and was then applied metaphorically to  
human beings, like so many other names and epithets of

inferior animals. *Countess* were found pieces of metal  
used in arithmetical computations. Compare *Winter's*  
*Tale*, iv. 3. 28: "I cannot do't without *counters*." In the  
present passage the word is used contemptuously.

224 Lines 81, 82

*Be ready, gods, with all your thunderbolts,  
Dash him to pieces!*

The FF. have the coming after *thunderbolts*; but Collier  
and one or two others omit it. Craik thinks that *dash* is  
the infinitive with *to* omitted; but Rolfe is clearly right in  
regarding it as the imperative: "Be ready, gods, with all  
your thunderbolts and dash him to pieces."

225 Line 91: *A flatterer's would not, though they do*  
*appear.*—Collier's MS. Corrector needlessly changes *do*  
to *did*.

226 Line 102: *PLUTUS' mine.*—The FF. have "*Pluto's*  
*Mine*;" as "*Pluto's* gold" in *Troilus* and *Cressida*, iii.  
3. 197.

227. Line 109: *dishonour shall be HUMOUR; i.e.* "Even  
dishonourable conduct (referring either to the bribery or  
to the behaviour of *Cassius* in this quarrel) shall be  
excused as a mere caprice." Craik suggests that *honour*  
is a misprint for *honour*, and Grant White agrees with  
him. The antithesis would be natural enough, but the  
text is equally natural and expressive, and quite as likely  
to be what Shakespeare wrote.

228 Line 110: *you are yoked with a LAMB.*—Pope  
changed *lamb* to *man*. The reference is of course to  
*Brutus* himself, though occasionally misunderstood.

[Certainly *lamb* does not seem a very appropriate word  
here; for *Brutus* scarcely resembled that innocent and  
frisky animal. But the commonplace emendation *man*  
does not mend matters, and, at the best, the imagery here  
is slightly confused; for the parallel between a *lamb* and  
a *flint* that gives fire when struck, is scarcely a happy one;  
though *flint* is certainly descriptive enough of the nature  
of *Brutus*. After all, it is most likely that the reading of  
the Folio is the right one; and that the author may have  
intended to use a somewhat exaggerated similitude; there  
being in his mind, as there often was, a double idea. He  
meant *Brutus* to say that he had the gentleness of a *lamb*  
in his nature, as well as that slowness to anger which  
comes rather from a firm and resolute disposition than  
from a gentle one.—F. A. M.]

229. Line 110: *Have NOT YOU love enough to bear with*  
*me.*—This is the reading of the FF. Pope, followed by  
some other editors, reads "Have you not," &c.

230. Line 138: *COMPANION, hence!*—For this contem-  
ptuous use of *companion*, compare II. Henry VI. iv. 10. 33:  
"Why, rude *companion*," &c.; and see *Midsommer Night's*  
*Dream*, note 7. The word is found in this sense as late  
as the middle of the last century; for instance, in *Smol-*  
*lett's Roderick Random* (A.D. 1748): "Scurvy *companion*!  
Saucy tarpaullin! Rude, impertinent fellow!"

231. Lines 152-155:

IMPATIENT of my absence,  
And grief that young Octavius with Mark Antony  
Have made themselves so strong;—for with her death  
That tidings came.

Craik remarks: "This speech is throughout a striking exemplification of the tendency of strong emotion to break through the logical forms of grammar, and of how possible it is for language to be perfectly intelligible, sometimes, with the grammar in a more or less chaotic or uncertain state." Some critics have nevertheless wished to correct the syntax by changing *Impatient* to *Impatience*.

232. Line 156: *And, her attendants absent, swallow'd fire.* Compare North (Life of Brutus): "And for Porcia, Brutus Wife, Nicodemus the Philosopher, and Valerius Maximus do write, that she determining to kill herself (her parents and friends carefully looking to her to keep her from it), took hot burning coals and cast them into her mouth, and kept her mouth so close that she choked herself" (p. 151).

233. Line 173: *That by proscription and bills of outlawry, &c.*—Compare North (Life of Brutus): "After that, these three, Octavius Cæsar, Antonius, and Lepidus made an agreement betwixt themselves, and by those articles divided the provinces belonging to the empire of Rome among themselves, and did set up bills of proscription and outlawry, condemning two hundred of the noblest men of Rome to suffer death, and among that number Cicero was one" (p. 128).

234. Line 170: *Cicero is dead.*—To fill out the measure Stevens reads, "Ay, Cicero is dead." Abbott (Grammar, § 480) regards the preceding one as a dissyllable.

[It is a mercy that a race of actors educated by Dr. Abbott have not been let loose on the world; for, were they to follow his eccentric rules of pronunciation, our ears would be assailed on the stage with a kind of *boohooing* to which even the slipshod elocution of our day would seem a grateful melody. This line is one of those that need no patching; the pause amply supplies the place of the missing syllable.—F. A. M.]

235. Line 194: *I have as much of this IN ART as you.*—Malone explains *in art* as "in theory;" but Craik, better, as "acquired knowledge, or learning, as distinguished from natural disposition." This is, however, only a more exact statement of what Malone probably meant.

236. Line 209: *Come on refresh'd, new-aided, and encouraged.*—For the original reading, "new-aided," Dyce and Singer independently suggested "new-aided," which is plausible if any chance be called for. Collier's MS. Corrector has "new-hearted," which Craik adopts.

237. Line 228: *Which we will SIGGARD with a little rest.* Craik remarks that this is probably the only instance in the language of *siggard* as a verb; but Rolfe points out another in Sonnet l. 12:

And, tender churl, make'st waste in *siggarding*.

238. Line 231: *FAREWELL, good Messala!*—Hammer would read "Now, farewell," and Walker, *Fare you well*.

239. Line 250: *Canst thou hold up thy heavy eyes a while, &c.*—F. 2 muddles the passage as follows:  
Canst thou hold up thy instrument a straine or two,  
And thou may'st hear'st some musicke.

240. Line 272: *Where I left reading.*—Compare North

(Life of Brutus): "Brutus was a careful<sup>1</sup> man, and slept very little, both for that his diet was moderate, as also because he was continually occupied. He never slept in the daytime, and in the night no longer than the time he was driven to be alone, and when everybody else took their rest. But now whilst he was in war, and his head ever busily occupied to think of his affairs and what would happen, after he had slumbered a little after supper, he spent all the rest of the night in dispatching of his weightiest causes; and after he had taken order for them, if he had any leisure left him, he would read some book till the third watch of the night, at what time the captains, petty captains, and colonels, did use to come to him. So, being ready to go into EUROPE, one night very late (when all the camp took quiet rest) as he was in his tent with a little light, thinking of weighty matters, he thought he heard one come in to him, and casting his eye towards the door of his tent, that he saw a wonderful strange and monstrous shape of a body coming towards him, and said never a word. So Brutus boldly asked what he was, a god or a man, and what cause brought him thither? The spirit answered him, 'I am thy evil spirit, Brutus: and thou shalt see me by the city of PHILIPPES.' Brutus being no otherwise afraid, replied again unto it: 'Well, then I shall see thee again.' The Spirit presently vanished away: and Brutus called his men unto him, who told him that they heard no noise, nor saw any thing at all" (p. 130).

See also the Life of Cesar: "he thought he heard a noise at his tent-door, and looking towards the light of the lamp that waxed very dim, he saw a horrible vision of a man, of a wonderful greatness and dreadful look, which at the first made him marvellously afraid. But when he saw that it did him no hurt, but stood by his bed-side, and said nothing; at length he asked him what he was. The image answered him: 'I am thy ill Angel, Brutus, and thou shalt see me by the City of PHILIPPES.' Then Brutus replied again, and said, 'Well, I shall see then. Therewithal, the spirit presently vanished from him'" (pp. 103, 104).

Concerning the introduction of the Ghost, Uriel (Shakespeare's Dramatic Art) asks: "What can justify apparitions and spirits in an historical drama? And in any case, why is it that the ghost of Cesar appears to Brutus, whose designs, apparently at least, are pure and noble, rather than to Cassius, his sworn enemy? Because, though they appear to be such, they are not so in reality; the design is not really pure which has for its first step so arrogant a violation of right. Moreover, Cesar had been more deeply wronged by Brutus than by Cassius. Brutus, like Coriolanus, had trampled under foot the tenderest and noblest affections of humanity for the sake of the phantom honour of free citizenship. Brutus, lastly, was the very soul of the conspiracy; if his mental energies should be paralysed, and his strong courage unnerved, the whole enterprise must fail. And so, in truth, it went to pieces, because it was against the will of history—that is, against the eternal counsels of God. It was to signify

<sup>1</sup> That is, full of care. Compare Richard III. l. 1. 85, 84:

By Him that rais'd me to this careful height  
From that contented hap which I enjoy'd.

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247. Line

this great lesson that Shakespeare introduced the ghost upon the stage. Only once, and with a few pregnant words, does the spirit appear; but he is constantly hovering in the background, like a dark thunder-cloud, and is, as it were, the offended and threatening spirit of history itself. It is with the same purpose that Shakespeare has introduced spectral apparitions into another of his historical pieces, *Richard III.* Both dramas belong to the same historical grade; they both represent important turning-points in the history of the world—the close of an old, and the commencement of a new state of things—and in such times the guiding finger of God is more obviously apparent than at others."

ACT V. SCENE 1.

241. Line 14: *Their bloody sign of battle is hung out.*—North (*Life of Brutus*) says: "The next morning, by break of day, the signal of battle was set out in *Brutus*' and *Cassius*' camp, which was an arming scarlet coat" (p. 139).

242. Line 20: *I do not cross you; but I will do so.*—The American editor Hudson explains the line thus: "That is, 'I will do as I have said,' not 'I will cross you.' At this time Octavius was but twenty-one years old, and Antony was old enough to be his father. . . . The text gives the right taste of the man, who always stood firm as a post against Antony, till the latter finally knocked himself to pieces against him." Mr. Aldis Wright also believes that the passage is intended "to bring out the character of Octavius, which made Antony yield." To this Rolfe replies: "We may be alone in our opinion (the editors generally make no comment here), but we believe that Hudson and Wright are wrong. We can see neither truth nor point in saying 'I do not cross you, but I will do what you say crosses you.' We take it that Octavius yields to Antony, and does it readily, with a play upon *cross*: 'I do not cross you (in Antony's sense of the word), but I will cross you (in the sense of crossing over to the other side of the field);' and with the word he *does* cross over. According to Plutarch he commanded the left wing, and this makes the play agree with the history. It is also confirmed by the context. So far from setting himself in opposition to Antony, Octavius in his very next speech asks the former whether they shall *give signs of battle*, and when Antony says no he at once accepts this decision and gives orders accordingly."

243. Line 34: *But for your wounds, they rob the HYBLA BEES.* *Hybla* in Sicily was proverbial in ancient times for its honey. We have another allusion to it in *I. Henry IV.* 1. 2. 47: "the honey of *Hybla*." 244. Line 44: *O you flatterers!*—Some editors drop you for the sake of the metre.

245. Line 53: *Cesar's three and THIRTY wounds.*—Theobald changed this to "three and twenty," the number given by Plutarch and Suetonius; but Shakespeare is correct in these numerical matters.

246. Line 60: *die more HONOURABLY.*—The FF. have *more honourable*; but this is probably a misprint for *more honourable*.

247. Line 61: *A PEEVISH schoolboy, worthless of such*

*honour.*—As Dyce (*Glossary*) remarks: "*Peevish* appears to have generally signified during Shakespeare's days 'silly, foolish, trifling,' &c. though no doubt the word was formerly used, as now, in the sense of 'pettish, perverse,' &c." For a very clear instance of the former sense (which some have been inclined to doubt) see *I. Henry VI.* v. 3. 185, 186, where, to Suffolk's suggestion that Margaret shall send a kiss to the King as a "loving token," she replies:

I will not so presume  
To send such *peevish* tokens to a king.

248. Line 80: *our FORMER ensign.*—Rowe changed *former* to *foremost* (as in the corresponding passage in North's Plutarch quoted below), and Collier's MS. Corrector to *foreward*; but other examples of this use of *former* have been cited by Dyce and others.

On the passage, compare North (*Life of Brutus*): "When they raised their Camp, there came two Eagles that flying with a marvellous force, lighted upon two of the *foremost* Ensigns, and always followed the soldiers, which gave them meat, and fed them, untill they came near to the city of PHILIPPES; and there one day only before the battle, they both flew away" (p. 137).

249. Line 97: *Let's reason with the worst that may befall.*—See the *life of Brutus*: "There *Cassius* began to speak first, and said: 'The gods grant us, O *Brutus*, that this day we may win the field, and ever after to live all the rest of our life quietly one with another. But sith the gods have so ordained it, that the greatest and chiefest things amongst men are most uncertain, and that if the battle fall out otherwise to-day than we wish or look for, we shall hardly meet again, what art thou then determined to do, to fly, or die?' *Brutus* answered him, being yet but a young man, and not over greatly experienced in the world, 'I trust (I know not how) a certain rule of philosophy, by the which I did greatly blame and reprove *Cato* for killing himself, as being no lawful nor godly act, touching the gods: nor concerning men, valiant; not to give place and yield to divine providence, and not constantly and patiently to take whatsoever it pleaseth him to send us, but to draw back and fly: but being now in the midst of the danger, I am of a contrary mind. For if it be not the will of God that this battle fall out fortunate for us, I will look no more for hope, . . . but will rid me of this miserable world, and content me with my fortune'" (p. 140).

250. Line 101: *Even by the rule of that philosophy, &c.*—The passage reads thus in F. 1:

Fuen by the rule of that Philosophy,  
By which I did blame *Cato*, for the death  
Which he did give himselfe, I know not how;  
But I do finde it Cowardly, a sildie,  
For feare of what might fall, so to prevent  
The time of life, arming my selfe with patience,  
To stay the providence of some high Powers,  
That gouerne vs below

It has been pointed in various ways by the modern editors. Knight and Dyce make *I know not how . . . the time of life* a parenthesis. Craik connects *I know not how, &c.* with the preceding words: "*I know not how it is, but I do find it, by the rule of that philosophy, &c., cowardly and vile, &c.*" The Cambridge editors follow

Craik. Collier puts a period after *himself*, as in the text. This seems the simplest arrangement, the meaning being: "I am determined to do, or act, by the rule of that philosophy, &c." Then he adds: "I know not why, but I think it cowardly to commit suicide for fear of what may happen—rather arming myself to endure whatever fate may have in store for me. To stay of course means 'to await.'"

251 Line 100: *The TIME of life*.—That is, "the full time," "the normal period of life;" but Collier's MS. Corrector, in his meddling way, changes *time* to *term*, and in the next line he reads *those high powers*, which is a trifle more plausible.

252 Line 111: *No, Cassius, no!* &c.—Craik remarks: "There has been some controversy about the reasoning of Brutus in this dialogue. Both Stevens and Malone conceive that there is an inconsistency between what he here says and his previous declaration of his determination not to follow the example of Cato. But how did Cato act? He slew himself that he might not witness and outlive the fall of Utica. This was, merely 'for fear of what might fall,' to anticipate the end of life. It did not follow that it would be wrong, in the opinion of Brutus, to commit suicide in order to escape any certain and otherwise inevitable calamity or degradation, such as being led in triumph through the streets of Rome by Octavius and Antony."

## ACT V. SCENE 2.

253.—With this and the following short scenes, compare the Life of Brutus in North's Plutarch: "Then Brutus prayed Cassius he might have the leading of the right wing, the which men thought was far meet for Cassius, both because he was the elder man, and also for that he had the better experience. But yet Cassius gave it him, and willed that Messala (who had charge of one of the warlikest legions they had) should be also in that wing with Brutus. . . . In the meantime Brutus, that led the right wing, sent little bills to the colonels and captains of private bands, in the which he wrote the word of the battle."

"First of all, he (Cassius) was marvellous angry to see how Brutus' men ran to give charge upon their enemies, and tarried not for the word of the battle, nor commandment to give charge; and it grieved him beside, that after he had overcome them, his men fell straight to spoil, and were not careful to compass in the rest of the enemies behind: but with tarrying too long also, more than through the valiantness or foresight of the captains his enemies, Cassius found himself compassed in with the right wing of his enemy's army. Whereupon his horsemen brake immediately, and fled for life towards the sea. Furthermore, perceiving his footmen to give ground, he did what he could to keep them from flying, and took an ensign from one of the ensign bearers that fled, and stuck it fast at his feet: although with much ado he could scant keep his own guard together. So Cassius himself was at length compelled to fly, with a few about him, unto a little hill, from whence they might easily see what was done in all the plain: howbeit Cassius himself

saw nothing, for his sight was very bad, saying that he saw (and yet with much ado) how the enemies spoiled his camp before his eyes. He saw also a great troupe of horsemen, whom Brutus sent to aid him, and thought that they were his enemies that followed him: but yet he sent Titinius, one of them that was with him, to go and know what they were. Brutus' horsemen saw him coming afar off, whom when they knew that he was one of Cassius' chiefest friends, they shouted out for joy, and they that were familiarly acquainted with him lighted from their horses, and went and embraced him. The rest compassed him in round about on horseback, with songs of victory, and great rushing of their harness, so that they made all the field ring again for joy, but this marred all. For Cassius, thinking indeed that Titinius was taken of the enemies, he then spake these words: 'Desiring too much to live, I have lived to see one of my best friends taken, for my sake, before my face.' After that, he got into a tent where nobody was, and took Pindarus with him, one of his bondsmen whom he reserved ever for such a pinch, since the cursed battle of the PARTHIANS, where Crassus<sup>1</sup> was slain, though he notwithstanding escaped from that overthrow; but then, casting his cloak over his head, and holding out his bare neck unto Pindarus, he gave him his head to be stricken off. So the head was found severed from the body; but after that time Pindarus was never seen more. Whereupon some took occasion to say that he had slain his master without his commandment. By and by they knew the horsemen that came towards them, and might see Titinius crowned with a garland of triumph, who came before with great speed unto Cassius. But when he perceived, by the cries and tears of his friends which tormented themselves, the misfortune that had chanced to his captain Cassius by mistaking, he drew out his sword, cursing himself a thousand times that he had tarried so long, and slew himself presently in the field. Brutus in the meantime came forward still, and understood also that Cassius had been overthrown: but he knew nothing of his death till he came very near to his camp. So when he was come thither, after he had lamented the death of Cassius, calling him the last of all the ROMANS, being impossible that Rome should ever breed again so noble and valiant a man as he: he caused his body to be buried, and sent it to the city of THASSOS, fearing lest his funerals within the camp should cause great disorder."

"There was the son of Marcus Cato slain, valiantly fighting among the lusty youths. For notwithstanding that he was very weary and over-hurried, yet would he not therefore fly; but manfully fighting and laying about him, telling aloud his name, and also his father's name, at length he was beaten down amongst many other dead bodies of his enemies, which he had slain round about him. So there were slain in the field all the chiefest gentlemen and nobility that were in his army, who valiantly ran into any danger to save Brutus' life: amongst whom there was one of Brutus' friends called Lucilius, who seeing a troupe of barbarous men making no reckoning of all men else they met in their way, but going all together right against Brutus, he determined to stay them

<sup>1</sup> Mis-printed "Cassius" in the ed. of 1656.



saying that he  
spilled his  
great troupe of  
men, and thought  
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was with him.  
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knew that he  
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e field. *Brutus*  
understood also  
e knew nothing  
his camp. So  
d lamented the  
all the ROMANS,  
e breed again so  
d his body to be  
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ent disorder."  
slain, valiantly  
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s army, who val-  
s life: amongst  
e called *Lucilius*,  
aking no reckon-  
ng, but going al-  
ined to stay them

with the hazard of his life, and being left behind, told them that he was *Brutus*: and because they should believe him, he prayed them to bring him to *Antonius*, for he said he was afraid of *Cæsar*, and that he did trust *Antonius* better. These barbarous men, being very glad of this hap, and thinking themselves happy men, they carried him in the night, and sent some before unto *Antonius*, to tell him of their coming. He was marvellous glad of it, and went out to meet them that brought him.

In the meantime *Lucilius* was brought to him, who stoutly with a bold countenance said: '*Antonius*, I dare assure thee, that no enemy hath taken nor shall take *Marcus Brutus* alive, and I beseech God keep him from that fortune: for wheresoever he be found, alive or dead, he will be found like himself.' . . . *Lucilius*' words made them all amazed that heard him. *Antonius* on the other side, looking upon all them that had brought him, said unto them: 'My companions, I think ye are sorry you have failed of your purpose, and that you think this man hath done you great wrong: but I assure you, you have taken a better booty than that you followed. For instead of an enemy, you have brought me a friend: and for my part, if you had brought me *Brutus* alive, truly I cannot tell what I should have done to him. For I had rather have such men my friends than mine enemies. Then he embraced *Lucilius*, and at that time delivered him to one of his friends in custody; and *Lucilius* ever after served him faithfully, even to his death.'

Furthermore, *Brutus* thought that there was no great number of men slain in battle: and to know the truth of it, there was one called *Statilius*, that promised to go through his enemies, for otherwise it was impossible to see their camp: and from thence, if all were well, he would lift up a torch-light in the air, and then return again with speed to him. The torch-light was lifted up as he had promised, for *Statilius* went thither. Now *Brutus* seeing *Statilius* tarry long after that, and that he came not again, he said: 'If *Statilius* be alive, he will come again.' But his evil fortune was such that, as he came back, he lighted into his enemies' hands and was slain. Now the night being far spent, *Brutus* as he sat bowed towards *Clitus*, one of his men, and told him somewhat in his ear: the other answered him not, but fell a-weeping. Thereupon he proved *Dardanius*, and said somewhat also to him: at length he came to *Volturnus* himself, and speaking to him in Greek, prayed him for the studies' sake which brought them acquainted together, that he would help him to put his hand to his sword, to thrust it in him to kill him. *Volturnus* denied his request, and so did many others: and amongst the rest, one of them said, there was no carrying for them there, but that they must needs fly. Then *Brutus*, rising up, 'We must fly indeed, but it must be with our hands, not with our feet.' Then taking every man by the hand, he said these words unto them with a cheerful countenance: 'If rejoiceth my heart, that none of our friends hath failed me at my need, and I do not complain of my fortune, but only for my country's sake: for as for me, I think myself happier than they that have, as some, considering that I leave a perpetual fame of virtue and honesty, the which our enemies the conquerors shall never efface out of the world by force of money; neither let their posterity to say that they, being naughty

and unjust men, have slain good men, to usurp tyrannical power not pertaining to them.' Having so said, he prayed every man to shift for himself, and then he went a little aside with two or three only, among the which *Strato* was one, with whom he came first acquainted by the study of rhetoric. He came as near to him as he could, and taking his sword by the hilt with both his hands, and falling down upon the point of it, ran himself through. Others say that not he, but *Strato* (at his request) held the sword in his hand, and turned his head aside, and that *Brutus* fell down upon it, and so ran himself through, and died presently. *Mesala*, that had been *Brutus*' great friend, afterwards became *Octavius Cæsar*'s friend: so, shortly after, *Cæsar* being at good leisure, he brought *Strato*, *Brutus*' friend unto him, and weeping said: '*Cæsar*, behold, here is he that did the last service to my *Brutus*.' *Cæsar* welcomed him at that time, and afterwards he did him as faithful service in all his affairs as any GREEKIAN else he had about him, until the battle of *ACTIUM*' (pp. 140-151).

## ACT V. SCENE 3.

254. Line 41: *Now be a FREEMAN*.—We have printed *freeman* here as one word, as it is no doubt equal to the Latin *libertus* or *libertinus*, the equivalent of *freedman*, i.e. a slave who has obtained or been given his freedom. Compare what *Pindarus* says below (line 47), *So, I am free*; by which he means, apparently, that he has obtained his freedom through the death of *Cassius*.

In the passage above, iii. 2. 25, 'to live all free men,' where some editors hyphen *free men*, as if it were equal to the Latin *liberti*, we prefer to print the words *free men* as two words; *free* having the ordinary sense of one who enjoys liberty but is not, necessarily, a liberated slave. — F. A. M.

255. Line 43: *here, take thou the HILTS*.—Rolle notes that Shakespeare uses *hilt*s with reference to a single weapon five times, *hilt* three times. For another instance of the plural, see *Richard III.* i. 4. 100: 'with the *hilt*s of thy sword.'

256. Line 61: *As in thy red rays thou dost sink TO NIGHT*.—Some editors read *to-night*, but Craik well says that 'a far nobler sense is given to the words by taking *sink to night* to be an expression of the same kind as *sink to rest*.' There is no hyphen in the FF.

257. Line 85: *But hold thee, take this garland on thy brow*.—Here the analogy of other passages shows that Craik is wrong in making *hold thee* equivalent to *hold*, in i. 3. 117 above (see note 81), meaning 'but hold' or 'but stop;' and that it is rather to be interpreted, as Dyce gives it, as 'but have thou, receive thou.' Compare *Taming of the Shrew*, iv. 4. 17: '*hold thee* that to drink;' and *Winter's Tale*, iv. 4. 651: 'yet *hold thee*, there's some boot.' In these passages, as in sundry others, *thee* seems to be colloquially used for 'thou.'

258. Line 99: *The last of all the Romans*.—Rolle, whom Dyce follows and defends, reads 'Thou last,' &c. North (see extract above) has the expression *the last of all the Romans*; and though it does not occur in an apocryphal as here, it is probable that Shakespeare copied it. Rhe-



266. Line 68. *This was the noblest Roman of them all*

He was a man (then boldly dare to say)  
In whose rich soul the virtues well did suit  
In whom so mixt the elements did lay  
That none is one could sovereignty impute;  
As all did govern, so did all obey:  
He of a temper was so absolute,  
As that it seemed, when Nature him began,  
She meant to show all that might be in man.

NOTE. The addition of sub., adj., verb, adv. in brackets immediately after a word indicates that the word is used as a substantive, adjective, verb, or adverb only in the passage or passages cited. The compound words marked with an asterisk (*are*) are printed as two separate words in F. 1.

Act's Name	Act's Loc	Act's	Act's Loc	Act's Time
Access (adv.)	II. 1. 240	Access	IV. 1. 43	hang (adv.)... III. 8. 20
		Access	I. 1. 25	harren-apprited IV. 1. 25
		Access	III. 1. 11	harsen... III. 1. 11
Access (adv.)	II. 1. 240	Access	IV. 1. 43	hang (adv.)... III. 8. 20
		Access	I. 1. 25	harren-apprited IV. 1. 25
		Access	III. 1. 11	harsen... III. 1. 11

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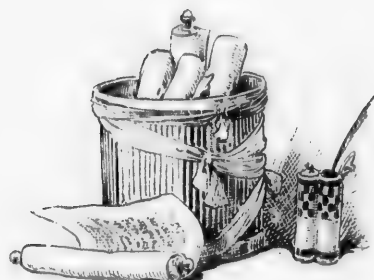
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	Act	Sc.	Line
.....	iii.	8	20
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	iii.	1	115

Figure 1. The effect of the concentration of the  $\text{H}_2\text{O}_2$  solution on the amount of the released  $\text{H}_2\text{O}$  from the  $\text{H}_2\text{O}_2$ -loaded hydrogel.



MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

NOTES AND INTRODUCTION

BY

ARTHUR SYMONS.

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

VINCENTIO, Duke of Vienna.

ANGELO, the deputy in the Duke's absence.

ESCALUS, an ancient lord, joined with Angelo in the government.

CLAUDIO, a young gentleman.

LUCIO, a fantastic.

Two other Gentlemen.

Provost.

THOMAS, } friars.  
PETER, }

A Justice.

VARRIUS.

ELBOW, a simple constable.

FROTH, a foolish gentleman.

POMPEY, servant to Mistress Overdone.

ABHORSON, an executioner.

BARNARDINE, a dissolute prisoner.

ISABELLA, sister to Claudio.

MARIANA, betrothed to Angelo.

JULIET, beloved of Claudio.

FRANCISCA, a nun.

MISTRESS OVERDONE, a bawd.

Lords, Officers, Citizens, Boy, and Attendants.

### SCENE—VIENNA.

HISTORIC PERIOD: The historic period is indefinite.

### TIME OF ACTION.

The time of action consists of four days. Mr. Daniel thus divides them:—

Day 1: Act I. Scene 1 may be taken as a kind of prelude, after which some little interval must be supposed in order to permit the new governors of the city to settle to their work. The rest of the play is comprised in three consecutive days.

Day 2: Commences with Act I. Scene 2 and ends with Act IV. Scene 2.

Day 3: Commences in Act IV. Scene 2 and ends with Act IV. Scene 4.

Day 4: Includes Act IV. Scenes 5 and 6, and the whole of Act V., which is in one scene only.

# MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

## INTRODUCTION.

### LITERARY HISTORY.

Measure for Measure was first printed in the Folio of 1623. No external evidence as to its date has been found, and the internal evidence is both slight and doubtful. Tyrwhitt considered that two passages in the early part of the play contain an allusion to the demeanour of James I. on his entry into England at the time of his accession in 1603. In i. 1. 68-73 the Duke says:

I'll privily away. I love the people,  
But do not love to stage me to their eyes:  
Though it do well, I do not relish well  
Their loud applause and Aves vehement;  
Nor do I think the man of safe discretion  
That does affect it.

Again, in ii. 4. 24-30 it is observed by Angelo:

So play the foolish throngs with one that swoons;  
Come all to help him, and so stop the air  
By which he should revive: and even so  
The general, subject to a well-wish'd king,  
Quit their own part, and in obsequious fondness  
Crowd to his presence, where their untaught love  
Must needs appear offence.

"I cannot help thinking," says Tyrwhitt, "that Shakspeare, in these two passages, intended to flatter the unkingly weakness of James the First, which made him so impatient of the crowds that flocked to see him, especially upon his first coming, that, as some historians say, he restrained them by a proclamation." The Old-Spelling editors quote in their notes the following corroborative passage: "But our King coming through the North (Banqueting, and Feasting by the way) the applause of the people in so obsequious, and submissive a manner (still admiring *Change*) was checkt by an honest plain *Assaen* (unused to such humble acclama-

tions) with a *Prophetical expression*; *This people will spoyle a gud King*. The King as unused, so tired with multitudes, especially in his *Hunting* (which he did as he went) caused an inhibition to be published, to restrain the people from *Hunting Him*. Happily being fearfull of so great a *Concourse*, as this Novelty produced, the old *Hatred* betwixt the *Borderers* not forgotten, might make him apprehend it to be of a greater extent: though it was generally imputed to a desire of enjoying his *Recreation* without interruption" (Arthur Wilson's History of Great Britain, 1653, p. 3). Other passages which have been conjectured to contain historical allusions are i. 2. 5: "Heaven grant us its peace;" and i. 2. 83: "What with the war, what with the sweat;" the last clause having perhaps some reference to the "sweating sickness" or plague, which in 1603 carried off more than 30,000 people in London; and the allusions to "peace" and "war" having perhaps some reference to the war with Spain, which came to an end in the autumn of 1604. All this is vague enough, but it may be said to lend a little colour to the theory which places the date of the play in 1603 or early in 1604. At all events, there can be no reasonable doubt that Measure for Measure belongs to a late, but not the latest, period of Shakspeare's work—to the period with which all its characteristics link it, the period of Hamlet, of Othello, of Troilus and Cressida.

The direct sources of the plot are Whetstone's "endless comedy," The Right Excellent and Famous Historye of Promos and Cassandra, 1578, and the prose version of the same story by the same writer in The Hep-tameron of Civil Discourses, 1582. Whetstone himself derived his story from the Heptomithi of Giraldi Cinthio (Parte Seconda, Deca

ottava, novella v.).<sup>1</sup> The outline of Whetstone's comedy may be given in the "Argument of the Whole History" prefixed by the author or his publisher. "In the cyttie of Julio (sometimes vnder the dominion of Corwinus, Kinge of Hungarie and Boemia) there was a law, that what man so euer committed adultery should lose his head, and the woman offender should weare some disguised apparell during her life, to make her infamously noted. This severe lawe, by the fauour of some mercifull magistrate, became little regarded vntill the time of Lord Promos auctoritie; who convicting a yong gentleman named Andrugio of incontinency, condemned both him and his minion to the execution of this statute. Andrugio had a very vertuous and beawtiful gentlewoman to his sister, named Cassandra: Cassandra to enlarge her brothers life, submitted an humble petition to the Lord Promos: Promos regarding her good behauiours, and fantasizing her great beawtie, was much delighted with the sweete order of her talke; and doying good, that euill might come thereof, for a time he repy'd her brother; but, wicked man, tounring his liking vnto vnlawfull lust, he set downe the spoile of her honour raunsome for her brothers life. Chaste Cassandra, abhorring both him and his sute, by no perswasion would yeald to this raunsome: but in fine, wonne with the importunitie of hir brother (pleading for life) vpon these conditions she agreeed to Promos; first that he should pardon her brother, and after marry her. Promos, as feareles in promise as carelesse in performance, with sollemne vowe sygnd her conditions; but worse then any infydel, his will satisfied, he performed neither the one nor the other; for, to keepe his authoritie vnsported with fauour, and to prevent Cassandraes clamors, he commaunded the gayler secretly to present Cassandra with her brothers head. The gayler, with<sup>2</sup> the outcries of Andrugio, abhorryng Promos lewdenes, by the prouidence of God prouided thus for his safety. He presented Cassandra with

a felon's head newlie executed, who (being mangled, knew it not from her brother's, by the gayler who was set at libertie) was so agreed to this trecherye, that, at the pointe to kyl her selfe, she spared that stroke to be auenged of Promos: and deuising a way, she concluded to make her fortunes knowne vnto the kinge. She (executing this resolution) was so highly fauoured of the king, that forthwith he hasted to do justice on Promos: whose iudgement was, to marrye Cassandra, to repaire her crased<sup>3</sup> honour; which donne, for his hainous offence he should lose his head. This maryage solemnised, Cassandra, tyed in the greatest bondes of affection to her husband, became an earnest suter for his life: the kinge (tendrings the generall benefit of the common weale before her special ease, although he fauoured her much,) would not graunt her sute. Andrugio (disguised amonge the company) sorrowing the griefe of his sister, bewrayde his safetie, and craved pardon. The kinge, to repowne the vertues of Cassandra, pardoned both him and Promos." It will be seen from this summary of the main part of the action that Shakespeare is indebted to Whetstone for the general framework of his plot; it will be seen equally that he has transformed the revolting incoherencies of the original story into a closely-knit, credible, and artistic whole. Shakespeare's debt to the comedy of his predecessor, beyond the mere framework—the ground-plan of his building—may be set down at practically nothing, Promos and Cassandra is a crude and shapeless cento of ill-digested material; a mere succession of heavy scenes set forth in jolting doggerel; bearing by no means so much relation to the play of Shakespeare as the quarries at Carrara bear to the marbles of Michelangelo. A quarry, a storehouse, we may call it: that at the very outside; but certainly nothing with any pretence to art or vitality, nothing with any right to exist on its proper merits. No hints towards the characterization of any of the dramatis personæ common to Shakespeare and to Whetstone could be found in the lifeless pages of the earlier play.

<sup>3</sup> Crased, i.e. broken, damaged. See *Mids. Night's Dream*, note 17.

<sup>1</sup> *Hecatomithi ouero Cento Novelle di M. Giouanbattista Giraldi Cinthio. In Venezia, Appresso Enea de Alaris, MDLXXIII. Pp. 130-135.*

<sup>2</sup> Probably there is some misprint or omission here.

## INTRODUCTION.

Wherever for a moment there is the unity in thought or word—and seldom indeed, considering the long similarity of the incidents—such likeness is nothing more or less than inevitable, and exists simply in the most obvious truisms, to speak, of natural action. In Cinthio's version of the story there are one or two natural touches, good enough, if he had seen them, to have suggested a thought to Shakespeare. Epitia, for instance, the Isabella of Measure for Measure, is spoken of as one to whom Philosophy had taught how the human soul should meet every hap ("cui la Filosofia haueua insegnato qual debbia essere l'animo humano in ogni fortuna"). Could anything truer be said of Isabella? Altogether Cinthio is very much more graphic and effective than Whetstone, either in the prose or poetry of his English imitator. Hazlitt, in his Shakespeare's Library, quotes two similar stories, told briefly and barely by Goulart, in his Admirable and Memorable Histories, 16. Other such stories are known, some of them on historical evidence, such as the story of the governor of Flushing, in the old French chronicles. Perhaps, as has been suggested, the very story as we find it in Cinthio was based on an actual occurrence in the dark age of the Italian despots.

### STAGE HISTORY.

Of the performance of Measure for Measure we have no record before the Restoration; and when theatres were again licensed, the only form in which this play appeared on the stage was in the sadly-transformed shape of Davenant's jumble of this play and Much Ado, called The Law against Lovers, which has already been alluded to in the Introduction to Much Ado (vol. iv. p. 172). What amazing devil, as the late Charles Dickens would have said, possessed Sir William Davenant to spoil two plays, so different in their nature but each so good of its kind, by jumbling them together, it is difficult to conceive. It is possible, if the tradition that Davenant was Shakespeare's son be true, that he owed his father a grudge for begetting so extremely ill-looking an offspring. If so, it must be owned that, in this

deformation of two of his father's great works, he had his revenge; for he has succeeded to a marvel in destroying all the comedy of Benedick and Beatrice, while at the same time he enfeebled the serious and almost tragical interest of Measure for Measure. It may be well to give a list of the Dramatis Personæ of Davenant's play:

### OF SAVOY.

ANGELO, his deputy.  
BENEDICK, brother to Angelo.  
CLAUDIO, his friend.  
ESCHALIUS, a counsellor.  
CLAUDIO, in love with Julietta.  
PROVOST.  
PRIAR THOMAS.  
BERNARDINE, a prisoner.  
JAILOR.  
FOOL.  
HANGMAN.  
BEATRICE, a great heiress.  
ISABELLA, sister to Claudio.  
JULIETTA, mistress to Claudio.  
VIOLA, sister to Beatrice, very young.  
FRANCISCA, a nun.

### Scene: TURIN.

The first act follows the story of Measure for Measure pretty closely as far as the incidents go. The effect of the introduction of Benedick and Beatrice is that they are both entirely deprived of the wit and vivacity which characterized them in Shakespeare's Much Ado, while nearly all the beautiful poetry of Measure for Measure is ruthlessly deformed into the dreariest prose-verse.

For a specimen of Davenant's work we may take the following lines from the Duke's speech to Angelo in act i. scene 1:

That victory gives me now free leisure to  
Pursue my old design of travelling;  
Whilst, hiding what I am, in fit disguise,  
I may compare the customs, prudent laws,  
And managements of foreign states with ours.

The victory alluded to is that which Benedick has just won. The scraps of Shakespeare that are dragged in, whether from Much Ado or Measure for Measure, but especially from the former, seem sadly out of place. Here is a specimen of Davenant's originality. After a scene between Benedick and Beatrice, Viola,





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# MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

who is the young sister of Beatrice, says to Benedick:

Y'are welcome home, my lord. Have you brought Any pendants and fine fans from the wars?

*Ben.* What, my sweet bud, you are grown to a blossom!

*Vio.* My sister has promised me that I shall be A woman, and that you shall make love to me, When you are old enough to have a wife.

*Ben.* This is not a chip of the old block, but will prove

A smart twig of the young branch.

This wretched stuff is printed as verse, though it is difficult to believe it was ever intended to be anything but prose. In the second act it is Benedick that pleads for the life of Claudio. Again the scenes between Benedick and Beatrice, that are dragged in, serve merely to encumber the action without lightening the play. Davenant preserves the scene between Isabella and Angelo, carefully injuring if not utterly destroying, wherever he can, the poetry of Shakespeare's language. The second act concludes with a mutilated version of Angelo's soliloquy in act ii. scene 4 of Shakespeare's play, the last four lines of which are thus improved by Davenant:

The numerous subjects to a well-wis'd King  
Quit their own home, and in rude fondness to  
His presence crowd, where their unwelcome love  
Dees an offence, and an oppression prove.

The third act goes straight on with the same scene (from Shakespeare), beginning with the entrance of Isabella. This is followed by a long scene between Benedick and Beatrice, in which Beatrice urges Benedick to steal his brother's signet, and so seal the pardon of Juliet and Claudio. Then Viola comes in and sings a song, *apropos des bottes*; after which Lucio and Balthazar persuade Beatrice that Benedick is in love with her. The extraordinary dullness of this scene, compared with the one it is founded on in *Much Ado*, is decidedly original. Then we go back to *Measure for Measure*, and have a scene between Claudio and Isabella in prison; next to which comes an original scene, in which Benedick brings Beatrice the signed pardon for Juliet and Claudio, which he has obtained through Escalus. The act ends with a short scene in the

prison between Viola and Juliet, her cousin. In this scene, short as it is, Davenant's genius will burst out, as witness the following description by the innocent little Viola when speaking of the Jailor:

The fellow looks like a man boil'd  
In pump-water. Is he married?

The beginning of the next act is apparently original. It appears that the Friar, *i.e.* the disguised Duke, is thwarting Benedick's scheme for the release of Juliet and Claudio, so he and Beatrice relieve their feelings by calling in Viola, who dances; the stage-direction being *Enter Viola dancing a saraband, awhile with castanets*. This is the scene which so much pleased the sapient and tasteful Pepys, who says, under date February 18th, 1661-2: "Saw 'The Law against Lovers,' a good play, and well performed, especially the little girl's (whom I never saw act before) dancing and singing; and were it not for her the losse of Roxalana would spoil the house." Then we have a scrap of Pompey in the shape of the Fool, and another scrap from Shakespeare in the shape of a scene between the Duke and Lucio; and then a scene between Juliet and Isabella in prison, quite original, in which the author bursts into poetry and, shaking off the trammels of blank verse, indulges in rhymed couplets. Juliet thinks that Isabella might make the sacrifice asked by Angelo for Claudio's sake, to which Isabella pointedly answers that she had better make it herself:

The good or ill redemption of his life  
Doth less concern his sister than his wife.

Then we have more original elephantine playfulness between Benedick and Beatrice. Then, after a brief return to Shakespeare in a scene between the Duke, Provost, and Barnardine, we have an original scene in which Claudio gives the Fool a thousand pieces of gold as a bribe to help Juliet to escape in a page's dress. He declines to attempt to escape himself. Juliet, not to be outdone in generosity, sends her Maid with a proposal to Claudio to escape by a window in her room with the connivance of the Provost's wife, but she is not to escape

## INTRODUCTION.

herself. All this is, I suppose, to make the character of Claudio more sympathetic. Then we have a sort of parody in rhymed verse of the great scene between Angelo and Isabella, in which we find such gems of poetry as the following speech of Isabella:

Catch fools in nets without a covert laid;  
Can I, who see the treason, be betray'd!

The effect of this exquisite couplet upon Angelo is to make him completely change his tone, and to become suddenly virtuous, declaring that all that had happened before was only his fun. He never meant that Claudio should die; he never meant to make naughty proposals to Isabella. All that he meant was to propose honourable marriage. But Isabella is not to be taken in with these beautiful sentiments; she remarks:

If it be true, you shall not be believ'd,  
Lest you should think me apt to be deceiv'd.

Then she goes out, leaving poor Angelo in a very forlorn condition, who comes to the conclusion

Because she doubts my virtue I must die;  
Who did with vicious arts her virtue try.

In the fifth act we have more singing, in which Beatrice, Benedick, and Viola all take part, supported by the Chorus; this musical entertainment being, as it appears, for the benefit of Angelo, in order to rouse him from his supposed anchoritic existence. Then we begin to get serious again, and three servants come in, one after another, exhorting Angelo to "Arm, arm, my lord!" for his brother is in open revolt and is besieging the prison where Claudio and Juliet are confined. Now we have a great deal of excitement and something like a pantomime rally by all the characters; and the play ultimately ends with the marriage of Angelo and Isabella! They are kept in countenance by two other pairs of betrothed lovers, Benedick and Beatrice, and Claudio and Juliet. Lucio, who gets very waggish towards the end, is inclined to marry the Fool's grandmother, but, finding she is dead, decides on remaining a bachelor.

I have given a full account of Davenant's play, because few persons are likely to take the trouble to read it for themselves, and, un-

less one does so, one might be deceived by the praises lavished on this contemptible work by contemporary and other critics.

In 1700 at Lincoln's Inn Fields the version of this play by Charles Gildon, called *Measure for Measure* or *Beauty the best Advocate* was produced with the following cast: Angelo = Betterton, Claudio = Verbruggen, Duke = Arnold, Escalus = Berry, Isabella = Mrs. Bracegirdle, Juliet = Mrs. Bowman. As in Davenant's version, the scene was laid at Turin, and Balthazar figures among the *Dramatis Personæ*. All the comic characters, including Lucio, are ruthlessly cut out. The title-page announces that the play was "Written originally by Mr. Shakespear; and now very much altered; With additions of several Entertainments of Musick." There were no less than four of these Entertainments, with one of which the play concluded. Charles Gildon wrote several plays, but none of them were successful. Genest quotes two lines from the second act, where Angelo tells Isabella to meet him at the opera:

Consider on it, and at ten this evening  
If you'll comply, you'll meet me at the Opera.

This wretched production does not appear ever to have been revived, though the next mention of the play, under date December 8th, 1720, at Lincoln's Inn Fields, is "not acted 20 years, *Measure for Measure* by Shakespeare," the following member of the cast being given: Duke = Quin, Angelo = Boheme, Claudio = Ryan, Isabella = Mrs. Seymour. On this occasion it was acted eight times, and revived again on October 10th, 1721, when Genest gives C. Bullock as the representative of Lucio, which proves that it cannot have been Gildon's version, as in that Lucio is omitted altogether. We may take it, therefore, that the performance in December, 1720, was the first revival of Shakespeare's play after the Restoration.

Quin was decidedly fond of the part of the Duke, which he played excellently, and he seems to have caused the piece to be revived, pretty nearly every season, at whatever theatre he happened to be; though it never was played more than once or twice during any

# MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

one season. On March 10th, 1737, Quin took his benefit as the Duke at Drury Lane, when Mrs. Cibber was Isabella, a part to which she seems to have been very partial. That wretched creature her husband, Theophilus Cibber, played Lucio at least on one occasion, January 26th, 1738, when, for the first time, Elbow is mentioned in the cast, his representative being Harper. Mrs. Cibber took her benefit as Isabella on April 12th of the same year. On January 4th, 1744, Mrs. Pritchard made her first appearance as Isabella at Covent Garden. She ultimately succeeded Mrs. Cibber in this rôle. At Covent Garden, April 11th, 1746, Measure for Measure was represented for the benefit of Hayard and Berry, "not acted 6 years," when Mrs. Woffington played Isabella for the first time; and she repeated the part on more than one occasion, though it could not have been a very suitable one to her. Quin seems to have played the Duke for the last time on December 4th, 1750, when no particulars of the cast are given. It was at this theatre, Covent Garden, that he made his last appearance in 1753, the great success of Barry during the last two seasons had perhaps reminded Quin that it was time for him to retire. On February 22nd, 1755, Measure for Measure was played at Drury Lane, with Yates as Pompey, and Mrs. Cibber as Isabella, Woodward as Lucio, the Duke being Mossop. It was played once or twice during the three following seasons; but Garrick never took any part in it himself. It was about this time that a singularly tragical occurrence took place in connection with this play. Joseph Peterson, an actor of considerable ability and great versatility, who had been long attached to the Norwich company, was playing the part of the Duke in this play, one of his best parts, some time in October, 1758; when, in the scene with Claudio, played on that occasion by Moody, in the third act, just as he was speaking the lines iii. 1. 6-8:

Reason thus with life:  
If I do lose thee, I do lose a thing  
That none but fools would keep: a breath thou art.

he dropped dead into Moody's arms. Peterson made his first *début* at Goodman's Fields

as Lord Foppington, and played Buckingham to Garrick's Richard on his first appearance as Richard III. He was interred at Bury St. Edmund's, with the lines he last spoke on the stage inscribed on his tomb. The next notable performance of Measure for Measure was on February 12th, 1770, for Woodward's benefit at Covent Garden. It was announced as "Not acted 20 years." Bensley was the Duke, Clarke Angelo, Wroughton Claudio, and the *bénéficiaire* himself Lucio; Quick played Elbow; Mrs. Bellamy took the part of Isabella, apparently for the first time, and Mrs. Bulkeley was Mariana. The piece was repeated again on the 21st of the same month. At the same theatre in the next season on January 12th, 1771, Yates played Lucio to the Isabella of his wife. During this season it was played three times, and twice in the succeeding one. On March 18th, 1775, this play was revived at Drury Lane, "Not acted 16 years." King was Lucio, Palmer Angelo, Parsons Pompey. It was represented on the 20th April following for Palmer's benefit. It was again acted on January 8th, 1777, "Not acted 5 years," when Lee and Mrs. Jackson appeared for the first time as the Duke and Isabella respectively. Passing over some unimportant performances of the play, we come to October 11th, 1780, when the play was again revived at Covent Garden, with Henderson as the Duke, Lee Lewes Lucio, Clarke Angelo, Wroughton Claudio, Mrs. Yates again playing Isabella, and Mrs. Inchbald appearing in the small part of Mariana. At Bath, in the season 1779-1780, we find the first record of the performance of Mrs. Siddons as Isabella. She played the part six times during that season, and on November 3rd, 1783, she appeared at Drury Lane for the first time in this character. During this season she acted the part five times; in fact it was the Shakespearean one she attempted in London. In speaking of Mrs. Siddons' impersonations it must not be forgotten that there was another Isabella, a very favourite part of hers. This was the heroine of Southey's Isabella or the Fatal Marriage, altered by Garrick; but though many of her contemporaries seem to have considered this Isabella to be one of her most powerful im-

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## INTRODUCTION.

personations, there is no doubt that the great actress was especially fine as the heroine of *Measure for Measure*, notably in the great scenes with Angelo, and in the prison scene with Claudio. The part is one which essentially requires an actress to assume moral dignity, if she has it not. The pretty pathos which serves well enough for Ophelia and Desdemona is of no avail here; indeed there is no part in any of Shakespeare's plays which requires greater elevation both of thought and of style than that of Isabella.

On December 30th, 1794, John Kemble appeared, at Drury Lane, for the first time as the Duke, with a strong cast which included Bannister, jun., as Lucio, Palmer as Angelo, Dicky Suett as Pompey, Parsons as Elbow; Mrs. Siddons, of course, was the Isabella; indeed no one seems to have attempted to rival her in this part for many years. The piece was acted eight times on this occasion. We pass over several performances at Drury Lane during the next eight years, till we come to November 21st, 1803, when the play was revived at Covent Garden, "not acted 20 years." Kemble and Mrs. Siddons again took their old parts, and Cooke appeared for the first time as Angelo, the Claudio was Charles Kemble, and the two comic parts of Elbow and Pompey were played by Blanchard and Emery respectively. The next memorable performance of this play was on October 30th, 1811, the beginning of Mrs. Siddons' last season at Covent Garden. The cast was much the same as on the last-mentioned occasion, except that Barrymore was the Angelo, and, according to Genest, was the only one whose part was not well acted. In this revival Liston was the Pompey, and Emery took the small part of Barnardine. George Daniel says, in his preface to the acting edition of Cumberland's *British Theatre*: "The few words put into the mouth of this dissolute prisoner were given with astonishing power by Emery, who, in reality, looked the wretch described by the poet, 'Unfit to live or die.'" The piece was played several times during this season; Mrs. Siddons making her last appearance in the part on June 26th, 1812. It is said that she

was then so enfeebled by age that, when she knelt to the Duke, she was unable to rise without assistance. With Mrs. Siddons the popularity of *Measure for Measure* as an acting play seems to have died, at least for a time. No actress since has succeeded in making her mark in the character of Isabella. On February 8th, 1816, Miss O'Neill made her first appearance in the part at Covent Garden, on which occasion Yates played the Duke. The next revival of any importance was that under Macready's management, May 1st, 1824, at Drury Lane, when it was only played twice. Liston, singular to say, was cast for Lucio, and was a dire failure. Phelps produced *Measure for Measure* in his third season at Sadler's Wells on November 4th, 1846; Miss Addison's Isabella was said to have been a fine performance, but the play was not often repeated; Phelps played the Duke, though he is said to have preferred the part of Angelo. In recent times the only memorable revival of this play was that at the Haymarket, when the late Miss Adelaide Neilson, whose premature death was so much regretted, played Isabella on Saturday, April 1st, 1876. The best features in the cast on this occasion were the Duke of Mr. Howe and the Lucio of Mr. Conway, the best performance in the Shakespearian drama that the latter has ever given. Charles Warner was an earnest Claudio, and Mr. Buckstone himself raised many a laugh as Pompey. Miss Neilson's Isabella was a pretty and graceful performance, and considered by many critics to be her best Shakespearian impersonation; but she scarcely fulfilled the highest requirements of the part. The play had not been represented for 25 years in London, and there is no likelihood at present of its revival. Much virtuous indignation was expended on the nature of the plot by those whose moral susceptibilities had been invigorated by a course of playgoing in Paris. The grand lesson on the weakness of human nature, so powerfully taught in *Measure for Measure*, came as a shock to those delicate minds, which had been refined by a study of that *Lais*-worship and deep pornographical science which serve as substitutes for religion and morality on the Paris stage.—F. A. M.

## MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

### CRITICAL REMARKS.

Measure for Measure is neither the last of the comedies nor the first of the tragedies. It is tragedy and comedy together, inextricably interfused, coexistent in a mutual contradiction; such a tangled web, past hope of unravelling, as our life is, looked at by the actors in it, on the level of its action; with certain suggestions, open or concealed, of the higher view, the aspect of things from a point of tolerant wisdom. The hidden activity of the duke, working for ends of beneficent justice, in the midst of the ferment and corruption of the seething city; this figure of personified Providence, watchfully cognizant of act and motive, has been conceived by Shakespeare—not yet come to his darkest mood, in which man is a mere straw in the wind of Destiny—to give the sense of security indwelling in even such a maze as this. It is not from Isabella that we get any such sense. Her very courage and purity and intellectual light do but serve to deepen the darkness, when we conceive of her as but one sacrifice the more. Just as Cordelia intensifies the pity and terror of King Lear, so would Isabella's helpless virtues add the keenest ingredient to the cup of bitterness—but for the duke. He is a foretaste of Prospero, a Prospero working greater miracles without magic; and he guides us through the labyrinths of the play by a clue of which he has the secret.

That Measure for Measure is a "painful" play (as Coleridge called it) cannot be denied. There is something base and sordid about the villainy of its actors; a villainy which has nothing of the heroism of sin. In Angelo we have the sharpest lesson that Shakespeare ever read self-righteousness. In Claudio we see a "gilded youth" with the gilding rubbed off; and there is not under heaven a more pitiful sight. From Claudio's refined wantonness we sink deeper and deeper, through Lucio, who is a Claudio by trade, and without even the pretence of gilding, to the very lowest depth of a city's foulness and brutality. The "humours" of bawd and hangman and the customers of both are painted with as angry a hand as Hogarth's; bitten in with the etcher's acid, as if into the

very flesh. Even Elbow, "a simple constable," a Dogberry of the lower dregs, struts and maunders before us with a desperate imbecility, in place of the engaging silliness, where silliness seemed a hearty comic virtue, of the "simple constable" of the earlier play. In the astonishing portrait of Barnardine we come to the simply animal man; a portrait which in its savage realism, brutal truth to nature, cynical insight into the workings of the contented beast in man, seems to anticipate some of the achievements of the modern realistic novel. In the midst of this crowd of evil-doers walks the duke, hooded body and soul in his friar's habit; Escalus, a solitary figure of broad and sturdy uprightness; Isabella, "a thing enskied and sainted," the largest-hearted and clearest-eyed heroine of Shakespeare; and apart, veiled from good and evil in a perpetual solitariness of sorrow, Mariana, at the moated grange.

In the construction of this play Shakespeare seems to have put forth but a part of his strength, throwing his full power only into the great scenes, and leaving, with less than his customary care (in strong contrast to what we note in Twelfth Night), frayed ends and edges of action and of characterization. The conclusion, particularly, seems hurried, and the disposal of Angelo inadequate. I cannot but think that Shakespeare felt the difficulty, nay, impossibility of reconciling the end which his story and the dramatic conventionalities required with the character of Angelo as shown in the course of the play, and that he shurred over the matter as best he could. With space before him he might have convinced us—for what could not Shakespeare do?—of the sincerity of Angelo's repentance and the rightfulness of his remission; but as it is, crowded as all this conviction and penitence and forgiveness necessarily is into a few minutes of supplementary action, one can hardly think that Coleridge expressed the natural feeling too forcibly when he said that "the strong indignant claim of justice" is baffled by the pardon and marriage of Angelo. Of the scenes in which Angelo appears as the prominent actor—the incomparable second and fourth scenes of the second act, the

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first the temptation of Angelo, the second Angelo's temptation of Isabella—nothing can be said but that Shakespeare may have equalled, but scarcely can have exceeded them in intensity and depth of natural truth. These, with that other scene between Claudio and Isabella, make the play.

It is part of the irony of things that the worst complication, the deepest tragedy, in all this tortuous action comes about by the innocent means of the stainless Isabella; who also, by her steadfast heroism, brings light and right at last. But for Isabella, Claudio would simply have died, perhaps meeting his fate, when it came, with a desperate flash of his father's courage; Angelo might have lived securely to his last hour, unconscious of his own weakness—of the fire that lurked in so impenetrable a flint. Shakespeare has sometimes been praised for the subtlety with which he has barbed the hook for Angelo, in making Isabella's very chastity and goodness the keenest of temptations. The notion is not peculiar to Shakespeare, but was hinted at, in his scrambling and uncertain way, by the writer of the old play. In truth, I do not see what other course was open to either, given the facts which were not original in Shakespeare or in Whetstone. Angelo, let us remember, is not a hypocrite: he has no dishonourable intention in his mind; he conceives himself to be firmly grounded on a broad basis of rectitude, and in condemning Claudio he condemns a sin which he sincerely abhors. His treatment of the betrothed Mariana would probably be in his own eyes an act of frigid justice; it certainly shows a man not sensually-minded, but cold, calculating, likely to err, if he errs at all, rather on the side of the miserly virtues than of the generous sins. It is thus the nobility of Isabella that attracts him: her freedom from the tenderest signs of frailty, her unbiassed intellect, her regard for justice, her religious sanctity; and it is on his noblest side first, the side of him that can respond to these qualities, that he is tempted. I know of nothing more consummate than the way in which his mind is led on, step by step towards the trap still hidden from him, the trap prepared by the merciless foresight of the chance that tries the profes-

sions and the thoughts of men. Once tainted, the corruption is over him like leprosy, and every virtue withers into the corresponding form of vice. In Claudio it is the same touchstone—Isabella's unconscious and misdirected Ithuriel-spear—that brings out the basest forms and revelations of evil. A great living painter has chosen the moment of most pregnant import in the whole play—the moment when Claudio, having heard the terms on which alone life can be purchased, murmurs, "Death is a fearful thing," and Isabella, not yet certain, yet already with the grievous fear astir in her, of her brother's weakness, replies, "And shamed life a hateful"—it is this moment that Holman Hunt brings before us in a canvas that, like his scene from the Two Gentlemen of Verona, throws more revealing light on Shakespeare than a world of commentators. Against the stained and discoloured wall of his dungeon, apple-blossoms and blue sky showing through the grated window behind his delicate dishevelled head, Claudio stands; a lute tied with red ribbons hangs beside him, a spray of apple-blossom has fallen on the dark garments at his feet, one hand plays with his fetters—with how significant a gesture!—the other hand pinches, idly affectionate, the two intense hands that Isabella has laid upon his breast; he is thinking—where to debate means shame,—balancing the arguments; and with pondering eyes, thrusting his tongue towards the corner of his just-parted lips with a movement of exquisite naturalness, he halts in indecision: all his mean thoughts are there, in that gesture, in those eyes; and in the warm and gracious youth of his whole aspect, passionately superficial and world-loving, there is something of the pathos of things "sweet, not lasting," a fragile, an unreasonable, an inevitable pathos. Isabella fronts him, an embodied conscience, all her soul in her eyes. Her eyes read him, plead with him, they are suppliant and judge; her intense fearfulness, the intolerable doubt of her brother's honour, the anguish of hope and fear, shine in them with a light as of tears frozen at the source. In a moment, with words on his lips whose far-reaching imagination is stung into him and from him by the sharpness of the impending



## MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

death, he will have stooped below the reach of her contempt, uttering those words, "Sweet sister, let me live!"

After all, the final word of Shakespeare in this play is mercy; but it is a mercy which comes of the consciousness of our own need of it, and it is granted and accepted in humiliation. The lesson of mercy taught in the Merchant of Venice is based on the mutual blessing of its exercise, the graciousness of spirit to which it is sign and seal.

It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven  
Upon the place beneath; it is twice blest;  
It blesseth him that gives and him that takes.

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Here, the claim which our fellow-man has on our commiseration is the sad claim of common guiltiness before an absolute bar of justice.

How would you be  
If He, which is the top of judgment, should  
But judge you as you are?

And is not this "painfulness" which impresses us in this sombre play, due partly to this very moral, and not alone to the circumstances from which it disengages itself? For it is so mournful to think that we are no better than our neighbours.



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*Duke.* For you must know, we have with special soul  
Elected him our absence to supply.—(Act i. 1. 17, 18.)

## MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

### ACT I

SCENE I. *An apartment in the Duke's palace.*

DUKE, ESCALUS, and Attendants, discovered.

*Duke.* [Seated] Escalus!

*Escal.* My lord?

*Duke.* Of government the properties to unfold,

Would seem in me to affect speech and discourse;

Since I am put<sup>1</sup> to know that your own science  
Exceeds, in that, the lists<sup>2</sup> of all advice

My strength can give you: [then no more remains

But that, to your sufficiency, as your worth  
is able,

And let them work.] The nature of our people,  
Our city's institutions, and the terms

For common justice, you're as pregnant in<sup>3</sup>

As art and practice hath enriched any

That we remember. There is our commission,

From which we would not have you warp.

[*Escalus kneels and receives his commission.*

Call hither,

I say, bid come before us Angelo.

[*Exit an Attendant.*

What figure of us think you he will bear?

For you must know, we have with special soul  
Elected him our absence to supply;

Lent him our terror, dress'd him with our love,  
And given his deputation<sup>4</sup> all the organs

Of our own power: what think you of it?

*Escal.* If any in Vienna be of worth  
To undergo such ample grace and honour,

It is Lord Angelo.

*Duke.* Look where he comes.

*Enter ANGELO.*

*Ang.* Always obedient to your grace's will,  
I come to know your pleasure.

*Duke.* Angelo,  
There is a kind of character<sup>5</sup> in thy life,

<sup>1</sup> Put, made.

<sup>2</sup> Lists, limits.

<sup>3</sup> Pregnant in, well acquainted with.

<sup>4</sup> Deputation, deputyship.

<sup>5</sup> Character, i.e. writing, the primary sense of the word.

That to the observer doth thy history  
Fully unfold. [*Taking the other commission.*]

Thyself and thy belongings 30  
Are not thine own so proper, as to waste  
Thyself upon thy virtues, they on thee.  
Heaven doth with us as we with torches do,  
Not light them for themselves; for if our  
virtues

Did not go forth of us, 't were all alike  
As if we had them not. Spirits are not finely  
touch'd

But to fine issues; [nor Nature never lends  
The smallest scruple of her excellence  
But, like a thrifty goddess, she determines  
Herself the glory of a creditor, 40  
Both thanks and use.<sup>1</sup> But I do bend my  
speech

To one that can my part in him advérse;<sup>2</sup>

Hold, therefore, Angelo:—

[*Tenders his commission.*]

In our remove be thou at full yourself;  
Mortality and mercy in Vienna  
Live in thy tongue and heart: old Escalus,  
Though first in question,<sup>3</sup> is thy secondary.  
Take thy commission.

[*Rises and comes down to Angelo.*

Ang. Now, good my lord,  
Let there be some more test made of my metal,  
Before so noble and so great a figure 50  
Be stamp'd upon it.

Duke. No more evasion:  
We have with a heaven'd and prepared choice  
Proceeded to you; therefore take your honours.

[*Angelo kneels and receives his commission.*  
Our haste from hence is of so quick condition  
That it prefers itself and leaves unquestion'd  
Matters of needful value. We shall write to  
you,

As time and our concernings shall importune,  
How it goes with us, and do look to know  
What doth befall you here. So, fare you well:  
To the hopeful execution do I leave you 60  
Of your commissions.

Ang. Yet give leave, my lord,  
That we may bring you<sup>4</sup> something on the way.

Duke. My haste may not admit it;  
Nor need you, on mine honour, have to do

With any scruple: your scope is as mine own,  
So to enforce or qualify the laws

As to your soul seems good. Give me your  
hand: [*Angelo gives his hand to the Duke.*  
I'll privily away. I love the people,  
But do not like to stage me to their eyes;  
Though it do well, I do not relish well 70  
Their loud applause and Aves<sup>5</sup> vehement;  
Nor do I think the man of safe discretion  
That does affect it. Once more, fare you well.

[*Going.*

Ang. The heavens give safety to your pur-  
poses!

Escal. Lead forth and bring you back in  
happiness!

Duke. I thank you. Fare you well. [*Exit.*  
Escal. I shall desire you, sir, to give me  
leave

To have free speech with you; and it concerns  
me

To look into the bottom of my place:

A power I have, but of what strength and  
nature 80

I am not yet instructed.

Ang. 'Tis so with me. Let us withdraw  
together,

And we may soon our satisfaction have

Touching that point.

Escal. I'll wait upon your honour.  
[*Exeunt.*

# SCENE II. A street.

Enter LUCIO and two Gentlemen.

Lucio. If the duke with the other dukes  
come not to composition with the King of  
Hungary, why then all the dukes fall upon  
the king.

First Gent. Heaven grant us its peace, but  
not the King of Hungary's!

Sec. Gent. Amen.

Lucio. Thou concludest like the sanctimoni-  
ous pirate that went to sea with the Ten  
Commandments, but scrap'd one out of the  
table.

Sec. Gent. "Thou shalt not steal"? 10

Lucio. Ay, that he razed.

First Gent. Why, 't was a commandment to

<sup>1</sup> Use, interest.

<sup>2</sup> Advérse, instruct.

<sup>3</sup> Question, consideration.

<sup>4</sup> Bring you, accompany you.

<sup>5</sup> Aves, acclamations (Latin ave = hail).

<sup>1</sup> Dolores

as mine own,  
 Give me your  
 d to the Duke.  
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 fare you well.  
 [Going.

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[Exeunt.

Glemen.

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-hall).

command the captain and all the rest from  
 their functions: they put forth to steal.  
 There's not a soldier of us all, that, in the  
 thanksgiving before meat, do relish the peti-  
 tion well that prays for peace.

*Sec. Gent.* I never heard any soldier dis-  
 like it.

*Lucio.* I believe thee; for I think thou  
 never wast where grace was said. 20

[*Sec. Gent.* No? a dozen times at least.

*First Gent.* What, in metre?

*Lucio.* In any proportion or in any language.

*First Gent.* I think, or in any religion.

*Lucio.* Ay, why not? Grace is grace, despite  
 of all controversy: as, for example, thou thy-  
 self art a wicked villain, despite of all grace.

*First Gent.* Well, there went but a pair of  
 shears between us.

*Lucio.* I grant; as there may between the  
 lists and the velvet. Thou art the list. 31

*First Gent.* And thou the velvet: thou art  
 good velvet; thou'rt a three-pil'd piece, I  
 warrant thee: I had as lief be a list of an  
 English kersey, as be pil'd, as thou art pil'd,  
 for a French velvet. Do I speak feelingly now?

*Lucio.* I think thou dost; and, indeed, with  
 most painful feeling of thy speech: I will, out  
 of thine own confession, learn to begin thy  
 health; but, whilst I live, forget to drink  
 after thee. 40

*First Gent.* I think I have done myself  
 wrong, have I not?

*Sec. Gent.* Yes, that thou hast, whether thou  
 art tainted or free.

*Lucio.* Behold, behold, where Madam Miti-  
 gation comes! I have purchas'd as many  
 diseases under her roof as come to—

*Sec. Gent.* To what, I pray?

*Lucio.* Judge. 49

*Sec. Gent.* To three thousand dolours<sup>1</sup> a year.

*First Gent.* Ay, and more.

*Lucio.* A French crown more.

*First Gent.* Thou art always figuring diseases  
 in me; but thou art full of error; I am sound.

*Lucio.* Nay, not as one would say, healthy;  
 but so sound as things that are hollow: thy  
 bones are hollow; impiety has made a feast  
 of thee. ]

<sup>1</sup> Dolours, an obvious pun on *dolours* and *dollars*.

*Enter MISTRESS OVERDONE, crying.*

*First Gent.* How now! which of your hips  
 has the most profound sciatica? 59

*Mrs. Ov.* Well, well; there's one yonder  
 arrested and carried to prison was worth five  
 thousand of you all.

*Sec. Gent.* Who's that, I pray thee?

*Mrs. Ov.* Marry, sir, that's Claudio, Signior  
 Claudio.

*First Gent.* Claudio to prison! 'tis not  
 so.

*Mrs. Ov.* Nay, but I know 'tis so: I saw  
 him arrested; saw him carried away; and,  
 which is more, within these three days his  
 head to be chopp'd off. 70

*Lucio.* But, after all this fooling, I would  
 not have it so. Art thou sure of this?

*Mrs. Ov.* I am too sure of it: and it is for  
 getting Madam Julietta with child.

*Lucio.* Believe me, this may be: he promis'd  
 to meet me two hours since, and he was ever  
 precise in promise-keeping.

*Sec. Gent.* Besides, you know, it draws  
 something near to the speech we had to such  
 a purpose.

*First Gent.* But, most of all, agreeing with  
 the proclamation. 81

*Lucio.* Away! let's go learn the truth of it.

[*Exeunt Lucio and Gentlemen.*

*Mrs. Ov.* Thus, what with the war, what  
 with the sweat, what with the gullows, and  
 what with poverty, I am custom-shrunk.

*Enter POMPEY.*

How now! what's the news with you?

*Pom.* Yonder man is carried to prison.

[*Mrs. Ov.* Well; what has he done?

*Pom.* A woman.

*Mrs. Ov.* But what's his offence? 90

*Pom.* Groping for trouts in a peculiar<sup>2</sup>  
 river. ]

*Mrs. Ov.* What, is there a maid with child  
 by him?

*Pom.* No, but there's a woman with maid  
 by him. You have not heard of the procla-  
 mation, have you?

*Mrs. Ov.* What proclamation, man?

<sup>2</sup> Peculiar, i.e. belonging to an individual.

*Pom.* All houses in the suburbs of Vienna must be pluck'd down. 100

[*Mrs. Or.* And what shall become of those in the city?

*Pom.* They shall stand for seed; they had gone down too, but that a wise burgher put in for them.

*Mrs. Or.* But shall all our houses of resort in the suburbs be pull'd down?

*Pom.* To the ground, mistress. ]

*Mrs. Or.* Why, here's a change indeed in the commonwealth! What shall become of me?

*Pom.* Come; fear not you; good counsellors lack no clients: though you change your place,



*Claud.* Fellow, why dost thou show me thus to the world? Bear me to prison, where I am committed.—(Act I. 2. 119-121.)

you need not change your trade; I'll be your tapster still. Courage! there will be pity taken on you: you that have worn your eyes almost out in the service, you will be consider'd. [Loud voices heard without.

*Mrs. Or.* What's to do here, Thomas tapster? let's withdraw.

*Pom.* Here comes Signior Claudio, led by the provost to prison; and there's Madam Juliet. [Exeunt.

*Enter Provost, CLAUDIO, JULIET, and Officers.*

*Claud.* Fellow, why dost thou show me thus to the world? Bear me to prison, where I am committed. 121

*Prov.* I do it not in evil disposition, But from Lord Angelo by special charge.

*Claud.* Thus can the demigod Authority Make us pay down for our offence by weight. The words of heaven:—on whom it will, it will; On whom it will not, so; yet still 't is just.

*Re-enter LUCIO and two Gentlemen.*

*Lucio.* Why, how now, Claudio! whence comes this restraint?

*Claud.* From too much liberty, my Lucio, liberty:

As surfeit is the father of much fast, 130 So every scope<sup>1</sup> by the immoderate use

<sup>1</sup> Scope, license.

es of resort in

indeed in the  
come of me!  
el counsellors  
ge your place,



1. 2. 119-121.]

sition,  
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Authority  
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it will, it will;  
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attlemen.  
dio! whence  
y, my Lucio,

fast,  
ate use

Turns to restraint. Our natures do pursue,  
Like rats that ravin<sup>1</sup> down their proper<sup>2</sup> bane,  
A thirsty evil; and when we drink we die.

*Lucio.* If I could speak so wisely under an  
arrest, I would send for certain of my credi-  
tous: and yet, to say the truth, I had as lief  
have the foppery of freedom as the morality of  
imprisonment. What's thy offence, Claudio?

*Claud.* What but to speak of would offend  
again. 119

*Lucio.* What, isn't murder?

*Claud.* No.

*Lucio.* Lechery!

*Claud.* Call it so.

*Prov.* Away, sir! you must go.

*Claud.* One word, good friend. Lucio, a  
word with you. [Takes him aside.

*Lucio.* A hundred, if they'll do you any good.  
Is lechery so look'd after?

*Claud.* Thus stands it with me:—upon a  
true contract

I got possession of Julietta's bed: 120

You know the lady; she is fast my wife,  
Save that we do the denunciation<sup>3</sup> lack  
Of outward order: this we came not to,  
Only for propagation<sup>4</sup> of a dower  
Remaining in the coffer of her friends;  
From whom we thought it meet to hide our love  
Till time had made them for us. But it chanceth  
The stealth of our most mutual entertainment  
With character too gross is writ on Juliet.

*Lucio.* With child, perhaps!

*Claud.* Unhappily, even so.  
And the new deputy now for the duke—

[Whether it be the fault and glimpse of new-  
ness, 122

Or whether that the body public be  
A horse whereon the governor doth ride,  
Who, newly in the seat, that it may know  
He can command, lets it straight feel the spur;  
Whether the tyranny be in his place,  
Or in his eminence that fills it up,  
I stagger in:—but this new governor]  
Awakes me all the enrolled penalties 170  
Which have, like unscour'd armour, hung by  
the wall  
So long, that nineteen zodiacs have gone round,

<sup>1</sup> Ravin, ravenously devour.

<sup>2</sup> Proper, own.

<sup>3</sup> Denunciation, formal declaration.

<sup>4</sup> Propagation, augmentation.

And none of them been worn; and, for a name,  
Now puts the drowy and neglected act  
Freshly on me:—'t is surely for a name.

*Lucio.* I warrant it is; and thy head stands  
so tickle<sup>5</sup> on thy shoulders, that a milkmaid  
if she be in love, may sigh it off. Send after  
the duke, and appeal to him.

*Claud.* I have done so, but he's not to be  
found. 180

I prithee, Lucio, do me this kind service:  
This day my sister should the cloister enter  
And there receive her approbation  
Acquaint her with the danger of my state;  
Implore her, in my voice, that she make friends  
To the strict deputy; bid herself assay him:  
I have great hope in that; for in her youth  
There is a prone<sup>6</sup> and speechless dialect,  
Such as move men; beside, she hath prosper-  
ous art

When she will play with reason and discourse,  
And well she can persuade. 191

*Lucio.* I pray she may; as well for the  
encouragement of the like, which else would  
stand under grievous imposition, as for the  
enjoying of thy life, who I would be sorry  
should be thus foolishly lost at a game of tick-  
tack.<sup>7</sup> I'll to her.

*Claud.* I thank you, good friend Lucio.

[Provost advances.

*Lucio.* Within two hours.

*Claud.* Come, officer, away! [Exeunt.

### SCENE III. The entrance to a monastery.

Enter DUKE and FRIAR THOMAS.

*Duke.* No, holy father; throw away that  
thought;

Believe not that the dribbling dart of love  
Can pierce a complete bosom. Why I desire  
thee

To give me secret harbour, hath a purpose  
More grave and wrinkled than the aims and  
ends

Of burning youth.

*Fri. T.* May your grace speak of it!

*Duke.* My holy sir, none better knows than  
you

<sup>5</sup> Tickle, ticklish.

<sup>6</sup> Prone, appealing.

<sup>7</sup> Tick-tack, a sort of backgammon (French, *tric-trac*).

How I have ever lov'd the life remov'd  
And held in idle price to haunt assemblies,  
Where youth, and cost, and witless bravery<sup>1</sup>  
keeps. 10

I have deliver'd to Lord Angelo,  
A man of stricture and firm abstinence,  
My absolute power and place here in Vienna,  
And he supposes me travell'd to Poland;  
For so I have strew'd it in the common ear,  
And so it is receiv'd. Now, pious sir,  
You will demand of me why I do this?

*Fri. T.* Gladly, my lord.

*Duke.* We have strict statutes and most  
biting laws,

The needful bits and curbs to headstrong  
weeds, 20

Which for this fourteen years we have let slip;  
Even like an o'ergrown lion in a cave,  
That goes not out to prey. Now, as fond  
fathers,

Having bound up the threatening twigs of  
birch,

Only to stick it in their children's sight  
For terror, not to use, in time the rod's  
More mock'd than fear'd; so our decrees,  
Dead to infliction, to themselves are dead,  
And liberty plucks justice by the nose; 29  
The baby beats the nurse, and quite athwart  
Goes all decorum.

*Fri. T.* It rested in your grace  
To unloose this tied-up justice when you  
pleas'd:

And it in you more dreadful would have seem'd  
Than in Lord Angelo.

*Duke.* I do fear, too dreadful:  
Sith<sup>2</sup> 't was my fault to give the people scope,  
'T would be my tyranny to strike and gall them  
For what I bid them do: for we bid this be  
done,

When evil deeds have their permissive pass,  
And not the punishment. Therefore, indeed,  
my father,

I have on Angelo impos'd the office; 40  
Who may, in the ambush of my name, strike  
home,

And yet my nature never in the fight,  
To do it slander. And to behold his sway,  
I will, as 't were a brother of your order,

Visit both prince and people: therefore, I  
prithee,

Supply me with the habit, and instruct me  
How I may formally in person bear<sup>3</sup>

Like a true friar. More reasons for this action  
At our more leisure shall I render you;

Only, this one: Lord Angelo is precise; 50

Stands at a guard with envy; scarce confesses  
That his blood flows, or that his appetite

Is more to bread than stone: hence shall we see,  
If power change purpose, what our seemers be.

[*Exeunt.*]

#### SCENE IV. A nunnery.

*Enter ISABELLA and FRANCIS<sup>4</sup>.*

*Isab.* And have you nuns no further privileges?

*Fran.* Are not these large enough?

*Isab.* Yes, truly: I speak not as desiring  
more;

But rather wishing a more strict restraint  
Upon the sisterhood, the votarists of Saint  
Clare.

*Lucio.* [Within] Ho! Peace be in this place!

*Isab.* Who's that which calls?

*Fran.* It is a man's voice. Gentle Isabella,  
Turn you the key, and know his business of him;  
You may, I may not; you are yet unsworn.

When you have vow'd, you must not speak  
with men 10

But in the presence of the prioress:

Then, if you speak, you must not show your  
face;

Or, if you show your face, you must not speak.

[*Lucio calls again within.*]

He calls again; I pray you, answer him.

[*Exit.*]

*Isab.* Peace and prosperity! Who is't that  
calls?

*Enter LUCIO.*

*Lucio.* Hail, virgin, if you be,—as those  
cheek-roses

Proclaim you are no less! Can you so stead<sup>4</sup> me  
As bring me to the sight of Isabella,

A novice of this place, and the fair sister

To her unhappy brother Claudio? 20

<sup>1</sup> Bravery, flattery.

<sup>2</sup> Sith, since.

<sup>3</sup> Bear, behave.

<sup>4</sup> Stead, help.



*Isab.* Why "her unhappy brother"? let me ask,  
 The rather for I now must make you know  
 I am that Isabella and his sister.  
*Lucio.* Gentle and fair, your brother kindly  
 greets you:  
 Not to be weary with you, he's in prison.

*Isab.* Woe me! for what?  
*Lucio.* For that which, if myself might be  
 his judge,  
 He should receive his punishment in thanks;  
 He hath got his friend with child.  
*Isab.* Sir, make me not your story.<sup>1</sup>  
*Lucio.* 'T is true.



*Lucio.* All hope is gone,  
 Unless you have the grace by your fair prayer  
 To soften Angelo.—(Act I. 4. 67-68.)

I would not—though 't is my familiar sin  
 With maids to seem the lapwing and to jest,  
 Tongue far from heart—play with all virgins so:  
 I hold you as a thing ensky'd and sainted,  
 By your renouncement an immortal spirit,  
 And to be talk'd with in sincerity,  
 As with a saint.  
*Isab.* You do blaspheme the good in mock-  
 ing me.  
*Lucio.* Do not believe it. Fewness and  
 truth,<sup>2</sup> 't is thus:  
 [Your brother and his lover have embrac'd:

As those that feed grow full, as blossoming  
 time  
 That from the seedness the bare fallow brings,  
 To teeming foison,<sup>3</sup> even so her plenteous womb  
 Expresseth his full tillu<sup>4</sup> and husbandry.]  
*Isab.* Some one with child by him? My  
 cousin Juliet?  
*Lucio.* Is she your cousin?  
*Isab.* Adoptedly; as school-maids change  
 their names  
 By vain though apt affection.  
*Lucio.* She it is.  
*Isab.* O, let him marry her.

<sup>1</sup> Your story, i.e. your jest.

<sup>2</sup> Fewness and truth, i.e. briefly and truly.

<sup>3</sup> Foison, plenty.

<sup>4</sup> Tillu, tillage.



*Lucio.* This is the point.  
The duke is very strangely gone from hence;  
Bore many gentlemen, myself being one, 51  
In hand and hope of action: but we do learn  
By those that know the very nerves of state,  
His giving-out were of an infinite distance  
From his true-meant design. Upon his place,  
And with full line of his authority,  
Governs Lord Angelo; a man whose blood  
Is very snow-broth; one who never feels  
The wanton stings and motions of the sense,  
[But doth rebate<sup>1</sup> and blunt his natural edge  
With profits of the mind, study and fast.]  
He—to give fear to use<sup>2</sup> and liberty, 62  
Which have for long run by the hideous law,  
As mice by lions—hath pick'd out an act,  
Under whose heavy sense your brother's life  
Falls into forfeit: he arrests him on it;  
And follows close the rigour of the statute,  
To make him an example. All hope is gone,  
Unless you have the grace by your fair prayer  
To soften Angelo: and that's my pith of business

'Twixt you and your poor brother. 70  
*Isab.* Doth he so seek his life!

*Lucio.* Has censur'd<sup>3</sup> him  
Already; and, as I hear, the provost hath  
A warrant for his execution.

*Isab.* Alas, what poor ability's in me  
To do him good?

*Lucio.* Assay the power you have.

*Isab.* My power! Alas, I doubt—

*Lucio.* Our doubts are traitors,  
And make us lose the good we oft might win  
By fearing to attempt. Go to Lord Angelo,  
And let him learn to know, when maidens sue,  
Men give like gods; but when they weep and  
kneel, 81

All their petitions are as freely theirs  
As they themselves would owe<sup>4</sup> them.

*Isab.* I'll see what I can do.

*Lucio.* But speedily.

*Isab.* I will about it straight;  
No longer staying but to give the mother<sup>5</sup>  
Notice of my affair. I humbly thank you:  
Commend me to my brother: soon at night<sup>6</sup>  
I'll send him certain word of my success.

*Lucio.* I take my leave of you.

*Isab.* Good sir, adieu.  
[*Exeunt severally.*]

## ACT II.

## SCENE. I. A hall in Angelo's house.

*Enter* ANGELO, ESCALUS, and a Justice; Provost,  
Officers and Attendants in waiting behind.

*Ang.* We must not make a scarecrow of the  
law,  
Setting it up to fear<sup>7</sup> the birds of prey,  
And let it keep one shape, till custom make it  
Their perch, and not their terror.

*Escal.* Ay, but yet  
Let us be keen, and rather cut a little,  
Than fall, and bruise to death. Alas, this  
gentleman,

Whom I would save, had a most noble father!  
Let but your honour know,  
Whom I believe to be most strait in virtue,

That, in the working of your own affections,  
Had time coher'd with place, or place with  
wishing, 11  
Or that the resolute acting of our blood  
Could have attain'd the effect of your own  
purpose,  
Whether you had not sometime in your life  
Err'd in this point which now you censure him,  
And pull'd the law upon you.

*Ang.* 'Tis one thing to be tempted, Escalus,  
Another thing to fall. [I not deny,  
The jury, passing on the prisoner's life, 19  
May in the sworn twelve have a thief or two  
Guiltier than him they try. What's open  
made to justice,  
That justice seizes: what knows the law  
That thieves do pass on thieves? 'Tis very  
pregnant,<sup>8</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Rebate, abate, flatten, make dull.

<sup>2</sup> Use, custom.

<sup>3</sup> Censur'd, sentenced.

<sup>4</sup> Owe, have.

<sup>5</sup> The mother, i.e. the prioress.

<sup>6</sup> Soon at night, this very night.

<sup>7</sup> Fear, affright.

<sup>8</sup> Pregnant, evident.

censur'd<sup>3</sup> him  
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maidens sue,  
ey weep and

81

theirs  
them.

But speedily.

e mother<sup>5</sup>  
thank you:  
on at night<sup>6</sup>  
y success.

od sir, adieu.  
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r blood  
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in your life  
censure him,

pted, Escalus,  
eny,  
r's life, 19  
thief or two  
What's open

the law  
? 'T is very

The jewel that we find, we stoop and take 't,  
Because we see it; but what we do not see  
We tread upon, and never think of it. ]  
You may not so extenuate his offence  
For I have had such faults; but rather tell me,  
When I, that censure him, do so offend, 29  
Let mine own judgment pattern out my death,  
And nothing come in partial. Sir, he must die.  
Ang. Be it as your wisdom will.

Ang. Where is the provost?  
Prov. [Advancing] Here, if it like your  
honour.

Ang. See that Claudio  
Be executed by nine to-morrow morning;  
Bring him his confessor, let him be prepar'd;  
For that's the utmost of his pilgrimage.

[Exit Provost.

Escal. [Aside] Well, heaven forgive him!  
and forgive us all!

[Some rise by sin, and some by virtue fall;  
Some run from breaks of ice, and answer none;  
And some condemned for a<sup>3</sup> fault alone.] 40

Enter ELBOW, and Officers with FROTH and  
POMPEY.

Elb. Come, bring them away: if these be  
good people in a commonweal that do nothing  
but use their abuses in common houses, I know  
no law: bring them away.

Ang. How now, sir! What's your name?  
and what's the matter?

Elb. If it please your honour, I am the poor  
duke's constable, and my name is Elbow: I  
do lean upon justice, sir, and do bring in here  
before your good honour two notorious bene-  
factors. 50

Ang. Benefactors! Well; what benefactors  
are they? are they not malefactors?

Elb. If it please your honour, I know not  
well what they are: but precise villains they  
are, that I am sure of; and void of all profan-  
ation in the world that good Christians ought  
to have.

Escal. This comes off well; here's a wise  
officer.

Ang. Go to: what quality are they of?  
Elbow is your name? why dost thou not speak,  
Elbow? 60

Pom. He cannot, sir; he's out at elbow.

Ang. What are you, sir?

Elb. He, sir! a tapster, sir; parcel<sup>3</sup>-bawd;  
one that serves a bad woman; whose house,  
sir, was, as they say, pluck'd down in the sub-  
urbs; and now she professes a hot-house,<sup>4</sup>  
which, I think, is a very ill house too.

Escal. How know you that?

Elb. My wife, sir, whom I detest before  
heaven and your honour, — 70

Escal. How! thy wife!

Elb. Ay, sir; whom, I thank heaven, is an  
honest woman, —

Escal. Dost thou detest her therefore?

Elb. I say, sir, I will detest myself also, as  
well as she, that this house, [if it be not a  
bawd's house, it is pity of her life, for it] is a  
naughty house. 78

Escal. How dost thou know that, constable?

Elb. Marry, sir, by my wife; who, if she  
had been a woman cardinally given, might  
have been accus'd in fornication, adultery, and  
all uncleanness there.

Escal. By the woman's means?

Elb. Ay, sir, by Mistress Overdone's means:  
but as she spit in his face, [pointing to Froth]  
so she defied him.

Pom. Sir, if it please your honour, this is  
not so.

Elb. Prove it before these varlets here, thou  
honourable man; prove it.

Escal. [To Angelo] Do you hear how he mis-  
places? 90

Pom. Sir, she came in great with child;  
and longing, saving your honour's reverence,  
for stew'd prunes; sir, we had but two in the  
house, which at that very distant time stood,  
as it were, in a fruit-dish, a dish of some three-  
pence; your honours have seen such dishes;  
they are not China dishes, but very good  
dishes, —

Escal. Go to, go to: no matter for the dish,  
sir. 98

Pom. No, indeed, sir, not of a pin; you are  
therein in the right: but to the point. As I  
say, this Mistress Elbow, being, as I say, with  
child, and being great-bellied, and longing, as  
I said, for prunes; and having but two in the

<sup>1</sup> For, because.

<sup>2</sup> A. one.

<sup>3</sup> Parcel, part.

<sup>4</sup> Hot-house, bagnio.

dish, as I said, Master Froth here, this very man, having eaten the rest, as I said, and, as I say, paying for them very honestly; for, as you know, Master Froth, I could not give you three-pence again.

*Froth.* No, indeed.

*Pom.* Very well; you being then, if you be remember'd, cracking the stones of the fore-said prunes,— 111

*Froth.* Ay, so I did indeed.

*Pom.* Why, very well; I telling you then, if you be remember'd, that such a one and such a one were past cure of the thing you wot of, unless they kept very good diet, as I told you,—

*Froth.* All this is true.

*Pom.* Why, very well, then,— 118

*Escal.* Come, you are a tedious fool: to the purpose. What was done to Elbow's wife, that he hath cause to complain of? Come me to what was done to her.

*Pom.* Sir, your honour cannot come to that yet.

*Escal.* No, sir, nor I mean it not.

*Pom.* Sir, but you shall come to it, by your honour's leave. And, I beseech you, look into Master Froth here, sir; a man of fourscore pound a year; whose father died at Hallowmas:—was 't not at Hallowmas, Master Froth?

*Froth.* All-hallowd eve. 130

*Pom.* Why, very well; I hope here be truths. He, sir, sitting, as I say, in a lower chair,<sup>1</sup> sir;—'t was in the Bunch of Grapes, where, indeed, you have a delight to sit,—have you not?

*Froth.* I have so; because it is an open room, and good for winter.

*Pom.* Why, very well, then; I hope here be truths.

*Ang.* This will last out a night in Russia, When nights are longest there: I'll take my leave, 140

And leave you to the hearing of the cause; Hoping you'll find good cause to whip them all.

*Escal.* I think no less. Good morrow to your lordship. [*Exit Angelo.*]

Now, sir, come on: what was done to Elbow's wife, once more?

*Pom.* Once, sir! there was nothing done to her once.

*Elb.* I beseech you, sir, ask him what this man did to my wife.

*Pom.* I beseech your honour, ask me. 150

*Escal.* Well, sir; what did this gentleman to her?

*Pom.* I beseech you, sir, look in this gentleman's face. Good Master Froth, look upon his honour; 'tis for a good purpose. Doth your honour mark his face?

*Escal.* Ay, sir, very well.

*Pom.* Nay, I beseech you, mark it well.

*Escal.* Well, I do so.

*Pom.* Doth your honour see any harm in his face? 160

*Escal.* Why, no.

*Pom.* I'll be supposed<sup>2</sup> upon a book, his face is the worst thing about him. Good, then; if his face be the worst thing about him, how could Master Froth do the constable's wife any harm? I would know that of your honour.

*Escal.* He's in the right. Constable, what say you to it? 165

*Elb.* First, an it like you, the house is a respected house; next, this is a respected fellow; and his mistress is a respected woman.

*Pom.* By this hand, sir, his wife is a more respected person than any of us all.

*Elb.* Varlet, thou liest; thou liest, wicked varlet! the time is yet to come, that she was ever respected with man, woman, or child.

*Pom.* Sir, she was respected with him before he married with her.

*Escal.* Which is the wiser here? Justice or Iniquity? Is this true? 181

*Elb.* O thou caitiff! O thou varlet! O thou wicked Hannibal! I respected with her before I was married to her! If ever I was respected with her, or she with me, let not your worship think me the poor duke's officer. Prove this, thou wicked Hannibal, or I'll have mine action of battery on thee.

*Escal.* If he took you a box o' the ear, you might have your action of slander too. 190

*Elb.* Marry, I thank your good worship for it. What is 't your worship's pleasure I shall do with this wicked caitiff?

*Escal.* Truly, officer, because he hath some

<sup>1</sup> A lower chair, i.e. an easy-chair.

<sup>2</sup> Supposed, i.e. deposed.

ACT II. Scene 1.

What this

ask me. 150  
s gentleman

this gentle-  
book upon his  
Doth your

k it well.

any harm in  
160

a book, his  
Good, then;  
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stable's wife  
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165

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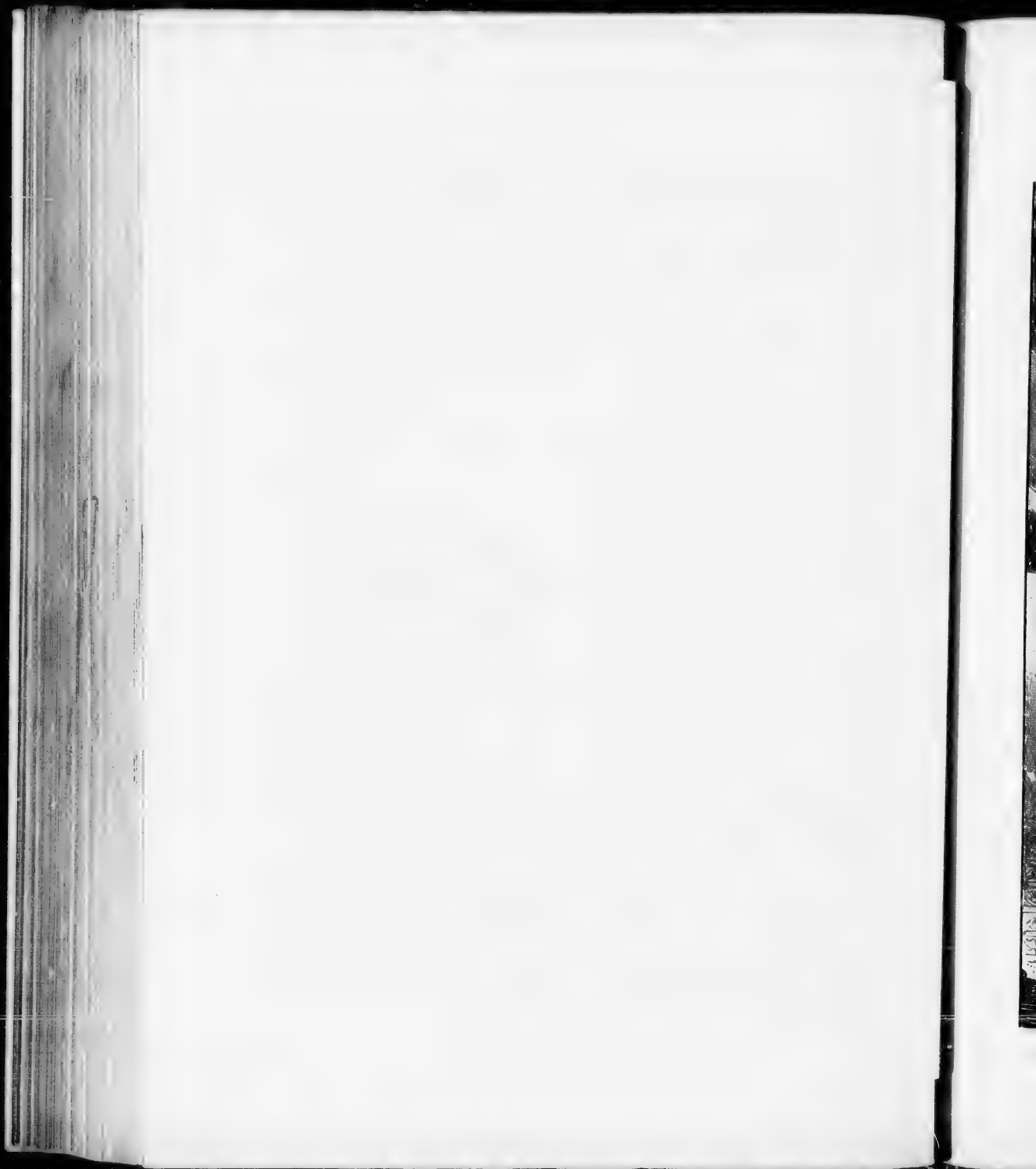
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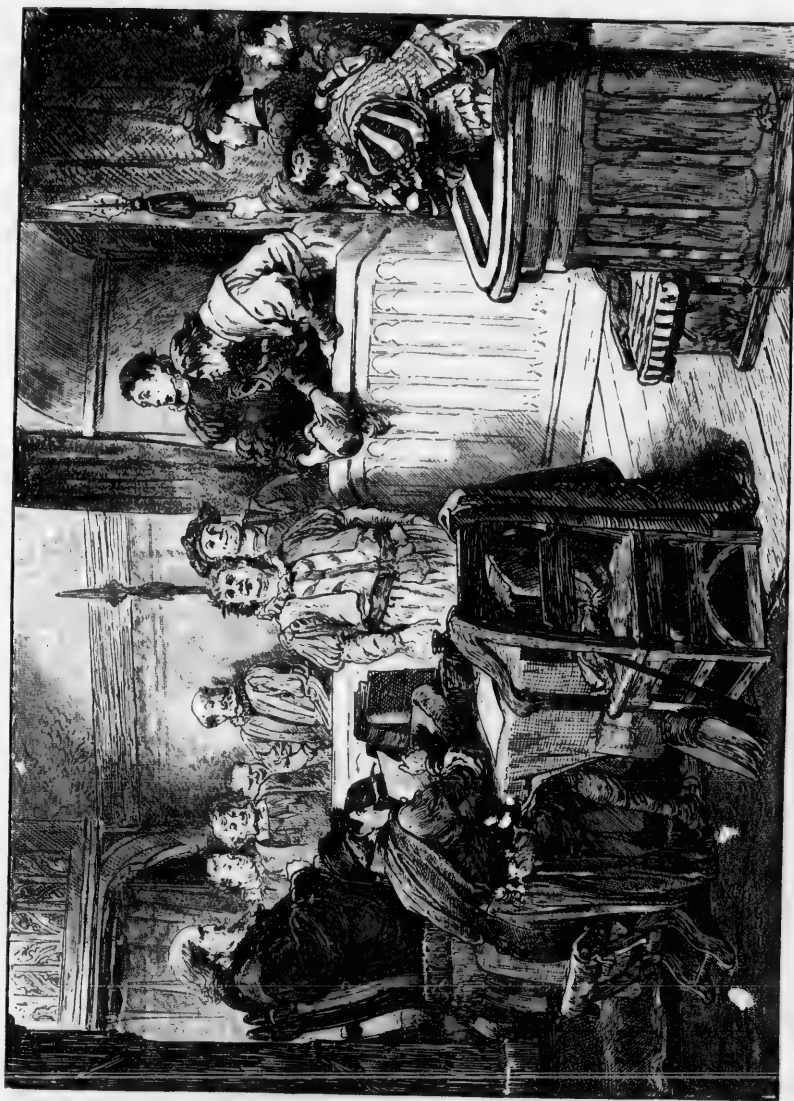
Prove this.  
I have mine

' the ear, you  
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ACT II. SC.

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till thou k

*Elb. M.*

Thou sees  
come upon  
thou varie

*Escal. [*  
friend !

*Froth. I*

*Escal. A*

*Froth. Y*

*Escal. S*

you of, sir

*Pom. A*

*Escal. Y*

*Pom. M*

*Escal. I*

husband ?

*Pom. N*

*Escal. N*

*Froth. [Po*

Master Fr

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Master Fr

you gone,

*Froth. I*

own part,

taphouse, l

*Escal. W*

farewell.

*[off.] Come*

What's yo

*Pom. [I*

*Escal. [*

*Pom. Bu*

*Escal. T*

thing about

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it in being

me true: it

*Pom. Tr*

would live.

*Escal. H*

being a ba

trade, Pom

*Pom. If*

*Escal. Bu*

pey; nor it

offences in him that thou wouldst discover if thou couldst, let him continue in his courses till thou knowest what they are.

*Elb.* Marry, I thank your worship for it. Thou seest, thou wicked varlet, now, what's come upon thee: thou art to continue now, thou varlet; thou art to continue. 201

*Escal.* [*To Froth*] Where were you born, friend? [*Pompey pushes Froth forward.*]

*Froth.* Here in Vienna, sir.

*Escal.* Are you of fourscore pounds a year?

*Froth.* Yes, an't please you, sir.

*Escal.* So. [*To Pompey*] What trade are you of, sir? [*Froth gets behind Pompey.*]

*Pom.* A tapster; a poor widow's tapster.

*Escal.* Your mistress's name?

*Pom.* Mistress Overdone.

*Escal.* Hath she had any more than one husband? 211

*Pom.* Nine, sir; Overdone by the last.

*Escal.* Nine! Come hither to me, Master Froth. [*Pompey pushes Froth across to Escalus*] Master Froth, I would not have you acquainted with tapsters: they will draw you, Master Froth, and you will hang them. Get you gone, and let me hear no more of you.

*Froth.* I thank your worship. For mine own part, I never come into any room in a taphouse, but I am drawn in. 220

*Escal.* Well, no more of it, Master Froth: farewell. [*Exit Froth, Pompey pushing him off.*] Come you hither to me, master tapster. What's your name, master tapster?

*Pom.* [*Advancing*] Pompey.

*Escal.* [What else?

*Pom.* Bum, sir. 227

*Escal.* Troth, and your bum is the greatest thing about you; so that in the beastliest sense you are Pompey the Great. Pompey, you are partly a bawd, Pompey, howsoever you colour it in being a tapster, are you not? come, tell me true: it shall be the better for you.

*Pom.* Truly, sir, I am a poor fellow that would live.

*Escal.* How would you live, Pompey? by being a bawd? What do you think of the trade, Pompey? is it a lawful trade?

*Pom.* If the law would allow it, sir. 239

*Escal.* But the law will not allow it, Pompey; nor it shall not be allow'd in Vienna.

*Pom.* Does your worship mean to geld and splay<sup>1</sup> all the youth of the city?

*Escal.* No, Pompey.

*Pom.* Truly, sir, in my poor opinion, they will to't, then. If your worship will take order for the drabs and the knaves, you need not to fear the bawds. 248

*Escal.* There are pretty orders beginning, I can tell you: it is but heading and hanging.

*Pom.* If you head and hang all that offend that way but for ten year together, you'll be glad to give out a commission for more heads: if this law hold in Vienna ten year, I'll rent the fairest house in it after<sup>2</sup> three-pence a bay;<sup>3</sup> if you live to see this come to pass, say Pompey told you so. 257

*Escal.* Thank you, good Pompey; and, in requital of your prophecy, hark you:—[I advise you, let me not find you before me again upon any complaint whatsoever; [no, not for dwelling where you do;] if I do, Pompey, I shall beat you to your tent, and prove a shrewd Caesar to you; in plain dealing, Pompey, I shall have you whipt: so, for this time, Pompey, fare you well.

*Pom.* I thank your worship for your good counsel: [*Aside*] but I shall follow it as the flesh and fortune shall better determine.

Whip me! No, no; let carman whip his jade: The valiant heart's not whipt out of his trade. [*Exit.*]

*Escal.* Come hither to me, Master Elbow; come hither, master constable. [*Elbow advances.*] How long have you been in this place of constable?

*Elb.* Seven year and a half, sir.

*Escal.* I thought, by your readiness in the office, you had continued in it some time. You say, seven years together?

*Elb.* And a half, sir. 278

*Escal.* Alas, it hath been great pains to you! They do you wrong to put you so oft upon't: are there not men in your ward sufficient to serve it?

*Elb.* Faith, sir, few of any wit in such matters: as they are chosen, they are glad to choose me for them; I do it for some piece of money, and go through with all.

<sup>1</sup> *Splay*, i.e. spay, castrate.

<sup>2</sup> *After*, at the rate of.

<sup>3</sup> See note 67.



*Escul.* Look you bring me in the names of some six or seven, the most sufficient of your parish.

*Elb.* To your worship's house, sir!

*Escul.* To my house. Fare you well. [*Exit Elbow.*] What's o'clock, think you? 290

*Just.* Eleven, sir.

*Escul.* I pray you home to dinner with me.

*Just.* I humbly thank you.

*Escul.* It grieves me for the death of Claudio; But there's no remedy.

*Just.* Lord Angelo is severe.

*Escul.* It is but needful: Mercy is not itself, that oft looks so; Pardon is still the nurse of second woe; But yet,—poor Claudio! There is no remedy. Come, sir. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. Another room in the same.

*Enter PROVOST and a Servant.*

*Serv.* He's the hearing of a cause; he will come straight:

I'll tell him of you.

*Prov.* Pray you, do. [*Exit Servant.*] I'll know

His pleasure; may be he'll relent. Alas, He hath but as offended in a dream! All sects, all ages smack of this vice; and he To die for't!

*Enter ANGELO.*

*Ang.* Now, what's the matter, provost?

*Prov.* Is it your will Claudio shall die to-morrow?

*Ang.* Did not I tell thee yea? hadst thou not order?

Why dost thou ask again?

*Prov.* Lest I might be too rash: Under your good correction, I have seen, 10 When, after execution, judgment hath Repented o'er his doom.

*Ang.* Go to; let that be mine: Do you your office, or give up your place, And you shall well be spar'd.

*Prov.* I crave your honour's pardon. What shall be done, sir, with the groaning Juliet?

She's very near her hour.

*Ang.* Dispose of her To some more fitter place; and that with speed.

*Re-enter Servant.*

*Serv.* Here is the sister of the man condemn'd Desires access to you.

*Ang.* Hath he a sister?

*Prov.* Ay, my good lord; a very virtuous maid.

And to be shortly of a sisterhood, If not already.

*Ang.* Well, let her be admitted.

[*Exit Servant.*]

See you the fornicatress be remov'd; Let her have needful, but not lavish, means; There shall be order for't.

*Enter ISABELLA and LUCIO.*

*Prov.* Save your honour!

[*Offering to retire.*]

*Ang.* Stay a little while. [*Provost withdraws.*—[*To Isabella*]

You're welcome: what's your will?

[*Lucio goes to back of stage.*]

*Isab.* I am a woeful suitor to your honour, Please but your honour hear me.

*Ang.* Well; what's your suit?

*Isab.* There is a vice that most I do abhor, And most desire should meet the blow of justice;

For which I would not plead, but that I must; For which I must not plead, but that I am At war 'twixt will and will not.

*Ang.* Well; the matter?

*Isab.* I have a brother is condemn'd to die: I do beseech you, let it be his fault,<sup>1</sup> And not my brother.

[*Prov.* [*Aside*] Heaven give thee moving graces!]

*Ang.* Condemn the fault, and not the actor of it!

Why, every fault's condemn'd ere it be done: Mine were the very cipher of a function, 20 To fine<sup>2</sup> the faults whose fine stands in record, And let go by the actor.

*Isab.* O just but severe law!

I had a brother, then.—Heaven keep your honour! [*Retiring. Lucio comes down and meets her.*]

<sup>1</sup> His fault, i.e. his fault that is condemned.

<sup>2</sup> Fine, punish.

*Lucio. [Aside to Isabella]* Give't not o'er  
so; to him again, entreat him;  
Kneel down before him, hang upon his gown:  
You are too cold; if you should need a pin,  
You could not with more tame a tongue desire  
it:  
To him, I say.

*Isab. [Advancing rapidly to Angelo]* Must  
he needs die?  
*Ang.* Maiden, no remedy.  
*Isab.* Yes; I do think that you might pardon  
him,  
And neither heaven nor man grieve at the  
mercy.



*Isab.* To-morrow! O, that's sudden! Spare him, spare him!—(Act II. 2. 86.)

*Ang.* I will not do't.  
*Isab.* But can you, if you would?  
*Ang.* Look, what I will not, that I cannot do.  
*Isab.* But might you do't, and do the world  
no wrong,  
If so your heart were touch'd with that re-  
morse!  
As mine is to him?  
*Ang.* He's sentenc'd: 't is too late.  
*Lucio. [Aside to Isabella]* You are too cold.  
*Isab.* Too late! why, no; I, that do speak  
a word,  
May call it back again. Well, believe this,  
No ceremony that to great ones longs,<sup>2</sup>

Not the king's crown nor the deputed sword,  
The marshal's truncheon nor the judge's robe,  
Become them with one half so good a grace  
As mercy does.  
If he had been as you, and you as he,  
You would have slipp'd like him; but he, like you,  
Would not have been so stern.

*Ang.* Pray you, be gone.  
*Isab.* I would to heaven I had your potency,  
And you were Isabel! should it then be thus?  
No; I would tell what 't were to be a judge,  
And what a prisoner.

[*Lucio. [Aside to Isabella]* Ay, touch him;  
there's the vein.]

*Ang.* Your brother is a forfeit of the law,  
And you but waste your words.

<sup>1</sup> Remorse, pity.

<sup>2</sup> Longs, belongs.

*Isab.*

Alas, alas!

Why, all the souls that were were forfeit once;  
 And He that might the vantage best have took  
 Found out the remedy. How would you be,  
 If He, which is the top of judgment, should  
 But look on you as you are? O, think on that;  
 And you will breathe within your lips,  
 As men new made.

Be you content, fair maid;

It is the law, not I condemn your brother;  
 Were he my kinsman, brother, or my son,  
 It should be thus with him; he must die to-morrow.

*Isab.* To-morrow! O, that's sudden! Spare him, spare him!

It's not prepar'd for death. [*Prose for our kitchens*]

We kill the fowl of season,<sup>1</sup> shall we serve heaven

With less respect than we do minister  
 To our gross selves? Good, good my lord,  
 bethink you;

Who is it that hath died for this offence?  
 There's many have committed it.

[*Lucio. [Aside to Isabella] Ay, well said.*]

*Ang.* The law hath not been dead, though  
 it hath slept;

Those many had not dar'd to do that evil,  
 If the first that did the edict infringe  
 Had answer'd for his deed: [now 't is awake,  
 Takes note of what is done, and, like a prophet,  
 Looks in a glass, that shows what future evils,  
 Either new, or by remissness new-conceiv'd,  
 And so in progress to be hatch'd and born,  
 Are now to have no successive degrees,  
 But, ere they live, to end.]

*Isab.* [*Kneeling*] Yet show some pity.

*Ang.* I show it most of all when I show  
 justice;

For then I pity those I do not know,  
 Which a dismiss'd offence would after gall;  
 And do him right that, answering one foul  
 wrong,

Lives not to act another. Be satisfied;  
 Your brother dies to-morrow;—be content.

[*He raises her.*]

*Isab.* So you must be the first that gives  
 this sentence,

And he that suffers. O, it is excellent  
 To use a giant's strength; but it is tyrannous  
 To use it like a giant.

*Lucio. [Aside]* That's well said.

*Isab.* Could great men thunder  
 As Jove himself does, Jove would ne'er be  
 quiet,

For every pelting<sup>2</sup> petty officer  
 Would use his heaven for thunder;  
 Nothing but thunder. Merciful Heaven!  
 Thou rather with thy sharp and sulphurous  
 bolt

Split'st the unwedgenable and gnarled oak  
 Than the soft myrtle; but man, proud man,  
 Drest in a little brief authority,  
 Most ignorant of what he's most assur'd,  
 His glassy essence, like an angry ape,  
 Plays such fantastic tricks before high heaven  
 As makes the angels weep; [who, with our  
 spleens,<sup>3</sup>

Would all themselves laugh mortal.]

*Lucio. [Aside to Isabella]* O, to him, to him,  
 wench! he will relent;  
 He's coming; I perceive 't.

[*Prose. [Aside]* Pray heaven she win him!]  
*Isab.* We cannot weigh our brother with  
 ourself:

Great men may jest with saints; 't is wit in  
 them,

But in the less foul profanation.

*Lucio. [Aside to Isabella]* Thou'rt i' the  
 right, girl; more o' that.

*Isab.* That in the captain's but a choleric  
 word,  
 Which in the soldier is flat blasphemy.

[*Lucio. [Aside to Isabella]* Art avis'd<sup>4</sup> o'  
 that? more on 't.]

*Ang.* Why do you put these sayings upon me?

*Isab.* Because authority, though it err like  
 others,

Hath yet a kind of medicine in itself,  
 That skins<sup>5</sup> the vice o' the top. Go to your  
 bosom;

Knock there, and ask your heart what it doth  
 know

That's like my brother's fault: if it confess

<sup>2</sup> Pelting, poultry.<sup>3</sup> Spleen, supposed to be the seat of mirth.<sup>4</sup> Advis'd, i.e. advised, or conscious.<sup>5</sup> Skins, i.e. cuts only over.

A natural guiltiness such as is his, 139  
Let it not sound a thought upon your tongue  
Against my brother's life.

Ang. [*Aside*] She speaks, and 't is  
Such sense, that my sense breeds with it.—Fare  
you well. [*Going*]

Isab. Gentle my lord, turn back.

Ang. I will bethink me come again to-  
morrow. [*Going to door*]

Is. Hark how I'll bribe you: good my  
lord, turn back.

Ang. [*Returning*] How! bribe me?

Isab. Ay, with such gifts that heaven shall  
share with you.

Lucio. [*Aside to Isabella*] You had marr'd  
all else.

Isab. Not with fond<sup>1</sup> shekels of the tested  
gold, 140

Or stones, whose rates are either rich or poor  
As fancy values them; but with true prayers,  
That shall be up at heaven and enter there  
Ere sun-rise, prayers from preserved souls,  
From fasting maids, whose minds are dedicate  
To nothing temporal.

Ang. [*After a pause*] Well; come to me to-  
morrow.

[*Lucio* [*Aside to Isabella*] Go to; 't is well;  
away!]

Isab. Heaven keep your honour safe!

[*Retiring*]

Amen!

Ang. [*Aside*]  
For I am that way going to temptation,  
Where prayers cross.

Isab. [*Returning*] At what hour to-morrow  
Shall I attend your lordship?

Ang. At any time 'fore noon.

Isab. 'Save your honour!

[*Exeunt Isabella, Lucio, and Provost.*]

Ang. From thee, even from thy virtue!  
What's this, what's this? Is this her fault  
or mine?

The tempter or the tempted, who sins most?  
Ha!

Not she; nor doth she tempt: [but it is I  
That, lying by the violet in the sun,  
Do as the carrion does, not as the flower,  
Corrupt with virtuous season.] Can it be  
That modesty may more betray our sense

Than woman's lightness? Having waste  
ground enough, 170

Shall we desire to raze the sanctuary,  
And pitch our evils there? O, fie, fie, fie!  
What dost thou, or what art thou, Angelo?  
Dost thou desire her foully for those things



Ang. What's this, what's this? Is this her fault or mine?  
The tempter or the tempted.—(Act II. 2. 162, 163.)

That make her good? O, let her brother live:  
Thieves for their robbery have authority  
When judges steal themselves. What, do I  
love her,  
That I desire to hear her speak again,  
And feast upon her eyes? What is't I dream  
on?

O cunning enemy, that to catch a saint, 180  
With saints dost bait thy hook! Most dan-  
gerous

<sup>1</sup> Fond, foolish, trifling.

Is that temptation that doth good us on 182  
To sin in loving virtue: [never could the  
strumpet,  
With all her double vigour, art and nature,  
Once stir my temper; but this virtuous maid  
Subdues me quite.] Ever till now,  
When men were fond,<sup>1</sup> I smil'd and wonder'd  
how. [Exit.

## [SCENE III. A room in a prison.

Enter, severally, DUKE disguised as a friar,  
and PROVOST.

Duke. Hail to you, provost! so I think you  
are.

Prov. I am the provost. What's your will,  
good friar!

Duke. Bound by my charity and my blest  
order,

I come to visit the afflicted spirits  
Here in the prison. Do me the common right  
To let me see them, and to make me know  
The nature of their crimes, that I may minister  
To them accordingly.

Prov. I would do more than that, if more  
were needful.

Look, here comes one: a gentlewoman of mine,<sup>2</sup>  
Who, falling in the flaws<sup>3</sup> of her own youth,  
Hath blister'd her report: she is with child;  
And he that got it, sentenc'd; a young man  
More fit to do another such offence  
Than die for this.

Enter JULIET.

Duke. When must he die?

Prov. As I do think, to-morrow.  
[To Juliet] I have provided for you: stay  
awhile,

And you shall be conducted.

Duke. Repent you, fair one, of the sin you  
carry?

Jul. I do; and bear the shame most patiently.

Duke. I'll teach you how you shall arraign  
your conscience,  
And try your penitence, if it be sound,  
Or hollowly put on.

Jul. I'll gladly learn.

<sup>1</sup> Fond, foolishly fond.

<sup>2</sup> Of mine, i.e. in my custody.

<sup>3</sup> Flaws, gusts of passion.

Duke. Love you the man that wrong'd you?  
Jul. Yes, as I love the woman that wrong'd  
him.

Duke. So then it seems your most offence-  
ful act

Was mutually committed?

Jul. Mutually.

Duke. Then was your sin of heavier kind  
than his.

Jul. I do confess it, and repent it, father.

Duke. 'Tis meet so, daughter: but lest you  
do repent,

As that<sup>4</sup> the sin hath brought you to this  
shame,

Which sorrow is always toward ourselves, not  
heaven,

Showing we would not spare heaven as we  
love it,

But as we stand in fear,—

Jul. I do repent me as it is an evil,  
And take the shame with joy.

Duke. There rest.  
Your partner, as I hear, must die to-morrow,  
And I am going with instruction to him.

Grace go with you! *Benedicite!* [Exit.

Jul. Must die to-morrow! O injurious love,  
That respites me a life, whose very comfort  
Is still a dying horror!

Prov. 'Tis pity of him. [Exeunt.]

## SCENE IV. A room in Angelo's house.

ANGELO discovered, seated.

Ang. When I would pray and think, I think  
and pray

To several<sup>5</sup> subjects. Heaven hath my empty  
words;

Whilst my invention,<sup>6</sup> hearing not my tongue,  
Anchors on Isabel: Heaven in my mouth,

[As if I did but only chew his name;]

And in my heart the strong and swelling evil  
Of my conception. The state, whereon I  
studied,

Is like a good thing, being often read, <sup>8</sup>

Grown fear'd and tedious; yea, my gravity,  
Wherein—let no man hear me—I take pride,

Could I with boot change for an idle plume

<sup>4</sup> As that, because

<sup>5</sup> Several, separate

<sup>6</sup> Invention, imagination.

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that wrong'd

most offence.

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There rest.

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[*Exit.*

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my gravity,

-I take pride,

idle plume

it, separate

Which the air beats for vain. O place, O form,  
How often dost thou with thy case, thy habit,  
Wrench awe from fools, and tie the wiser souls  
To thy false seeming! Blood, thou art blood:  
Let's write good angel on the devil's horn,  
Tis not the devil's crest.

*Enter Servant.*

How now! who's there!

*Serv.* One Isabel, a sister, desires access to  
you.

*Ang.* Teach her the way. [*Exit Servant.*]  
O heavens!

Why does my blood thus muster to my heart,  
Making both it unable for itself,  
And dispossessing all my other parts  
Of necessary fitness?

[*Rises.*  
[So play the foolish throngs with one that  
swoons;

Come all to help him, and so stop the air  
By which he should revive: and even so  
The general,<sup>1</sup> subject to a well-wish'd king,  
Quit their own part, and in obsequious fond-  
ness

Crowd to his presence, where their untaught  
love

Must needs appear offence.]

*Enter ISABELLA.*

How now, fair maid!

*Isab.* I am come to know your pleasure.

*Ang.* That you might know it, would much  
better please me

Than to demand what 'tis. Your brother  
cannot live.

*Isab.* Even so. Heaven keep your honour!  
[*Retiring.*

*Ang.* Yet may he live awhile; and, it may be,  
As long as you or I:—yet he must die.

*Isab.* Under your sentence?

*Ang.* Yea.

*Isab.* When, I beseech you? that in his  
reprieve,  
Longer or shorter, he may be so fitted  
That his soul sicken not.

*Ang.* Ha! fie, these filthy vices! It were  
as good

To pardon him that hath from nature stol'n

A man already made, as to remit  
Their saucy sweetness that do coin heaven's  
image

In stamps that are forbid: 'Tis all as easy  
Falsely to take away a life true made  
As to put mettle in restrained<sup>2</sup> means  
To make a false one.

*Isab.* 'Tis set down so in heaven, but not  
in earth.

*Ang.* Say you so? then I shall pose you  
quickly.

Which had you rather, that the most just law  
Now took your brother's life; or, to redeem  
him,

Give up your body to such sweet uncleanness  
As she that he hath stain'd?

*Isab.* Sir, believe this,  
I had rather give my body than my soul.

*Ang.* I talk not of your soul: our compell'd  
sins

Stand more for number than for account.

*Isab.* How say you?

*Ang.* Nay, I'll not warrant that; for I can  
speak

Against the thing I say.] Answer to this:

I, now the voice of the recorded law,

Pronounce a sentence on your brother's life:

Might there not be a charity in sin

To save this brother's life?

*Isab.* Please you to do 't,  
I'll take it as a peril to my soul,

It is no sin at all, but charity.

*Ang.* Pleas'd you to do 't at peril of your  
soul,

Were equal poise of sin and charity.

*Isab.* That I do beg his life, if it be sin,  
Heaven let me bear it! you granting of my  
suit,

If that be sin, I'll make it my morn prayer  
To have it added to the faults of mine.

And nothing of your answer.

*Ang.* Nay, but hear me.

Your sense pursues not mine: either you're  
ignorant,

Or seem so, craftily; and that's not good.

*Isab.* Let me be ignorant, and in nothing  
good,

But graciously to know I am no better.

<sup>1</sup> The general, i.e. the populace.

<sup>2</sup> Restrained, forbidden

*Ang.* Thus wisdom wishes to appear most bright 78

When it doth tax itself; [as these black masks  
Proclaim an enshield<sup>1</sup> beauty ten times louder  
Than beauty could, display'd.] But mark me;  
To be received plain, I'll speak more gross:  
Your brother is to die.

*Isab.* So.

*Ang.* And his offence is so, as it appears,  
Accountant to the law upon that pain.<sup>2</sup>

*Isab.* True.

*Ang.* Admit no other way to save his life,—  
As I subscribe<sup>3</sup> not that, nor any other,  
But in the loss of question,—that you, his  
sister, 90

Finding yourself desir'd of such a person,  
Whose credit with the judge, or own great  
place,

Could fetch your brother from the manacles  
Of the all-building law; and that there were  
No earthly mean to save him, but that either  
You must lay down the treasures of your body  
To this suppos'd, or else to let him suffer;  
What would you do?

*Isab.* As much for my poor brother as myself:  
That is, were I under the terms of death,  
The impression of keen whips I'd wear as  
rubies, 101

And strip myself to death, as to a bed  
That longing have been sick for, ere I'd yield  
My body up to shame.

*Ang.* Then must your brother die.

*Isab.* And 't were the cheaper way:

Better it were a brother died at once,  
Than that a sister, by redeeming him,  
Should die for ever.

*Ang.* Were not you then as cruel as the  
sentence

That you have slander'd so? 110

*Isab.* Ignomy in ransom and free pardon  
Are of two houses: lawful mercy  
Is nothing kin to foul redemption.

*Ang.* You seem'd of late to make the law  
a tyrant;

And rather prov'd the sliding of your brother  
A merriment than a vice.

*Isab.* O, pardon me, my lord; it oft falls out,

To have what we would have, we speak not  
what we mean:

I something do excuse the thing I hate,  
For his advantage that I dearly love. 120

*Ang.* We are all frail.

*Isab.* Else let my brother die,  
[If not a fedary,<sup>4</sup> but only he,  
Owe and succeed thy weakness.]

*Ang.* Nay, women are frail too.

*Isab.* Ay, as the glasses where they view  
themselves;

Which are as easy broke as they make forms.  
Women! Help heaven! men their creation mar  
In profiting by them. Nay, call us ten times  
frail;

For we are soft as our complexions are, 129  
And credulous to false prints.

*Ang.* I think it well:

And from this testimony of your own sex,  
Since, I suppose, we are made to be no stronger  
Than faults may shake our frames,—let me be  
bold;

I do arrest your words. Be that you are,  
That is, a woman; if you be more, you're none;  
If you be one, as you are well express'd  
By all external warrants, show it now,  
By putting on the destin'd livery.

*Isab.* I have no tongue but one: gentle my  
lord,

Let me entreat you speak the former language.

*Ang.* Plainly conceive, I love you. 141

*Isab.* My brother did love Juliet; and you  
tell me

That he shall die for't.

*Ang.* He shall not, Isabel, if you give me love.

*Isab.* I know your virtue hath a license in't,  
Which seems a little fouler than it is,  
To pluck on others.

*Ang.* Believe me, on mine honour,  
My words express my purpose.

*Isab.* Ha! little honour to be much believ'd,  
And most pernicious purpose! Seeming, seem-  
ing! 151 *[Retreating.]*

I will proclaim thee, Angelo; look for't: 151  
Sign me a present pardon for my brother,  
Or with an outstretch'd throat I'll tell the  
world abroad  
What man thou art.

<sup>1</sup> Enshield, enshielded, i.e. covered.

<sup>2</sup> Pain, penalty.

<sup>3</sup> Subscribe, admit.

<sup>4</sup> Fedary, vassal.



we speak not

I hate,  
y love, 120

my brother die,

are frail too,  
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make forms,  
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I'll tell the

MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

*Ang.* Who will believe thee, Isabel?  
My unsoil'd name, the austere-ness of my life,  
My vouch against you, and my place i' the  
state,  
Will so your accusation overweigh,  
That you shall stifle in your own report,  
And smell of calumny. I have begun,

And now I give my sensual race<sup>1</sup> the rein:  
Fit thy consent to my sharp appetite; 161  
Lay by all nicety and prolixious<sup>2</sup> blushes,  
That banish what they sue for; redeem thy  
brother  
By yielding up thy body to my will;  
Or else he must not only die the death,



Isab. I will proclaim thee, Angelo; look for't.—(Act ii. 4. 151.)

But thy unkindness shall his death draw out  
To lingering sufferance. Answer me to-morrow,  
Or, by the affection<sup>3</sup> that now guides me most,  
I'll prove a tyrant to him. As for you,  
Say what you can, my false o'erweighs your  
true. [Exit.

*Isab.* To whom should I complain? Did I  
tell this, 171  
Who would believe me? O perilous mouths,  
That bear in them one and the self-same tongue,  
Either of condemnation or approval;  
Bidding the law make court'ay to their will;

<sup>1</sup> Race, natural disposition.  
<sup>2</sup> Prolixious, tiresomely prudish. <sup>3</sup> Affection, impulse.

Hooking both right and wrong to the appetite,  
To follow as it draws! I'll to my brother:  
Though he hath fall'n by prompture of the  
blood,

Yet hath he in him such a mind of honour,  
That, had he twenty heads to tender down  
On twenty bloody blocks, he'd yield them up,  
Before his sister should her body stoop  
To such abhor'd pollution. 183

Then, Isabel, live chaste, and, brother, die:  
More than our brother is our chastity.  
I'll tell him yet of Angelo's request,  
And fit his mind to death, for his soul's rest.

[Exit.



## ACT III.

SCENE I. *A room in the prison.*

*Enter DUKE disguised as before, CLAUDIO, and PROVOST.*

*Duke.* So then you hope of pardon from Lord Angelo?

*Claud.* The miserable have no other medicine But only hope:

I have hope to live, and am prepar'd to die.

*Duke.* Be absolute for death;<sup>1</sup> either death or life

Shall thereby be the sweeter. Reason thus with life:

If I do lose thee, I do lose a thing

That none but fools would keep: a breath thou art,

Servile to all the skyey influences,

That dost this habitation, where thou keep'st,

Hourly afflict: merely, thou art death's fool;

For him thou labour'st by thy flight to shun

And yet runn'st toward him still. Thou art not noble;

For all the accommodations that thou bear'st Are nurs'd by baseness. Thou'rt by no means valiant;

For thou dost fear the soft and tender fork

Of a poor worm. Thy best of rest is sleep,

And that thou oft provok'st; yet grossly fear'st

Thy death, which is no more. Thou art not thyself;

For thou exist'st on many a thousand grains

That issue out of dust. Happy thou art not;

For what thou hast not, still thou striv'st to get,

And what thou hast, forgett'st. Thou art not certain;

For thy complexion shifts to strange effects,<sup>2</sup>

After the moon. If thou art rich, thou'rt poor;

For, like an ass whose back with ingots bows,

Thou bear'st thy heavy riches but a journey,

And death unloads thee. [Friend hast thou none;

For thine own bowels, which do call thee sire,

The mere effusion of thy proper loins,

Do curse the gout, serpigo,<sup>3</sup> and the rheum, For ending thee no sooner.] Thou hast nor youth nor age,

But, as it were, an after-dinner's sleep, Dreaming on both; for all thy blessed youth Becomes as aged, and doth beg the alms

Of palsied eld; and when thou art old and rich, Thou hast neither heat, affection, limb, nor beauty,

To make thy riches pleasant. What's yet in this

That bears the name of life? Yet in this life

Lie hid moe thousand deaths;<sup>4</sup> yet death we fear,

That makes these odds all even.

*Claud.* I humbly thank you.

To sue to live, I find I seek to die;

And, seeking death, find life: let it come on.

*Isab.* [Within] What, ho! Peace here; grace and good company!

*Prov.* Who's there? come in: the wish deserves a welcome. [Goes to door.]

*Duke.* Dear sir, ere long I'll visit you again.

*Claud.* Most holy sir, I thank you.

*Isab.* [Outside door] My business is a word or two with Claudio.

*Prov.* And very welcome. [Returns from door, ushering in Isabella] Look, signior, here's your sister.

*Duke.* Provost, a word with you.

*Prov.* As many as you please.

*Duke.* Bring me to hear them speak, where I may be conceal'd.

[Exeunt Duke and Provost; Duke is seen from time to time, listening.]

*Claud.* Now, sister, what's the comfort?

*Isab.* Why,

As all comforts are; most good, most good indeed.

Lord Angelo, having affairs to heaven, Intends you for his swift ambassador,

Where you shall be an everlasting leiger;<sup>5</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Be absolute for death, i.e. be certain you will die.

<sup>2</sup> Effects, expressions.

<sup>3</sup> Serpigo, a creeping eruption of the skin.

<sup>4</sup> Moe thousand deaths i.e. a thousand more deaths.

<sup>5</sup> Leiger (or lieger), resident ambassador.

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ador.

Therefore your best appointment<sup>1</sup> make with  
speed;

To-morrow you set on.

*Claud.* Is there no remedy?

*Isab.* None, but such remedy as, to save a  
head,

To cleave a heart in twain.

*Claud.* But is there any?

*Isab.* Yes, brother, you may live:

There is a devilish mercy in the judge,  
If you'll implore it, that will free your life,  
But fetter you till death.

[*Claud.* Perpetual durance?

*Isab.* Ay, just; perpetual durance, a restraint,  
Though all the world's vastidity you had, 69  
To a determin'd scope.]

*Claud.* But in what nature?

*Isab.* In such a one as, you consenting w't,  
Would bark your honour from that trunk you  
bear,

And leave you naked.

*Claud.* Let me know the point!

*Isab.* O, I do fear thee, Claudio; and I quake,  
Lest thou a feverish life shouldst entertain,  
And six or seven winters more respect  
Than a perpetual honour. Darest thou die?

[*A pause. Claudio turns his face away.*  
The sense of death is most in apprehension;  
And the poor beetle that we tread upon, 79  
In corporal sufferance finds a pang as great  
As when a giant dies.

*Claud.* Why give you me this shame?  
Think you I can a resolution fetch  
From flowery tenderness? If I must die,  
I will encounter darkness as a bride,  
And hug it in mine arms.

*Isab.* There spake my brother; there my  
father's grave  
Did utter forth a voice! [*Embracing him*]

Yes, thou must die:

Thou art too noble to conserve a life  
In base appliances. This outward-sainted  
deputy,

Whose settled visage and deliberate word 90  
Nips youth i'th' head, and follies doth emmew<sup>2</sup>  
As falcon doth the fowl, is yet a devil;

[His filth within being cast, he would appear  
A pond as deep as hell.]

<sup>1</sup> Appointment, equipment.

<sup>2</sup> Emmew, mew up, inclose; and so, clutch, grip.

*Claud.*

The prenzie<sup>3</sup> Angelo?

*Isab.* O, 't is the cunning livery of hell,  
The damned'st body to invest and cover  
In prenzie's guards! Dost thou think, Claudio?  
If I would yield him my virginity,  
Thou mightst be freed.

*Claud.*

O heavens! it cannot be.

*Isab.* Yes, he would give 't thee, from this  
rank offence, 100  
So to offend him still. This night's the time  
That I should do what I abhor to name,  
Or else thou diest to-morrow.

*Claud.*

Thou shalt not do 't.

*Isab.* O, were it but my life,  
I'd throw it down for your deliverance  
As frankly as a pin.

*Claud.* [*Embracing her*] Thanks, dear Isabel.

*Isab.* Be ready, Claudio, for your death to-  
morrow.

*Claud.* [*Yes. Has he affections in him,  
That thus can make him bite the law by the  
nose,*

When he would force it? Sure, it is no sin;  
Or of the deadly seven it is the least. 111

*Isab.* Which is the least?

*Claud.* If it were damnable, he being so  
wise,

Why would he for the momentary trick  
Be perdurably fin'd<sup>4</sup>?—[*Despairingly*] O  
Isabel!

*Isab.* What says my brother?

*Claud.* Death is a fearful thing.

*Isab.* And shamed life a hateful.

*Claud.* Ay, but to die, and go we know not  
where;

To lie in cold obstruction, and to rot;  
This sensible warm motion to become 120  
A kneaded clod; and the delighted<sup>5</sup> spirit  
To bathe in fiery floods, or to reside  
In thrilling region of thick-ribbed ice;  
To be imprison'd in the viewless winds,  
And blown with restless violence round about  
The pendent world; or to be worse than worst  
Of those that lawless and incertain thought  
Imagine howling: 't is too horrible!  
The weariest and most loathed worldly life  
That age, ache, penury, and imprisonment

<sup>3</sup> Prenzie, a word of doubtful meaning; perhaps = prince.

<sup>4</sup> Perdurably fin'd, everlastingly punished.

<sup>5</sup> Delighted, accustomed to delight.

Can lay on nature is a paradise  
To what we fear of death.

*Isab.* Alas, alas!

*Claud.* Sweet sister, let me live:  
What sin you do to save a brother's life,  
Nature dispenses with the deed so far  
That it becomes a virtue.

131

*Isab.* O you beast!  
O faithless coward! O dishonest wretch!  
Wilt thou be made a man out of my vice?  
Is't not a kind of incest, to take life  
From thine own sister's shame? [What should  
I think? 140  
Heaven shield my mother play'd my father fair!



*Isab.* O faithless coward! O dishonest wretch!  
Wilt thou be made a man out of my vice?—(Act iii. 1. 137, 138.)

For such a warped slip of wilderness<sup>1</sup>  
[Ne'er issued from his blood.] Take my defiance;  
Die, perish! Might but my bending down  
Reprive thee from thy fate, it should proceed:  
I'll pray a thousand prayers for thy death,  
No word to save thee.

*Claud.* Nay, hear me, Isabel.

*Isab.* O, fie, fie, fie!  
Thy sin's not accidental, but a trade. 149  
Mercy to thee would prove itself a bawd:  
'T is best that thou diest quickly. [Going.  
*Claud.* O, hear me, Isabella!

*Re-enter DUKE, disguised as before.*

*Duke.* Vouchsafe a word, young sister, but  
one word.

*Isab.* What is your will?

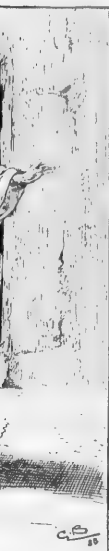
*Duke.* Might you dispense with your leisure,  
I would by and by have some speech with you:  
the satisfaction I would require is likewise  
your own benefit.

*Isab.* I have no superfluous leisure; my stay  
must be stolen out of other affairs; but I will  
attend you a while. [Walks apart.

*Duke.* Son, I have overheard what hath  
pass'd between you and your sister. An<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Wilderness, wildness.

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MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

had never the purpose to corrupt her; only he hath made an assay of her virtue to practise his judgment with the disposition of natures: she, having the truth of honour in her, hath made him that gracious denial which he is most glad to receive. I am confessor to Angelo, and I know this to be true; therefore prepare yourself to death: do not satisfy your resolution with hopes that are fallible: to-morrow you must die; go to your knees, and make ready. 172

*Claud.* Let me ask my sister pardon. [*Crosses to Isabella, kneels, and kisses her hand.*] I am so out of love with life, that I will sue to be rid of it.

*Duke.* Hold you there: farewell. [*Exit Claudio; Duke comes down.*] Provost, a word with you!

*Re-enter Provost.*

*Prov.* What's your will, father? 178

*Duke.* That now you are come, you will be gone. Leave me a while with the maid: my mind promises with my habit no loss shall touch her by my company.

*Prov.* In good time. [*Exit.*

*Duke.* The hand that hath made you fair hath made you good: the goodness that is cheap in beauty makes beauty brief in goodness; but grace, being the soul of your complexion, shall keep the body of it ever fair. The assault that Angelo hath made to you, fortune hath convey'd to my understanding; and, but that frailty hath examples for his falling, I should wonder at Angelo. How will you do to content this substitute, and to save your brother? 193

*Isab.* I am now going to resolve<sup>1</sup> him, I had rather my brother die by the law than my son should be unlawfully born. But O how much is the good duke deceiv'd in Angelo! If ever he return, and I can speak to him, I will open my lips in vain, or discontinue his government. 199

*Duke.* That shall not be much amiss: yet, as the matter now stands, he will avoid your accusation: "he made trial of you only." Therefore fasten your ear on my advisings: to

the love I have in doing good a remedy presents itself. I do make myself believe that you may most uprightly do a poor wronged lady a merited benefit; redeem your brother from the angry law; do no stain to your own gracious person; and much please the absent duke, if peradventure he shall ever return to have hearing of this business. 211

*Isab.* Let me hear you speak further. I have spirit to do any thing that appears not foul in the truth of my spirit.

*Duke.* Virtue is bold, and goodness never fearful. Have you not heard speak of Mariana, the sister of Frederick the great soldier who miscarried at sea?

*Isab.* I have heard of the lady, and good words went with her name. 220

*Duke.* She should this Angelo have married; was affianced to her oath, and the nuptial appointed: between which time of the contract and limit of the solemnity, her brother Frederick was wreck'd at sea, having in that perished vessel the dowry of his sister. But mark how heavily this befell to the poor gentlewoman: there she lost a noble and renowned brother, in his love toward her ever most kind and natural; with him, the portion and sinew of her fortune, her marriage-dowry; with both, her combinate<sup>2</sup> husband, this well-seeming Angelo. 232

*Isab.* Can this be so? did Angelo so leave her?

*Duke.* Left her in her tears, and dried not one of them with his comfort; swallowed his vows whole, pretending in her discoveries of dishonour: in few, bestow'd her on her own lamentation, which she yet wears for his sake; and he, a marble to her tears, is washed with them, but relents not. 239

*Isab.* What a merit were it in death to take this poor maid from the world! What corruption in this life, that it will let this man live! But how out of this can she avail?

*Duke.* It is a rupture that you may easily heal: and the cure of it not only saves your brother, but keeps you from dishonour in doing it.

*Isab.* Show me how, good father. 247

<sup>1</sup> Resolve, inform.

<sup>2</sup> Combine, contracted.

*Duke.* This forenamed maid hath yet in her the continuance of her first affection: his unjust unkindness, that in all reason should have quenched her love, hath, like an impediment in the current, made it more violent and unruly. Go you to Angelo; answer his requiring with a plausible obedience; agree with his demands to the point; only refer yourself<sup>1</sup> to this advantage, first, that your stay with him may not be long; that the time may have all shadow and silence in it; and the place answer to convenience. This being granted in course,—and now follows all,—we shall advise this wronged maid to stand up your appointment, go in your place; if the encounter acknowledge itself hereafter, it may compel him to her recompense: and here, by this, is your brother saved, your honour untainted, the poor Mariana advantaged, and the corrupt deputy scaled.<sup>2</sup> The maid will I frame and make fit for his attempt. If you think well to carry this as you may, the doubleness of the benefit defends the deceit from reproof. What think you of it?

*Isab.* The image of it gives me content already; and I trust it will grow to a most prosperous perfection. 272

*Duke.* It lies much in your holding up. Haste you speedily to Angelo: if for this night he entreat you to his bed, give him promise of satisfaction. I will presently to Saint Luke's: there, at the moated grange, resides this dejected Mariana. At that place call upon me; and dispatch with Angelo, that it may be quickly.

*Isab.* I thank you for this comfort. Fare you well, good father. [*Exeunt severally.*]

SCENE II. *The street before the prison.*

*Enter, on one side, DUKE disguised as before; on the other, ELBOW, and Officers with POMPEY; the DUKE keeps, at first, in the background.*

*Elb.* Nay, if there be no remedy for it, but that you will needs buy and sell men and women like beasts, we shall have all the world drink brown and white bastard.<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Refer yourself, i.e. have recourse to.

<sup>2</sup> Scaled, laid bare, exposed.

<sup>3</sup> Bastard, a sweet Spanish wine.

*Duke.* O heavens! what stuff is here?

*Pom.* 'Twas never merry world since, of two usuries, the merriest was put down, and the worse allow'd by order of law a furr'd gown to keep him warm; and furr'd with fox and lamb-skins too, to signify, that craft, being richer than innocency, stands for the facing. 11

*Elb.* Come your way, sir. [*Duke advances*] Bless you, good father friar.

*Duke.* And you, good brother father.<sup>4</sup> What offence hath this man made you, sir?

*Elb.* Marry, sir, he hath offended the law: [and, sir, we take him to be a thief too, sir; for we have found upon him, sir, a strange pick-lock, which we have sent to the deputy.]

*Duke.* Fie, sirrah! [a bawd, a wicked bawd!] The evil that thou causest to be done, 21 That is thy means to live. Do thou but think What 't is to cram a maw or clothe a back From such a filthy vice: say to thyself, From their abominable and beastly touches I drink, I eat, array myself, and live. Canst thou believe thy living is a life, So stinkingly depending? Go mend, go mend.

*Pom.* Indeed, it does stink in some sort, sir; but yet, sir, I would prove— 30

*Duke.* Nay, if the devil have given thee proofs of his sin, Thou wilt prove his. ] Take him to prison, officer:

Correction and instruction must both work Ere this rude beast will profit.

*Elb.* He must before the deputy, sir; [he has given him warning: the deputy cannot abide a whoremaster: if he be a whoremonger, and comes before him, he were as good go a mile on his errand.

*Duke.* That we were all, as some would seem to be, 40

From our faults, as faults from seeming, free!

*Elb.* His neck will come to your waist,—a cord, sir. ]

*Pom.* I spy comfort; I cry bail. Here's a gentleman and a friend of mine.

*Enter LUCIO.*

*Lucio.* How now, noble Pompey! What,

<sup>4</sup> Good brother father, a play on Elbow's father friar = father brother (*frère*).

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*Duke advances*]

father.<sup>4</sup> What  
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deputy. ]  
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pey! What,  
his father friar=

MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

at the wheels of Cesar! art thou led in triumph? [What, is there none of Pygmalion's images, newly made woman, to be had now, for putting the hand in the pocket and extracting clutch'd? What reply, ha? What sayest thou to this tune, matter, and method? Is't not drown'd? the last rain, ha? What say'st thou, Trot? Is the world as it was, man?

Which is the way? Is it sad, and few words? or how? The trick of it?

*Duke.* Still thus, and thus; still worse!

*Lucio.* How doth my dear morsel, thy mistress! Procures she still, ha?

*Pom.* Troth, sir, she hath eaten up all her beef, and she is herself in the tub. 60

*Lucio.* Why, 't is good; it is the right of it;



*Duke.* Canst thou believe thy living is a life,  
So stinkingly depending? Go mend, go mend.—(Act iii. 2. 27, 28.)

it must be so: ever your fresh whore and your powder'd bawd: an unshunn'd consequence; it must be so. ] Art going to prison, Pompey?

*Pom.* Yes, faith, sir.

*Lucio.* Why, 't is not amiss, Pompey. Farewell: go, say I sent thee thither. [For debt, Pompey? or how? 68

*Eth.* For being a bawd, for being a bawd.

*Lucio.* Well, then, imprison him: if imprisonment be the due of a bawd, why, 't is his right: bawd is he doubtless, and of antiquity too; bawd-born. ] Farewell, good Pompey. Commend me to the prison, Pompey: you will

turn good husband<sup>1</sup> now, Pompey; you will keep the house.

*Pom.* I hope, sir, your good worship will be my bail.

*Lucio.* No, indeed, will I not, Pompey; it is not the wear.<sup>2</sup> I will pray, Pompey, to increase your bondage: if you take it not patiently, why, your mettle is the more. Adieu, trusty Pompey. Bless you, friar.

*Duke.* And you. 82

<sup>1</sup> Husband, i.e. house-band.

<sup>2</sup> The wear, i.e. the fashion.

*Lucio.* Does Bridget paint still, Pompey, ha?

*Elb.* Come your ways, sir; come.

[*Constables advance.*]

*Pom.* You will not bail me, then, sir?

*Lucio.* Then, Pompey, nor now. What news abroad, friar? what news?

*Elb.* Come your ways, sir; come.

[*Constables seize Pompey.*]

*Lucio.* Go to kennel, Pompey, go. [*Exeunt Elbow, and Officers with Pompey.*] What news, friar, of the duke? [*Duke turns his face away.*]

*Duke.* I know none. Can you tell me of any?

*Lucio.* Some say he is with the Emperor of Russia; other some, he is in Rome: but where is he, think you?

*Duke.* I know not where; but wheresoever, I wish him well.

*Lucio.* It was a mad fantastical trick of him to steal from the state, and usurp the beggary he was never born to. Lord Angelo dukes it well in his absence; he puts transgression to't. 101

*Duke.* He does well in't.

*Lucio.* A little more lenity to lechery would do no harm in him: something too crabbed that way, friar.

*Duke.* It is too general a vice, and severity must cure it.

*Lucio.* Yes, in good sooth, the vice is of a great kindred; it is well allied: but it is impossible to extirp it quite, friar, till eating and drinking be put down. They say this Angelo was not made by man and woman, after this downright way of creation: is it true, think you?

*Duke.* How should he be made, then?

*Lucio.* Some report a sea-maid spawned him; [some, that he was begot between two stock-fishes. But it is certain that, when he makes water, his urine is congealed ice; that I know to be true: and he is a motion<sup>1</sup> generative; that's infallible.] 119

*Duke.* You are pleasant, sir, and speak apace.

*Lucio.* Why, what a ruthless thing is this in him, [for the rebellion of a codpiece to take away the life of a man!] Would the duke that is absent have done this? Ere he would have hanged a man for the getting a hundred bas-

tards, he would have paid for the nursing a thousand: [he had some feeling of the sport; he knew the service, and that instructed him to mercy.]

*Duke.* I never heard the absent duke much detected<sup>2</sup> for women; he was not inclin'd that way. 130

*Lucio.* O, sir, you are deceiv'd.

*Duke.* 'Tis not possible.

*Lucio.* Who, not the duke? yes, your beggar of fifty; and his use was to put a ducat in her clack-dish: the duke had crotchets in him. He would be drunk too; that let me inform you.

*Duke.* You do him wrong, surely.

*Lucio.* Sir, I was an inward<sup>3</sup> of his. A shy fellow was the duke: and I believe I know the cause of his withdrawing. 140

*Duke.* What, I prithee, might be the cause?

*Lucio.* No, pardon; 'tis a secret must be lock'd within the teeth and the lips: but this I can let you understand, the greater file of the subject held the duke to be wise.

*Duke.* Wise! why, no question but he was.

*Lucio.* A very superficial, ignorant, unweighing fellow.

*Duke.* Either this is envy in you, folly, or mistaking: the very stream of his life and the business he hath helmed<sup>4</sup> must, upon a warranted need, give him a better proclamation. Let him be but testimonied in his own bringings-forth, and he shall appear to the envious a scholar, a statesman, and a soldier. Therefore you speak unskilfully; or if your knowledge be more, it is much darken'd in your mind's eye.

*Lucio.* Sir, I know him, and I love him.

*Duke.* Love talks with better knowledge, and knowledge with dearer love. 150

*Lucio.* Come, sir, I know what I know.

*Duke.* I can hardly believe that, since you know not what you speak. But, if ever the duke return, as our prayers are he may, let me desire you to make your answer before him. If it be honest you have spoke, you have courage to maintain it: I am bound to call upon you; and, I pray you, your name?

<sup>2</sup> Detected, accused.

<sup>3</sup> An inward, an intimate

<sup>4</sup> Helmed, i.e. steered through.



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*Lucio.* Sir, my name is Lucio; well known  
to the duke. 170

*Duke.* He shall know you better, sir, if I  
may live to report you.

*Lucio.* I fear you not.

*Duke.* O, you hope the duke will return no  
more; or you imagine me too unhurtful an  
opposite. But, indeed, I can do you little  
harm; you'll forswear this again.

*Lucio.* I'll be hang'd first: thou art deceiv'd  
in me, friar. [But no more of this. Canst thou  
tell if Claudio die to-morrow or no? 180

*Duke.* Why should he die, sir?

*Lucio.* Why, for filling a bottle with a tun-  
dish.<sup>1</sup> I would the duke we talk of were  
return'd again: this ungenitur'd agent will  
unpeople the province with continency; spar-  
rows must not build in his house-eaves, because  
they are lecherous. The duke yet would have  
dark deeds darkly answered; he would never  
bring them to light: would he were return'd!  
Marry, this Claudio is condemned for untrus-  
sing. ] Farewell, good friar: I prithee, pray for  
me. The duke, I say to thee again, would eat  
mutton on Fridays. He's now past it; yet  
(and I say to thee) he would mouth with a  
beggar, though she smelt brown bread and  
garlic: say that I said so. Farewell. [Exit.

*Duke.* No might nor greatness in mortality  
Can censure scape; back-wounding calumny  
The whitest virtue strikes. What king so  
strong

Can tie the gall up in the slanderous tongue?  
But who comes here? [He retires.

Enter ESCALUS, PROVOST, and Officers [with  
MISTRESS OVERDONE.]

*Escal.* [Go; away with her to prison!

*Mrs. Ov.* Good my lord, be good to me; your  
honour is accounted a merciful man; good  
my lord.

*Escal.* Double and treble admonition, and  
still forfeit<sup>2</sup> in the same kind? This would  
make mercy swear and play the tyrant.

*Prov.* A bawd of eleven years' continuance,  
may it please your honour. 200

*Mrs. Ov.* My lord, this is one Lucio's infor-  
mation against me. Mistress Kate Keepdown

was with child by him in the duke's time; he  
promised her marriage; his child is a year  
and a quarter old, come Philip and Jacob;<sup>3</sup> I  
have kept it myself; and see how he goes  
about to abuse me!



*Duke.* I pray you, sir, of what disposition was the duke?  
—(Act III. 2. 244, 245.)

*Escal.* That fellow is a fellow of much  
license:—let him be called before us. Away  
with her to prison! Go to; no more words.  
[Exit Officers with Mrs. Overdone.] Provost,  
my brother Angelo will not be alter'd; Claudio  
must die to-morrow: let him be furnish'd

<sup>3</sup> Come Philip and Jacob, i.e. on the 1st of May, the  
feast of St. Philip and St. James (Jacobus).

<sup>1</sup> Tun-dish, funnel.

<sup>2</sup> Forfeit, liable to penalty.



with divines, and have all charitable preparation. If my brother wrought by my pity, it should not be so with him.

*Prov.* [Pointing to Duke] So, please you, this friar hath been with him, and advis'd him for th' entertainment of death.

*Escal.* Good even, good father.

*Duke.* [Advancing] Bliss and goodness on you!

*Escal.* Of whence are you?

*Duke.* Not of this country, though my chance is now

230

To use it for my time: I am a brother Of gracious order, late come from the See In special business from his holiness.

*Escal.* What news abroad i' the world?

*Duke.* None, but that there is so great a fever on goodness, that the dissolution of it must cure it: novelty is only in request; and it is as dangerous to be aged in any kind of course, as it is virtuous to be constant in any undertaking: there is scarce truth enough alive to make societies secure; but security<sup>1</sup> enough to make fellowship accurs'd; much upon this riddle runs the wisdom of the world. This news is old enough, yet it is every day's news. I pray you, sir, of what disposition was the duke?

*Escal.* One that, above all other strifes, contented especially to know himself.

*Duke.* What pleasure was he given to? 248

*Escal.* Rather rejoicing to see another merry, than merry at any thing which profess'd to make him rejoice: a gentleman of all temperance. But leave we him to his events, with a prayer they may prove prosperous; and let me desire to know how you find Claudio prepar'd. I am made to understand that you have lent him visitation.

*Duke.* He professes to have received no sinister measure from his judge, but most

willingly humbles himself to the determination of justice: yet had he fram'd to himself by the instruction of his frailty, many deceiving promises of life; which I, by my good leisure, have discredited to him, and now is he resolv'd to die.

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*Escal.* You have paid the heavens your function, and the prisoner the very debt of your calling. I have labour'd for the poor gentleman to the extremest shore of my modesty; but my brother justice have I found so severe, that he hath forc'd me to tell him he is indeed Justice.

*Duke.* If his own life answer the straitness of his proceeding, it shall become him well; wherein if he chance to fail, he hath sentenced himself.

271

*Escal.* I am going to visit the prisoner. Fare you well.

*Duke.* Peace be with you!

[*Exeunt Escalus and Procost.*]

He who the sword of heaven will bear  
Should be as holy as severe;  
Pattern in himself to know,  
Grace to stand, and virtue go;  
More nor less to others paying  
Than by self-offences weighing.  
Shame to him whose cruel striking  
Kills for faults of his own liking!  
Twice treble shame on Angelo,  
To weed my vice, and let his grow!  
O, what may man within him hide,  
Though angel on the outward side!  
How may likeness, made in crimes,  
Making practice on the times,  
To draw with idle spiders' strings  
Most ponderous and substantial things! 280  
Craft against vice I must apply:  
With Angelo to-night shall lie  
His old betrothed but despised;  
So disguise shall, by the disguised,  
Pay with falsehood false exacting,  
And perform an old contracting.

[*Exit.*]

<sup>1</sup> Security, i.e. suretyship.

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ACT IV.

[SCENE. I. *The Moated Grange at St. Luke's.*

*MARIANA and a Boy singing.*

*Song.*

Take, O, take those lips away,  
That so sweetly were forsworn;  
And those eyes, the break of day,  
Lights that do mislead the morn:

But my kisses bring again.

Bring again;

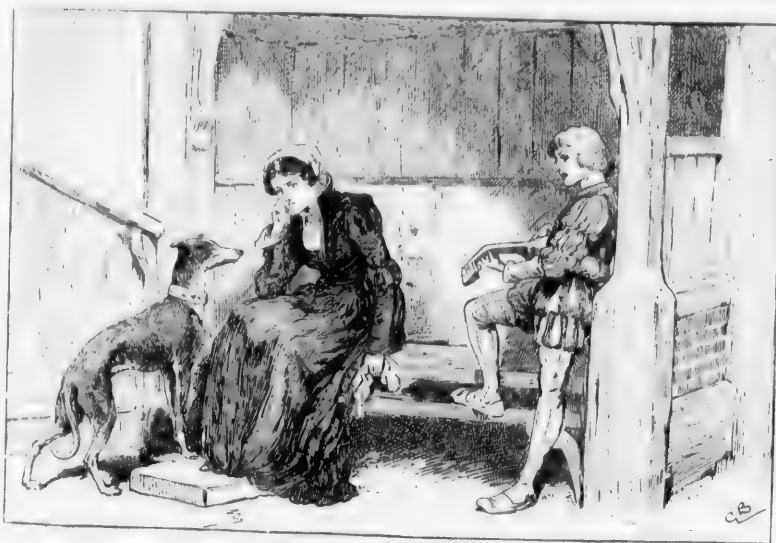
Seals of love, but seal'd in vain,

Seal'd in vain.

*Mari.* Break off thy song, and haste thee  
quick away:

Here comes a man of comfort, whose advice  
Hath often still'd my brawling discontent.

[*Exit Boy.*]



Take, O, take those lips away,  
That so sweetly were forsworn.—(Act iv. 1. 1, 2.)

*Enter DUKE disguised as before.*

I cry you mercy, sir; and well could wish 10  
You had not found me here so musical.  
Let me excuse me, and believe me so,  
My mirth it much displeas'd, but pleas'd my  
woe.

*Duke.* 'Tis good: though music oft hath such  
a charm

To make bad good, and good provoke to harm.  
I pray you, tell me, hath any body inquired

for me here to-day? much upon this time have  
I promised here to meet.

*Mari.* You have not been inquired after: I  
have sat here all day. 20

*Duke.* I do constantly<sup>1</sup> believe you. The  
time is come even now. I shall crave your  
forbearance a little: may be I will call upon  
you anon, for some advantage to yourself.

*Mari.* I am always bound to you. [*Exit.*]

<sup>1</sup> Constantly, firmly.

*Enter ISABELLA.*

*Duke.* Very well met, and welcome.  
What is the news from this good deputy?

*Isab.* He hath a garden circummur'd with brick,

Whose western side is with a vineyard back'd;  
And to that vineyard is a planched<sup>1</sup> gate, 30  
That makes his opening with this bigger key:  
This other doth command a little door  
Which from the vineyard to the garden leads;  
There have I made my promise  
Upon the heavy middle of the night  
To call upon him.

*Duke.* But shall you on your knowledge find  
this way?

*Isab.* I have ta'en adue and wary note upon't:  
With whispering and most guilty diligence,  
In action all of precept, he did show me 40  
The way twice o'er.

*Duke.* Are there no other tokens  
Between you greed<sup>2</sup> concerning her observance?

*Isab.* No, none, but only a repair i' the dark;  
And that I have possess'd<sup>3</sup> him my most stay  
Can be but brief; for I have made him know  
I have a servant comes with me along,  
That stays upon me; whose persuasion is  
I come about my brother.

*Duke.* 'Tis well borne up.  
I have not yet made known to Mariana  
A word of this. What, ho! within! come  
forth! 50

*Re-enter MARIANA.*

I pray you, be acquainted with this maid:  
She comes to do you good.

*Isab.* I do desire the like.

*Duke.* Do you persuade yourself that I  
respect you?

*Mari.* Good friar, I know you do, and have  
found it.

*Duke.* Take, then, this your companion by  
the hand,

Who hath a story ready for your ear.  
I shall attend your leisure; but make haste;  
The vaporous night approaches.

*Mari.* Will't please you walk aside?  
[*Exeunt Mariana and Isabella.*]

<sup>1</sup> Planched, made of planks or boards.

<sup>2</sup> Greed, i.e. agreed.

<sup>3</sup> Possess'd, informed.

*Duke.* O place and greatness, millions of  
false eyes 60  
Are stuck upon thee! volumes of report  
Run with these false and most contrarious  
quests  
Upon thy doings: thousand escapes<sup>4</sup> of wit  
Make thee the father of their idle dream,  
And rack thee in their fancies.

*Re-enter MARIANA and ISABELLA.*

Welcome! How agreed?  
*Isab.* She'll take the enterprise upon her,  
father,  
If you advise it.

*Duke.* It is not my consent,  
But my entreaty too.

*Isab.* Little have you to say  
When you depart from him, but, soft and low,  
"Remember now my brother."

*Mari.* Fear me not.  
*Duke.* Nor, gentle daughter, fear you not  
at all. 71

He is your husband on a pre-contract:  
To bring you thus together, 't is no sin,  
Sith that the justice of your title to him  
Doth flourish<sup>5</sup> the deceit. Come, let us go:  
Our corn's to reap, for yet our tilth's to sow.  
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. A room in the prison.

*Enter PROVOST and POMPEY.*

*Prov.* Come hither, sirrah. Can you cut off  
a man's head?

*Pom.* If the man be a bachelor, sir, I can;  
but if he be a married man, he's his wife's  
head, and I can never cut off a woman's head.

*Prov.* Come, sir, leave me your snatches,<sup>6</sup>  
and yield me a direct answer. To-morrow  
morning are to die Claudio and Barnardine.  
Here is in our prison a common executioner,  
who in his office lacks a helper; if you will  
take it on you to assist him, it shall redeem  
you from your gyves; if not, you shall have  
your full time of imprisonment, and your de-  
liverance with an unpitied whipping, [for you  
have been a notorious bawd.]

<sup>4</sup> Escapes, sallies.

<sup>5</sup> Flourish, colour, varnish.

<sup>6</sup> Snatches, scraps of wit.

ss, millions of  
of report  
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apes<sup>1</sup> of wit  
idle dream,

SABELLA.

How agreed?  
rise upon her,

consent,

ave you to say  
t, soft and low,

Fear me not.  
, fear you not

contract:

is no sin,  
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ne, let us go:  
tilth's to sow.

[*Exeunt.*]

he prison.

OMPEY.

Can you cut off

elor, sir, I can;  
he's his wife's

woman's head.  
our snatches,<sup>6</sup>

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ad Barnardine.

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ping, [for you

sh.

*Pom.* Sir, [I have been an unlawful bawd time out of mind; but yet] I will be content to be a lawful hangman. I would be glad to receive some instruction from my fellow partner.

*Prov.* What, ho, Abhorson! Where's Abhorson, there? 21

*Enter ABHORSON.*

*Abhor.* Do you call, sir?

*Prov.* Sirrah, here's a fellow will help you to-morrow in your execution. If you think it meet, compound with him by the year, and let him abide here with you; if not, use him for the present, and dismiss him. [He cannot plead his estimation with you; he hath been a bawd.]

*Abhor.* [A bawd, sir?] fie upon him! he will discredit our mystery. 30

*Prov.* Go to, sir; you weigh equally; a feather will turn the scale. [*Exit.*]

*Pom.* Pray, sir, by your good favour,—for surely, sir, a good favour you have, but that you have a hanging look,—do you call, sir, your occupation a mystery?

*Abhor.* Ay, sir; a mystery.

*Pom.* Painting, sir, I have heard say, is a mystery; [and your whores, sir, being members of my occupation, using painting, do prove my occupation a mystery:] but what mystery there should be in hanging, if I should be hang'd, I cannot imagine.

*Abhor.* Sir, it is a mystery.

*Pom.* Proof?

*Abhor.* Every true man's apparel fits your thief.

*Pom.* If it be too little for your thief, your true man thinks it big enough; if it be too big for your thief, your thief thinks it little enough: so every true man's apparel fits your thief. 50

*Re-enter PROVOST.*

*Prov.* Are you agreed?

*Pom.* Sir, I will serve him; [for I do find your hangman is a more penitent trade than your bawd; he doth oftener ask forgiveness.]

*Prov.* You, sirrah, provide your block and your axe to-morrow four o'clock.

*Abhor.* [Come on, bawd!] I will instruct thee in my trade; follow. 58

*Pom.* I do desire to learn, sir: and I hope, if you have occasion to use me for your own turn, you shall find me yare;<sup>1</sup> for, truly, sir, for your kindness I owe you a good turn.

*Prov.* Call hither Barnardine and Claudio:

[*Exeunt Pompey and Abhorson.*]



*Pom.* Pray, sir, by your good favour,—for surely, sir, a good favour you have, but that you have a hanging look,—... your occupation a mystery?—(Act iv. 2. 33-36.)

The one has my pity; not a jot the other,  
Being a murderer, though he were my brother.

*Enter CLAUDIO.*

Look, here's the warrant, Claudio, for thy death:

'T is now dead midnight, and by eight to-morrow

<sup>1</sup> Yare, ready.

Thou must be made immortal. Where's Barnardine?

*Claud.* As fast lock'd up in sleep as guiltless labour

When it lies starkly in the traveller's bones:  
He will not wake.

*Prov.* Who can do good on him?  
Well, go, prepare yourself. [*Knocking within.*]

But, hark, what noise?  
Heaven give your spirits comfort! [*Exit Claudio.*] By and by!

I hope it is some pardon or reprieve  
For the most gentle Claudio.

*Enter DUKE disguised as before, with a letter having a large seal.*

Welcome, father.

*Duke.* The best and wholesom'st spirits of  
the night

Envelop you, good provost! Who call'd here  
of late?

*Prov.* None, since the curfew rung.

*Duke.* Not Isabel?

*Prov.* No.

*Duke.* They will, then, ere 't be long.

*Prov.* What comfort is for Claudio?

*Duke.* There's some in hope.

*Prov.* It is a bitter deputy.

*Duke.* Not so, not so; his life is parallel'd  
Even with the stroke and line of his great  
justice:

He doth with holy abstinence subdue  
That in himself which he spurs on his  
power

To qualify<sup>1</sup> in others: were he meal'd<sup>2</sup> with  
that

Which he corrects, then were he tyrannous;  
But this being so, he's just. [*Knocking within.*]

Now are they come.

[*Exit Provost.*]

This is a gentle provost: seldom when  
The steeld gaoler is the friend of men.

[*Knocking within.*]  
How now! what noise? That spirit's pos-  
sess'd with haste

That wounds the unsisting<sup>3</sup> postern with these  
strokes.

<sup>1</sup> Qualify, temper, abate.

<sup>2</sup> Meal'd, sprinkled, defiled.

<sup>3</sup> Unsisting, perhaps = shaking.

*Re-enter PROVOST.*

*Prov.* [*Speaking to one at the door*] There he  
must stay until the officer

Arise to let him in: he is call'd up.

*Duke.* Have you no countermand for Claudio  
yet,

But he must die to-morrow?

*Prov.* None, sir, none.

*Duke.* As near the dawning, provost, as it is,  
You shall hear more ere morning.

*Prov.* Happily<sup>4</sup>  
You something know; yet I believe there  
comes

No countermand; no such example have we:  
Besides, upon the very siege<sup>5</sup> of justice  
Lord Angelo hath to the public ear  
Profess'd the contrary.

*Enter a Messenger (with large sealed letter).*

*Duke.* This is his lordship's man.

*Prov.* And here comes Claudio's pardon.

*Mes.* [*Giving the letter, which Provost opens and reads*] My lord hath sent you this note;  
and by me this further charge, that you  
swerve not from the smallest article of it,  
neither in time, matter, or other circumstance.  
Good morrow; for, as I take it, it is almost  
day.

*Prov.* I shall obey him. [*Exit Messenger.*]

*Duke.* [*Aside*] This is his pardon, purchas'd  
by such sin

For which the pardoner himself is in.  
Hence hath offence his quick celerity,  
When it is borne in high authority:  
When vice makes mercy, mercy's so extended,  
That for the fault's love is the offender friended.  
Now, sir, what news?

*Prov.* I told you. Lord Angelo, belike  
thinking me remiss in mine office, awakens  
me with this unwonted putting-on;<sup>6</sup> methinks  
strangely, for he hath not used it before.

*Duke.* Pray you, let's hear.

*Prov.* [*Reads*]

"Whatsoever you may hear to the contrary, let  
Claudio be executed by four of the clock; and in  
the afternoon Barnardine: for my better satisfaction,

<sup>4</sup> Happily, i.e. haply.

<sup>5</sup> Siege (French *siege*), seat.

<sup>6</sup> Putting-on, incitement.

let me have Claudio's head sent me by five. Let this be duly performed; with a thought that more depends on it than we must yet deliver. Thus fail not to do your office, as you will answer it at your peril."

What say you to this, sir? 131

*Duke.* What is that Barnardine who is to be executed in the afternoon?

*Prov.* A Bohemian born, but here nurs'd up and bred; one that is a prisoner nine years old.

*Duke.* How came it that the absent duke had not either deliver'd him to his liberty or executed him? I have heard it was ever his manner to do so. 139

*Prov.* His friends still wrought reprieves for him: and, indeed, his fact,<sup>1</sup> till now in the government of Lord Angelo, came not to an undoubtful proof.

*Duke.* It is now apparent?

*Prov.* Most manifest, and not denied by himself.

*Duke.* Hath he borne himself penitently in prison? how seems he to be touch'd? 143

*Prov.* A man that apprehends death no more dreadfully but as a drunken sleep; careless, reckless, and fearless of what's past, present, or to come; insensible of mortality, and desperately mortal.

*Duke.* He wants advice.

*Prov.* He will hear none: he hath evermore had the liberty of the prison; give him leave to escape hence, he would not: drunk many times a day, if not many days entirely drunk. We have very oft awak'd him, as if to carry him to execution, and showed him a seeming warrant for it: it hath not moved him at all.

*Duke.* More of him anon. There is written in your brow, provost, honesty and constancy: if I read it not true, my ancient skill beguiles me; but, in the boldness of my cunning, I will lay myself in hazard. Claudio, whom here you have warrant to execute, is no greater forfeit to the law than Angelo, who hath sentenced him. To make you understand this in a manifested effect, I crave but four days' respite; for the which you are to do me both a present and a dangerous courtesy. 172

*Prov.* Pray, sir, in what?

*Duke.* In the delaying death.

*Prov.* Alack, how may I do it, having the hour limited, and an express command, under penalty, to deliver his head in the view of Angelo? I may make my case as Claudio's, to cross this in the smallest. 179

*Duke.* By the vow of mine order I warrant you, if my instructions may be your guide. Let this Barnardine be this morning executed, and his head borne to Angelo.

*Prov.* Angelo hath seen them both, and will discover the favour.<sup>2</sup>

*Duke.* O, death's a great disguiser; and you may add to it. Shave the head, and tie the beard; and say it was the desire of the penitent to be so bar'd before his death: you know the course is common. If any thing fall to you upon this, more than thanks and good fortune, by the saint whom I profess, I will plead against it with my life.

*Prov.* Pardon me, good father; it is against my oath.

*Duke.* Were you sworn to the duke, or to the deputy?

*Prov.* To him, and to his substitutes.

*Duke.* You will think you have made no offence, if the duke avouch the justice of your dealing? 201

*Prov.* But what likelihood is in that?

*Duke.* Not a resemblance, but a certainty. Yet since I see you fearful that neither my coat, integrity, nor persuasion can with ease attempt<sup>3</sup> you, I will go further than I meant, to pluck all fears out of you. Look you, sir, [*showing him the letter*] here is the hand and seal of the duke: you know the character, I doubt not; and the signet is not strange to you.

*Prov.* I know them both. 210

*Duke.* The contents of this is the return of the duke; you shall anon over-read it at your pleasure; where you shall find, within these two days he will be here. This is a thing that Angelo knows not; for he this very day receives letters of strange tenour; perchance of the duke's death, perchance entering into some monastery, but by chance nothing of what is writ. Look, the unfolding star calls up the

<sup>1</sup> Fact, deed, crime.

<sup>2</sup> Discover the favour, recognize the face.

<sup>3</sup> Attempt, tempt.

shepherd. Put not yourself into amazement how these things should be: all difficulties are but easy when they are known. Call your executioner, and off with Barnardine's head: I will give him a present shrift, and advise him for a better place. Yet you are amaz'd; but this shall absolutely resolve<sup>1</sup> you. Come away; it is almost clear dawn. [Exeunt.]

SCENE III. *A corridor in the prison; at back door of Barnardine's cell in the same.*

*Enter POMPEY.*

Pom. I am as well acquainted here as I was in our house of profession: one would think it were Mistress Overdone's own house, for here be many of her old customers. First, here's young Master Rash; he's in for a commodity of brown paper and old ginger, nine-score and seventeen pounds; of which he made five marks, ready money: marry, then ginger was not much in request, for the old women were all dead. Then is there here one Master Caper, at the suit of Master Three-pile the mercer, for some four suits of peach-coloured satin, which now, peaches<sup>2</sup> him a beggar. Then have we here young Dizzy, and young Master Deep-vow, and Master Copper-spur, and Master Starve-lackey the rapier and dagger man, and young Drop-heir that killed lusty Pudding, and Master Forthlight the tilter, and brave Master Shooty the great traveller, and wild Half-can that stabbed Pots, and, I think, forty more; all great doers in our trade, and are now "for the Lord's sake." 21

*Enter ABHORSON.*

Abhor. Sirrah, bring Barnardine hither.

Pom. [Culling outside door of cell] Master Barnardine! you must rise and be hang'd, Master Barnardine!

Abhor. What, ho, Barnardine!

[Goes up and opens door of cell.]

Bar. [Within] A pox o' your throats! Who makes that noise there? What are you?

Pom. Your friends, sir; the hangman. You must be so good, sir, to rise and be put to death.

Bar. [Within] Away, you rogue, away! I am sleepy. 31

Abhor. Tell him he must awake, and that quickly too.

Pom. Pray, Master Barnardine, awake till you are executed, and sleep afterwards.

Abhor. Go in to him, and fetch him out.

Pom. He is coming, sir, he is coming; I hear his straw rustle.

Abhor. Is the axe upon the block, sirrah?

Pom. Very ready, sir. 40

*Enter BARNARDINE; he comes down between Pompey and Abhorson.*

Bar. How now, Abhorson! what's the news with you?

Abhor. Truly, sir, I would desire you to clap into your prayers; for, look you, the warrant's come.

Bar. You rogue, I have been drinking all night; I am not fitted for 't.

Pom. O, the better, sir; for he that drinks all night, and is hang'd betimes in the morning, may sleep the sounder all the next day.

Abhor. Look you, sir; here comes your ghostly father: do we jest now, think you?

[Retires up.]

*Enter DUKE disguised as before.*

Duke. Sir, induced by my charity, and hearing how hastily you are to depart, I am come to advise you, comfort you, and pray with you.

Bar. Friar, not I: I have been drinking hard all night, and I will have more time to prepare me, or they shall beat out my brains with billets: I will not consent to die this day, that's certain.

Duke. O, sir, you must: and therefore I beseech you 60

Look forward on the journey you shall go.

Bar. I swear I will not die to-day for any man's persuasion.

Duke. But hear you,—

Bar. Not a word: if you have any thing to say to me, come to my ward; for thence will not I to-day. [Exit into cell.]

Duke. Unfit to live or die: O gravel heart! After him, fellows; bring him to the block.

[Exeunt Abhorson and Pompey.]

<sup>1</sup> Resolve, convince.

<sup>2</sup> Peaches, i.e. impeaches.



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Exit into cell.

gravel heart!

o the block.

and Pompey.

*Re-enter PROVOST.*

*Prov.* Now, sir, how do you find the prisoner?

*Duke.* A creature unprepar'd, unmeet for death;

And to transport him in the mind he is  
Were damnable.

*Prov.*

Here in the prison, father,  
There died this morning of a cruel fever  
One Ragozine, a most notorious pirate,  
A man of Claudio's years; his beard and head  
Just of his colour. What if we do omit  
This reprobate till he were well inclin'd;  
And satisfy the deputy with the visage  
Of Ragozine, more like to Claudio?

80



*Bar.* I swear I will not die to-day for any man's persuasion.—(Act iv. 3. 62, 63.)

*Duke.* O, 'tis an accident that heaven provides!  
Dispatch it presently; the hour draws on  
Prefix'd by Angelo: see this be done,  
And sent according to command; whiles I  
Persuade this rude wretch willingly to die.

*Prov.* This shall be done, good father, presently.

But Barnardine must die this afternoon:  
And how shall we continue Claudio,  
To save me from the danger that might come  
If he were known alive?

*Duke.* Let this be done.  
Put them in secret holds, both Barnardine and  
Claudio:

91

Ere twice the sun hath made his journal<sup>1</sup>  
greeting

To the under generation, you shall find  
Your safety manifested.

*Prov.* I am your free dependant.

*Duke.* Quick, dispatch, and send the head to  
Angelo. [Exit Provost.

Now will I write letters to Angelo,—  
The provost, he shall bear them,—whose con-  
tents

Shall witness to him I am near at home,  
And that, by great injunctions, I am bound

<sup>1</sup> Journal, diurnal.



To enter publicly: him I'll desire 101  
To meet me at the consecrated fount,  
A league below the city; and from thence,  
By cold gradation and well-balanced form,  
We shall proceed with Angelo.

*Re-enter Provost with Ragozine's head in bag.*

*Prov.* Here is the head; I'll carry it myself.

*Duke.* Convenient<sup>1</sup> is it. Make a swift return;  
For I would commune with you of such things  
That want no ear but yours.

*Prov.* I'll make all speed. [*Exit.*]

*Isab.* [*Within*] Peace, ho, be here! 110

*Duke.* The tongue of Isabel. She's come to  
know

If yet her brother's pardon be come hither:  
But I will keep her ignorant of her good,  
To make her heavenly comforts of despair,  
When it is least expected.

*Enter ISABELLA.*

*Isab.* Ho, by your leave!

*Duke.* Good morning to you, fair and gra-  
cious daughter.

*Isab.* The better, given me by so holy a man.  
Hath yet the deputy sent my brother's pardon?

*Duke.* He hath releas'd him, Isabel, from  
the world:

His head is off, and sent to Angelo. 120

*Isab.* Nay, but it is not so.

*Duke.* It is no other: show your wisdom,  
daughter,

In your close patience.

*Isab.* O, I will to him and pluck out his eyes!

*Duke.* You shall not<sup>2</sup> be admitted to his sight.

*Isab.* Unhappy Claudio! wretched Isabel!  
Injurious world! most damned Angelo!

[*Pacing about agitatedly.*]

*Duke.* This nor hurts him nor profits you a jot;  
Forbear it therefore; give your cause to heaven.

[*Isabel comes down to him.*]

Mark what I say, which you shall find 130  
By every syllable a faithful verity:

The duke comes home to-morrow;—nay, dry  
your eyes;

One of our covent,<sup>3</sup> and his confessor,  
Gives me this instance:<sup>4</sup> already he hath carried

<sup>1</sup> Convenient, becoming.

<sup>2</sup> Shall not, i.e. will not.

<sup>3</sup> Covent, convent.

<sup>4</sup> Instance, intimation.

Notice to Escalus and Angelo;

Who do prepare to meet him at the gates,  
There to give up their power. If you can, pace  
your wisdom 137

In that good path that I would wish it go;  
And you shall have your bosom<sup>5</sup> on this wretch,  
Grace of the duke, revenges to your heart,  
And general honour.

*Isab.* I am directed by you.

*Duke.* This letter, then, to Friar Peter give;  
'Tis that he sent me of the duke's return:

Say, by this token, I desire his company  
At Mariana's house to-night. Her cause and  
yours

I'll perfect him withal; and he shall bring you  
Before the duke; and to the head of Angelo  
Accuse him home and home. For my poor self,  
I am combin'd<sup>6</sup> by a sacred vow,  
And shall be absent. Wend you with this  
letter: 150

Command these fretting waters from your eyes  
With a light heart; trust not my holy order,  
If I pervert your course. Who's here?

*Enter LUCIO.*

*Lucio.* Good even. Friar, where's the pro-  
vost?

*Duke.* Not within, sir.

*Lucio.* O pretty Isabella, I am pale at mine  
heart to see thine eyes so red: thou must be  
patient. I am fain to dine and sup with water  
and bran; I dare not for my head fill my belly;  
one fruitful meal would set me to't. But they  
say the duke will be here to-morrow. By my  
troth, Isabel, I lov'd thy brother: if the old  
fantastical duke of dark corners had been at  
home, he had lived. [*Exit Isabella.*]

*Duke.* Sir, the duke is marvellous little be-  
holding to your reports; but the best is, he  
lives not in them.

*Lucio.* Friar, thou knowest not the duke so  
well as I do: he's a better woodman than thou  
tak'st him for. 171

*Duke.* Well, you'll answer this one day.  
Fare ye well.

*Lucio.* Nay, tarry; I'll go along with thee:  
I can tell thee pretty tales of the duke.

*Duke.* You have told me too many of him

<sup>5</sup> Bosom, i.e. heart's desire.

<sup>6</sup> Combined, pledged.

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f you can, pace

137

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combined, pledged.

## MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

already, sir, if they be true; if not true, none  
were enough.

*Lucio.* I was once before him for getting a  
wench with child. 180

*Duke.* Did you such a thing?

*Lucio.* Yes, marry, did I; but I was fain  
to forswear it; they would else have married  
me to the rotten medlar.

*Duke.* Sir, your company is fairer than  
honest. Rest you well.

*Lucio.* By my troth, I'll go with thee to  
the lane's end: [if bawdy talk offend you, we'll  
have very little of it.] Nay, friar, I am a kind  
of burr; I shall stick. [Exit.

## SCENE IV. A room in Angelo's house.

*Enter ANGELO and ESCALUS, with letters.*

*Escal.* I .ery letter he hath writ hath dis-  
vouch'd other.

*Ang.* In most uneven and distracted man-  
ner. His actions show much like to madness:  
pray heaven his wisdom be not tainted! And  
why meet him at the gates, and reliver<sup>1</sup> our  
authorities there?

*Escal.* I guess not. 8

*Ang.* And why should we proclaim it in an  
hour before his ent'ring, that if any crave  
redress of injustice, they should exhibit their  
petitions in the street?

*Escal.* He shows his reason for that; to  
have a dispatch of complaints, and to deliver  
us from devices hereafter, which shall then  
have no power to stand against us.

*Ang.* Well, I beseech you, let it be pro-  
claim'd:

Betimes if the morn I'll call you at your  
house:

Give notice to such men of sort and suit  
As are to meet him. 20

*Escal.* I shall, sir. Fare you well.

*Ang.* Good night. [Exit Escalus.

This deed unshapes me quite, makes me un-  
pregnant;<sup>2</sup>

And dull to all proceedings. A deflower'd  
maid!

And by an eminent body that enforce'd  
The law against it! But that her tender shame

<sup>1</sup> Reliver, redeliver.

<sup>2</sup> Unpregnant, unready.

Will not proclaim against her maiden loss,  
How might she tongue me!<sup>3</sup> Yet reason dares  
her no;

For my authority bears of a credent bulk,  
That no particular<sup>4</sup> scandal once can touch



*Lucio.* Nay, friar, I am a kind of burr; I shall stick.

—(Act iv. 3. 189, 190.)

But it confounds the breather. He should  
have liv'd, 31  
Save that his riotous youth, with dangerous  
sense,

Might in the times to come have ta'en revenge,  
By so receiving a dishonour'd life  
With ransom of such shame. Would yet he  
had liv'd!

Alack, when once our grace we have forgot,  
Nothing goes right: we would, and we would  
not!

[Exit.

<sup>3</sup> Tongue me, speak of me.

<sup>4</sup> Particular, personal.

[SCENE V. *Fields without the town.**Enter DUKE in his own habit, and FRIAR PETER.**Duke.* [*Giving letters*] These letters at fit time deliver me:

The provost knows our purpose and our plot.  
 The matter being afoot, keep your instruction,  
 And hold you ever to our special drift;  
 Though sometimes you do blench<sup>1</sup> from this to that,

As cause doth minister. Go call at Flavius' house,

And tell him where I stay: give the like notice  
 To Valentinus, Rowland, and to Crassus,  
 And bid them bring the trumpets<sup>2</sup> to the gate;  
 But send me Flavius first.

*Fri. P.* It shall be speeded well. [*Exit.**Enter VARRIUS.**Duke.* I thank thee, Varrius; thou hast made good haste: 11

Come, we will walk. There's other of our friends

Will greet us here anon, my gentle Varrius. [*Exeunt.*]

[SCENE VI. *Street near the city gate.**Enter ISABELLA and MARIANA.*

*Isab.* To speak so indirectly I am loth:  
 I would say the truth; but to accuse him so,  
 That is your part: yet I am advis'd to do it;  
 He says, to veil full purpose.

*Mari.* Be rul'd by him.

*Isab.* Besides, he tells me that, if peradventure  
 He speak against me on the adverse side,  
 I should not think it strange; for 't is a physic  
 That's bitter to sweet end.

*Mari.* I would Friar Peter—*Isab.* O, peace! the friar is come.*Enter FRIAR PETER.**Fri. P.* Come, I have found you out a stand most fit, 10

Where you may have such vantage on the duke,  
 He shall not pass you. Twice have the trumpets sounded;

The generous and gravest citizens  
 Have hent<sup>3</sup> the gates, and very near upon  
 The duke is entering: therefore, hence, away! [*Exeunt.*]

## ACT V.

SCENE I. *Before the gates of Vienna. Flourish of trumpets and drums.*

*Enter from one side, DUKE, VARRIUS, Lords, Officers; from the city gates, Soldiers, then ANGELO and ESCALUS, LUCIO, PROVOST, &c. At the back, FRIAR PETER, ISABELLA, and MARIANA veiled.*

[*Angelo and Escalus kneel and deliver up their commissions, which the Duke hands to an Officer. Angelo and Escalus rise.*

*Duke.* My very worthy cousin, fairly met!  
 Our old and faithful friend, we are glad to see you.

*Ang.* } Happy return be to your royal grace!  
*Escal.* }

*Duke.* Many and hearty thankings to you both.

We have made inquiry of you; and we hear  
 Such goodness of your justice, that our soul  
 Cannot but yield you forth to public thanks,  
 Forerunning more requital.

*Ang.* You make my bonds still great r.*Duke.* O, your desert speaks loud; [and I should wrong it,

To lock it in the wards of covert bosom, 10  
 When it deserves, with characters of brass,  
 A fortified residence 'gainst the tooth of time  
 And razure of oblivion.] Give me your hand,

And let the subject see, to make them know  
 That outward courtesies would fain proclaim  
 Favours that keep within. Come, Escalus,

[*Takes the hands of both of them, placing Angelo on one side of him, Escalus on the other.*

<sup>1</sup> *Blench*, start off.      <sup>2</sup> *Trumpets*, trumpeters.  
<sup>3</sup> *Hent*, seized, taken possession of.

You must walk by us on our other hand;  
And good supporters are you.

FRIAR PETER and ISABELLA come forward.

*Fri. P.* Now is your time: speak loud and kneel before him.

*Isab.* Justice, O royal duke! Vail<sup>1</sup> your regard

Upon a wrong'd, I would fain have said, a maid!  
O worthy prince, dishonour not your eye  
By throwing it on any other object  
Till you have heard me my true complaint,  
And given me justice, justice, justice!

*Duke.* Relate your wrongs; in what? by whom? be brief.

Here is Lord Angelo shall give you justice:  
Reveal yourself to him.

*Isab.* O worthy duke,  
You bid me seek redemption of the devil:  
Hear me yourself; for that which I must speak  
Must either punish me, not being believ'd,  
Or win redress from you: hear me, O, hear me, here!

*Ang.* My lord, her wits, I fear me, are not firm:  
She hath been a suitor to me for her brother  
Cut off by course of justice,—

*Isab.* By course of justice! *[Rising.]*

*Ang.* And she will speak most bitterly and strange.

*Isab.* Most strange, but yet most truly, will I speak:

That Angelo's forsworn; is it not strange?  
That Angelo's a murderer; is't not strange?  
That Angelo is an adulterous thief,  
An hypocrite, a virgin-violator;  
Is it not strange and strange?

*Duke.* Nay, it is ten times strange.

*Isab.* It is not truer he is Angelo  
Than this is all as true as it is strange:  
Nay, it is ten times true; for truth is truth  
To the end of reckoning.

*Duke.* Away with her! Poor soul,  
She speaks this in the infirmity of sense.

*[The Officers are about to seize her; she waves them back.]*

*Isab.* O prince, I conjure thee, as thou believ'st  
There is another comfort than this world,

That thou neglect me not, with that opinion  
That I am touch'd with madness! Make not impossible

That which but seems unlike: 't is not impossible.

But one, the wicked'st caitiff on the ground,  
May seem as shy, as grave, as just, as absolute  
As Angelo, even so may Angelo,  
In all his dressings, characts,<sup>2</sup> titles, forms,  
Be an arch-villain. Believe it, royal prince:  
If he be less, he's nothing; but he's more,  
Had I more name for badness.

*Duke.* By mine honesty,  
If she be mad,—as I believe no other,—  
Her madness hath the oddest frame of sense,  
Such a dependency of thing on thing,  
As e'er I heard in madness.

*Isab.* O gracious duke,  
Harp not on that; nor do not banish reason  
For inequality; but let your reason serve  
To make the truth appear where it seems hid,  
And hide the false, seems true.<sup>3</sup>

*Duke.* Many that are not mad  
Have, sure, more lack of reason. What would you say?

*Isab.* I am the sister of one Claudio,  
Condemn'd upon the act of fornication  
To lose his head; condemn'd by Angelo:  
I, in probation of a sisterhood,  
Was sent to by my brother; one Lucio  
As then the messenger,—

*Lucio.* *[Comes down, taking his cap off to the Duke.]* That's I, an't like your grace:

I came to her from Claudio, and desir'd her  
To try her gracious fortune with Lord Angelo  
For her poor brother's pardon.

*Isab.* That's he indeed.

*Duke.* You were not bid to speak.

*Lucio.* No, my good lord;  
Nor wish'd to hold my peace.

*Duke.* I wish you now, then;  
Pray you, take note of it: and when you have  
A business for yourself, pray heaven you then  
Be perfect.

*Lucio.* I warrant your honour.

*Duke.* The warrant's for yourself; take heed to't.

<sup>2</sup> Characts, i.e. characters, distinctive marks.

<sup>3</sup> As, i.e. that.

<sup>4</sup> The false, seems true, i.e. the false that seems true.

*Isab.* This gentleman told somewhat of my tale,—

*Lucio.* Right.

*Duke.* It may be right; but you are i' the wrong.

To speak before your time. [*Lucio bows and retires.*] Proceed.

*Isab.* I went  
To this pernicious caitiff deputy,—

*Duke.* That's somewhat madly spoken.

*Isab.* Pardon it;  
The phrase is to the matter. 90

*Duke.* Mended again. The matter; proceed.

*Isab.* In brief, to set the needless process by,  
How I persuaded, how I pray'd, and kneel'd,  
How he refus'd<sup>1</sup> me, and how I replied,—  
For this was of much length,—the vile conclusion

I now begin with grief and shame to utter:  
He would not, but by gift of my chaste body  
To his concupiscible intemperate lust,  
Release my brother; and, after much debate-  
ment, 99

My sisterly remorse<sup>2</sup> confutes mine honour,  
And I did yield to him: but the next morn be-  
times,

His purpose surfeiting, he sends a warrant  
For my poor brother's head.

*Duke.* This is most likely!

*Isab.* O, that it were as like as it is true!

*Duke.* By heaven, fond wretch, thou know'st  
not what thou speak'st,

Or else thou art suborn'd against his honour  
In hateful practice.<sup>3</sup> First, his integrity  
Stands without blemish. Next, it imports no  
reason

That with such vehemency he should pursue  
Faults proper to himself: if he had so offend-  
ed, He would have weigh'd thy brother by himself,  
And not have cut him off. Some one hath  
set you on: 112

Confess the truth, and say by whose advice  
Thou cam'st here to complain.

*Isab.* And is this all?

Then, O you blessed ministers above,  
Keep me in patience, and with ripen'd time  
Unfold the evil which is here wrapt up

<sup>1</sup> Refell'd (Latin, *refello*), rebutted.

<sup>2</sup> Remorse, pity.

<sup>3</sup> Practice, plotting.

In countenance!<sup>4</sup> Heaven shield your grace  
from woe, 118

As I, thus wrong'd, hence unbeliev'd go!

[*Going.*]

*Duke.* I know you'd fain be gone. An officer!

[*The officers advance.*]

To prison with her! Shall we thus permit  
A blasting and a scandalous breath to fall  
On him so near us? This needs must be a  
practice.

Who knew of your intent and coming hither?

*Isab.* One that I would were here, Friar  
Lodowick.

*Duke.* A ghostly father, belike. Who knows  
that Lodowick?

*Lucio.* My lord, I know him; 't is a meddling  
friar:

I do not lil. the man: had he been lay, my  
lord,

For certain words he spoke against your grace  
In your retirement, I had swung<sup>5</sup> him  
soundly. 120

*Duke.* Words against me! this<sup>6</sup> a good friar,  
belike!

And to set on this wretched woman here  
Against our substitute! Let this friar be found.

*Lucio.* But yesternight, my lord, she and  
that friar,

I saw them at the prison: a saucy friar,  
A very scurvy fellow.

*Fri. P.* Blessed be your royal grace!

I have stood by, my lord, and I have heard  
Your royal ear abus'd. First, hath this woman  
Most wrongfully accus'd your substitute, 140  
Who is as free from touch or soil with her  
As she from one ungot.

*Duke.* We did believe no less.  
Know you that Friar Lodowick that she speaks  
of?

*Fri. P.* I know him for a man divine and  
holy;

Not scurvy, nor a temporary meddler,  
As he's reported by this gentleman;  
And, on my trust, a man that never yet  
Did, as he vouches, misreport your grace.

*Lucio.* My lord, most villanously; believe it.

*Fri. P.* Well, he in time may come to clear  
himself; 150

<sup>4</sup> Countenance, false appearance, hypocrisy.

<sup>5</sup> Swung, whipt.

<sup>6</sup> This, i.e., this is.

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[*Going.*

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*Officers advance.*

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hypocrisy.

is, i.e., this is

But at this instant he is sick, my lord, 151

Of a strange fever. Upon his mere request,

Being come to knowledge that there was com-

plaint

Intended 'gainst Lord Angelo, came I hither,

To speak, as from his mouth, what he doth

know

Is true and false; and what he with his oath

And all probation will make up full clear,

Whosoever he's converted.<sup>1</sup> First, for this

woman,

To justify this worthy nobleman,

So vulgarly<sup>2</sup> and personally accus'd, 160

Her shall you hear disproved to her eyes,

Till she herself confess it.

*Duke.* Good friar, let's hear it.

[*Exit Isabella, guarded.*

Do you not smile at this, Lord Angelo?

O heaven, the vanity of wretched fools!

Give us some seats. [*The attendants bring two*

*chairs of state from within the city gates.*]

Come, cousin Angelo;

In this I'll be impartial; be you judge

Of your own cause.

[*Mariana advances, veiled. Duke and*

*Angelo seat themselves.*

Is this the witness, friar?

First, let her show her face, and after speak.

*Mari.* Pardon, my lord; I will not show my

face

Until my husband bid me. 170

*Duke.* What, are you married?

*Mari.* No, my lord.

*Duke.* Are you a maid?

*Mari.* No, my lord.

*Duke.* A widow, then?

*Mari.* Neither, my lord.

*Duke.* Why, you are nothing, then: neither

maid, widow, nor wife? 180

*Lucio.* [*Behind Duke's chair.*] My lord, she

may be a punk; for many of them are neither

maid, widow, nor wife.

*Duke.* Silence that fellow: I would he had

some cause

To prattle for himself.

*Lucio.* Well, my lord.

*Mari.* My lord, I do confess I ne'er was

married;

<sup>1</sup> Converted, summoned.

<sup>2</sup> Vulgarly, publicly.

And I confess, besides, I am no maid:

I have known my husband; yet my husband

knows not

That ever he knew me.

*Lucio.* He was drunk, then, my lord: it can

be no better.

*Duke.* For the benefit of silence, would thou

wert so too! 191

*Lucio.* Well, my lord.

*Duke.* This is no witness for Lord Angelo.

*Mari.* Now I come to't, my lord:

She that accuses him [of fornication,]

In self-same manner doth accuse my husband;

And charges him, my lord, with such a time

When I'll depose I had him in mine arms

[With all the effect of love.]

*Ang.* Charges she more than me?

*Mari.* Not that I know.

*Duke.* No? you say your husband. 201

*Mari.* Why, just, my lord, and that is

Angelo,

[Who thinks he knows that he ne'er knew my

body,

But knows he thinks that he knows Isabel's.]

*Ang.* This is a strange abuse.<sup>3</sup> Let's see

thy face.

*Mari.* My husband bids me; now I will

unmask. [*Unveils.*

This is that face, thou cruel Angelo,

Which once thou swor'st was worth the looking

on; 208

This is the hand which, with a vow'd contract,

Was fast belock'd in thine; this is the body

That took away the match from Isabel,

And did supply thee at thy garden-house<sup>4</sup>

In her imagin'd person.

*Duke.* Know you this woman?

*Lucio.* [*Behind chair.*] Carnally, she says.

*Duke.* Sirrah, no more!

*Lucio.* Enough, my lord. [*Goes to Peter.*

*Ang.* My lord, I must confess I know this

woman:

And five years since there was some speech of

marriage

Betwixt myself and her; which was broke off,

Partly for that her promised proportions<sup>5</sup>

<sup>3</sup> Abuse, deception, delusion.

<sup>4</sup> Garden-house, summer-house.

<sup>5</sup> Proportions, shares of real and personal estate, i.e. marriage portion.

Came short of composition;<sup>1</sup> but in chief 220  
For that her reputation was disvalued  
In levity: since which time of five years  
I never spake with her, saw her, nor heard  
from her.

Upon my faith and honour.

*Mari. [Kneeling]* Noble prince,  
As there comes light from heaven and words  
from breath,

As there is sense in truth and truth in virtue,  
I am affianc'd this man's wife as strongly  
As words could make up vows: [and, my  
good lord,

But Tuesday night last gone in 's garden-house  
He knew me as a wife.] As this is true, 230

Let me in safety raise me from my knees;  
Or else for ever be confixed<sup>2</sup> here,

A marble monument! *[Rises.*

*Ang. [Starting up]* I did but smile till now:  
Now, good my lord, give me the scope of  
justice;

My patience here is touch'd. I do perceive  
These poor informal<sup>3</sup> women are no more  
But instruments of some more mightier mem-  
ber

That sets them on: let me have way, my lord,  
To find this practice out.

*Duke.* Ay, with my heart;  
And punish them to your height of pleasure.

*[Rises.]*  
Thou foolish friar, and thou pernicious woman,  
Compact<sup>4</sup> with her that's gone, think'st thou  
thy oaths, 242

Though they would swear down each particular  
saint,

Were testimonies against his worth and credit,  
That's seal'd in approbation? You, Lord  
Escalus,

Sit with my cousin; lend him your kind pains  
To find out this abuse, whence 't is deriv'd.

There is another friar that set them on;  
Let him be sent for.

*Fri. P.* Would he were here, my lord! for  
he, indeed, 250

Hath set the women on to this complaint:  
Your provost knows the place where he abides,  
And he may fetch him

*Duke.*

Go do it instantly.

*[Exit Provost.]*

And you, my noble and well-warranted cousin,  
Whom it concerns to hear this matter forth,  
Do with your injuries as seems you best,  
In any chastisement: I for a while will leave  
you;

But stir not you till you have well determin'd  
Upon these slanderers.

*Escal.* My lord, we'll do it thoroughly.

*[Exit Duke. Angelo and Escalus sit.]*  
Signior Lucio, did not you say you knew that  
Friar Lodowick to be a dishonest person?

*Lucio. Cucullus non facit monachum;<sup>5</sup>* honest  
in nothing but in his clothes; and one that  
hath spoke most villanous speeches of the duke.

*Escal.* We shall entreat you to abide here  
till he come, and enforce them against him:  
we shall find this friar a notable fellow.

*Lucio.* As any in Vienna, on my word. 260

*Escal. [To an Officer]* Call that same Isabel  
here once again; I would speak with her.  
*[Exit Officer through city gates.]* Pray you,  
my lord, give me leave to question; you shall  
see how I'll handle her.

*[Lucio.* Not better than he, by her own  
report.

*Escal.* Say you?

*Lucio.* Marry, sir, I think, if you handled  
her privately, she would sooner confess: per-  
chance, publicly, she'll be ashamed.

*Escal.* I will go darkly to work with her.

*Lucio.* That's the way; for women are light  
at midnight.] 281

*Re-enter Officer with ISABELLA.*

*Escal. [To Isabella]* Come on, mistress:  
here's a gentlewoman denies all that you  
have said.

*Lucio.* My lord, here comes the rascal I  
spoke of; here with the provost.

*Escal.* In very good time: speak not you to  
him till we call upon you.

*Lucio.* Mum.

*Re-enter PROVOST, with the DUKE in his friar's  
habit.*

*Escal.* Come, sir: did you set these women

<sup>1</sup> Composition, agreement.

<sup>2</sup> Confixed, fixed.

<sup>3</sup> Informal, insane.

<sup>4</sup> Compact, leagued.

<sup>5</sup> "The cowl does not make the monk."



t instantly.  
*Exit Provost.*  
 wanted cousin,  
 matter forth,  
 you best,  
 vile will leave  
 all determin'd  
 t thoroughly.  
 d *Escalus* sit,  
 you knew that  
 t person?  
*John*,<sup>2</sup> honest  
 and one that  
 es of the duke.  
 to abide here  
 ngainst him:  
 fellow.  
 ny word, 200  
 t same Isabel  
 k with her.  
 Pray you,  
 on; you shall

by her own

you handled  
 confess: per-  
 ed.  
 k with her.  
 men are light

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ELLA.

on, mistress:  
 all that you  
 the rascal I  
 k not you to

in his friar's

these women

monk."

on to slander Lord Angelo? they have con-  
 fessed you did.

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*Duke.* 'T is false.

*Escal.* How! know you where you are?

*Duke.* Respect to your great place! and let  
 the devil

Be sometime honour'd for his burning throne!  
 Where is the duke? 't is he should hear me  
 speak.

*Escal.* The duke's in us; and we will hear  
 you speak;

Look you speak justly.

*Duke.* Boldly, at least. But, O, poor souls,  
 Come you to seek the lamb here of the fox?  
 Good night to your redress! Is the duke gone?  
 Then is your cause gone too. The duke's un-  
 just,

302

Thus to retort! your manifest appeal,  
 And put your trial in the villain's mouth  
 Which here you come to accuse.

*Lucio.* This is the rascal; this is he I spoke of.

*Escal.* Why, thou unreverend and unbal-  
 low'd friar,

Is't not enough thou hast suborn'd these women  
 To accuse this worthy man, but, in foul mouth,  
 And in the witness of his proper ear, 310  
 To call him villain? and then to glance from  
 him

To the duke himself, to tax him with injustice?  
 Take him hence; [*Officers advance*] to the rack  
 with him! We'll touse<sup>2</sup> you

Joint by joint, but we will know his purpose.  
 What, unjust!

*Duke.* Be not so hot; the duke

Dare no more stretch this finger of mine than he  
 Dare rack his own: his subject am I not,  
 Nor here provincial.<sup>3</sup> My business in this state  
 Made me a looker-on here. Vienna, 319  
 Where I have seen corruption boil and bubble  
 Till it o'er-run the stew; laws for all faults,  
 But faults not countenanc'd, that the strong

Send him to the forfeits in a barber's shop,

And to the neck as mark.

Is't not slander to the state! Away with  
 him to prison!

[*Two Officers approach the Duke.*

<sup>1</sup> To refer back

<sup>2</sup> Touse, tear.

<sup>3</sup> Provincial, under the jurisdiction of this ecclesiastical  
 power.

*Ang.* What can you vouch against him,  
 Signior Lucio? Is this the man that you did  
 tell us of?

*Lucio.* 'T is he, my lord. Come hither, good-  
 man baldpate: do you know me? 320

[*They advance towards each other.*

*Duke.* I remember you, sir, by the sound of  
 your voice: I met you at the prison, in the  
 absence of the duke.

*Lucio.* O, did you so? And do you remember  
 what you said of the duke?

*Duke.* Most notably, sir.

*Lucio.* Do you so, sir? And was the duke  
 a fleshmonger, a fool, and a coward, as you  
 then reported him to be? 321

*Duke.* You must, sir, change persons with  
 me, ere you make that my report: you, indeed,  
 spoke so of him; and much more, much worse.

*Lucio.* O thou damnable fellow! Did not I  
 pluck thee by the nose for thy speeches?

*Duke.* I protest I love the duke as I love  
 myself.

*Ang.* Hark, how the villain would close<sup>4</sup>  
 now, after his treasonable abuses!

*Escal.* Such a fellow is not to be talked  
 withal. Away with him to prison! Where  
 is the provost? [*Provost advances.*] Away  
 with him to prison! lay bolts enough upon  
 him: let him speak no more. Away with  
 those giglots<sup>5</sup> too, and with the other confed-  
 erate companion!

[*Officers advance to seize Isabella and  
 Mariana. The Provost arrests the  
 Duke.*

*Duke.* [*To Provost*] Stay, sir; stay awhile.

*Ang.* What, resists he? Help him, Lucio.

*Lucio.* Come, sir; come, sir; come, sir; foh,  
 sir! Why, you bald-pated, lying rascal, you  
 must be hooded, must you? Show your knave's  
 visage, with a pox to you! show your sheep-  
 biting face, and be hanged an hour! Will't  
 not off? 320

[*Pulls off the friar's hood, and discovers  
 the Duke. Angelo and Escalus start  
 from their seats. Lucio steps back  
 amazed.*

*Duke.* Thou art the first knave, that e'er  
 mad'st a duke.

*Close, come to an agreement, make reparation.*

*Giglots, wantons.*



First, provost, let me bail these gentle three.

[*Officers release Isabella and Mariana.*]

*Lucio is stealing away.*

[*To Lucio*] Sneak not away, sir; for the friar and you

Must have a word anon. Lay hold on him.

[*Officers seize Lucio and bring him back.*]

*Lucio.* This may prove worse than hanging.

*Duke.* [*To Escalus*] What you have spoke

I pardon: sit you down:

We'll borrow place of him. [*To Angelo*] Sir, by your leave.

[*Takes Angelo's chair. Escalus sits.*]

Hast thou or word, or wit, or impudence,



*Duke.* Thou art the first knave that e'er mad'st a duke.—(Act v. 1. 361.)

That yet can do thee office?<sup>1</sup> If thou hast,  
Rely upon it till my tale be heard, 370  
And hold no longer out.

*Ang.* O my dread lord,  
I should be guiltier than my guiltiness,  
To think I can be undiscernible,  
When I perceive your grace, like power divine,  
Hath look'd upon my passes.<sup>2</sup> Then, good  
prince,

No longer session hold upon my shame,  
But let my trial be mine own confession:  
Immediate sentence then, and sequent death,  
Is all the grace I beg.

*Duke.*

Come hither, Mariana.

[*Mariana advances.*]

Say, wast thou e'er contracted to this woman?

*Ang.* I was, my lord. 381

*Duke.* Go take her hence, and marry her  
instantly. [*Angelo goes to Mariana.*]

Do you the office, friar; which consummate,  
Return him here again. Go with him, provost.

[*Exeunt Angelo, Mariana, Friar Peter,  
and Provost through the city gates.*]

*Escal.* My lord, I am more amaz'd at his  
dishonour

Than at the strangeness of it.

*Duke.*

Come hither, Isabel.

[*Duke and Escalus rise.*]

[*Your friar is now your prince: as I was then  
Advertising<sup>3</sup> and holy to your business,  
Not changing heart with habit, I am still  
Attorney'd at your service.*]

<sup>1</sup> Do thee office, i.e. do thee service.

<sup>2</sup> Passes, proceedings.

<sup>3</sup> Adverting, i.e. assisting with counsel.

than hanging,  
 have spoke

o Angelo] Sir,

Escalus sits.  
 impudence,



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 and marry her  
 s to Mariana.  
 consummate,  
 him, provost.  
 t, Friar Peter,  
 the city gates.  
 amaz'd at his

either, Isabel.  
 Escalus rise,  
 as I was then  
 business,  
 I am still

counsel.

## MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

Isab. O, give me pardon,  
 That I, your vassal, have employ'd and pain'd<sup>1</sup>  
 Your unknown sovereignty!

Duke. You are pardon'd, Isabel:  
 And now, dear maid, be you as free to us.  
 Your brother's death, I know, sits at your heart;  
 And you may marvel why I obscur'd myself,  
 Labouring to save his life, and would not rather  
 Make rash remonstrance<sup>2</sup> of my hidden power  
 Than let him so be lost. O most kind maid,  
 It was the swift celerity of his death,  
 Which I did think with slower foot came on,  
 That brain'd my purpose. But peace be with  
 him! 401

That life is better life, past fearing death,  
 Than that which lives to fear: make it your  
 comfort,  
 So happy is your brother.

Isab. I do, my lord.

Re-enter ANGELO, MARIANA, FRIAR PETER,  
 and PROVOST.

Duke. For this new-married man, approach-  
 ing here,  
 Whose salt<sup>3</sup> imagination yet hath wrong'd  
 Your well-defended honour, you must pardon  
 For Mariana's sake: but as he adjudg'd your  
 brother, -

Being criminal, in double violation  
 Of sacred chastity, and of promise-breach 410  
 Thereon dependent, for your brother's life, -  
 The very mercy of the law cries out  
 [Most audible, even from his proper tongue,]  
 "An Angelo for Claudio, death for death!"

Haste still pays haste, and leisure answers  
 leisure;

Like doth quit like, and MEASURE still FOR  
 MEASURE.

[Then, Angelo, thy fault's thus manifested;  
 Which, though thou wouldst deny, denies thee  
 vantage.]

We do condemn thee to the very block  
 Where Claudio stoop'd to death, and with  
 like haste. 420

Away with him!

[Officers advance and stand by Angelo's  
 side.]

<sup>1</sup> Pain'd, put to labour.

<sup>2</sup> Remonstrance, demonstration

<sup>3</sup> Salt, lustful.

Mari. [O my most gracious lord,  
 I hope you will not mock me with a husband.

Duke. It is your husband mock'd you with  
 a husband.

Consenting to the safeguard of your honour,  
 I thought your marriage fit; else imputation,  
 For that he knew you, might reproach your life,  
 And choke your good to come: for his pos-  
 sessions,

Although by confutation<sup>4</sup> they are ours,  
 We do instate and widow you withal,  
 To buy you a better husband.]

Mari. O my dear lord,  
 I crave no other, nor no better man. 431

Duke. Never crave him; we are definitive.<sup>5</sup>

Mari. [Kneeling] Gentle my liege, -

Duke. You do but lose your labour.  
 Away with him to death! [[To Lucio] Now,  
 sir, to you.]

[Officers about to remove Angelo.]

Mari. O my good lord! Sweet Isabel, take  
 my part;

Lend me your knees, and all my life to come  
 I'll lend you all my life to do you service.

Duke. Against all sense you do importune  
 her:

Should she kneel down in mercy of this fact,  
 Her brother's ghost his paved bed would break,  
 And take her hence in horror.

Mari. Isabel, 441  
 Sweet Isabel, do yet but kneel by me;  
 Hold up your hands, say nothing; I'll speak  
 all.

They say, best men are moulded out of faults;  
 And, for the most, become much more the better  
 For being a little bad: so may my husband.  
 O Isabel, will you not lend a knee?

Duke. He dies for Claudio's death.

Isab. [Kneeling] Most bounteous sir,  
 Look, if it please you, on this man condemn'd,  
 As if my brother liv'd. I partly think 450  
 A due sincerity govern'd his deeds,  
 Till he did look on me: since it is so,  
 Let him not die. My brother had but justice,  
 In that he did the thing for which he died:  
 For Angelo,

His act did not o'ertake his bad intent,  
 And must be buried but as an intent

<sup>4</sup> Confutation, conviction.

<sup>5</sup> Definitive, resolved.

That perish'd by the way: thoughts are no subjects,

Intent but merely thoughts.

*Mari.* Merely, my lord.

*Duke.* Your suit's unprofitable; stand up,

I say. [*Mariana and Isabella rise.*

I have bethought me of another fault. 461

Provost, how came it Claudio was beheaded  
At an unusual hour?

*Prov.* It was commanded so.

*Duke.* Had you a special warrant for the deed?

*Prov.* No, my good lord; it was by private message.

*Duke.* For which I do discharge you of your office:

Give up your keys.

*Prov.* Pardon me, noble lord:

I thought it was a fault, but knew it not;

Yet did repent me, after more advice;<sup>1</sup> 469

For testimony whereof, one in the prison,

That should by private order else have died,

I have reserv'd alive.

*Duke.* What's he?

*Prov.* His name is Barnardine.

*Duke.* I would thou hadst done so by Claudio.

Go fetch him hither; let me look upon him.

[*Exit Provost. Duke talks apart with Isabella.*

*Escal.* I am sorry, one so learned and so wise

As you, Lord Angelo, have still appear'd,

Should slip so grossly, both in the heat of blood,

And lack of temper'd judgment afterward.

*Ang.* I am sorry that such sorrow I procure:

And so deep sticks it in my penitent heart

That I crave death more willingly than mercy;

'T is my deserving, and I do entreat it. 482

*Re-enter from the city, PROVOST, with BARNARDINE, CLAUDIO muffled, and JULIET.*

*Duke.* Which is that Barnardine?

*Prov.* This, my lord.

*Duke.* There was a friar told me of this man.

Sirrah, thou art said to have a stubborn soul,

That apprehends no further than this world,

And squar'st thy life according. Thou'rt

condemn'd:

But, for those earthly faults, I quit them all;

And pray thee take this mercy to provide

<sup>1</sup> Advice, consideration.

For better times to come. Friar, advise him;  
I leave him to your hand. [*Exeunt Barnardine*

*and Friar into the city.*] What muffled fellow's that? 491

*Prov.* This is another prisoner that I sav'd,  
Who should have died when Claudio lost his

head;

As like almost to Claudio as himself.

[*Begins to unmuffle Claudio.*

*Duke.* [*To Isabella*] If he be like your brother, for his sake

Is he pardon'd,—[*Claudio discovers himself to Isabella—she rushes into his arms, and then*

*kneels to Angelo,—*] and, for your lovely sake;

Give me your hand, [*raising her*] and say you will be mine,

He is my brother too: [*taking Claudio's hand*] but fitter time for that.

By this Lord Angelo perceives he's safe;

[*Crossing to Angelo.*

Methinks I see a quickening in his eye. 500

Well, Angelo, your evil quits you well:

Look that you love your wife; her worth worth yours.

I find an apt remission in myself;

And yet here's one in place<sup>2</sup> I cannot pardon.

[*To Lucio*] You, sirrah, that knew me for a fool, a coward,

One all of luxury, an ass, a madman;

Wherein have I so deserv'd of you,

That you extol me thus?

*Lucio.* Faith, my lord, I spoke it but according to the trick. If you will hang me for

it, you may; but I had rather it would please you I might be whipt. 512

*Duke.* Whipt first, sir, and hang'd after.

Proclaim it, provost, round about the city,

If any woman's wrong'd by this lewd fellow,

As I have heard him swear himself there's one

Whom he begot with child, let her appear,

And he shall marry her: the nuptial finish'd,

Let him be whipt and hang'd. 519

*Lucio.* [*I beseech your highness, do not marry me to a whore!*] Your highness said even now,

I made you a duke: good my lord, do not recompense me in making me a cuckold.

<sup>2</sup> In place, *pr* sent.

ACT V. Scene 1.

MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

ACT V. Scene 1.

*Duke.* Upon mine honour, thou shalt marry her.

Thy slanders I forgive; and therewithal  
Remit thy other forfeits. Take him to prison;  
[*Officers seize Lucio.*  
And see our pleasure herein executed.

*Lucio.* Marrying a punk, my lord, is pressing  
to death, whipping and hanging.

*Duke.* Slandering a prince deserves it. 530

[*Exeunt Officers with Lucio.*  
She, Claudio, that you wrong'd, look you re-  
store.

Joy to you, Mariana! Love her, Angelo:  
I have confess'd her, and I know her virtue.  
Thanks, good friend Escalus, for thy much  
goodness:

There's more behind that is more grate. 1  
Thanks, provost, for thy care and secrecy:  
We shall employ thee in a worthier place.  
Forgive him, Angelo, that brought you home  
The head of Ragozine for Claudio's:  
The offence pardons itself. Dear Isabel, 540

[*Taking her hand and kissing it.*  
I have a motion much imports your good;  
Whereto if you'll a willing ear incline,  
What's mine is yours, and what is yours is  
mine.

So, bring us to our palace; where we'll show  
What's yet behind, that's meet you all should  
know.

[*Exeunt.*

<sup>1</sup> Gratulate, gratifying.  
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## NOTES TO MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

### ACT I. SCENE 1.

1. Line 5: *Since I am put to know*.—Compare Cymbeline, ii. 3. 110:

*You put me to forget a lady's manners.*

2. Line 6: *the lists of all advice; i.e. the limits*. Compare I. Henry IV. iv. 1. 51, 52:

*The very list, the very utmost bound  
Of all our fortunes.*

3. Lines 7-10:

*then no more remains  
But that, to your sufficiency, as your worth is able,  
And let them work.*

This clause in the Duke's first sentence has proved a more awkward stumbling-block to commentators than almost any passage in Shakespeare. The Cambridge editors chronicle twelve conjectural emendations in their foot-note, and five others in the supplementary notes at the end of the play. It has been proved, however, by the Old-Spelling editors that the lines as they stand are capable of explanation—an explanation, it is true, which leaves the whole passage (lines 3-9) an example of the most contorted and arbitrary syntax. I give their note: "The words 'my strength' include (1) the Duke's science, his knowledge of the properties of government; (2) his ducal authority, which is his sole prerogative. 'Your owne science,' he says to Escalus, 'exceeds in that' (in that province of my strength which embraces my administrative skill) all that my 'advice' (counsel) can give you. 'Then,' he continues, 'no more remains (is needful) but that (my strength *per se*, which is mine alone) to your sufficiency' (legal science),—your 'worth' (character and rank) making you fit for the post,—and you may henceforth let 'them' (your prior sufficiency and my now deputed power) work together."

[This explanation of the Old-Spelling editors seems to me quite as involved and obscure as the text which it professes to explain. It is evident that the text is corrupt, probably through there having been some interlineation in the MS. from which it was printed; nor can I believe that Shakespeare would have wished such a hideously unmetrical verse as line 8 to be spoken by any actor. If by *my strength* the Duke means "my power," or "my authority," we may imagine that the passage stood something like this:

*then no more remain.*

*But that [i.e. my strength] to add to your sufficiency,  
And, as your worth is able, let them work.*

The rest of line 9, *The nature of our people*, would then form an imperfect line by itself.—F. A. M.]

4. Line 11: *the terms*.—"Terms mean the technical language of the courts. An old book called *Les Termes de la Ley* (written in Henry the Eighth's time) was in Shakespeare's days, and is now, the accidence of young students in the law" (Blackstone).

5. Line 18: *with special soul*.—This metaphorical use of *soul* (meaning preference or regard) may be compared with a similar use of the word in *The Tempest*, iii. 1. 42-46:

*for several virtues  
Have I lik'd several women; never any  
With so full soul, but some defect in her  
Did quarrel with the noblest grace she ow'd  
And put it to the foil.*

6. Line 31: *proper; i.e. proprius, peculiar to one's self*. Compare Timon, i. 2. 106, 107: "what better or *properer* can we call our own than the riches of our friends?" and below, in this play, v. 1. 110: "Faults *proper* to himself."

7. Line 41: *use*.—*Use* was in Shakespeare's time a customary word for *interest*. Compare *Venus and Adonis*, 768:

*But gold that's put to use more gold begets.*

8. Lines 41, 42:

*But I do bend my speech*

*To one that can my part in him advertise.*

The Duke has been giving Angelo advice; he now breaks off, intimating gracefully that, after all, he is speaking to one who can instruct *him* in such matters.

9. Line 43: *Hold, therefore, Angelo*.—This is generally supposed to be spoken by the Duke as he hands his commission to Angelo. Grant White conjectures that a part of the line is lost, and he restores it thus:

*Hold therefore, Angelo, our place and power;*

basing his guess on i. 3. 11-13 below:

*I have deliver'd to Lord Angelo . . .  
My absolute power and place here in Vienna.*

But this is juggling with the text, not editing. Dyce quotes Gifford, on the words "*Hold thee, drunkard*" (*i.e.* take the letter) in Jonson's *Catiline*: "There is no expression in the English language more common than this, which is to be found in almost every page of our old writers; yet the commentators on Shakespeare, with the exception of Steevens, who speaks doubtfully on the subject, misunderstand it altogether. In *Measure for Measure*, the Duke, on producing Angelo's commission, says: '*Hold, therefore, Angelo*'" (Jonson's Works, vol. iv. p. 347).

10. Lines 45, 46:

*Mortality and mercy in Vienna  
Live in thy tongue and heart.*

Douce rightly emphasizes the importance of these words—"the privilege of exercising mercy," conferred by the Duke upon his deputy. See also lines 65-67 below:

*your scope is as mine own,  
So to enforce or qualify the laws  
As to your soul seems good.*

The Duke thus renders it impossible for Angelo to make the excuse—such as it would be—that his instructions were precise and without margin of mercy.

11. Line 52: *We have with a LEAVEN'D and prepared choice*.—A *leavened* choice is explained by Johnson as one "not declared as soon as it fell into the imagination, but suffered to work long in the mind." The metaphor may no doubt have this meaning, as *leaven* or yeast does take some hours to ferment; but may it not mean as well, or more primarily, that the choice was based on a thorough and searching scrutiny, as *leaven* works up through and permeates the whole mass of dough?

12. Lines 68, 69:

*I love the people,*

*But do not like to STAGE me to their eyes.*

*Stage* is used again as a verb in two passages of Antony and Cleopatra, iii. 13. 20-31:

Yes, like enough, high-battled Cæsar will  
Unstate his happiness, and be *staged* to the show  
Against a sword!

and v. 2. 216, 217:

the quick comedians

Extemporally will *stage* us.

#### ACT I. SCENE 2.

13. Line 15: *the thanksgiving BEFORE meat*.—Hanmer reads *after*, and his reading, say the Cambridge editors, "is recommended by the fact that in the old forms of 'graces' used in many colleges, and, as we are informed, at the Inns of Court, the prayer for peace comes always after, and never before, meat. But as the mistake may easily have been made by Shakespeare, or else deliberately put into the mouth of the 'First Gentleman,' we have not altered the text."

14. Line 28: *Well, there went but a pair of shears between us*.—An expression, which may almost be termed proverbial for, *We are both of one piece*. Stevens cites Marston, *The Malcontent*, 1604: "*There goes but a paire of sheeres betwixt an emperor and the sonne of a bagge-piper; onely the dying, dressing, pressing, glossing, makes the difference*" (Works, vol. ii. p. 270). Compare, too, Dekker, *The Gull's Hornbook*, ch. i: "*there went but a pair of shears between them*."

15. Line 35: *as he PIL'D, as thou art PIL'D*.—"A quibble between *piled*=peeled, stripped of hair, bald (from the French disease), and *piled* as applied to velvet, three-piled velvet meaning the finest and costliest kind of velvet" (Dyce). Compare Chaucer, Prologue, line 627:

With skalled browes blake, and *piled* berd.

16. Line 39: *forget to drink after thee*.—That is, for fear of the contagion.

17. Lines 45, 46, 48.—These lines are given by Pope to the First Gentleman, and there is a good deal of probability in the surmise; still, it is only a probability; and, as the Cambridge editors remark, "It is impossible to discern any difference of character in the three speakers, or to introduce logical sequence into their buffoonery."

18. Line 52: *A French crown*; i.e. the *corona Veneris*. Compare *Midsummer Night's Dream*, i. 2. 99: "Some of your *French crowns* have no hair at all."

19. Line 84: *the sweet*.—This very likely refers to the plague or "sweating-sickness," which ravaged London in

1603, carrying off about a fifth of the population. *The war*, above, may also refer to the war with Spain, which came to an end in the autumn of 1604.

20. Lines 99, 100: *ALL HOUSES in the SUBURBS of Vienna must be pluck'd down*.—Tyrwhitt, quite unnecessarily, as I take it, would read *all dawdy-houses*. There is no doubt that this is meant, but when we remember who the speakers were, and how much a meaning look or an extra accent can convey, we may well suppose that Pompey said merely *all houses*, and that when he said *houses* Mrs. Overdone quite understood what he meant. As a matter of fact, houses of ill-fame were chiefly in the suburbs. Compare Heywood, *The Rape of Lucrece*, ii. 3: "*Bru . . . he removes himself from the love of Brutus that shrinks from my side till we have had a song of all the pretty suburbians*" (p. 194)—a prelude to Valerius' rattling song of Molly, Nelly, Betty, Dolly, Nanny, Rachel, and Biddy.

21. Line 116: *Thomas tapster*.—Douce expresses his surprise that Mrs. Overdone "should have called the clown by this name when it appears by his own showing that his name was Pompey." But of course it is a mere class-name, no more peculiar to one man than John Barleycorn or Tommy Atkins. For a contemporary instance of the precise alliterative form, compare Fletcher's *Rollo*, iii. 1 (end of scene), where a song, expanded from the *Three merry men* snatch, is sung by a Yeoman or "Page of the Cellar," a Butler, a Cook, and a Pantler. The last sings:

O man or beast, or you at least  
That wear a brow or antler,  
Prick up your ears unto the tears  
Of me poor *Paul the Pantler*.

22. Line 119.—The Folio after this line begins a new scene (*Scena Tertia*) with the entrance of the Provost, &c. The Collier MS. omits Juliet from the persons who enter here, since, if present, she is silent, and, as appears from Claudio's words to Lucio, out of sight and hearing. Yet Pompey has just said, "There's Madam Juliet." The Cambridge editors "suppose that she was following at a distance behind, in her anxiety for the fate of her lover. She appears again," they add, "as a mute personage at the end of the play."

[It looks very much here as if the author had originally intended to make some use of Julietta or Juliet in this scene, but in the course of working it out had changed that intention. It is evident, from act ii. scene 3, that Juliet was arrested as well as Claudio, and that, for some time at any rate, she was kept "under observation." In the acting edition Juliet does not come on with the Provost and Claudio; but there is no reason why she should not be on the stage; for it is quite clear that the dialogue between Lucio and Claudio is spoken aside. Only one would certainly expect, if Juliet were at that time present on the stage, that Claudio would have made some allusion to the fact.—F. A. M.]

23. Lines 124-127:

*Thus can the demigod Authority  
Make us pay down for our offence by weight.  
The words of heaven:—on whom it will, it will;  
On whom it will not, so; yet still 't is just.*

In the *Ff.* there is no stop after *weight*, and this pointing is preserved in the Cambridge Shakespeare. Davenant, in his *Law Against Lovers*, gives the reading in the text, and he has been generally followed. He omits the next two lines altogether. Dr. Roberts, Provost of Eton, conjectured that "The words of heaven" should be "The sword of heaven." Henley, however, explains the passage as it stands, by an apt reference to the words in *Romans ix. 15, 18*: "For He saith to Moses, I will have mercy on whom I will have mercy;" and "Therefore hath He mercy on whom He will have mercy, and whom He will He hardeneth."

24. Line 133: *Like rats that RAVIN down their proper bane*.—Compare *Macbeth*, ii. 4. 28, 29:

Thriftless ambition, that will *ravine* up  
Thine own life's means!

and *Cymbeline*, i. 6. 49: "ravining first the lamb."

25. Line 138: *the MORALITY of imprisonment*.—*Ff.* have *mortality*, an obvious misprint, rectified by Davenant, and adopted into the text by Rowe.

26. Line 152: *the denunciation*.—This word, meaning proclamation or formal declaration ("To denounce or declare," *Minsheu*, 1617), is only used here by Shakespeare. Dyce quotes from Todd's *Johnson's Dictionary*, s.v. *Denunciation*, "This publick and reiterated denunciation of banns before matrimony" (*Hall, Cases of Conscience*). Boyer (*French Dictionary*) has "To Denounce, V.A. (or declare) *dénoncer, déclarer, signifier, faire savoir*," and "Denunciation, or Denouncing, S. *Dénonciation, déclaration, Signification, l'Action de dénoncer, &c.*"

27. Line 154: *Only for PROPAGATION of a dower*.—*F. 1* has *propagation*, corrected to *propagation* by *F. 2*. Various emendations have been proposed, e.g. *prorogation* by Malone, *procuration* by Jackson, and *preservation* by Grant White. Surely there is no need for any change in the text. Shakespeare does not use the substantive in any other passage; but he uses the verb to *propagate* three times, in *All's Well*, ii. 1. 200; *Rom.* and *Jul.* i. 1. 193; *Timon*, i. 1. 67. In these three passages it certainly seems to have the sense of "to improve" or "to increase." Only once, in *Pericles*, i. 2. 73:

From whence an issue I might *propagate*,

Shakespeare uses the verb in the sense of "to beget." Stevens, in his note, makes the curious statement,—apparently on the authority of an article in the *Edinburgh Magazine*, November, 1786,—that "*Propagation* being here used to signify *payment*, must have its root in the Italian word *pagare*" (*Var. Ed.* v. 1. p. 24). *Propagate* is derived from the Latin *pro-*, *pro-*, forward, and *pago*, the root of *pango*, to fix. But surely either "*increase*," or "*bring to its maturity*," is the sense which best suits this passage; the meaning being that Claudio and Juliet had not declared their marriage because her dower yet remained in the absolute control of her friends; and, till their approval was gained, the two lovers thought it best to hide their love in case she should lose her dower.—*F. A. M.*

28. Line 162: *Whether it be the FAULT and GLIMPSE of newness*.—Malone explains this by assuming *fault* and

*glimpse* to be used, by the figure known as *hendiadys*, for *faulty glimpse*. But may not the *fault of newness* mean simply the result of novelty and inexperience?

29. Line 171: *like unscar'd armour*.—Compare *Troilus and Cressida*, iii. 3. 152, 153:

Quite out of fashion, like a rusty mail  
In monumental mockery.

30. Line 172: *nineteen zodiacs*.—Claudio states here that the law has been in abeyance for *nineteen* years; in *f. 3. 21* the Duke says that he has let it slip for *fourteen* years. No satisfactory explanation of this disagreement has been found before Dr. Brinsley Nicholson's acute suggestion, recorded in the *Old-Spelling Shakespeare*, that the law was made *nineteen* years ago, but that the duke has reigned only *fourteen* years.

31. Line 177: *tickle*.—*Tickle* for *ticklish* is used again by Shakespeare in *II. Henry VI.* i. 1. 215, 216:

the state of Normandy  
Stands on a *tickle* point.

32. Line 183: *receive her approbation*; i.e. enter upon her probation. Compare *The Merry Devil of Edmuntoun*, ii. 2. 70:

And I must take a twelve months' *approbation*;

and *iii. 1. 17, 18*:

Madam, for a twelve months' *approbation*  
We mean to make this trial of our child.

33. Line 185: *in my voice*; i.e. in my name. Compare *As You Like It*, ii. 4. 87:

And in my voice most welcome shall you be.

34. Line 188: *There is a PRONE and speechless dialect*.—Editors are much at variance as to the exact sense of the word *prone* as here used, some taking it to mean "prompt, ready," and others (as I think with more likelihood) understanding it as "humble, appealing," from the analogy of *prone* = prostrate, as in supplication.

#### ACT I. SCENE 3.

35. Line 2: *DRIBBLING dart*.—The sense is evident: a weak and ineffectual missile. But while *dribbling* may be used figuratively in its modern sense, it is perhaps an allusion to a *dribbler* in archery, i.e., according to Stevens, one who shoots badly.

36. Line 12: *stricture*; i.e. strictness. Warburton proposes *stricture* (*ure* = use, practice); a word used in *Pro-mos* and *Cassandra*, but not anywhere by Shakespeare.

37. Lines 20, 21:

The needful bits and curbs to headstrong WEEDS,  
Which for this fourteen years we have let SLIP.

This, which is the reading of the *Ff.*, is frequently altered by editors (following Theobald) from *weeds* to *steeds*, and from *slip* to *sleep*. Mr. W. G. Stone writes me on this passage: "Shakespeare was careless in linking metaphors. I think it possible that he combined the idea of a well-bitted horse (literally equivalent to enforcement of law), and the picture of a rank, noisome growth of weeds, suffered to spring up in a fair garden (literally equivalent to relaxation of law). I do not evade the difficulty by accepting Collins's suggestion (quoted in Schmidt's *Sh.*



as handclads, for  
all of newness mean  
experience?

—Compare Troilus

erty mail

audiod states here  
nineteen years; in  
it slip for fourteen  
this disagreement  
holson's acute sug-  
g Shakspeare, that  
but that the duke

sh is used again by  
216:

hardy

Le enter upon her  
of Edmouton, if.

probation;

probation  
child.

name. Compare

it you be.

speechless dialect.—  
exact sense of the  
to mean "prompt,  
likelihood) un-  
from the analogy

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Warburton pro-  
vord used in Pro-  
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strong WEEDS,  
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frequently altered  
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he idea of a well-  
forcement of law),  
rowth of weeds,  
terally equivalent  
the difficulty by  
in Schmidt's Sh.

Lex. s.v. *Weed* that *weed* is a term still commonly ap-  
plied to an ill-conditioned horse; because this term  
denotes, I believe, a weak horse; and if *weeds*=horses,  
the context shows that they are figured as robust animals.  
*Sleep* is a specious emendation,—more consistent, no  
doubt, with the metaphor of an old, drowsy lion,—but  
*slip*—let pass, makes sense."

38 Lines 20, 27:

in time the rod's  
More mock'd than fear'd.

Fl. read

in time the rod  
More mock'd than fear'd.

The Cambridge editors adopt Pope's conjecture and read  
the rod BECOMES more mock'd. The reading in the text is  
that adopted by the Old-Spelling editors, on the ground  
that *becomes* was not so likely to be overlooked as the  
inconspicuous 's after rod, which gives the same sense.

39. Line 30: *The baby beats the nurse*.—"This allusion,"  
says Steevens, "was borrowed from an ancient print, en-  
titled *The World turn'd Upside Down*, where an infant is  
thus employed." It may be questioned whether Shake-  
speare's powers of observation and invention were ever  
at so low a zero as to oblige him to "borrow from an an-  
cient print" when he wanted to speak of a baby beating  
its nurse.

40. Lines 42, 43:

And yet my nature never in the fight,  
To do it slander.

Fl. To do IN slander. The correction is Hammer's, it re-  
ferring to *nature*. *Sight* instead of *fight* is adopted by  
many editors, after Pope.

41. Lines 47, 48:

How I may formally in person BEAR  
Like a true friar.

So Fl. It is almost universally altered by modern edi-  
tors, after Capell, to *bear me*. Furnivall and Stone read  
*bear*, adopting Schmidt's explanation, that it means "be-  
have."

42. Line 51: *Stands at a guard with*.—This probably  
means, "stands on his guard against," is careful not to  
lay himself open.

#### ACT I. SCENE 4.

43. Line 30: *Sir, make me not your story*.—This ad-  
mirable expressive phrase, perfectly obvious in meaning  
("make me not your jest"), has been oddly misunder-  
stood by some editors, who have altered *story* to "scorn,"  
and even "sport." Compare *Merry Wives*, v. 5. 170,  
where Falstaff, jeered at by his expected dupes, replies:  
"Well, I am your theme: you have the start of me."

44. Lines 31-33:

though 't is my familiar sin  
With maids to SEEM the LAPWING and to jest,  
Tongue far from heart.

The allusion here is probably to the *lapwing's* way of  
deceiving sportsmen by running along the ground for  
some distance before taking wing. Compare *Comedy of*  
*Errors*, iv. 2. 27, 28:

Far from her nest the *lapwing* cries away:  
My heart prays for him, though my tongue do curse;  
and see note 101 on that play.

45. Line 40: *Your brother and his LOVER*.—*Lover* in  
Shakespeare's time was used for a woman as well as a  
man. Compare *As You Like It*, iii. 4. 43: "O, that's a  
brave man! he writes brave verses, speaks brave words,  
swears brave oaths, and breaks them bravely, quite tra-  
verse, athwart the heart of his lover." Coles, in his *Latin*  
*Dictionary*, has: "A Lover, amator, amasius, m. amatrix,  
amasia, fem."

46. Lines 51, 52:

Bore many gentlemen, myself being one,  
In hand and hope of action.

To *bear in hand* means, according to Schmidt, "to abuse  
with false pretences or appearances." Compare *Much*  
*Ado*, iv. 1. 306: "What, *bear her in hand* until they come  
to take hands; and then, with public accusation," &c.

47. Line 60: *But doth REBATE and blunt his natural*  
*edge*.—I am indebted to Mr. Stone for the following  
note on this word: "Cotgrave (ed. 1632) has: 'RABATRE.  
To abate, deduct, defaulke, diminish, lessen, extenuate;  
remit, bate; give or draw backe; also, a horse to rebate  
his curvet . . . RABATRE: m. ué. 1. Rebated, bated,  
abated, deducted, defaulcated, diminished; given, taken,  
or drawne backe.' Under *Rabatre* Boyer (ed. 1729)  
has: 'Cheval qui rabat ses Courbettes de bonne grace,  
(en Termes de Menage), a Horse that rebates his curvets  
handsomely, or finely.' Amongst the senses of '*Rabatre*,  
v. a.' Bellows (*Fr. Diet.* ed. 1877) gives, 'aplatir, to flatten,'  
and '*Rabattu*—e, a. flattened: smoothed.' Bellows's gloss  
admits of literal application to this line—for an edge  
flattened is blunted—but I think that Cotgrave's render-  
ings—and you will observe that he uses the English *re-*  
*bate*—are near enough; for, if an edge be abated, dimin-  
ished, or lessened, clearly it is blunted. Compare Greene's  
*Orlando Furioso*:

And what I dare, let say the Portingale,  
And Spaniard tell, who, mann'd with mighty fleets,  
Came to subdue their islands to my king,  
Filling our seas with stately argosies,  
Calvars and magars, hulks of burden great;  
Which Brandimart rebated from his coast,  
And sent them home ballast'd with their wealth.

—Works, ed. Dyce, 1861, p. 90, col. 2.

This is the city of great Babylon,  
Which proud Darius was rebated from. —*id.* p. 101, col. 1.

Collier wanted to read *rebutted* for *rebated* in both these  
passages. Dyce says: "Mr. Collier is greatly mistaken:—  
the old copies are right in both passages. Greene uses  
*rebate* in the sense of *beat back* (which is its proper sense,  
—*Fr. rebattre*). So again in the first speech of the next  
play [*a Looking-Glass for London and England*, p. 117,  
col. 1] we find,—

Great Jewry's God, that foil'd stout Benhadad,  
Could not *rebate* the strength that Rassi brought," &c.

I suspect that Rolfe and Dyce are both wrong in connect-  
ing Eng. *rebate* with '*rebattre*,' to *beat back again*. '*Ra-*  
*battre*' seems to be nearer the sense required." Compare  
*Massinger*, *The Roman Actor*, iv. 2:



*Of.* Only, or, at all.  
The point and edge related, when you act,  
To do the murder—

where the Quarto reads *rebutted*.

48. Line 88: *Soon at night*; i.e. "this very night." Compare Merry Wives, II. 2. 205 and 208: "Come to me *soon at night*;" II. Henry IV. v. 5. 90: "I shall be sent for *soon at night*," &c. Better still, compare Othello, III. 4. 198. Bianca asks Cassio if she shall see him "*soon at night*." Returning shortly afterwards she says—with evident reference to this invitation: "An you'll come to supper *to-night*, you may," &c. (iv. 1. 160).

## ACT II. SCENE 1.

[The Provost, according to Fl., is not on at the beginning of this scene, but is made to enter at line 32, just before Angelo says, "Where is the Provost?" This is very absurd; and it is much better that he should go on at the beginning of the scene, as marked by Capell and in the stage-directions of the Acting Edition.

In the arrangement of the play as acted at Drury Lane, 1824, under Macready's management, this act is thus rearranged for stage purposes. Scene 1 consists of the first part of Scene 1 as far as line 37, after which Escalus goes off; and the rest of the scene includes Scene 2 in the text, commencing with the Provost's speech, line 7, to the end of scene. Scene 2 is the scene in the street, and contains nearly all that part of Scene 1 in the text from line 41 to line 270 inclusive. Elbow enters with his halbert and two constables having hold of Pompey and Froth; Escalus enters with two apparitors immediately after Elbow's speech; and the scene continues much as in the text, with a few omissions, including the part of the Justice, which is of course unnecessary. Scene 3 is omitted altogether; the third scene being identical with Scene 4 of the text.—F. A. M.]

49. Line 2: *to fear*; i.e. to affright. Used transitively several times in Shakespeare, e.g. Merchant of Venice, II. 1. 8, 9:

I tell thee, lady, this aspect of mine  
Hath *fear'd* the valiant.

50. Line 8: *Let but your honour KNOW*.—Johnson remarks: "To *know* is here to examine, to take cognizance. So in A Midsummer Night's Dream, I. 1. 67, 68:

Therefore, fair Hermia, question your desires;  
*Know* of your youth, examine well your blood."

51. Line 12: *our blood*.—So Fl. It is quite possible that this reading may be right, *our* meaning "our common blood," and so I let it stand; but few emendations seem more reasonable and self-justified than that of Davenant's, adopted by Rowe, and followed by most editors—*your*. Mr. Stone suggests that "by exchanging *your* for *our*, when using a word which might have a general application to human frailty, Escalus avoided a too personal reference in a supposititious case."

52. Line 22: *what knows the law*, &c.—Fl. *what knowes the Lawes*.

53. Line 28: 'Tis *very* PREGNANT.—Compare Cymbeline, IV. 2. 325: "'O, 'tis *pregnant*, *pregnant*!" That is, "it is clearly evident."

54. Line 28: *For I have had such faults*.—*For*=for that, i.e. because; often used by Shakespeare. Compare As You Like It, III. 2. 133, 134:

Why should I this a desert be?  
*For* it is unpeopled? No.

55. Lines 39, 40:

Some run from BREAKS of ice, and answer none;  
And some condemned for a fault alone.

Fl. read *brakes*. This, following the Old-Spelling editors, I take to be merely a variant of *breaks*. The following is their note, given at the end of the play: "The thought uppermost in Escalus's mind is the capricious manner in which punishment is inflicted. He compares this, apparently, to the luck which enables some to clear dangerous ground in the ice, but his metaphor is abruptly abandoned with the words and answer none, &c. The form *brakes* occurs in the epilogue of Marston and Webster's Malcontent, 1604, where *brakes* evidently means *brakes, flares*; not, as Stevens supposed, *brake-fern* which grows on uncultivated ground:

Then let not too severe an eye peruse  
The slighter *brakes* of our reformed Muse,  
Who could herself herself of faults detect,  
But that she knows 'tis easy to correct,  
Though some men's labour, &c."

[This is one of the most difficult passages in the play, and marked with a dagger by the Globe edd. Stevens has a long and very interesting note, in the first part of which he explains the text thus: "Some run away from danger, and stay to answer none of their faults, whilst others are condemned only on account of a single frailty" (Var. Ed. vol. ix. p. 43), taking *breaks* to have the same meaning as that given above; but in the subsequent part of his note he produces very strong instances of the use of the word *break* in the sense of "a machine for torture," and if it has that meaning, we must adopt the emendation first given by Rowe and read "*brakes of vice*." This was adopted also by Malone, who followed Rowe chiefly on the ground that the words *answer none*, i.e. "are not called to account by their conscience," show that the "*brakes of vice*" evidently here mean "engines of torture." *Brake* originally meant a kind of severe bit, used for refractory horses, and also a contrivance, used by farriers to confine the legs of horses while they were being shod. I confess that to me the reading of the text is eminently unsatisfactory, though, no doubt, the explanation quoted above makes some sense of it. I cannot see the slightest connection between the idea of running from a dangerous place on ice, and the words *answer none*; nor does the *ice* metaphor seem to me to fit in at all with the rest of the passage. It may be that we should regard these two lines as being merely the sketch of some speech which Shakespeare intended to write; but against that theory we must set the fact that the two lines are supposed to form part of a rhyming quatrain, such as we come across occasionally in blank verse scenes (e.g. in Much Ado, IV. 1. 253-256). Such passages generally contain some very sententious expressions. It is worth noting that line 38 is printed in F. 1 in Italics, as if it were a quotation, which very possibly it is. In the Quarto of Hamlet, 1603, many of the lines of the speech of Corambis

faults.—For=for  
appears. Compare

No.

answer none;  
one.

Spelling editors,  
The following  
ay: "The thought  
icious manner in  
mpares this, ap-  
ome to clear dan-  
aphor is abruptly  
none, &c. The  
Farston and Web-  
evidently means  
posed, brake-fern

use  
et Muse,  
detect,  
rect.

anges in the play,  
e edd. Stevens  
the first part of  
e run away from  
eir faults, whilst  
a single frailty"  
o have the same  
subsequent part  
ances of the use  
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t the emendation  
"vice." This was  
Rowe chiefly on  
ne, i.e. "are not  
" show that the  
"engines of tor-  
severe bit, used  
rivance, used by  
while they were  
nding of the text  
doubt, the ex-  
se of it. I can-  
een the idea of  
and the words  
seem to me to fit  
may be that we  
erely the sketch  
ended to write;  
act that the two  
yming quatrain,  
ank verse scenes  
assages generally  
na. It is worth  
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s. In the Quarto  
eech of Corambis

(Polonius) to Laertes in act I. sc. 3 are printed with inverted commas before them; and, in the Quarto of 1604, though none of the lines in the speech of Polonius to Laertes are so marked, three of the lines in the speech to Ophelia are. This rhymed quatrain, spoken by Escalus, was probably meant to embody some well-known apophthegm; and therefore the reading "brakes of vice" seems to me more suitable to the context; especially as Rowe's emendation involves such a very slight alteration of the text, and the misprint of *ies* for *vice* is one very likely to have occurred. I should take *brakes* to mean here not so much "engines of torture" as "means for restraint of vice," the general sense of the line being, "some escape from all restraints of vice and yet have to answer for none," while some are condemned for a single fault. We might have expected, in line 40, "for one fault alone;" but the author seems to have purposely avoided that because *one* would have rhymed to *none* at the end of the preceding line.—F. A. M.]

56. Line 54: *precise villains*.—Rofe well remarks on this: "He means of course that they are *precisely* or literally villains; but, as Clarke notes, the word gives the impression of 'strict, severely moral,' as in l. 3. 50 above: 'Lord Angelo is precise.'"

57. Line 61: *he's out at elbow*.—This, as Clarke observes, is "a hit at the constable's threadbare coat, and at his being startled and put out by Angelo's peremptory repetition of his name."

58. Line 63: *PARCEL-bawd*.—*Parcel* for *part* is again used by Shakespeare in II. Henry IV. ii. 1. 94: "Thou didst swear to me upon a *parcel*-gilt goblet." It is met with not infrequently in the dramatic literature of the period. Compare Day, *Humour out of Breath*, i. 1. 58-60:

*Hip*. My sister would make a rare beggar.  
*Fran*. True, she's *parcel* poet, *parcel* fiddler already; and they commonly sing three parts in one.

59. Lines 60 and 75: *detest*.—The same blundering use of *detest* for *protest* or *attest* is given to Mrs. Quickly in Merry Wives, l. 4. 160: "but, I *detest*, an honest maid as ever broke bread."

60. Line 92: *stew'd prunes*.—A dish proverbial in Elizabethan literature for its prevalence in brothels. It is referred to by Shakespeare in Merry Wives, l. 1. 206; I. Henry IV. iii. 3. 128; and II. Henry IV. ii. 4. 150.

61. Line 97: *China dishes*.—"A *China* dish, in the age of Shakespeare, must have been such an uncommon thing, that the Clown's exemption of it, as no utensil in use in a common brothel, is a striking circumstance in his absurd and tautological deposition" (Stevens).

62. Line 133: *the Bunch of Grapes*.—The practice of giving names to particular rooms in an inn seems to have been common. Compare I. Henry IV. ii. 4. 30: "Score a pint of bastard in the *Half-moon*;" and see the London Prodigal, i. 2, where Sir Lancelot, stopping at the *George*, and entering, says: "This room shall serve;" and having given his order to the drawer for a pint of sack, the drawer recapitulates, "A quart of sack in the *Three Tuns*" (ed. Tauchnitz, p. 229). According to the Return of a Jury

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to a Writ of Elegit, 7 May, 43 Eliz., there was, in the Tabard, Southwark, "una alla camera vocata the flower de Luce" (Hall's Society in the Elizabethan Age, 2nd ed. appendix, p. 162).

63. Line 180: *Justice or Iniquity*!—Escalus is of course referring to Elbow and Pompey. Ritson thinks that by *Iniquity* is meant the old *Vice* of the Moralities. Compare Richard III. iii. 1. 82, 83:

Thus, like the formal *Vice*, *Iniquity*,  
I moralise two meanings in one word;

and see note 305 to that play

64. Line 200: *thou art to continue*.—Stevens suggests that Elbow, misinterpreting the language of Escalus, supposes that the Clown is to continue in confinement.

65. Line 215: *they will draw you*.—"Draw has here a cluster of senses. As it refers to the tapster, it signifies to *draw*, to *empty*; as it is related to *hang* ['they will draw you, Master Froth, and you will hang them'], it means to be conveyed to execution on a hurdle" (Johnson). In Froth's reply, *drawn in* is probably equivalent to "taken in."

66. Line 228: *the greatest thing about you*.—An allusion, it is generally supposed, to the "monstrous hose," as an old ballad calls them, or ridiculously large breeches, which were worn in the early part of Elizabeth's reign. See the lengthy note in the Variorum Shakespeare on this passage; and compare Romeo and Juliet, note 80.

67. Line 256: *a bay*.—Usually taken to mean the architectural term *bay*; i.e., according to Johnson, "the space between the main beams of the roof;" according to Dyce, a term used "in reference to the frontage." Boyer, in his French Dictionary, has "*Bay* or empty Place in Masonry for a Door or Window." Coles (Lat. Dict.) has "*A bay* of building, *Menaura viginti quatuor pedum*." Furnivall and Stone suggest "a partitioned space, box."

[Pope's most obvious emendation *day* for *bay* may be noticed, only because it is so obvious, and because Pompey, *ceteris paribus*, would be more likely to talk about "three pence a *day*" for a house than "three pence a *bay*," even were it, as Jonson says, a common term in many parts of England. It certainly would be more satisfactory if the commentators could have found any instance of *bay* being used distinctly as part of a house, and not, as in the only passage quoted by Stevens, as a term of measurement. If one could come across such an expression, for instance, as "a house with many *bays* in it" in any work of Shakespeare's time; or if we could discover any evidence of such a phrase so used in the vernacular, it would relieve one of the doubt which every editor must now feel that such an extremely common misprint of *b* for *d* may be really the only ground for admitting into the text what is a highly characteristic expression, and one which we certainly should not wish to get rid of for the sake of so ordinary a phrase as "three pence a *day*." Perhaps Pompey here only means by *bay* a room.—F. A. M.]

68. Line 275: *YOUR readiness*.—Ff. *THE readiness*; an evident misprint of the common contraction *y'* (your), which was taken for *y'* (the). The emendation is Pope's.

## 69. Lines 291, 292:

Just. Eleven, sir.

Escul. I pray you home to dinner with me.

Roffe cites Harrison's Description of England, ed. Furnivall, p. 166: "With vs the nobilitie, gentrie, and students, doo ordinarilie go to dinner at eleven before noone, and to supper at flue, or between flue and six at afternoone. The merchants dine and sup seldom before twelue at noone, and six at night especiallie in London. The husbandmen dine also at high noone as they call it, and sup at seven or eight: but out of the tearme in our vniuersities the scholars dine at ten."

## ACT II. SCENE 2.

70. Line 4: *He hath but as offended in a dream!*—Grant White reads, *He hath offended but as in a dream*—that being of course the sense; but why change? The beauty of the line is gone, and I scarcely see that it is even made appreciably clearer.

71. Line 40: *To FINE the faults whose FINE stands in record.*—*Fine*, both as verb and noun, is several times used by Shakespeare in the sense of general, not necessarily of pecuniary, punishment. It is used again in III. 1. 114, 115:

Why would he for the momentary trick  
Be perdurably *fin'd*?

Compare Coriolanus, v. 6. 64, 65:

What faults he made before the last, I think  
Might have found easy *fin'es*.

72. Line 53: *But might you do't.*—*Might* you may be merely a transposition of *you might*, perhaps for the sake of euphony. (In the Cambridge Shakespeare the passage is printed with a full stop at the end of the speech; but FF. all agree in printing the sentence with a note of interrogation at the end after *him*. Walker (Critical Examination, &c., vol. ii. p. 250) suggested the emendation: "*But you might do't,*" which the Cambridge editors should certainly have adopted if they altered the punctuation of the FF. If the line is to be spoken as printed in the text it must be spoken as a question, or it would not be intelligible to the audience. I cannot see any reason why the author should not have written "*But you might do't,*" if he did not mean Isabella to ask a question. The fact that this sentence begins, like that above in line 51, with *But* makes it probable that, like that also, it is intended to be interrogative. On the other hand Dyce, who adopts Walker's emendation and does away with the note of interrogation, points to Isabella's speech above (line 49):

Yes; I do think that *you might* pardon him.

—F. A. M.]

73. Line 58: *May call it BACK again.* *Well, believe this.*—F. 1 reads *may call it againe*;—*back*, which improves alike metre and sense, was added in F. 2.

*Well, believe this*, the reading of the F. is altered by Theobald to *Well believe this* (i.e. "be thoroughly assured of this"), and the reading is adopted by some editors. It is a very good reading; but the F. is, to say the least, quite as good, and I think better.

74. Line 76: *If He, which is the TOP OF JUDGMENT.*—Dyce quotes from Dante, Purgatorio, vi. 37:

*Che cima di giudicio non s'avalla;*

precisely the same phrase, *top of judgment*. The word *top* is often used by Shakespeare to express the highest point; compare the Tempest, iii. 1. 38: "the *top* of admiration;" King John, iv. 3. 45-47:

This is the very *top*,  
The height, the crest, or crest unto the crest,  
Of murder's arms.

75. Line 79: *Like man new made*; i.e. in Johnson's common-sense phrase, "You would be quite another man." I think the references made by some commentators to Adam (as the *man new made*) are rather far-fetched.

(Most certainly I cannot see what Adam has to do with it; but may not *new made* here have the scriptural sense of "regenerated?" Shakespeare is in a decidedly theological vein of mind in this speech, and it is natural, having just spoken of the effect of the Redemption, he should have in his mind "regeneration," such as our Lord explained to Nicodemus (John iii. 3-8).—F. A. M.]

76. Line 90: *The law hath not been dead, though it hath slept.*—Holt White compares the maxim in law, *Dormiunt aliquando leges, moriuntur nunquam*.

77. Line 92: *If the first that did the edict infringe.* Several emendations of this line have been proposed, where none is needed. It is one of those lines, so frequent in Shakespeare, and so ruthlessly handled by his editors, where the first unaccented half of the first foot is wanting. If we remember this—making sufficient pause on the first word to make it accentually equal to two syllables—and lay the accent of *edict* on the second syllable (as Shakespeare does whenever the measure requires it), we shall see that the line is strictly rhythmical and very expressive in its solemn slowness. [This is all quite true as far as the study is concerned, but no actor could speak the line, as it stands, with any effect. Of the various emendations suggested, the best perhaps is that of Capell's: "*If he the first,*" and Grant White's: "*If but the first.*" Davenant altered the line to "*If he who first.*" Shakespeare is very fond of the phrase "*If that,*" and it is quite possible that he first wrote "*If that the first;*" but, seeing he had too many *thats* in the sentence, struck out the *that* after *If*. Certainly, for stage purposes, the words *If* and *first* require to be emphasized. The emendation that would transpose the position of the last three words and read "*infringe the edict,*" making the line end with a trochee, are, I think, much less probable. Out of eight passages in verse in which Shakespeare uses the word *edict*, including this one, it is accented five times on the second syllable.—F. A. M.]

78. Lines 94, 95:

and, like a prophet,

Looks in a glass.

An allusion to the beryl-stone, in which it was supposed that the future might be seen, and the absent brought before the eyes. This picturesque superstition has been often utilized in romances and poems; the latest and greatest instance being Rossetti's ballad, "Rose Mary."

79. Line 99: *But, ere they live, to end*—FF. print *here*.

ment. The word  
press the highest  
"the top of ad-

the crest,

In Johnson's com-  
to another man"  
commentators to  
or far-fetched.

tm has to do with  
the scriptural sense  
a decidedly theo-  
and it is natural,  
Redemption, he  
such as our Lord  
F. A. M.]

ad, though it hath  
in law, *Dormant*

edlet infringe

been proposed,  
those lines, so fre-  
ly handled by his  
of the first foot is  
ing sufficient pause  
tly equal to two  
on the second syl-  
measure requires  
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[This is all quite  
ed, but no actor  
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rophet,

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e absent brought  
erstitution has been  
s; the latest and  
l, "Rose Mary."  
—F. print here,

doubtless a misprint, though the Old-Spelling editors resolutely adhere to it. The correction was introduced by Hammer

80 Line 112: *pelting*.—*Pelting*, in the sense of *paltry*, is used several times by Shakespeare (e.g. *Lear*, ii. 3. 18: "Poor *pelting* villages"); and Steevens quotes the phrase "a *pelting* jade" from Lyly's *Mother Bomble* (1594), iv. 2. The passage runs: "If thou be a good hackneyman, take all our four bonds for the payment, thou knowest we are town-horne children, and will not shrinke the cliffe for a *pelting* jade" (*Works*, vol. ii. p. 128).

81. Lines 113, 114:

*Would use his heaven for thunder;  
Nothing but thunder. Merciful Heaven!*

Dyce arranged these lines, perhaps preferably, so as to leave *Merciful Heaven!* in a line to itself.

82 Line 122: *As MAKES the angels weep*.—So *Ff.*, usually altered to the modern grammatical *make*. But such constructions are not uncommon in Shakespeare; comp. *Henry V.* i. 2. 118, 119. They are apparently a survival of the Northern plural in *-es*. In some cases the plural noun may be regarded as equivalent, in thought, to the singular.

83. Line 126: *We cannot weigh our brother with ourself*.

This is not, as might be supposed at first sight, a reference of Isabella's to her own brother, but a general statement—*our brother* meaning "our fellow-man," whom she says we cannot weigh as we should, impartially, with ourselves, passing on each an equal judgment.

84 Line 132: *Art avisd o' that?*—*Avised* is used several times by Shakespeare in the same sense as here (i.e. advised, aware); e.g. *Merry Wives*, i. 4. 106: "Are you *avisd* o' that?"

85. Line 130: *That SKINS the vice*.—Shakespeare uses the word *skin* (as a verb) only here and in a very similar passage in *Hamlet*, iii. 4. 147: "It will but *skin* and flim the numerous place." In both places the verb has the meaning of "to cover with a skin;" not that which it usually has in our time, viz. "to take off the skin."

86 Line 149: *shekels*.—This word appears in the *Ff.* as *schekels*, a spelling used in Wyclif's Bible.

87 Line 154: *dedicate*.—This form of the participle is also used in II. *Henry VI.* v. 2. 37, 38:

*He that is truly dedicate to war  
Hath no self-love.*

88 Line 172: *evils*; i.e. *privies*. Used again in *Henry VIII.* ii. 1. 67:

*Nor build their evils on the graves of great men.*

Hamlet remarks: "The desecration of edifices devoted to religion, by converting them to the most abject purposes of nature, was an Eastern method of expressing contempt. See 2 Kings, x. 27."

## ACT II. SCENE 3.

89. Line 11: *the flames*.—Here Warburton (after Davenny) reads *flames*, which is certainly a help to the metaphor, and was perhaps in the original text. But, as John-

son says of Warburton's emendations: "Who does not see that, upon such principles, there is no end of correction?"

90. Lines 30-34:

*but LEST you do repent,  
As that the sin hath brought you to this shame,  
Which sorrow is always toward ourselves, not heaven,  
Showing we would not SPARE heaven as we love it,  
But as we stand in fear,*

This passage is so broken up by parentheses that it appears more obscure than it really is; and besides, there is an aposiopesis, for the sentence is not finished; the meaning, however, is tolerably clear. The Duke, in his assumed character of spiritual adviser, wishes to impress upon Juliet that her repentance, to be effective, should be based upon the sorrow that she feels for having offended God, and not on account of the shame which her sin has brought upon herself. F. 1, F. 2, F. 3 read *least* instead of *lest*, which is the correction of F. 4. Steevens calls it "a kind of negative imperative." The meaning is: "In case you only repent as that (=because) the sin has brought you to this shame;" and then he points out that the sorrow is merely selfish sorrow. The only difficulty in the remainder of the passage is the expression "*spare* heaven," which may mean either, as Malone explains it, "*spare to offend heaven*," or "*spare heaven* (i.e. God) the pain that sin causes to Him." Juliet interrupts the Duke at this point without letting him finish his advice in the sense above.—F. A. M.

91. Lines 40-42:

*Must die to-morrow! O injurious love,  
That spite me a life, whose very comfort  
Is still a dying horror!*

This passage is certainly very difficult to explain; Hammer's emendation *law* for *love* is a very plausible one, and gets rid of the difficulty in the simplest manner. The meaning then would be plain enough, Juliet exclaiming on the *law* which spares her life, but takes that of her lover. Johnson supposes Juliet to refer to the fact that her execution was respited on account of her pregnancy; but it does not appear that the law, so greedily revived by the immaculate Angelo, inflicted any penalty upon the woman, further than the disgrace involved in exposure. If we refer to scene 2 of this act (lines 16, 17):

Dispose of her

To some more fitter place; and that with speed;

and again, lines 23-25:

See you the fornicatress be remov'd;  
Let her have needful, but not lavish, means;  
There shall be order for't;

we find that Angelo does no more than direct that Juliet shall be taken care of till she has given birth to her child; but, if we refer to the story, we find that the penalty for the woman was that she "should ever after be infamously noted by the wearing of some disguised apparel" (*Hazlitt's Shak. Lib.* vol. iii. pt. 1, p. 160). It is possible, however, that Juliet may, in this passage, refer to her unborn child, which *should* be her comfort, but which now only remind her of the horrid death of her lover.—F. A. M.

## ACT II. SCENE 4.

92. Line 9: *Grown FEAR'd and tedious*.—So FF. Many editors read *scarr'd*, after Hamner, and Collier states that such is actually the reading in Lord Ellesmere's copy of the First Folio. *Fear'd* means, no doubt, just what it says on the surface, for, as Johnson says, "what we go to with reluctance may be said to be *fear'd*."

93. Line 11: *with boot*.—This expression occurs again in Lear, v. 3. 301, and *oot*, in the same sense, is used several times by Shakespeare. The meaning, according to Schmidt, is "something given over," a difference of sense from *boot*, meaning "profit, advantage."

94. Line 17: *'T is not the devil's crest*.—This phrase is no doubt used ironically; and there is nothing in the expression so obscure as to give warrant for the two pages of annotation in the Variorum Shakespeare, and the conjectural emendations of Hamner and Johnson.

95. Line 27: *The general*.—This word, for "the people," occurs twice elsewhere in Shakespeare: Hamlet, ii. 2. 467: "swave to the *general*;" and Julius Caesar, ii. 1. 10-12:

and, for my part,  
I know no personal cause to spurn at him,  
But for the *general*.

96. Line 53: *or*.—FF. and, an obvious error, corrected by Davenant, whose correction is adopted into the text by Rowe.

97. Line 56: *I had rather give my body than my soul*.—This is perhaps (? intentionally) misunderstood by Angelo; Isabella means, I had rather die (*give my body* to death) than thus forfeit my soul.

98. Line 75: *Or seem so*, CRAFTILY.—FF. *crafty*; corrected by Rowe, after Davenant.

99. Line 76: *Let me be ignorant*.—*Me* was omitted in F. 1, added in F. 2.

100. Lines 79, 80:  
*as THESE black masks*  
*Proclaim an ENSHIELD beauty.*

Various conjectures have been made as to the precise meaning of *these black masks*; but I think we may reasonably take the word *these* to be equivalent to no more than an emphatic *the*—as indeed was its original significance. Compare Romeo and Juliet, i. 1. 236, 237:

*These happy masks*, that kiss fair ladies' brows,  
Being black, put us in mind they hide the fair.

*Enshield* is simply a contraction of *enshielded*. Similar contractions are not uncommon in Shakespeare. See, on the *masks*, Romeo and Juliet, note 22.

101. Line 90: *But in the loss of question*.—Schmidt understands this phrase to mean "as no better arguments present themselves to my mind, to make the point clear." Stevens, however, seems nearer the mark in explaining it to mean "in idle supposition, or conversation that leads to nothing;" as we should say now, "for the sake of argument."

102. Line 94: *the ALL-BUILDING law*.—So FF.; best explained in the Old-Spelling editors' alteration of Schmidt's definition: "being the foundation and bond of all." Rowe

displaces *all-building* by *all-holding*, and Johnson by *all-binding*.

103. Line 103: *That longing HAVE been sick for*.—So FF. Many editors follow Rowe's emendation *I've*, but the ellipsis of *have* for *I have* is perhaps intentional. The Cambridge editors (note xi.) say: "The second person singular of the governing pronoun is frequently omitted by Shakespeare in familiar questions, but, as to the first and third persons, his usage rarely differs from the modern. If the text be genuine, we have an instance in this play of the omission of the third person singular, i. 4. 72: 'Has censured him.' See also the early Quarto of the Merry Wives of Windsor, ac. xiv. l. 40, p. 285 of our reprint:

He cloath my daughter, and advertise *Stender*  
To know her by that signe, and steale her thence,  
And unknowne to my wife, shall marrie her."

104. Lines 111-113:

*Ignomy in ransom and free pardon*  
*Are of two houses: lawful mercy*  
*Is nothing kin to foul redemption.*

This is the arrangement and reading of F. 1, which I have not felt justified in disturbing, though Stevens' re-arrangement, as follows, is plausible:

Lawful mercies  
Nothing akin to foul redemption.

*Ignomy* is, of course, merely another form of *ignominy* (by which it is replaced in F. 2); but the spelling is preserved in many modern editions. It occurs also in I. Henry IV. v. 4. 100:

By *ignomy* sleep with thee in the grave;

and in Troilus and Cressida, v. 10. 33, 34:

*ignomy* and shame  
Pursue thy life;

as well as in the Qq. of Titus Andronicus, iv. 2. 115:

I blush to think upon this *ignomy*.

105. Line 122, 123:

If not a FEDARY, but only he,  
Owe and succeed thy weakness.

*Fedary* (or *feodary*, as the later FF. have it) originally meant a vassal; in Cymbeline, iii. 2. 21, it is certainly used in the sense of *accomplice*: "Art thou a *fedary* for this act?" Mr. Stone writes me: "I incline to the view that F. *fedarie* (F. 2 *feodary*) means a *rascal*, not an *accomplice*. If *succeed* could be supposed to mean *follow*—in a moral sense—*feodary* is better understood as meaning *accomplice*. Accepting the other interpretation of *feodary*, Isabella may mean: If my brother be not an inheritor of frailty, but frailty begins and ends with him, let him die. As if a man could be heir to himself, and by this title hold his property. With either explanation we must take *thy* (line 123) to mean *you men*, since Angelo has not yet revealed himself."

106. Line 130: *credulous to false prints*.—Compare Twelfth Night, ii. 2. 31; and see my note on that passage (78).

107. Line 160: *And now I give my sensual RACE the rein*.—For the use of the word *race* in the sense here given to it—i.e. "natural disposition" (Schmidt)—compare the only other instance in Shakespeare, The Tempest, i. 2. 358-360:

thy vile race.

Though thou diest learn, had that in't which good natured  
Could not abide to be with.

As Mr. Aldis Wright observes (Clarendon Press ed. of the Tempest, p. 166), "the word is used in this secondary sense like 'strain' (A. S. *strynd*, a stock, from *stryman*, to beget) in Troilus and Cressida, ii. 2. 154:

Can it be

That so degenerate a strain as this

Should once set footing in your generous bosoms?

108. Line 102: *PROLIXIOUS* *blushes*. Stevens cites examples of the use of *prolixious* by Drayton, Gabriel Harvey, and Nash, but the sense is not precisely that of the text. The word is here evidently used, by a certain licence of language, for "tiresomely prudish."

## ACT III. SCENE 1.

109. Line 5: *Be ABSOLUTE* for death; i.e. be certain you will die. Compare Shakespeare's use of *absolute* in Cymbeline, iv. 2. 100, 107:

I am absolute

"I was very close;

Pericles, ii. 5. 10: "How absolute she's in't!" &c.

110. Line 10: *That* *POST*.—Changed by Hammer to *do*, leaving *skye* influences as the subject, instead of *breath*. The sense is quite clear, and would come to much the same in either case.

111. Lines 11-13:

merely, thou art DEATH'S FOOL;

For him thou labour'st by thy right to shun

And yet run'st to 'ard him still

This appears to be a reference to a figure in the Dance of Death, some edition of which may very well have been seen by Shakespeare. The subject is very thoroughly explored in a dissertation prefixed by Douce to Pickering's edition of The Dance of Death, 1833, to which the references given below are made. A reprint of it is included in Bohn's Illustrated Series.

"From a manuscript note by John Stowe, in his copy of Ieland's Itinerary, it appears that there was a Dance of Death in the church of Stratford upon Avon; and the conjecture that Shakespeare, in a passage in Measure for Measure, might have remembered it, will not, perhaps, be deemed very extravagant. He there alludes to Death as the fool, a subject always introduced into the paintings in question" (p. 53). "Bishop Warburton and Mr. Malone have referred to old Moralities, in which the fool escaping from the pursuit of Death is introduced. Ritson has denied the existence of any such farces, and he is perhaps right with respect to printed ones; but vestiges of such a drama were observed several years ago at the fair of Bristol by the present writer" (pp. 170, 177). The Dance of Death, with 41 cuts, attributed to Holbein, was first published at Lyons in 1538. In 1547 an edition appeared containing 12 additional cuts, one of them (the 43rd of the series) having Death and the fool for its subject. In this the fool is mocking Death, by putting his finger in his mouth, and at the same time endeavouring to strike him with his bladder-bauble. Death smiling, and amused at his efforts, leads him away in a dancing attitude, playing at the same time on a bagpipe. The following text

(Proverbs, ch. vii. v. 22) is beneath the cut: "Quasi agnus insciens, et ignorans, necit quid ad vincula stultus trahatur" (see p. 261). Another illustration of the subject is in an alphabet ornamented with subjects from the Dance of Death, which was introduced into books printed at Basle by Bebelius and Cratander about 1530. In Bohn's edition of the Dance of Death there is a reprint of this alphabet. The design for the letter K has for its subject Death seizing the fool, who strikes at him with his bladder-bauble and seems to strive to escape. English readers would be familiarized with this, since in an edition of Coverdale's Bible printed by James Nicolson in Southwark, the same design is used for the letter A. It is found in other English books, and even as late as 1608 in an edition of Stowe's Survey of London. (See pp. 214-218.) Besides this, the so-called Queen Elizabeth's prayer-book, printed by J. Daye in 1560, of which there are other editions dated 1578, 1581, 1590, has at the end "a Dance of Death of singular interest, as exhibiting the costume of its time with respect to all ranks and conditions of life." Among the characters are both the Fool and the Female Fool (p. 147). Douce gives also (p. 163) from the Stationers' Registers, under date January 5th, 1597, the entry to the Purfootes of "The roll of the Dance of Death, with pictures, and verses upon the same." See also Richard II. note 220.

112. Line 24: *For thy complexion shifts to strange effects*.—Johnson would read *affects*, i.e. "affections of mind;" but the word in the text, in its natural meaning of "natural manifestations, expressions," is very little in need of improvement.

113. Line 29: *sire*.—So F. 4. The reading of the earlier FF. is *fire*.

114. Lines 34-36:

for all thy blessed youth  
Becomes as aged, and doth beg the atoms  
Of palsied age.

This passage has given rise to a great deal of conjecture, and many unsatisfactory substitutions for *aged* have been brought forward. The meaning seems to me to be simply this. The Duke, with a pessimism worthy of Leopardi, is going over the catalogue of miseries, cunningly extracting poison from the fairest flowers of life, and finally he declares that neither in youth nor age is there anything enjoyable, at least according to man's way of dealing with the seasons; for even in youth he is devoured with the ennui and care proper to age, and is as feeble and nerveless as a palsied beggar-man, with strength neither of body nor of will.

115. Line 40: *Moe* *thousand* *deaths*; i.e. a thousand more deaths. *Moe* is frequently used in Shakespeare for *more*. Compare Henry VIII. ii. 3. 97: "That promises *moe* thousands." Compare Julius Caesar, note 101.

116. Line 51: *Bring me to hear them speak, where I may be conceal'd*.—F. 1 reads *Bring them to hear me speak*, an obvious transposition, which, however, was not set right before the conjecture of Stevens, adopted by Malone.

<sup>1</sup> The word *nescit* is not in the Vulgate



## 117. Lines 57-59:

Lord Angelo, having affairs to heaven,  
Intends you for his swift ambassador,  
Where you shall be an everlasting LEIGER.

*Leiger, tieger, or ledger*, means "a resident ambassador." Compare Cymbeline, i. 5. 80: "*leigers* for her sweet." Steevens cites Look About You, a comedy, 1600: "as *leiger* to solicit for your absent love;" and Leicester's Commonwealth, "a special man of that hasty king, who was his *ledger*, or agent, in London." The word is used for "resident" in Shirley's Lady of Pleasure, iv. 2:

Fools are a family over all the world;  
We do affect one naturally; indeed  
The fool is *leiger* with us.

## 118. Lines 68-70:

a restraint,  
THOUGH all the world's vastidity you had,  
To a determined scope.

This magnificent conception of a life fettered and confined within the limits of its remorse may be compared with the feeblar, more rhetorical, but still fine image of Byron in The Giaour:

The mind that broods o'er guilty woes  
Is like the scorpion girt by fire,  
In circle narrowing as it glows, &c.  
—Works, Tauchnitz ed., 1842, vol. ii. p. 166.

Ff. print *Through*, a misprint which was corrected by Pope.

## 119. Lines 82, 83:

Think you I can a resolution fetch  
From FLOWERY TENDERNESS?

The phrase *flowery tenderness* appears to be used by Claudio in mockery or resentment of his sister's stoic counsels, coming, as they do, from her, a mere woman, a creature tender as a flower, to him, a man, supposing himself valiant.

120. Line 88: *conserve*; i.e. preserve, a word used by Shakespeare only here and in Othello, iii. 4. 75: "*Conserve'd* of maidens' hearts." Chaucer employs the word in the Knights Tale, 1471:

Syn thou art mayde, and kepere of us alle,  
My maydenhode thou kepe and wel *conserve*,  
And whil I live a mayde I wil the serve.

121. Line 93: *His filth within being cast*.—"As a hawk is made to cast out her 'casting,' a pellet put down her throat to test the state of her digestion" (Furnivall and Stone, Old-Spelling Shakspeare, note).

122. Line 94: *The PRENZIE Angelo?*—Few words in Shakspeare have given rise to so much controversy as this word *prenzie*, repeated again in line 97 below. F. 2 has *princely*, and various conjectural emendations have been adopted, of which *prestly* (Hammer's conjecture) is, justly, the most widely accepted. Accepting the word in the text as accurate, many attempts have been made to explain it. The Cambridge editors say: "It may be etymologically connected with *prin*, in old French, meaning demure; also with *princez*, a coxcomb, and with the word *prender*, which occurs more than once in Skelton, e.g.:

This pevysh proud, this *prender* gest,  
When he is well, yet ' in he not rest.

22.)

Mr. Bullock mentions, in support of his conjecture, that *pensie* is still used in some north-country districts. *Prinsie* is also found in Burns' poems (as '*prinsie* Mallie' in Hallowe'en) with the signification of 'demure, precise,' according to the glossary." Dr. Brinsley Nicholson suggests that the word *prenzie* may stand for the old Italian *Prenze*, a variant for *Principe*; and his suggestion is given in the note to the word in the Old-Spelling Shakspeare, from which I have adopted, at line 97, the reading *prenzie's guards*, for the *prenzie gardes* of F. 1; *prenzie's guards* in this case meaning a prince's guards—the lace on his robe. Compare Love's Labour's Lost, iv. 3. 68:

O, rhymes are *guards* on wanton Cupid's hose.

123. Line 115: *PERDURABLY fin'd*.—This is the only instance of the word *perdurably* in Shakspeare, but we have *perdurable* in Henry V. iv. 5. 7: "O *perdurable* shame!" and in Othello, i. 3. 343: "cables of *perdurable* toughness."

## 124. Lines 122-123:

To bathe in fiery floods, or to reside  
In thrilling REGION of thick-ribbed ice;  
To be imprison'd in the viewless winds,  
And blown with restless violence round about  
The pendent world; or to be worse than worst  
Of those that lawless and incertain THOUGHT  
IMAGINE HOWLING.

*Region*, the reading of the Ff., was altered by Rowe to *regions*, and Dyce, who follows him, declares that the plural is "positively required" here, as also in *thought*, line 127. "We contend," says Dr. Ingley, "that *Region* is used in the abstract, and in the radical sense; and that it means *restricted place*, or *confinement*; also that *thought* is used in the abstract, and that it is the objective governed by *imagine*" (The Still Lion, 1874, pp. 97, 98). With the latter statement I cannot agree. Perhaps we should read *thoughts Imagine or thought Imagines*. With regard to the possible sources of Shakespeare's conception of future punishment, see the numerous interesting quotations from mediæval visions of hell and purgatory, given in the notes to the play in the Old-Spelling Shakspeare, with special reference to "alternate torments of heat and cold," such as the *fiery floods* and *thick-ribbed ice* point to. An extract from Macrobius, whose commentary on Cicero's Dream of Scipio was well known in Shakespeare's time, affords a curious parallel to the sentence "blown with restless violence."

[Perhaps one of the descriptions that Shakspeare had in his mind was that contained in The Revelation of the Monk of Evesham, published in 1482. (See Arber's reprint of this curious work from the unique copy in the British Museum, and compare, especially, chapters 15, 17, 24, in which the Three Places of Pains and Torments of Purgatory are described.) As to the word *howling*, it is worth while, perhaps, to quote the well-known lines in Hamlet, addressed to the Priest by Laertes over his sister's grave, v. 1. 263-265:

I tell thee, churlish priest,  
A ministering angel shall my sister be  
When thou liest *howling*.

With the whole of the passage quoted above we may compare the following lines from Milton's Paradise Lost:

a conjecture, that country districts. seems (as 'prinsie' nation of 'demure, Brinsley Nichol- stand for the old and his suggestion Old-Spelling Shak- ne 97, the reading of F. 1; *prezie's* guards—the lace Lost, iv. 3. 58: and's hose.

This is the only Shakespeare, but we have: "O *perdurable* les of *perdrable*

ice; inds, ound about than worst THOUGHT

ered by Rowe to declares that the also in *thought*, y, "that *Region* is sense; and that it also that *thought* is jective governed (7, 98). With the as we should read With regard to ception of future sting quotations tory, given in the Shakspeare, with of heat and cold," ee point to. An ntary on Cicero's Shakspeare's time, ce "blown with

Shakespeare had Revelation of the (see Arber's re- lique copy in the y, chapters 15, 17, and Torments of ord *hoeling*, it is k-known lines in rtes over his sis-

riest, be

above we may 's Paradise Lost:

Thither by harpy-footed furies half'd,  
At certain revolutions, all the damn'd  
Are brought; and feel by turns the bitter change  
Of fierce extremes, extremes by change more fierce.  
From beds of raging fire, to starve in ice  
Their soft ethereal warmth, and there to pine  
Immoveable, infix'd, and frozen round,  
Periods of time, thence hurried back to fire.

—Book ii. lines 596-603.

F. A. M.]

125. Line 130: *penury*.—This is the correction by F. 2 of the misprint *perury* in F. 1.

126. Line 141: *Heaven SHIELD my mother play'd my father fair!*—For *shield* in the sense of *forbid*, compare All's Well, i. 3. 174: "God *shield*, you mean it not!" and Romeo and Juliet, iv. 1. 41:

God *shield* I should disturb devotion!

127. Line 142: *slip of wilderness*; i. e. wild slip. *Wilderness* is used for *wildness* in Old Fortunatus, 1690, iv. 1:

But I in *wilderness* totter'd out my youth,  
And therefore must turn wild, must be a beast.

Steevens cites another line in which the word *wilderness* occurs, from Beaumont and Fletcher's Maid's Tragedy, v. 4; but the word may there be used in its modern sense.

128. Line 143: *Take my DEFIANCE*.—Explained by Schmidt as "rejection, declaration that one will have nothing to do with another." Compare I. Henry IV. i. 3. 225:

All studies here I solemnly *defy*.

I am not sure that this interpretation does not afford, after all, a tamer sense than if we take Isabella's indignant *defiance* to mean simply—*defiance*.

129. Line 170: *Do not SATISFY your resolution with hopes that are fallible*.—Panmer conjectures *falsify*, not a bad conjecture as things go, but unnecessary. Steevens explains the passage: "Do not rest with satisfaction on *hopes* that are *fallible*."

130. Line 194: *I am now going to resolve him, I had rather, &c.*—So most editors; the Cambridge editors follow the pointing of the Ff.: "I am now going to resolve him: I had rather," &c.

131. Line 217: *Frederick the great soldier who MIECARRIED at sea*; i. e. was lost. Compare Merchant of Venice, ii. 8. 29, 30:

there *miscarried*  
A vessel of our country richly fraught.

132. Line 221: *She should this Angelo have married; was affianced to her oath*.—*She* is of course used, by a grammatical license, for *her*. See Abbott's Shakespearian Grammar, par. 111. Very likely the latter clause is merely a misprint for "was affianced to her by oath" (as F. 2 corrects it), and so most editors read; the Old-Spelling editors retain the reading of F. 1, and Mr. Stone suggests that here "Mariana's betrothal vow to Angelo may be regarded as a quasi-agent, instead of the person who took the oath."

133. Line 266: *the corrupt deputy SCALED*.—The meaning of this word is very doubtful. The verb is used by Shakespeare in its ordinary sense of "to climb" with a ladder in four passages, and in a peculiar sense in Coriolanus, i. 1. 92-95:

I shall tell you  
A pretty tale: it may be you have heard it;  
But, since it serves my purp'ose, I will venture  
To *scale* 't a little more,

where many modern editors read *stale*, an emendation which Halliwell in his Archaic Dictionary, under *Scale*, says is undoubtedly right, and is strongly supported also by Dyce. In another passage in the same play, ii. 3. 267, the word occurs,

*Scaling* his present bearing with his past,

where it is undoubtedly used in the sense of "to weigh;" a sense which seems to suit the passage in our text very well.

Johnson says: "To *scale* is certainly to *reach* as well as to *disperse* or *spread* abroad, and hence its application to a routed army which is *scattered over the field*." Ritson says: "The Duke's meaning appears to be, either that Angelo would be *over-reached*, as a town is by the *scalade*; or, that his true character would be *spread* or *lay'd open*, so that his villainess would become evident." This latter meaning suggested by Johnson has been adopted by many editors, and also makes very good sense. Richardson in his Dictionary, under *Scale*, says: "In Meas. for Meas.—'The corrupt deputy was *scaled*, by separating from him, or stripping off his covering of hypocrisy.' The tale of Menenius (in Coriolanus) was '*scaled* a little more,' by being *divided* more into particulars and degrees; more circumstantially or at length.—'*Scaling* his present bearing with his past,' (also in Coriolanus,) looking *separately* at each, and, thence, comparing them."

In a passage in Hall, copied by Holinshed, we have this verb used in a very peculiar sense; he is referring to the dispersion of the army of Welshmen collected together at the beginning of Buckingham's insurrection: "the Welshmen lyngeryngedyly and without money, vitayle, or wages sodaynely *scaled* and departed" (Reprint, p. 394). The meaning there seems to be simply "separated." It is difficult to decide authoritatively between the various meanings assigned to the word in the text; but "over-reached" or "exposed" both would suit the context. Grant White gets out of the difficulty by reading *foiled*; an emendation for which, however, there seems no necessity.—F. A. M.

134. Line 277: *the moated grange*.—A *grange* is a solitary house, frequently a farm-house; "some one particular house," says Ritson, "immediately inferior in rank to a *hall*, situated at a small distance from the town or village from which it takes its name." Compare Othello, i. 1. 105, 106:

What tell'st thou me of robbing? This is Venice;  
My house is not a *grange*.

The word is used again in Winter's Tale, iv. 4. 309:

Or thou goest to the *grange* or mill.

The "lonely moated grange" of Mariana is equally familiar to the readers of the two most popular English poets, Tennyson as well as Shakespeare.

# ACT III. SCENE 2.

135. Line 4: *brown and white BASTARD*.—*Bastard* is a sweet Spanish wine. Compare I. Henry IV. ii. 4. 30: "a pint of *bastard*;" line 82: "your brown *bastard*;" line 82:



only drink." Coles (Latin Dictionary) has "Bastard wine, *vinum possunt*." Nares quotes Benumont and Fletcher, *The Tamer Tamed*, ii. 1:

I was drunk with *bastard*,  
Whose nature is to form things like itself,  
Heady and monstrous,

136. Line 26: *I drink, I EAT, ARRAY MYSELF, and live.*—*Fl. eat away myself.* The reading in the text, an unexceptionable and universally followed emendation, was first adopted into the text by Theobald, after Bishop's conjecture.

137. Lines 40, 41:

That we were all, as some would seem to be,  
FROM OUR FAULTS, AS FAULTS FROM SEEMING, FREE!

This is the reading of F. 1, followed by the Cambridge and the Old-Spelling editors. F. 2 and F. 3 read "*Free from our faults*," and F. 4 "*Free from all faults*." The latter part of the line should be, according to Hammer, *as from faults seeming free*—a widely-accepted emendation which has this among other drawbacks, that it turns a line of blank verse into a regular dactylic canter. Furnivall and Stone give, I think, the plain meaning of the Folio text in their foot-note: "Would that we were as free from faults, as our faults are from seeming (hypocrisy)."

138. Line 48: *Pygmalion's images, newly made woman.*—A double allusion to the story of *Pygmalion's image* coming to life, and to a meaning sometimes given to the word *woman*, like the primary meaning of the Latin *mulier*. See Cotgrave under *Dame du milieu*.

139. Line 53: *What say'st thou, Trot?*—Needlessly altered by some editors to "What say'st thou to *it*?" *Trot* (a contemptuous term for an old woman, used in *Taming of Shrew*, i. 2. 89) is no unlikely epithet for the irreverent Lucio to use to his patron. Boyer (French Dictionary) has "an old Trot (or decrepit Woman) *Un vieille*."

140. Line 60: *in the tub*.—Compare Henry V. ii. 1. 70: "the powdering tub of infamy"—an allusion to the treatment for the French disease; referred to again in *Timon*, iv. 3. 80.

141. Line 107: *extirp*.—Used only here and in *I. Henry VI.* iii. 3. 24: "*extirped from our provinces*." *Extirpate* is only used in *The Tempest*, i. 2. 125, 120:

extirpate me and mine  
Out of the dukedom.

142. Line 119: *a MOTION generative*.—Compare Two Gent. of Verona, ii. 1. 100: "O excellent *motion*! O exceeding puppet!"—which explains the word by giving a synonym for it. Theobald reads "*a motion ungenerative*," but the change seems unnecessary—indeed, I think the force of the expression is weakened rather than heightened by the alteration.

143. Line 128: *I never heard the absent duke much DETECTED for women*.—*Detected* is usually explained as meaning "suspected;" but Verplanck (quoted by Rolfe) remarks: "The use of this word, in the various extracts from old authors, collected by the commentators, shows that its old meaning was (not suspected, as some of them say, but) charged, arraigned, accused. Thus, in Greenway's *Tactus* (1622), the Roman senators, who informed

against their kindred, are said 'to have detected the dearest of their kindred.'

144. Line 135: *clack-dish*.—A dish with a cover, clacked to call attention to the beggars who carried it.

145. Line 138: *A SHY fellow was the duke*.—Compare v. 1. 53. 54:

the wicked'st caltiff on the ground,  
May seem as *shy*, as grave, as just, as absolute.

This closely parallel passage (the only other instance of the word in Shakespeare) quite disallows, I think, the emendation *sty*, adopted in the present passage by Hammer.

146. Line 160: *dearer*.—This is Hammer's correction of the reading of F. 1, *deare*. F. 2 follows F. 1; F. 3 and F. 4 read *dear*.

147. Lines 191, 192: *The duke, I say to thee again, would eat MUTTON on Fridays*.—The double entendre (*mutton*, or *laced mutton*, being slang for a courtesan) is a common one in plays of the period. It occurs in Shakespeare's original, *Promos and Cassandra*, pt. I. i. 3:

I heard of one Phallax,  
A man esteem'd, of *Promos* verie much:  
Of whose Nature, I was so bolde to axe,  
And I smelt, he loved *lase mutton* well.  
—W. C. Hazlitt, Shakespeare's Library, vol. iii. p. 214.

148. Line 193: *He's now past it; yet (and I say to thee) he would, &c.*—This is the reading of the *Fl.*, preserved by the Old-Spelling editors, but almost universally abandoned in favour of Hammer's plausible emendation: "He's not past it yet, and I say to thee, he would," &c.—plausible, but surely less characteristic of Lucio and his reckless scandal-mongering than the expression in the Folio; an expression explained well enough by Poins' remark concerning Falstaff (*II. Henry IV.* ii. 4. 283, 284): "Is it not strange that desire should so many years outlive performance?" The parenthetic "and I say to thee" is merely an emphatic pressing home of the point.

149. Line 232: *the Sea*.—*Fl.* read *Sea*, a spelling not uncommon at the time. Furnivall and Stone quote Hall's *Chronicles*, 1548, ed. 1809, p. 750, l. 3: "the *Sea* Apostolik;" and Stow's *Annals*, 1603, p. 1058, l. 14: "the *sea* of Rome."

150. Line 237: *and it is as dangerous . . . as*.—This is the correction of F. 3 and F. 4 of the reading of F. 1 and F. 2: *and as it is as dangerous*.

151. Line 278: *Grace to stand, and virtue to go*, i.e. "to go." "He should have grace to withstand temptation, and virtue to go (walk) uprightly" (Furnivall and Stone, note).

152. Line 287: *How may likeness, made in crimes, &c.*—Many attempts have been made to amend this passage or to explain it. Mr. W. G. Stone attempts a paraphrase in his notes on *Measure for Measure* (New Shakespeare Society's Transactions, part iii. p. 115\*): "How may a real affinity of guilt (like that which attaches to Angelo, who meditates the same crime for which he has condemned Claudio), practising upon the world, draw with such gossamer threats as hypocritical pretences the solid advantages of honour, power," &c. The addition of *to* in line

have detected the

with a cover, clacked  
carried it.

the duke.—Compare

the ground,  
as absolute.

other instance of  
lows, I think, the  
at passage by Han-

mer's correction of  
F. 1; F. 3 and F. 4

to thee again, would  
entendre (*mutton*,  
esan) is a common  
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i. 3:

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rary, vol. iii. p. 214.

(and I say to thee)  
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250 is not without confirmation in the usage of Shake-  
speare's time.

ACT IV. SCENE 1.

153. Line 1: *Take, O, take these lips away.*—This song  
appears again in Fletcher's *Bloody Brother*, v. 2, with  
the addition of the following stanza:

Hide, O hide those hills of snow  
Which thy frozen bosom bears.  
On whose tops the jinks that grow  
Are of those that April wears;  
But first set my poor heart free,  
Bound in those icy chains by thee.

The two stanzas are also found in the spurious edition of  
Shakespeare's *Poems*, 1640; and it has been supposed by  
some that the same hand wrote the whole poem. It seems  
equally certain that Shakespeare did write the first  
stanza, and that he did not write the second. In the first  
place, the added stanza is of obviously poorer stuff than  
the original one—as inferior as Fletcher is to Shake-  
speare. In the second place, the original stanza is so  
written as to afford a very beautiful refrain in the last  
two lines:

But my kisses bring again,  
Bring again;  
Seals of love, but seal'd in vain,  
Seal'd in vain.

The added stanza is written with no such intention; and  
a refrain is impossible, without a perfect dislocation of  
sense, thus: "poor heart free," and "chains by thee." I  
do not think there is anything very surprising in Flet-  
cher's using and continuing a song of Shakespeare's.  
Literary property was not then very strictly guarded;  
and both before and since there have been instances of  
apparently unfinished poems completed by other hands.

154. Line 18: *much upon this time have I promised  
here to meet.*—*Meet* is used intransitively in *Merry  
Wives*, ii. 3. 5: "'T is past the hour, sir, that Sir Hugh  
promised to meet;" and in *As You Like It*, v. 2. 120: "as  
you love Phebe, *meet*; and as I love no woman, I'll  
*meet*."

155. Line 21: *I do constantly believe you.*—*Constantly*  
here means firmly; the word is used in the same sense in  
*Troilus and Cressida*, iv. 1. 40-42:

I constantly do think—  
Or, rather, call my thought a certain knowledge—  
My brother Troilus lodges there to-night.

In the other sense of *firmly*, i.e. with firmness of mind,  
it is used in *Julius Caesar*, v. 1. 92:

To meet all perils very constantly.

156. Line 30: *a PLANCHED gate.*—Steevens cites Sir  
Arthur Gorges' translation of Lucan's *Pharsalia*, 1614,  
p. 18 (l. k. 1):

Like a proud Courser bred in Thrace,  
Accustom'd to the running race,  
Who when he hears the Trumpets noyse,  
The shouts and cries of men and boyes,  
(Though in the stable close vp-pent)  
Yet, with his hooves, doth beat and rent  
The *planch'd* floore, the barres and chaines.  
Vntill he have got loose the raines.

NOTES TO MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

157. Lines 34-36:

*There have I made my promise  
Upon the heavy middle of the night  
To call upon him.*

The Fl. arrange these lines thus:

There have I made my promise, vpon the  
Heavy middle of the night, to call vpon him

The arrangement adopted in the text was proposed to  
Dyce by Lord Tennyson in 1844. It is adopted by Dyce,  
the Cambridge, and the Old-spelling editors, &c., and  
seems unquestionably right.

158. Line 40: *In action all of precept.*—"Showing the  
several turnings of the way with his hand" (Warburton).

159. Line 62: *contrarious.*—Used only here and in I.  
Henry IV. v. 1. 52:

And the *contrarious* winds that hel'd the king.

Quests is F. 2's correction of the quest of F. 1.

160. Line 64: *make thee the father of their idle DREAM.*  
—So Fl. and Old-spelling editors; Pope's emendation  
*dreams* is almost universally followed. It seems to me  
more probable than not, but not certain, and I have  
allowed the original reading to stand.

161. Lines 74, 75:

*Sith that the justice of your title to him  
Doth FLOURISH the deceit.*

This is the only instance of *flourish* used as a verb in the  
sense obviously intended here. But *flourish* is often used  
as a noun with somewhat the same signification; e.g.  
*Sonnet* ix. 9:

Time doth transfix the *flourish* set on youth;

i.e. the "varnish, gloss, ostentatious embellishment"  
(Schmidt).

162. Line 76: *Our corn's to reap, for yet our TILTH's to  
sow.*—F. 1, F. 2, F. 3 print *tithes*; F. 4 *tythes*, which  
Knight, the Cambridge editors, &c., retain. Johnson  
takes the word by metonymy for *harvest*, and Knight  
suggests that *tithe* may be understood as meaning "the  
proportion that the seed which is sown bears to the har-  
vest." The reading adopted in the text is Warburton's  
very probable conjecture, to which great support is given  
by the passage in Markham's *English Husbandman*, 1635  
(quoted in the *Variorum* Sh. ix. 145): "After the begin-  
ning of March you shall begin to sow your barley upon  
that ground which the year before did lie fallow, and is  
commonly called your *tith* or fallowfield."

[I cannot find *tith* in any of the numerous provincial  
glossaries that I have searched; but Halliwell in his  
*Archaic and Provincial Dictionary* gives a quotation from  
Gower:

So that the *tithe* is nyge forlorne,  
Whiche Criste sewe with his owen hounde.

—MS. Soc. Antiq. 154 f. 118.

which seems very appropriate, for there he speaks of  
sowing *tith*; and Richardson, *sub voce*, gives a quotation  
from Appollonius Rhodius, Argon. b. iv.:

O'er the rough *tith* he cast his eyes around,  
And won the plough of adamant he found,  
And yokes of brass.

where it seems to mean "ground to be tilled." Fawkes appears to have published his translation in 1761.—F. A. M.]

## ACT IV. SCENE 2.

163. Line 30: *mystery*.—The word *mystery* is used by Shakespeare several times for trade or profession; three times in the present scene; once in *Othello*, iv. 2. 30; and twice in *Timon*, iv. 1. 18; iv. 3. 458. [It is well to remember that the word *mystery* in the sense of a trade, occupation, or art, is quite a different word from *mystery* in its ordinary sense—"anything kept concealed, a secret rite;" the latter being derived through the Latin *mysterium*, from the Greek *μυστήριον*; while *mystery*, or *mistry*, as it should be spelt, is from the Middle English *mistere*, a word used by Chaucer, and is no doubt adapted from the old French *mestier*, which Cotgrave translates "a trade, occupation, *mistry*." As Skeat says, the two words have been sadly confused. Spenser uses *mysterie*—"the soldier's occupation" in *Prosopopoeia* or *Mother Hubberds Tale*:

Shame light on him that through so false illusion,  
Doth turne the name of Souldiers to abusion,  
And that which is the noblest *mysterie*,  
Brings to reproach and common infamie,

—Pp. 6, 7, ed. 1617.

—F. A. M.]

164. Lines 46-50:

Abhor. *Every true man's apparel fits your thief.*  
Prov. *If it be too little, &c.*

The distribution of speakers in the text is that of the Ft. Almost all the editors since Capell, including even the Old-Spelling editors, have given the whole passage, from *Every true man's apparel to so every true man's apparel fits your thief*, to Abhorson. But I consider the admissibility of the original reading to have been quite proved by Cowden Clarke in the following passage, quoted by Rolfe: "Abhorson states his proof that hanging is a mystery by saying, 'Every true man's apparel fits your thief,' and the Clown, taking the words out of his mouth, explains them after his own fashion, and ends by saying, so (in this way, or thus) *every true man's apparel fits your thief*. Moreover, the speech is much more in character with the Clown's snip-snap style of chop-logic than with Abhorson's manner, which is remarkably curt and bluff."

165. Line 54: *he doth oftener ask forgiveness*.—This is an allusion to the practice, common among executioners, of asking the pardon of those whom they were about to send out of the world. Compare *As You Like It*, iii. 5. 3-6:

The common executioner,  
Whose heart th' accustom'd sight of death makes hard,  
Falls not the axe upon the humbled neck  
But first *begs pardon*.

166. Line 59: *and I hope, if you have occasion to use me for your own turn, you shall find me YARE*.—The word, which occurs several times in Shakespeare, is from *A. S. gætro*, ready. There is a curious parallel to the use of this word in its present connection, in *Antony and Cleopatra*, iii. 13. 129, 130:

A halter'd neck which does the hangman thank  
For being *yare* about him.

167. Line 86: *meal'd*.—Johnson's explanation, "sprinkled, defiled," seems preferable to Blackstone's derivation from Fr. *mealer*, mingled, compounded.

168. Line 89: *seldom when*; i.e. 'tis seldom when. Compare II. Henry IV. iv. 4. 79, 80:

'Tis seldom when the bee doth leave her comb  
In the dead carrion.

169. Line 92: *the UNSISTING postern*.—This is an expression never satisfactorily explained, unless the guess of the Old-Spelling editors can be said to solve the difficulty. They suggest that the word may be derived from *sisto*, which is sometimes intransitive, and that *unsisting* may thus mean "shaking."

170. Line 103: *This is his LORDSHIP's man*.—Ft. *Lords*. The correction was made by Pope. "In the MS. plays of our author's time they often wrote *Lo.* for *Lord*, and *Lord.* for *Lordship*; and these corrections were sometimes improperly followed in the printed copies" (Malone).

171. Lines 103, 104:

Duke. *This is his lordship's man.*  
Prov. *And here comes Claudio's pardon.*

This is the reading of the Ft., and I do not see any certain reason why it should be altered, as most editors, following Tyrwhitt's conjecture, have altered it, by the transposition of the speakers' names. Tyrwhitt bases his change on the seeming inconsistency of the Provost's words. "He has just declared a fixed opinion that the execution will not be countermanded; and yet, upon the first entrance of the messenger, he immediately guesses that his errand is to bring Claudio's pardon." I cannot see any real inconsistency in this. The Provost, judging from what he knows of Angelo's character, has said that he has no expectation of a remand. At that moment Angelo's servant enters. "This is his lordship's man," says the Duke significantly. "And here comes Claudio's pardon!" cries the Provost, now at last convinced. Is not all this very natural? The Provost, despite the opinion he holds to the contrary, has just confessed that "haply" the pretended friar may be in the secret, and "something know." Would not the unexpected entrance of Angelo's servant—at so very unusual an hour ("almost day," as he says in leaving)—force a strong probability on the Provost's mind that after all the friar is right? Another imaginary inconsistency is brought forward by Knight in support of the charge: that of the Provost's first saying, "Here comes Claudio's pardon," and then, "I told you [that he had no chance of a pardon]." Here again the process of mind is quite natural. Having read the letter, and found out what it really is, the provost is of course in the same mind as before as to Angelo's character, and the improbability of his paroling Claudio. Thus, when the Duke questions him, "What news?" he replies (ignoring his momentary change of front), "I told you;" that is, "I told you before that Claudio must die."

172. Line 135: *one that is a prisoner nine years old*.—Compare *Hamlet*, iv. 6. 15: "Ere we were two days old at sea."

173. Lines 187-189: *Shave the head, and trim the beard; and*

ation, "sprinkled,  
e's derivation from

eldom when. Com-

ve her comb

"This is an expres-  
sion the guess of  
solve the difficulty.  
derived from *aisto*,  
that *unisting* may

man.—Ft. Lords.  
in the MS. plays of  
Lo. for Lord, and  
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Provost's words.  
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man," says the Duke  
io's pardon!" cries

is not all this very  
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then, "I told you

Here again the  
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he replies (ignor-  
I told you;" that  
at die."

nine years old.—  
vere two days old

the beard; and

say it was the desire of the penitent to be so BAR'D.—So Ft., and there seems no reason to suppose there is any error, though Dyce reads *trun*, and Simpson conjectures *dye*. *Bar'd*, immediately following, has reference chiefly, no doubt, to the shaving of the head (probab'y receiving the tonsure, in order to die in the odour of sanctity); but it may also refer to the tying back of the beard; for, as Dyce notes, we have in All's Well, iv. 1. 54, the expression, "the baring of my beard."

174. Line 205: *attempt*; i.e. *tempt*, as in Merchant of Venice, iv. 1. 421:

Dear sir, of force I must attempt you further.

## ACT IV. SCENE 3.

175. Line 5: *he's in for a commodity of* BROWN PAPER. Stevens cites Middleton, Michaelmas Term, 1607, ii. 3: "I know some gentlemen in town has been glad, and are glad at this time, to take up commodities in hawks hoods and brown paper" (Works, vol. i. p. 451); and R. Davenport, A New Tricke to Cheat the Divell, 1636, l. 2, fol. B:

*Visiter*. . . . What newes in Holborne, Fleet-street, and  
"he Strand?

In th' Ordinaries among Gallants, no young Heires  
There to be snapp'd?

*Scrivener*. Th' have bin so bit already  
With taking up Commodities of browne paper,  
Buttons past fashion, silkes, and Satins,  
Babies and childrens Fiddles, with like trash  
Tooke up at a deare rate, and sold for trifles.

Malone quotes the following passage relating to the practices of the money-lenders from Nash, Christa Teares ouer Ierusalem, 1593, fol. 46: "He falls acquainted with Gentlemen, frequents Ordinaries and Dicing-houses dayly, where when some of them (in play) have lost all theyr money, he is very diligent at hand, on their Chaynes, or Bracelets, or Jewels, to lend them halfe the value: Now this is the nature of young Gentlemen that where they have broke the Ice, and borrowd once, they will come againe the seconde time; and that these young foxes knowe, as well as the Begger knows his dish. But at the second time of their comming, it is doubtful whether they shall haue money or no. The worldie growes harde, and wee all are mortal, let them make him any assurance before a Iudge, and they shall haue some hundred poundes (per consequence) in Silks & Veluets. The third time if they come, they shall haue baser commodities: the fourth time Lute strings and gray Paper."

175. Line 21: "*for the Lord's sake*."—Malone compares Nash (Apologie for Pierce Penniless, 1593): "At that time that thy joys were in the *fleeing*, and thus crying *for the Lord's sake* out at an iron window;" and Papers Complaint, in The Scourge of Folly, 1611, p. 241, by John Davies (of Hereford):

Good gentle Writers, *for the Lord sake, for the Lord sake,*  
Like Lud-gate Pri's'ter, lo, I (begging) make my money to you.

Compare Heywood, A Woman Killed with Kindness, iii. 1:

Agon to prison? Malby, hast thou seene  
A poore slave better tortur'd? Shall we heare  
The musick of his voice cry from the grate,  
"Meate *for the Lord's sake*."

—Works, vol. ii. p. 116.

177. Line 43: *I would desire you to CLAP INTO your prayers*.—The phrase to *clap into* is used again by Shakespeare in Much Ado, iii. 4. 44: "*Clap's into Light o' Love*;" and As You Like It, v. 3. 11: "*Shall we clap into 't roundly*?"

178. Lines 92, 93:

Ere twice the sun hath made his JOURNAL greeting  
To THE UNDER GENERATION.

The word *journal* for *diurnal* is used again in Cymbeline, iv. 2. 10: "*Stick to your journal course*." The Ft. read, in the next line, *To yond generation*. The emendation adopted in the text is that of Hammer, who suggested that the *yond* of the Ft. was due to a misreading of *ye ond*, a contraction for *the under*. Pope reads *yonder*. Stevens takes the *under generation* to mean the Antipodes, and cites Richard II. iii. 2. 38. Dyce, understanding by the term "the generation who live on the earth beneath,—mankind in general," cites Lear, ii. 2. 170:

Approach, thou beacon to this under globe;

and Tempest, iii. 3. 53-55:

You are three men of sin, whom Destiny,  
That hath to instrument this lower world  
And what is in 't," &c.

179. Line 104: *By cold gradation and WELL-BALANCED form*.—F. 1, F. 2, F. 3 read *weale-balanced*; F. 4 read *balanced*, probably by a mere misprint; though some editors take *weal-balanced* to mean "adhered to for the public weal." The correction was made by Rowe.

180. Line 133: *corent*.—An alternative form of *convent*, used again in Henry VIII. iv. 2. 19. Some editors read *convent*, but as the Cambridge editors remark, "Shakespeare's ear would hardly have tolerated the harsh-sounding line:

One of our cōvent and his cōfessor."

Coles (Latin Dictionary) has:

*Convent canobium, conventus monachorum.*

181. Lines 137, 138:

*If you can, pace your wisdom  
In that good path that I would wish it go.*

The comma after *can* was inserted by Rowe: the Ft. read: "If you can pace your wisdom." The reading in the text is that usually followed. Rolfe adopts the conjecture of the Cambridge editors (not adopted by them):

If you can pace your wisdom  
In that good path that I would have it, go.

182. Line 139: *And you shall have your BOSOM on this wretch*.—A somewhat similar example of this use of *the word bosom* is found in Winter's Tale, iv. 4. 573-575:

he shall not perceive  
But that you have your father's bosom there  
And speak his very heart.

183. Line 171: *he's a better WOODMAN than thou tak'st him for*.—Reed compares Beaumont and Fletcher, The Chances, i. 8:

Well, well, son John,  
I see you are a woodman, and can choose  
Your deer tho' it be i' the dark.

—Works, vol. i. p. 498.

184. Line 184: *the rotten medlar*.—Compare As You Like It, iii. 2. 128: "you'll be rotten ere you be half ripe, and that's the right virtue of the medlar."

## ACT IV. SCENE 4.

185. Line 6: *RELIVER* our authorities there?—So F. 1; the later F. *deliver*; modern editors read *redeliver*, which is, in any case, the meaning of the word. Mr. Stone, in his notes on Measure for Measure (New Sh. Soc. Trans. part III, p. 116), observes that Cotgrave has "*Reliver*, to redeliver;" and that *Reliverer*, to redeliver, appears in Kelham's Old French Dictionary. Ducange gives *Rede-liberare*, explaining it as "*Iterum liberare, seu tradere*," which he confirms by a quotation from a charter of 1502 (apud Rymcr, tom. 13, pag. 53, col. 1). The uncompounded Low Latin verbs *liberare*, *librare*, and *livrare*, were all used in the sense of the French *livrer*.

186. Lines 10, 20:

*Give notice to such men of SORT AND SUIT  
As are to meet him.*

This means men of rank (*sort*: compare Much Ado, I. 1. 7, and note 3), and such as owed attendance to the prince as their liege lord (compare the term of feudal law: *suit and service*).

187. Line 28: *How might she TONGUE me!*—Compare Cymbeline, v. 4. 146, 147:

"T is still a dream, or else such stuff as madmen  
Tongue and brain not.

188. Line 29: *For my authority bears of a credent bulk.* So the first three FF; F. 4. changes *of* to *off*. Schmidt explains the phrase of a *credent bulk*, as "weight of credit."

## ACT IV. SCENE 5.

189. Line 5: *Though sometimes you do BLENDH from this to that.*—Compare Winter's Tale, I. 2. 333: "Could man so *blendh*?" and Troilus and Cressida, II. 2. 67, 68:

*...we can be no evasion  
To blendh from state, and to stand firm by honour.*

190. Line 6: *Fla-via's house* FL. have *Flauia's*. The emendation is RAY'S.

191. Line 8: *To VALENTIUS, Rowland, and to Crassus.*—FF. *Valentius*. The reading in the text is adopted by the Cambridge editors, though in the Globe edition they read, with Capell, *Valentinus*.

192. Line 9: *the trumpets; i.e. the trumpeters*, as in Henry V. IV. 2. 61:

*I will the banner from a trumpet take.*

Shakespeare uses the form *trumpeter* as well, but four times only against five.

## ACT IV. SCENE 6.

193. Line 13: *The generous and gravest citizens.*—The ellipsis here is a common one in Elizabethan English. Ben Jonson has "*The soft and sweetest music*;" and see the other quotations in Abbott's Shakespearian Grammar, par. 398.

194. Line 14: *hent.*—This word is used again in Winter's Tale, IV. 3. 133:

*And merrily hent the stile-a;*

and, as a noun, in Hamlet, III. 3. 88:  
*Up, sword, and know thou a more horrid hent*  
See note on the latter passage.

## ACT V. SCENE 1.

195. Line 20: *VAIL your regard.*—Compare Venus and Adonis, 956: "*She vail'd her eyelids*." Boyer (French Dictionary) has "*To vail one's Bonnet, (to pull off one's Hat) Se decouvrir, lever son Chapeau à quelqu'un.*"

196. Lines 73, 74:

*One Lucio*

*AS THEN the messenger.*

*As* is frequently joined to expressions of time in Shakespeare. Compare Tempest, I. 2. 70: "*as at that time*;" and Romeo and Juliet, v. 3. 247:

*That he should hither come as this dark night.*

197. Line 158: *Whosoever he's CONVENCED.*—*Content*, for *summon*, is used also in Coriolanus, II. 2. 58, 59:

*We are content*

*Upon a pleasing treaty*

and in Henry VIII. v. 1. 50-52:

*hath commanded .*

*He be convinced*

It is used in a somewhat different sense in Twelfth Night, v. 1. 391.

198. Line 168: *First, let her show HER face.*—This is the correction found in F. 2 of the evident error in F. 1, "*your face*."

199. Line 205: *This is a strange ABUSE.*—*Abuse* here means deception, as in Hamlet, IV. 7. 51:

*Or is it some abuse, and no such thing?*

and Macbeth, III. 4. 142, 143:

*No strange and self-abuse.*

*Is the infinite fear that wants hard use.*

200. Line 212: *garden-house.*—Malone compares The London Prodigal, 1605, v. 1: "If you have any friend, or garden-house where you may employ a poor gentleman as your friend, I am yours to command in all secret service" (Tauchnitz ed. p. 208). Reed refers to, but does not quote the following passage from Stubbes, Anatomie of Abuses, 1597: "In the Feeldes and Suburbes of the Cities thei have gardens, either palled, or walled round about very high, with their Harbors and Bowers fit for the purpose" [i.e. for assignations].—New Shak. Soc. Reprint, p. 88.

201. Line 219: *her promised PROPORTIONS.*—Compare Two Gent. of Verona, II. 3. 3: "I have receiv'd my *proportion*," i.e. my portion or allotment. The word is also used in the same sense in the prose part of Pericles, IV. 2. 29.

202. Line 236: *These poor INFORMAL women.*—This is Shakespeare's only use of the word *informal*; but he uses *formal* in the sense of sane, in Comedy of Errors, v. 1. 105:

*To make of him a formal man again,*

i.e. to bring him back to his senses; and in much the same sense in Twelfth Night, II. 5. 128: "this is evident to any *formal* capacity."

203. Line 242: *COMPACT with her that's gone; i.e. leagued in conspiracy.* The only other instance of this sense of the word in Shakespeare is in a doubtful passage in Lear, II. 2. 125, 126, where the FF. read:

When he *comfort*, and flattering his displeasure,  
Fright me behind.

The Qu reading is *conjunct*, which is perhaps preferable.

204 Line 263: *Cucullus non facit monachum*.—This proverb seems to have been a favourite with Shakespeare. He has quoted it in the Latin twice (here and in Twelfth Night, i. 5. 62), and given three translations of it; literally, in Henry VIII. iii. 1. 23: "All hoods make not monks;" and freely here ("honest in nothing but in his clothes") and in Twelfth Night ("that's as much to say as, I wear not motley in my brain"). The proverb is quoted in *Promos* and *Cassandra*, pt. I. iii. 6:

A holie Hoode makes not a Frier deuoute

205 Line 281: *women are LIGHT at midnight*.—The obvious quibble on *light* is one of Shakespeare's favourite puns. Compare *Merchant of Venice*, v. 1. 129, 130:

Let me give *light*, but let me not be *light*;

For a *light* wife doth make a heavy husband.

206 Lines 320, 321:

Where I have seen CORRUPTION BOIL AND BUBBLE  
Till it o'er-run the STEW.

Stevens compares *Macbeth*, iv. 1. 19:

Like a hell-broth *boil* and *bubble*

*Stew* may mean here a *stew-pan*, or its contents. The metaphor is taken of course from the kitchen, with an afterthought perhaps of the *steves*.

207. Lines 322-324:

the strong statutes  
Stand like THE FORFEITS IN A BARBER'S SHOP,  
As much in *mock* as *mark*.

"These shops," says Nares, "were places of great resort, for passing away time in an idle manner. By way of enforcing some kind of regularity, and perhaps at least as much to promote drinking, certain laws were usually hung up, the transgression of which was to be punished by specific forfeitures. It is not to be wondered, that laws of that nature were as often laughed at as obeyed."

[In my copy of F. 4, which has some annotations in MS, I find the following note on this passage: "It is a custom in the shops of all mechanicks to make it a forfeiture for any stranger to use or take up the tools of their trade. In a Barber's shop especially, when heretofore Barbers practis'd the under parts of surgery their Instruments being of a nice kind, and their shops generally full of idle people" [a written list was displayed!] "showing what particular forfeiture was required for meddling." This note is much to the same purpose as Warburton's in the Var. Ed. *ad locum*.—F. A. M.]

208 Line 346: *Hark, how the villain would CLOSE now*. Compare Two Gent. of Verona, ii. 5. 13: "after they *close*d in earnest, they parted very fairly in jest;" and Troilus and Cressida, iii. 2. 51: "an't were dark, you'd *close* sooner;" where *close* is used, as here, in the sense of coming to an agreement. It is oftener followed by *with*; e.g. Winter's Tale, iv. 4. 830: "*close with him*, give him gold."

209 Line 353: *Away with those GIGLOTS too*.—*Giglot*

<sup>1</sup> There is a hiatus here in the MS.

(spelt *giglet* in Fl.) is used as an adjective (meaning, as here, *wanton*) in I. Henry VI. iv. 7. 41: "a *giglot* wench;" and Cymbeline, iii. 1. 31: "O *giglot* fortune!"

210. Line 358: *Show your SHEEP-BITING face, and be hanged AN HOUR!*—On *sheep-biting*, see note on *sheep-biter* in Twelfth Night, ii. 5. 6 (note 133). "Be hanged *an hour*" seems to have been something of a colloquialism. *An hour* appears to mean nothing in particular, but to be intended to emphasize the expression in which it occurs. Gifford has a long note on the subject in his edition of Ben Jonson (vol. iv. pp. 421, 422), suggested by a passage in The Alchemist, v. 1:

like unto a man

That had been strangled *an hour* and could not speak.

—Works, vol. iv. p. 162.

"... Strangled *an hour*, &c. (though Lovewit perversely catches at the literal sense to perplex his informant) has no reference to duration of time, but means simply suffocated, and therefore, unable to utter articulate sounds. A similar mode of expression occurs in Measure for Measure: 'Shew your sheep-biting face, and be hanged *an hour*!'"

Gifford then refers to the following passage in Bartholomew Fair, ii. 1:—

Leave the bottle behind you, and be *curst awhile*!

In his note on that passage he refers to the passage in As You Like It, i. 1. 38:

Marry, sir, be better employed, and be *naught awhile*!

and then continues as follows:

"It is not easy to ascertain the origin of this colloquial vulgarism; but that the explanation of Warburton (which Stevens is pleased to call 'far-fetched') is as correct as it is obvious, may be proved 'by witnesses more than my pack will hold.' It will be sufficient to call two or three:

Peece and be *naught*! I think the woman's frantic.

—Tale of a Tub.

—plain boy's play

More manly would become him.

Lady. You would have him

Do worse then, would you, and be *naught*, you owlet!

—New Academy.

"Again:

Come away, and be *naught a while*!

—Storie of Kyng Darius.

"Again:

Nay, sister, if I stir a foot, hang me; you shall come together of yourselves, and be *naught*!

—Green's Tu Quoque

"Again:

What, piper, ho! be *hanged awhile*!

—Old Madrigal.

"And, lastly:

Get you both in, and be *naught awhile*!

—Sweetnam.

"It is too much, perhaps, to say that the words 'an hour,' 'a while,' are pure expletives; but it is sufficiently apparent that they have no perceptible influence on the exclamations to which they are subjoined. To conclude, 'be *naught*, *hanged*, *curst*, &c. with or without *an hour*, *a while*, wherever found, bear invariably one and the same meaning; they are, in short, pithy and familiar maledictions, and cannot be better rendered than in the



words of Warburton—a plague, or a mischief on you!" (Jonson's Works, vol. iv. pp. 421, 422).

211. Line 383: *which consummate*.—*Consummate* is used again as a participle (= being consummated) in Much Ado, iii. 2. 2.

212. Line 387: *ADVERTISING and holy to your business*.—Compare i. 1. 42 above:

To one that can my part in him *advertise*.

213. Lines 390-392:

O, give me pardon,  
That I, your vassal, have employ'd and PAIN'D  
Your unknown sovereignty!

This is the only instance in Shakespeare of the verb to *pain* being used in the sense of putting to trouble or labour; but *painful* is not infrequently used with the meaning of laborious, as in *Tempest*, iii. 1. 1: "some sports are *painful*;" and *painfully* is twice used in the sense of laboriously: in *Love's Labour's Lost*, i. 1. 74: "*painfully* to pore upon a book;" and in *King John*, ii. 1. 223, 224:

Who *painfully* with much expedient march  
Have brought a countercheck.

214. Line 397: *Make rash REMONSTRANCE of my hidden power*.—This is the only example of the word *remonstrance* in Shakespeare; here it evidently means demonstration, manifestation. Dyce cites from Arrowsmith's Shakespeare's Editors and Commentators, p. 28, the following quotations: Barnabe Barnes, *The Devil's Charter*, 1607, l. 4, sig. B. 3:

Your sonne shall make *remonstrance* of his valour;  
W. Barclay, *The Lost Lady*, 1639, p. 4:

with all *remonstrances*  
Of love, &c.;

Taylor, *Sermons*, 1653, iv. p. 102, serm. 13, part 2: "manifested in such visible *remonstrances*;" Smith, *Posthumous Sermons*, 1744: "to make *remonstrance* and declaration of what he thinks" (vol. ix. p. 78, serm. 3).

215. Line 406: *Whose SALT imagination*.—Compare *Othello*, ii. 1. 244: "the better compassing of his *salt* and most hidden loose affection."

216. Line 416: *MEASURE still FOR MEASURE*.—*Measure for measure*, in the sense of "like for like," seems to have been a common phrase. It is used in III. Henry VI. ii. 6. 54:

*Measure for measure* must be answered;

and Steevens cites the same phrase from A Warning for Fair Women, 1599 (lines 898, 899):

Then trill now remains, as shall conclude,  
*Measure for measure*, and lost blood for blood.  
—School of Shakspeare, vol. ii. p. 304.

217. Line 428: *Although by CONFUTATION they are ours*.—So F. 1; F. 2 reads *confession*, which has been followed by all the editors. The editors of the Old-Spelling Shakespeare have been the first to explain the meaning of the word *confutation*, and to restore it to its place in the text. I give the substance of their note, as it appears, in a slightly condensed form, in the New Shakspeare Society's Transactions, 1880-86, part iii. pp. 116\*-117\*: "Although the sb. *confutatio*, conviction, was unknown, there were examples of the post-classical use of the vb. *con-*

*future*, to convict. In Ammianus Marcellinus, lib. xxvi cap. 3, and the Theodosian Code, lib. xi. tit. viii. respectively, the past participles *confutatus* and *confutatus* occur, the context showing that in both cases they bear the meaning of convicted.

"Moreover, as Angelo's crime was murder, not treason, conviction would be the proper English term for expressing the antecedent cause of his forfeiture. 'Lands are forfeited upon attainder, and not before; goods and chattels are forfeited by conviction' (Blackstone's Commentaries, iv. 387, ed. 1873).

"There was another possible meaning for *confutation*. The Catholicon Anglicum, p. 263, has: 'to Ouer come; confundere, fundere, *confutare*, debellare,' &c. Now apply this definition metaphorically to Angelo's circumstances, and it might be said that he had been vanquished in single combat with his accuser Isabel. We, having no trial by battle, by duel of accuser and accused, which was frequent in early days, forget that overcoming your adversary was in fact convicting him of the crime of which you accused him, or he you. The addition of the meaning 'convict' to *confutare*, overcome, would follow as a matter of course."

218. Line 456: *His act did not o'ertake his bad intent*.—Malone compares the very closely parallel passage in Macbeth, iv. 1. 145, 146:

The flighty purpose never is o'ertook  
Unless the deed go with it.

219. Lines 495-498:

If he be like your brother, for his sake

IS HE pardon'd,—[Claudio discovers himself to Isabella—she rushes into his arms, and then kneels to Angelo,—and, for your lovely sake;  
Give me your hand, [raising her] and say you will be mine,

He is my brother too; [taking Claudio's hand] but  
fitter time for that.

In F. 1 the last three lines stand thus (without any stage-direction):

Is he pardon'd and for your louelic sake  
Give me your hand, and say you will be mine,  
He is my brother too: But fitter time for that.

F. 4 has a comma after *pardon'd* and a semicolon after *mine*.

The awkwardness of the rhythm of line 496 is very manifest; and various emendations have been attempted. Hammer reads *He's pardoned* and rearranges the next two lines thus:

Give me your hand, say you'll be mine, and he's  
My brother too.

All the difficulty as to rhythm would be got over if we could accentuate *pardon'd* on the second syllable; but I can find no instance of *pardon*, either verb or substantive, being so accentuated. There is, however, no reason why it should not be,—for it was originally spelt *pardonn*; and *condone*, the only other similar verb derived from the Latin *donare*, is always accentuated on the last syllable; the reason being because, in that case, the mute *e* is retained at the end of the word. Capell proposed: "Is he *tu pardon'd*?" to which Dyce very justly objects because



of the *too* in the next line; and prints, apparently on his own responsibility, "Then is he pardon'd." It is easy to supply an extra syllable to make the line more rhythmical; I would suggest *So* rather than *Then*, but I should prefer to read "*He is pardon'd*," letting the pause supply the place of the next syllable, but that the author seems to have wished to avoid the recurrence of *He* is at the beginning of two lines so close together. The dramatic force of the passage requires that the *his* in line 495 and the *your* in line 496 should be slightly accentuated.

The first important point to be considered is when does Isabella recognize Claudio? As the text stands, without any stage-direction, it would appear that Isabella took no notice whatever of her brother when she finds he is alive; but, as has been pointed out by other commentators, Shakespeare wrote for the stage, and this recognition of Claudio could easily take place in action without any spoken words. In the acting version it takes place after the words *Is he pardon'd*, and Isabella is made to say *O, my dear brother!* The next two and a half lines of the Duke's speech are omitted, and he resumes

By this Lord Angelo perceives he's safe.

This, of course, gets rid of all difficulty, but to take such liberties with the text here is scarcely necessary. As the passage is arranged in our text, we imagine that Claudio—who is on the right side of the stage by the side of the Provost—having thrown off his disguise, turns round to Isabella at the word *pardon'd*; she interrupts the Duke by rushing across him to embrace her brother; and then, remembering herself, kneels to express her respectful gratitude. The Duke continues his interrupted sentence, and raises her from her knees, placing her on the left side of him. He then speaks the next line (497) holding her hand in his; and, at the words *He is my brother too*, turns to Claudio, giving him his hand as a confirmation of his pardon. The arrangement of the punctuation, adopted in our text, slightly alters the sense of the passage as printed by most modern editors; the words *and for your lovely sake* meaning that Claudio has been pardoned—as undoubtedly he was—chiefly for Isabella's sake. But, as the passage is usually punctuated, these words would mean that for Isabella's *lovely sake*, if she gave the Duke her hand, then he would consider Claudio his brother; but surely, in that case, the words *for your lovely sake* are redundant; for what the Duke means to say is that, if Isabella will marry him, he will look upon Claudio as his brother. In any case the last sentence must be elliptical in its construction, being equivalent to "If you will give me your hand [in marriage], then he is my brother too."—F. A. M.

220 Line 507: *Wherein have I so deserv'd of you!*—So the Ff., which Pope took upon himself to "correct" as follows:

*Wherein have I deserv'd so of you;*

a reading which Dyce says "at least restores the metre." I cannot conceive how any one (except Pope) could think the change an improvement metrically.

221. Line 510: *I spoke it but* ACCORDING TO THE TRICK. Compare Lucio's jaunty words to Pompey, iii. 2. 53: "Is the world as it was, man? Which is the way? Is it said, and few words? or how? The *trick* of it?"

222. Line 515: *If any WOMAN'S wrong'd by this lewd fellow*.—Ff. read *woman*. The correction is due to Hammer, and is generally adopted. The Cambridge editors read *Is any woman*.

223. Line 528: *Marrying a punk, my lord, is pressing to death, whipping and hanging*.—There is a reference here to that extraordinary freak of British law, the *peine forte et dure*, alluded to in Much Ado, iii. 1. 75, 76: "she would . . . press me to death with wit;" Richard II. iii. 4. 72:

O, I am press'd to death through want of speaking!

and Troilus, iii. 2. 218: "*press it to death*." On this punishment see note 178 on Much Ado. It is suggested in a letter in the Athenæum of Feb. 23, 1884, signed H. C. Coote, that Shakespeare had also in mind an Italian law, in force during his lifetime in the States of the Church, by which a criminal could be released from the penalty of his crime on marrying a courtesan. In Prof. Fabio Gori's Archivio Storico, Artistico, Archeologico, e Letterario (Spoleto, Tip. Bassani), vol. iii. pp. 220, 221, is given, says Mr. Coote, "the petition of a Senese courtesan named Caterina de Geronimo, living at Rome, to the governor of the city. It has been extracted from the public records of Rome, and may therefore be fully relied upon for truth and authenticity. This petition (*supplica*), which is dated the 9th of February, 1611, sets forth that the lady has followed her profession for these twenty years ('sono 20 anni che sta in peccato') and now wishes to reform ('hora si trova 'n volontà et [*sic*] fermo proposito di levarsi di peccato, et [*sic*] viver da donna dabbene et [*sic*] christianamente'). She then goes on to state that Nicolò de Rubels (i.e. de Rossi) di Assisi, alias Gattarello, who has been accused, though quite unjustly, of being a cheat at cards ('falso gioutore'), he never having had such things as cards or dice in his possession, has been, through the persecution of his enemies, condemned to exile from Rome and the States of the Church. The poor petitioner ('povera oratrice') has put up the bans between herself and the said Nicolò in the church of S. Lorenzo in Lucina, and she implores his excellency the governor to remit to Nicolò his said exile, inasmuch as he wishes to relieve her from sin, which besides, she adds, will be a pious work. The governor has noted upon the memorial 'Concedatur.' Whatever may have been the value of the poor woman's opinion of her friend Nicolò, there can be no doubt that she has represented the criminal law of the States of the Church with perfect accuracy, and that law was probably not confined to the Papal dominions. Some wandering Englishman had doubtless heard of it, and told the poet, who, as we know, thirsted after all sorts of knowledge, and he afterwards applied it, as we have seen, to heighten the local colour of his play."

224. Line 545: *What's yet behind, THAT's meet you all should know*.—F. 1 reads *that*, by an obvious misprint; corrected in F. 2.

225. Line 538.—In the acting edition the following passage (marked as a quotation) is substituted for the remaining eight lines of the Duke's speech, and the play concludes:

For thee, sweet saint—if for a brother sav'd,  
From that most holy shrine thou wert devote to,

Thou dost inspire some portion of thy vow;  
Thy Duke, thy friar, tempts thee from thy vow:  
[*Isabel is falling on her knees; the Duke prevents her—kisses her hand, and proceeds with his speech.*

In thy right orb let thy true spirit shine,  
Blessing both prince and people—thus we'll reign,  
Rich in the possession of their hearts, and, warn'd  
By the abuse of delegated trust,  
Engrave this royal maxim on the mind,  
To rule ourselves before we rule mankind.

Whence these lines come from I cannot discover. They certainly do not come from Gildon's version, which ends with a speech after "The last Musick," the concluding couplet of the Duke being:

Impartial Justice, Kings should mind alone  
That 'tis still perpetuates a throne.

On referring to Bell's edition of 1711, which is printed from

the Prompt Books, I find the speech concludes with the following lines:

*Dear Isabel, I have a motion much imports your good,  
Shade not, sweet saint, those graces with a veil,  
Nor in a Nunnery hide thee; say thou'rt mine;  
Thy Duke, thy Friar, tempts thee from thy vows  
Let thy clear spirit shine in public life;  
No cloister'd aster, but thy Prince's Wife.*

The last five are printed in italics by Bell; and, in a note, the editor adds "the five distinguished lines which conclude, are an addition, by whom we know not; however, they afford a better finishing than that supplied by Shakespeare." Certainly none of the lines in either acting version are taken from Davenant's play, which indeed does not contain anything original so nearly approaching to poetry. — F. A. M.

## WORDS OCCURRING ONLY IN MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

NOTE.—The addition of sub., adj., verb, adv. in brackets immediately after a word indicates that the word is used as a substantive, adjective, verb, or adverb only in the passage or passages cited.

The compound words marked with an asterisk (\*) are printed as two separate words in F. 1.

Act Sc. Line	Act Sc. Line	Act Sc. Line	Act Sc. Line
According <sup>1</sup> .... v. 1 487	Belocked..... v. 1 210	Definitive..... v. 1 432	Fornicatress.... ii. 2 23
Adoptedly.... i. 4 47	Belongings.... i. 1 30	Denunciation.. i. 2 152	Forted..... v. 1 12
Advising (sub.) iii. 1 203	Billots..... iv. 8 58	Dependency <sup>18</sup> .. v. 1 62	*Fruit-dish.... ii. 1 95
Affluenced..... { v. 1 227	Birch..... i. 3 24	Dependent <sup>19</sup> (adj.) v. 1 411	Garden-house.. v. 1 212, 222
All-building... ii. 4 04	Brethrer <sup>10</sup> .... iv. 4 31	Disguiser..... iv. 2 184	Generative.... iii. 2 118
All-haild..... ii. 1 130	*Bringsings-forth iii. 2 152	Dismissed <sup>20</sup> ... ii. 2 102	Ghigots..... v. 1 351
Approbation <sup>2</sup> .. i. 2 183	Cardinally <sup>11</sup> .. ii. 1 81	Disvalued..... v. 1 221	Guarled..... ii. 2 116
Attempt <sup>3</sup> ..... i. 4 79	Carnally..... v. 1 214	Disvouched.... iv. 4 1	Gratulate (adj.) v. 1 585
Attorneyed <sup>4</sup> ... v. 1 390	Characts..... v. 1 56	Drubbling..... i. 3 2	Head <sup>24</sup> ..... iii. 1 91
Audible <sup>5</sup> ..... v. 1 413	China <sup>12</sup> ..... ii. 1 97	Dukes (verb)... iii. 2 100	Head <sup>25</sup> (verb)... ii. 1 250, 251
Austerity..... ii. 4 155	Circummured.. iv. 1 28	Emmew..... iii. 1 91	Helmed..... iii. 2 150
Aves..... i. 1 71	Clack-dish.... iii. 2 135	Enshield..... ii. 4 80	Hot-house..... ii. 1 66
Backed <sup>6</sup> ..... iv. 1 29	Combine..... iii. 1 231	Enskyed..... i. 4 34	House-eaves... iii. 2 188
Back-wounding iii. 2 198	Commandments <sup>13</sup> i. 2 7, 12	Escapes <sup>21</sup> ..... iv. 1 43	Husband <sup>26</sup> .... iii. 2 75
Baldpate..... v. 1 329	Concupiscible.. v. 1 98	Eye <sup>22</sup> ..... ii. 1 130	Immoderate... i. 2 131
Bald-pated.... v. 1 356	Confessed <sup>14</sup> ... v. 1 533	Facing..... iii. 2 11	Inequality..... i. 1 1
Bane <sup>7</sup> ..... i. 2 133	Confixed..... v. 1 232	Fewness..... i. 4 89	Infliction..... i. 3 25
*Bawd-born.... iii. 2 73	Confutation <sup>15</sup> .. v. 1 425	Fleshmonger... v. 1 337	Informal..... v. 1 231
Bay <sup>8</sup> ..... ii. 1 256	Conserve <sup>16</sup> .... iii. 1 88	Flourish <sup>23</sup> .... v. 1 75	Ingots..... iii. 1 26
Bear <sup>9</sup> ..... i. 3 47	Contracting (sub.) iii. 2 290	Flourish <sup>23</sup> .... v. 1 75	Instate..... v. 1 429
	Counsellors <sup>17</sup> .. i. 2 111	Forenamed.... iii. 1 248	Institutions... i. 1 11
	Custom-shrunk i. 2 85		Inward <sup>27</sup> (sub.) iii. 2 138

<sup>1</sup> Used adverbially = according to; as adj. used very frequently.

<sup>2</sup> Probation of a novice; used frequently elsewhere in other senses.

<sup>3</sup> Verb, used absolutely; used transitively frequently elsewhere.

<sup>4</sup> = employed as an attorney.

<sup>5</sup> Used adverbially; as adj. = attentive, in *Coriolanus*, iv. 5.

<sup>6</sup> = having a back or limit; used frequently elsewhere in other senses.

<sup>7</sup> Figuratively = poison; used frequently elsewhere = destruction, ruin.

<sup>8</sup> See note 67. <sup>9</sup> = to be bare.

<sup>10</sup> = a speaker; = a human being, in three other passages.

<sup>11</sup> Elbow's brander for carnally.

<sup>12</sup> = porcelain.

<sup>13</sup> = the Ten Commandments.

<sup>14</sup> Used transitively in its ecclesiastical sense; in same use in *trans. rom.* and *Jul.* i. 23;

used very frequently in its ordinary sense elsewhere.

<sup>15</sup> = conviction. See note 217.

<sup>16</sup> = to preserve; in culinary sense in *Othello*, iii. 4. 75.

<sup>17</sup> = lawyers; used frequently elsewhere = advisers.

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<sup>18</sup> = constancy; occurs in slightly different sense in *Cymbeline*, ii. 3. 123; *Ant.* and *Cleo.* v. 2. 25.

<sup>19</sup> = occasioned by something previous.

<sup>20</sup> = pardoned; used in various other senses elsewhere.

<sup>21</sup> = sallies; used elsewhere in other senses.

<sup>22</sup> i.e. All-haild eye.

<sup>23</sup> Used transitively = to colour; also transitively = to brandish, *Rom.* and *Jul.* i. 1. 85; used intransitively frequently elsewhere.

Lamb-skins.... iii. 2 9

Leavened..... i. 1 52

Manifested<sup>28</sup>.. iv. 2 170

<sup>24</sup> = a bud.

<sup>25</sup> = to decapitate.

<sup>26</sup> = one who keeps house; used frequently elsewhere in other senses.

<sup>27</sup> = a confiant; as adj. with similar meaning in *Rich.* iii. 4. 8; used both as sub. and adj. in other passages.

<sup>28</sup> Used adjectively.

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chance well.

enough.

thy vow.

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F. 1.

Act Sc. Line  
s. . . . . II. 2 23  
v. 1 12  
II. 1 95

ge. v. 1 212, 220  
III. 2 118  
v. 1 351  
II. 2 116  
(adj.) v. 1 535

III. 1 91  
b). II. 1 250, 251  
III. 2 150  
II. 1 66  
III. 2 188  
III. 2 75

I. 2 131  
v. 1 1  
I. 3 5  
v. 1 23  
III. 1 26  
v. 1 420  
I. 1 11  
III. 2 138

III. 2 9  
I. 1 52  
IV. 2 170

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ewhere in oth-

ant; as adj. with  
ing in Rich. III. III.  
as sub. and adj. in

tively.

## WORDS PECULIAR TO MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

Act Sc. Line	Act Sc. Line	Act Sc. Line	Act Sc. Line
Mealed . . . . . IV. 2 301	Priores . . . . . I. 4 11	Shelds . . . . . II. 2 140	Tonse . . . . . V. 1 1
Merve . . . . . IV. 3 11	Procuras . . . . . III. 2 58	Shy . . . . . III. 2 138	Treasonable . . . . . V. 1 34
Misreport . . . . . V. 1 148	Prolusions . . . . . II. 4 102	Stages <sup>10</sup> . . . . . IV. 2 101	*True-meant . . . . . I. 4 35
Mounted . . . . . III. 1 277	Promise-breach . . . . . V. 1 410	Stately . . . . . V. 1 100	Tun-dish . . . . . III. 2 182
Mortality . . . . . I. 2 138	Promise-keeping . . . . . I. 2 77	Sliding (sub.) . . . . . II. 4 115	Unbelieved . . . . . V. 1 119
Method . . . . . I. 4 80	Prompture . . . . . II. 4 178	Snow-broth . . . . . I. 4 58	Uncleanness . . . . . II. 1 83
Month <sup>2</sup> (verb) . . . . . III. 2 194	Propagati . . . . . I. 2 154	Spawed . . . . . III. 2 114	Uncleanness <sup>17</sup> . . . . . II. 4 54
a-conceived . . . . . II. 2 96	Provincia . . . . . V. 1 318	Splay . . . . . II. 1 243	Undiscernible . . . . . V. 1 373
Necety . . . . . II. 4 162	Provost . . . . . I. 2 117, etc.	Starkly . . . . . IV. 2 70	Undisloftful . . . . . IV. 2 113
teolly . . . . . V. 1 335	Razurs . . . . . V. 1 13	Steal <sup>11</sup> (up) . . . . . III. 1 260	Unentitled . . . . . III. 2 184
offenceful . . . . . II. 3 26	Ready (money) . . . . . IV. 3 8	Stew <sup>12</sup> . . . . . V. 1 321	Unegot . . . . . V. 1 112
outward-sainted . . . . . III. 1 80	Rebate . . . . . I. 4 60	Stille <sup>13</sup> . . . . . II. 4 158	Unhurtful . . . . . III. 2 175
over-ruin . . . . . IV. 2 212	Recoiled . . . . . V. 1 94	Strinkingly . . . . . III. 2 28	Unmask (intr.) . . . . . V. 1 206
Overweigh . . . . . II. 4 187	Remissness . . . . . II. 2 90	Stones <sup>14</sup> . . . . . II. 1 110	Unacoured . . . . . I. 2 171
aw-bawd . . . . . II. 1 63	Remonstrance . . . . . V. 1 307	Straitness . . . . . III. 2 208	Unahaped . . . . . IV. 4 23
Lecher . . . . . IV. 2 112	Renouement . . . . . I. 4 35	Stricture . . . . . I. 3 12	Unshunned . . . . . III. 2 63
Lecher . . . . . IV. 2 112	Rent <sup>7</sup> . . . . . II. 1 254	Stroke <sup>15</sup> . . . . . IV. 2 83	Unstating . . . . . IV. 2 12
Passes <sup>8</sup> . . . . . V. 1 375	Reproach* (verb) . . . . . V. 1 420	Sun-rise . . . . . II. 2 183	Unskilfully . . . . . III. 2 135
Presently . . . . . IV. 2 147	Reprobat (sub.) . . . . . IV. 3 78	Taphouse . . . . . II. 1 220	Unsworn . . . . . I. 4 9
Preparably . . . . . III. 1 115	Resemblance <sup>9</sup> . . . . . IV. 2 308	Temporary . . . . . V. 1 145	Untrush . . . . . III. 2 90
Preparative . . . . . I. 3 38	School-maids . . . . . I. 4 47	Tested . . . . . II. 2 140	Unwedgedable . . . . . II. 2 6
Preparative . . . . . III. 2 18	Seedness . . . . . I. 4 42	Testimonied . . . . . III. 2 152	Unweighing . . . . . III. 2 117
Preparative . . . . . I. 2 35	Seemers . . . . . I. 3 54	Thick-ribbed . . . . . III. 1 123	Uprightously . . . . . III. 1 206
Planchet . . . . . IV. 1 30	Self-offences . . . . . III. 2 280	Tick-tack . . . . . I. 2 190	Vastity . . . . . III. 1 60
Planchet . . . . . III. 1 254	Sheep-biting . . . . . V. 1 858	Tonque <sup>16</sup> (verb) . . . . . IV. 4 28	Viewless . . . . . III. 1 124
Pose (verb) . . . . . II. 4 51			*Virgin-violator . . . . . V. 1 41
Pose (verb) . . . . . IV. 1 72			Vulgarily . . . . . V. 1 160
Prangle . . . . . III. 1 94, 97			Warranted (adj.) . . . . . III. 2 150
			Waste <sup>18</sup> (adj.) . . . . . II. 2 170
			Well-balanced . . . . . IV. 3 104
			*Well-defended . . . . . V. 1 407
			Well-warranted . . . . . V. 1 254
			Well-wished . . . . . II. 4 27
			Whor-monger . . . . . III. 2 37

<sup>5</sup> In the sense of to pimp; used frequently elsewhere in other sense.

<sup>6</sup> Belonging to an ecclesiastical province; as epithet, derived from Province in France; in Hamlet, III. 2. 288.

<sup>7</sup> To hold by lease; to rend, frequently elsewhere.

<sup>8</sup> As sub. is repeatedly used throughout Shakespeare's plays. <sup>9</sup> = probability; = likeness, occurs in Winter's Tale, v. 2. 39; Rich. III. III. 7. 11.

<sup>10</sup> = a rent; used in other senses elsewhere.

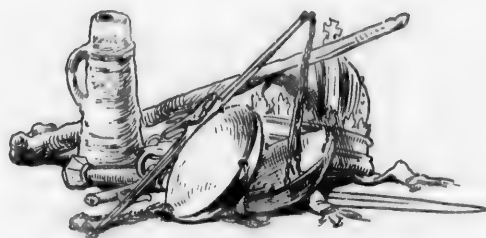
<sup>11</sup> = to supply; = to benefit, used frequently elsewhere.

<sup>12</sup> See note 204. Used three times as a brothel.

<sup>13</sup> Used intransitively; used transitively elsewhere.

<sup>14</sup> Of fruit. <sup>15</sup> Of a pen; used elsewhere in many senses.

<sup>16</sup> = to speak of; in Cymb. v. 4. 148 = to speak.



TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

NOTES AND INTRODUCTION

BY

A. WILSON VERITY.

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

PRIAM, King of Troy.

HECTOR,

TROILUS,

PARIS,

DEIPHOBUS,

HELENUS,

} his sons.

MARGARELON, a bastard son of Priam.

ÆNEAS,

ANTENOR,

} Trojan commanders.

CALCHAS, a Trojan priest, taking part with the Greeks.

PANDARUS, uncle to Cressida.

AGAMEMNON, the Grecian general.

MENECLAUS, his brother.

ACHILLES,

AJAX,

ULYSSES,

NESTOR,

DIOMEDES,

} Grecian commanders.

PATROCLUS,

THERSITES, a deformed and scurrilous Grecian.

ALEXANDER, servant to Cressida.

Servant to Troilus.

Servant to Paris.

Servant to Diomedes.

HELEN, wife to Menelaus.

ANDROMACHE, wife to Hector.

CASSANDRA, daughter of Priam; a prophetess.

CRESSIDA, daughter of Calchas.

Trojan and Greek Soldiers, and Attendants.

SCENE—TROY, and the Grecian camp before it.

HISTORIC PERIOD: the Trojan war.

### TIME OF ACTION.

Mr. Daniel gives the following time analysis—four days:—

Day 1: Act I. Scenes 1 and 2.—Interval; the truce.

Day 2: Act I. Scene 3; Act II. and Act III.

Day 3: Act IV., Act V. Scene 1, and part of Scene 2.

Day 4: Act V., latter part of Scene 2, and the rest of the play.

# TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

## INTRODUCTION.

### LITERARY HISTORY.

"This," says Dr. Furnivall, "is the most difficult of all Shakspeare's plays to deal with." I think we may accept Dr. Furnivall's statement of the case. The history of Troilus and Cressida is perplexed and confusing to an extraordinary degree; it has long been the crux of commentators, the sphinx-like problem to which the wise man will modestly say, "Davius sum, non (Edipus)." The date of the composition of the play; its relation to previous works upon the same subject; the circumstances attendant on its publication, both in the Quarto form of 1609 and later in the First Folio; the metrical peculiarities; the clear traces of irregular and composite workmanship; the purpose of the piece, satiric, didactic, ironical, or what not, the idea, that is, that should run throughout, informing the parts with something of the continuity of an organic whole; all these are points upon which much has been conjectured and more written, and which, in spite of, or perhaps because of, the efforts of successive generations of commentators, remain as dark and bewildering as ever. Hence a complete theory which shall untie all the hard knots, must not be looked for. I shall content myself for the moment with a close statement of the facts, and later on there will be something to say as to the conclusions which may be drawn from the conflicting evidence. First, then, as to Shakspeare's choice of a subject.

The Troy legend was the favourite theme, the tale *par excellence*, of mediæval romance writers; no other cycle of stories could in any way compete with it in point of widespread diffusion and popularity. Almost every European country had its version of the fall of Troy, and not a few countries

claimed for themselves a Trojan origin. Thus the Welsh could trace their descent to Æneas with unimpeachable certainty, and London was regularly described as Troynovant. Of these early romances that of Benoît de Sainte-More, the so-called Roman de Troyes, is the first; it dates from somewhere between 1175 and 1185. A century later a translation of it into Latin was made by Guido de Colonna of Messina, whose *Historia Destructionis Trojæ* was, according to his own account, completed in 1287. This version of Guido's was made the basis of various other versions, in Italian, Spanish, High and Low German, Dutch, &c., and amongst these the earliest that English literature can show is the long alliterative romance entitled *The Gest Hystoriale of the Destruction of Troy*; it was printed some years ago (1869 and 1874) for the Early English Text Society, and should probably be assigned to the fourteenth century. After the anonymous author of the *Gest Hystoriale* came Chaucer, whose *Troilus and Chryseyde* is based very largely on Boccaccio's *Filostrato*. Chaucer indeed expressed his obligations to a certain Lollius, who seems to have been decidedly mythical; in fact, critics generally agree that a misunderstanding of Horace's lines—

Trojani belli scriptorem, maxime Lolli,  
Dum tu declamas Romæ Præneste regei—  
—Ep. i. 2. 1.

was the sole basis of the poet's reference to this shadowy authority.

Besides Boccaccio, Chaucer probably used Benoît and other writers, possibly Guido, while much no doubt was due to his own invention. About 1460 Lydgate followed with his well-known *Troy-Booke*, and almost simultaneously appeared the *Recueil des Histoires de Troyes* by Raoul Le Fèvre; the latter



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speedily passed into England under the title of the *Reueyell* of the histories of Troye, translated and draun out of frenshe into Englishe by W Caxton, 1471. This brings us to the end of the fifteenth century. From this bare *résumé* we see that the story of the siege and fall of Troy had penetrated into England as into almost every other European country. The dramatist, therefore, who wanted a subject had plenty of material at hand, and in this mass of material there was one episode — the story of Troilus and Cressida (for which Homer and the classical writers have no counterpart, the legend being one of the embellishments added to the original by Benoît) — that appealed to writers with a special fascination. Chaucer, as we have seen, had made it the theme of his story, and Chaucer's poem seems to have been extremely popular. So Peele in his *Tale of Troy* writes:

But leave I here of Troilus to say,  
Whose passions for the ranging Cressida,  
Read as fair England's Chaucer doth unfold,  
Would tears exlude from eyes of iron mould.

Now at the beginning of the sixteenth century (1515), amongst the Christmas entertainments presented before Henry VIII. at Eltham, was a "Komedy" upon "the story of Troilus and Pandor." Unfortunately no account of the entertainment survives—it may have been merely a pageant (Ward, vol. i. p. 433); but the reference is interesting as serving to show that the Troilus and Cressida tale was getting more and more differentiated from the general mass of incidents associated with the Trojan war. Possibly there were other interludes and crude dramatic treatments of the subject, though none such survive; in the same way song writers may have made use of it. Nothing definite, however, can be said of the interval from 1515 to 1565; but in the latter year a "ballett intituled the history of Troilus, whose *throtes* (Warton queried *troth*) hath well bene tried" was entered upon the register of the Stationers' Company.<sup>1</sup> Again, in 1581 we find notice of another "proper ballad, dialogue-wise, betwene Troilus and Cressida;"<sup>2</sup> and in the *Marriage of Wit* and

Wisdom" Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps gives yet one more poem (from a MS. in the Ashmolean Museum) dealing with the same theme. The story, therefore, was becoming popular with writers of the period, and it seemed natural that some dramatist should essay to represent on the stage this old-world tale of man's love and woman's faithlessness; and, as a matter of fact, if we turn to that storehouse of information upon things dramatic, Henslowe's Diary, we find that "Mr. Dickers and hary Cheattell" had been commissioned by the manager to write a play on "Troyeles and creasseday." "Dickers and hary Cheattell" stand in Henslowe's somewhat fanciful orthography for Dekker and Henry Chettle; the date under which the entry occurs is April 7, 1599. Nine days later the play is again referred to in the Diary, and then in the next month we have the following: "Lent unto Mr. Dickers and Mr. Chettell, the 26 of Maye, 1599, in earneste of a Boocke called the tragedie of Agamemnone, the some (—sum) of . . . . This title, according to Collier, is interlined over the words "Troilus and cressida;" i.e. the name of the drama upon which Dekker and his friend were collaborating had been changed, why, we know not. The point should be noted. Still keeping to our dryasdust catalogue we must chronicle two more entries. Under date February 7th, 1603, the register of the Stationers' Company has this notice: "Entred for his (Master Robertes') copie in full court holden this day to print when he hath gotten sufficient auctorithy for yt, The booke of 'Troilus and Cressida,' as yt is acted by my Lord Chamberlen's men." Six years later there is a fresh entry: on January 28, 1609, Richard Bonion and Henry Walleys registered "a booke called the history of Troilus and Cressida."<sup>3</sup> This last, we may be quite sure, was Shakespeare's play. In the same year it was published, two editions being printed; one edition—and I think Mr. Stokes<sup>4</sup> has satisfactorily shown, chiefly upon technical grounds of pagination and so forth,

<sup>1</sup> Old Shakespeare Society Publications.

<sup>2</sup> Taken from Arber's Transcript of the Registers, vol. III. p. 91b.

<sup>3</sup> Ibid. p. 175b.

<sup>4</sup> Introduction to Quarto-Facsimile

<sup>1</sup> Edited by Collier for the Old Shakespeare Society, vol. I. p. 121.

<sup>2</sup> Ibid. vol. II p. 146

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that it was the second issue—appeared with the following remarkable and almost unique preface:—

"A NEVER WRITER TO AN EVER READER.  
NEWES.

"Eternall reader, you have heere a new play, never sta'd with the stage, never clapper-claw'd with the palaes of the vulgar, and yet passing full of the palme comicall; for it is a birth of your braine, that never undertooke any thing comicall, vainely; and were but the vaine names of commedies change for the titles of commodities, or of playes for pleas; you should see all those grand censors, that now stile them such vanities, flock to them for the maine grace of their gravities; especially this authors commedies, that are so fraun'd to the life, that they serve for the most common commentaries of all the actions of our lives, shewing such a dexteritie and power of witte, that the most displeased with playes, are pleas'd with his commedies. And all such dull and heavy-witted worldlings, as were never capable of the witte of a commedie, coming by report of them to his representations, have found that witte there, that they never found in them-selves, and have parted with their witted then they came: feeling an edge of witte set upon them, more then ever they did, and they had braine to grind it on. So such and such savord salt of witte is in his commedies, that they seeme (for their height of pleasure) to be borne in the sea that brought forth Venus. Amongst all there is none more witty than this: and had I time I would comment upon it, though I know it needs not, that so much as will make you thinke your witte well bestow'd) but for so much worth, when poore I know to be stuff in it. If you give such a labour, as well as the best comedy in Terence or Plautus. And beleieve me, that when hee is gone, and his commedies out of sale, you will scramble for them, and set up a new English inquisition. Take this as a warning, and at the perill of your pleasures, losses, and judgements, refuse not, nor thinke this the lesse, for not being sullied with the smoky breath of the multitude; but thanke me for the scope it hath made amongst

you: since by the grand possessors wills I believe you should have prayd for them (?it) rather then beene prayd. And so I leave all such to bee prayd for (for the states of their wits healths) that will not praise it. Vale."

I shall return to this preface again. There is one more point in the history of the publication of the play to be noticed before we can gather up the threads and give the general impression derived from study of the evidence. The First Folio of 1623 had, as all students know, a list of the plays at the beginning, arranged under the different heads of Comedies, Histories, and Tragedies. Troilus and Cressida is omitted from this list. It is printed in the middle of the volume, between Henry VIII. and Coriolanus, *i.e.* between the last of the Histories and the first of the Tragedies; and practically it is unpag'd. From these facts it has been conjectured that the insertion of the play in the Folio was an afterthought upon the part of the editors, Heminge and Condell. Collier thinks that the printing of the drama had been intrusted to some other publisher: hence the mistake. Really it seems most probable that the editors did not know how to class the play, and eventually compromised the matter by leaving it altogether out of the list, while a niche was found for it in the body of the work, between the Histories and Tragedies, as having something of the character of both.

Roughly summarized, then, these are the main facts with which we have to deal; they must, of course, be supplemented by such internal evidence as metrical and aesthetic criticism can extract from the play. Let us look at some of these points in detail. In the first place, why did Dekker and Chettle change the title of their work? Perhaps, as Mr. Stokes suggests, because it was an infringement upon the name of some other play upon the same subject which already existed; perhaps because the "Tragedy of Agamemnon" sounded more telling and impressive. And, whatever the reason for the alteration, should their tragedy be identified with "the booke of Troilus and Cressida" that was entered in the Stationers' Register in 1603?

Some critics are inclined to answer in the

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affirmative. But it can scarcely be so; for several reasons, one of which seems quite fatal to the hypothesis—viz., the fact that the 1603 play was "acted by my Lord Chamberlen's men;" and the Chamberlain's Company was long the rival of that directed by Henslowe. The theory, therefore, that the 1603 entry refers to Dekker and Chettle's play can be dismissed, and the entry, so far as Shakespeare's predecessors are concerned, may allude to the real *Troilus and Cressida*. I definitely think that it does. I believe that we must assign two dates to the play. *Troilus and Cressida*, as entered upon the Register in 1609, was, I think, the drama that lies before us: *Troilus and Cressida*, as entered at the earlier date, 1603, represented the first draft or version. One is always loth to introduce this much-used and, perhaps, much-abused theory of revisions, but in the present case I can see no other way out of the difficulties which beset us, whether we would believe the writers of the above-quoted preface and allow that *Troilus and Cressida* was "a new play" in 1609, or, disregarding their statement as a mere publisher's artifice, would fix on the earlier date suggested by the 1603 entry. In favour of 1609, or thereabouts, there are two things that must be allowed to carry some weight: the statement that the piece had "never been staid with the stage, never clapper-claw'd with the palmes of the vulgar," if absolutely untrue, would have been equally unhappy and pointless, because few people could have been deceived by it; hence the preface cannot be altogether ignored. Again, there is the palpable fact that a considerable portion of the drama is strongly penetrated by the tendency to bitter cynicism which we note in the parallel comedy of disillusion; I mean, of course, *Timon of Athens*. It is impossible to read the latter without feeling how close an affinity of thought and emotional undercurrent unites it with the scenes in *Troilus and Cressida*, where worldliness and the wisdom of those who are wise in their generation are held up to admiration while the moral is pointed with excessive keenness against the enthusiasm and buoyant idealism that began in froth and end in failure. Taken together these two points of external

and internal evidence might lead us to assign *Troilus and Cressida* to the group which includes *Timon of Athens* and *Antony and Cleopatra*; but, unfortunately, the metrical critics here step in and assure us that the verse-structure of the play is radically different from that which is usually associated with Shakespeare's later manner. According to Hertzberg (quoted by Professor Dowden), *Troilus and Cressida* does not contain a single weak ending, and only six light endings, whereas these verse-peculiarities appear with increasing frequency in all plays written after *Macbeth*. Verse-tests cannot be ignored, and this is precisely one of the cases where conclusions reached on other grounds must, if possible, be readjusted and brought into harmony with their testimony.

I think that the difficulties will be met to some extent if we suppose that *Troilus and Cressida* is a composite work, the main part of which dates from 1602-3, while some of the scenes—those, for instance, in which Ulysses appears—were subsequently expanded, with the addition, perhaps, of fresh characters. In this way the statements of the piratical printers would be partially explained and accounted for, while aesthetically the tone of brooding irony that is only too traceable throughout would harmonize with the general gloom and despair of a period that, pretty certainly, produced *Hamlet*, *Measure for Measure*, and many of the later sonnets. Mr. Fleay, I should say, carries the theory of revision and subsequent additions still further. He traces three distinct stories in the play, stories that were written at different periods and that overlap only very slightly. They are the *Troilus and Cressida* episode—approximate date, 1594-6; "the story"—I give Mr. Fleay's words—"of the challenge of Hector to Ajax, their combat, and the slaying of Hector by Achilles, on the basis of Caxton's *Three Destructions of Troy*; and finally, the story of Ulysses' stratagem to induce Achilles to return to the battlefield by setting up Ajax as his rival, which was written after the publication of Chapman's *Homer*, from whom *Thersites*, a chief character in this part, was taken."<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *Shakespeare Manual*, pp. 200-201.

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Myself, I do not quite understand the idea of a poet writing odd scenes at different periods of his life and afterwards patching them together. A play that can be subdivided and split up in this way must be strangely inorganic, and *Troilus and Cressida* does not seem to me to be of this nature; there are parts, no doubt, where the work is unequal, notably in the fifth act, where not improbably we have the *débris* of some old play, perhaps of Dekker's tragedy, but the scheme of the drama is, to my mind, symmetrical and nicely thought out. How, for instance, can we separate *Troilus* from *Ulysses*? Dramatically they are complementary: they serve, and are meant to serve, as foils, antitheses. *Troilus*, in Dr. Furnivall's graceful phrase, is "a young fool," full of hopes and beliefs, buoyed up by noble ideals and ambitions: *Ulysses* is the man of gray worldly wisdom, who has seen

Cities of men

And manners, climates, councils, governments.

Once, no doubt, he too had his dreams, but time has taught its bitter lesson, and his idols have been long since broken, the temple long since turned into a counting-house. It is grotesque to separate these characters. They developed side by side in the dramatist's brain, and we can no more divide them than we can divide *Troilus* and *Cressida* themselves. Again, can we believe that the love scenes in this play date from the period which gave the world *Romeo and Juliet*? It seems to me that *Romeo and Juliet* is to *Troilus and Cressida* very much what *Troilus* is to *Ulysses*. The love-note in the one play is wholly lyric, in the other quasi-satiric. It is the difference between a spring day and an autumn day. In *Romeo and Juliet* we might think of the poet as partially identifying himself with his characters: in *Troilus and Cressida* we cannot help feeling that he is rather laughing at them, exaggerating the passionate, somewhat sensuous effects solely for the purpose of making the *dénouement* more bitterly telling and effective.

Upon this point, then, of the date of the play I can only repeat my belief that it was the main written and acted before 1603,

and subsequently revised about 1609. As to the authorities used by Shakespeare, enough has already been said; moreover, his debts are pointed out in some detail in the notes. He had Chaucer's poem to draw upon, Caxton's *Destruction of Troy*, Lydgate's *Troy-Booke*, and Chapman's translation. He availed himself of them all very considerably.

## STAGE HISTORY.

The materials for the stage history of this play are very scanty. In fact there does not appear to be a single record in Genest of any performance of Shakespeare's play itself, but only of Dryden's adaptation. Unfortunately the old play on this subject by Dekker and Chettle has been lost. The allusions to it in Henslowe's *Diary* are five, and all relate to payments on account of the book; the first being on April 7th, 1599, of *iiij<sup>l</sup>* (£3); the next on the 16th of the same month of *xx<sup>s</sup>* (20/); the next is probably some time after April 23rd, 1600, and is simply an entry "*Troyeles and creusseday*" (pp. 147-149); the fourth is on the 26th of May, 1599, when a payment was made to the authors of 30 shillings on account of the book (p. 153); and it is there called "the tragedie of Agamemnone."<sup>1</sup> The fifth entry, on May 30th in the same year, is for "*iiij<sup>l</sup> vs<sup>s</sup>*" (£3, 5/), being "in full paymente of the Boocke" (p. 153), and the very next item is for the payment "unto the M<sup>r</sup> of the Revelles man, for lycensynge of a Boocke called the tragedie of agamemnon," on June 3rd of the same year. There is no record of the absolute production of the piece, but we may suppose that it was played shortly after it was licensed. Whether Shakespeare made use of this version of the story for his play, or whether he himself had any hand in "the tragedie of Agamemnone" we do not know. It would appear from an entry which I found in one of the domestic papers of the reign of Henry VIII. that in the early part of his reign an interlude called *Troilus and Cressida* was played before the court;<sup>2</sup> so that Dekker and

<sup>1</sup> See above, in the *Literary History*, p. 246, column 2.

<sup>2</sup> Unfortunately the reference to this entry has been mistaid

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Chettles' play may have been founded on a yet earlier dramatic version of the story.

As to Shakespeare's play itself, the only record we have of its performance is an entry in the Stationers' Register on February 7th, 1603, from which it would appear that the play was then being played "by my Lord Chamberlen's men;" and also a statement on one of the title-pages of the Quarto of 1609 that it was "acted by the Kings Maiesties seruants at the Globe." This title-page appears to have been withdrawn, and in the extraordinary preface appended to the Quarto, as published in 1609, it is stated that it was "neuer stal'd with the Stage, neuer clapper-claw'd with the palmes of the vulger." That the above statement was a deliberate falsehood there can be little doubt. It is a short step from stealing to lying, either backward or forward; and the enterprising publishers, who sought to deprive Shakespeare and his fellow dramatists of their acting rights in a play by publishing it, and so enabling other companies to play it with impunity, would not have stuck at such a trifle as a lie of this sort. We can learn nothing decisive from these allusions to the acting of the play; but we may fairly deduce that it was not a very popular one, or Roberts would not have abandoned his idea of publishing it; and indeed the title-page as it stands in the Quarto of 1609 would lead one to believe that the play was more likely to be read than to be acted. In fact, what popularity it did enjoy was, as the stock phrase goes, in the closet and not on the stage. Nor can this be wondered at, for there are at most only two plays of Shakespeare which can dispute with *Troilus and Cressida* the palm of being eminently undramatic; unless it be as a vehicle for spectacular display there is absolutely nothing in this play to interest an audience. The love story, such as it is, is but feebly handled; it has no exact ending, either happy or otherwise; the character of the heroine is decidedly unsympathetic, while the admiration one feels for the hero is rather lukewarm and tinged with pity if not with contempt. Hector is the only character in the play who really bids fair to win our sympathy; but the treatment adopted by Shakespeare, or by the

older dramatists from whom he may have taken his play, rendered it impossible to bring out Hector's character strongly, or that of Andromache, who might have made a noble heroine. In fact, as Mr. Verity has pointed out in note 311, the parting of Hector and Andromache is not nearly as pathetic in this play as it is in Homer; but Hector stands out amongst the men, almost more than Troilus, as at once a brave man and a gentleman. He is not a clumsy lout like Ajax, or a sensual bully like Achilles, or a complacent cuckold like Menelaus, or a conceited and insolent fop like Diomedes. Ulysses and Nestor are admirable in the abstract, and the former has some telling speeches from an elocutionary point of view; but neither of them has anything to do with any dramatic situation whatever, and by a general audience there is little doubt that both of them would be ranked as bores. The long discussions that take place in the Grecian camp are great blots upon the play; in fact, when regarded from a dramatic point of view, they are inexcusable. Whatever the faults of Dryden's alteration, from a poetic point of view, may be, there is no doubt that his version of *Troilus and Cressida* serves its purpose better, as an acting drama, than Shakespeare's tragic-comedy, as I suppose we should call it.

The theatre, known as Dorset Gardens, was opened in the year 1671 by the Duke of York's company. Genest says it "was perhaps built on the site of the old one which stood there before the civil wars" (vol. i. p. 121). It would appear that the situation of this theatre was on the south side of the Strand, opposite Shoe Lane, and close to the ancient Bridewell Palace; in fact, very near to what is known now as Salisbury Square. It was here that Dryden's alteration of Shakespeare's play *Troilus and Cressida* or *Truth Found Out Too Late* was produced in 1679. The play was entered in the Stationers' Register on April 14th of that year. The exact date of the production of the play is not given by Genest. The cast was as follows:—"Agamemnon = Gillow; Achilles = David Williams; Ulysses = Harris; Ajax = Bright; Nestor = Norris; Diomedes = Crosby; Patroclus = Bowman; Menelaus = Richards; Thersites = Underhill;—

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Trojans — Hector = Smith: Troilus = Betterton: Æneas = Joseph Williams: Priam and Calchas = Percival: Pandarus = Leigh: Cressida = Mrs. Mary Lee: Andromache = Mrs. Betterton: — the Prologue was spoken by Betterton as the Ghost of Shakspeare<sup>20</sup> (Genest, vol. I. p. 266).

There are many plays of Shakespeare on which the adapter's hand cannot be laid without committing an act of sacrilege; but Troilus and Cressida is certainly not one of them. If ever there was a play that could be altered with advantage from beginning to end, this is certainly one; that is to say, if a play is to be made of it at all. While one resents most strongly the wretched stuff introduced into the version of *The Tempest* by Dryden and Davenant, one cannot but admit that what "great and glorious John" has done for this unsatisfactory play is, in the main, done well. Most of his additions are, from a dramatic point of view, improvements; indeed one feels rather inclined to blame him that he did not do more, and did not get rid of some of the superfluous characters altogether, concentrating the interest more on those which are the best drawn in the original play. Dryden's arrangement of the first act was undoubtedly a judicious one, and, as will be seen hereafter, was followed by John Kemble when he prepared Shakespeare's play for the stage. In Act II. Dryden commences with what is the second scene in Shakespeare, and he has introduced Andromache with some effect, omitting Helen altogether; and the scene ends with the incident of Hector sending a challenge to the Grecian camp by Æneas. The next scene is between Pandarus and Cressida and Pandarus and Troilus. He concludes the act with a scene, nearly entirely his own, in which Thersites plays a very prominent part. Act III. is chiefly remarkable for the concluding scene between Troilus and Hector, which is certainly a great improvement, as far as the dramatic interest of the play is concerned. It is said that he was indebted to Betterton for the hint of this scene, which, according to Genest, is partly an imitation of the quarrel between Agamemnon and Menelaus in the *Iphigenia in Aulis* by

Euripides. It is certainly an effective acting scene, though the dialogue between the two is somewhat too prolonged. Dryden saw that some attempt must be made to render the character of Cressida more sympathetic. He therefore makes Calchas recommend her to make pretended love to Diomedes, which she consents to do with the object of being able to return to Troy. Troilus is witness to the scene between them, as in Shakespeare, and believes Cressida to be false; though Dryden makes it clear to the audience that she never is so either in intention or fact. The act concludes with a quarrel between Troilus and Diomedes, at which both Æneas and Thersites are present. In the last act considerable liberty is taken with the story. The scene between Andromache and Hector is retained very much as in Shakespeare, and Troilus persuades Hector to fight in spite of his wife's remonstrances. Cressida enters with her father in search of Troilus, in order to justify herself with him; and then Diomedes and Troilus come in fighting. Cressida appeals to Troilus, and asserts her innocence; but Diomedes implies indirectly that she has been false with him. Troilus is reproaching her in a violent speech, when she interrupts him and stabs herself, but does not die before Troilus has forgiven her. After that there is, as Genest remarks, a great deal of fighting. Troilus kills Diomedes, and is, in his turn, killed by Ulysses. The piece ends with a speech of Ulysses; the death of Hector being only related by Achilles and not shown on the stage. No doubt all this, from a strictly poetic point of view, is very indefensible; but the end of Shakespeare's play is so confused and so wretchedly abortive, that some such violent change in the story was necessary if it was to be effective on the stage. To alter the catastrophe of such a play as *Romeo and Juliet*, or *Hamlet*, or *Othello*, is a crime; but to alter such a play as *Troilus and Cressida* is a meritorious work, and can scarcely be considered disrespectful to Shakespeare, even if he were, as I very much doubt, the sole author of the work. Certain it is that it cannot have been a favourite play with him; for he does not seem to have expended on it much of that dramatic ability which is so



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remarkable in all his best work. It can scarcely be a matter of reproach to an audience of the seventeenth century that they should have preferred Dryden's version, though it certainly leaves very much to be desired; nor can we blame Betterton if he insisted that the part of Troilus (which he played) should be made of more dramatic importance.

The next production of this piece (Dryden's version) appears to have been on June 2nd, 1709, at Drury Lane. On this occasion Betterton surrendered the part of Troilus to Wilks and played Thersites, as will be seen from the following cast: Troilus = Wilks; Hector = Powell; Achilles = Booth; Agamemnon Mills; Ajax = Keen; Ulysses = Thurmond; Thersites = Betterton; Pandarus = Esteourt; Cressida = Mrs. Bradshaw; Andromache Mrs. Rogers (*Genest*, vol. ii. p. 420).

This play was revived at Lincoln's Inn Fields—"Not acted 12 years"—on November 10th, 1720. On this occasion Ryan played Troilus, and Quin took the part of Hector; the other chief characters were thus cast: Ulysses = Boheme; Troilus = Bullock; Pandarus = Spiller; Cressida = Mrs. Seymour; Andromache = Mrs. Bullock (*Genest*, vol. iii. p. 54). At the same theatre about two years afterwards, on May 3rd, 1723, Hippiisley selected this play for his benefit; on which occasion Quin took the part of Thersites, which would be more suitable to him than that of Troilus. Hippiisley himself took Pandarus, Boheme Hector, Ryan again playing Troilus. In the following season, on November 21st, 1723, the piece was again played at the same theatre. The details of the cast are wanting, except that the Cressida was Mrs. Sterling. Ten years appear to have passed before any attempt was made to revive this play, which never seems to have proved attractive, or to have been performed more than once at a time. At Covent Garden, on December 20th, 1733, Troilus and Cressida was represented with much the same cast as when it was given in 1723. Davies mentions this performance, and praises Walker as Hector, Quin as Thersites, and Hippiisley as Pandarus. Davies says: "Mrs. Buchanan, a very fine woman and a pleasing actress, who died soon after in

childbed, was the Cressida." He continues: "Mr. Lacy, late manager of Drury-lane, acted Agamemnon; and Tom Chapman<sup>1</sup> pleased himself with the obstreperous and discordant utterance of Diomedes's passion for Cressida" (vol. iii. pp. 163, 164). Davies says that the scene between Troilus and Hector in Act III. was "written in emulation of the quarrel between Brutus and Cassius in Julius Cesar" (vol. iii. p. 163). It is probable that this scene was in Dryden's mind more than the one from the Greek play mentioned above. With this performance, as far as I can discover, the stage history of Troilus and Cressida ceases. In none of the numerous theatrical memoirs which I have searched, nor in any of the many books and pamphlets concerning the English stage, can I find any mention of the performance of Shakespeare's play, or even of Dryden's adaptation, after this date.

The revival of Shakespeare's play never seems to have been contemplated by any of our great actors except one, and that was John Kemble, who prepared Shakespeare's play<sup>2</sup> for the stage, and went so far as to cast it, and I believe to distribute the parts. At any rate they were copied out, but the piece was never represented. The alterations, which are confined to transpositions of portions of the dialogue, are made in that very neat handwriting which was characteristic both of John Kemble and his brother Charles. Not a single line appears to have been added from Dryden's play; the alterations in the text are confined to one or two slight verbal ones and a few unimportant transpositions. Some of the characters are omitted altogether; among them Menelaus, Helen, Deiphobus, Helenus, and Antenor. The cast would have been a strong one; it was to include Kemble as Troilus, Dicky Suett as Pandarus, Bensley as Agamemnon, Barrymore as Ajax, Bannister, jun., as Thersites, and John Kemble himself

<sup>1</sup> For some account of this actor see Introduction to *All's Well That Ends Well*, p. 7.

<sup>2</sup> I am indebted to Mrs. Creswick, the widow of the late well-known actor (one of the last of those who was associated with Mr. Phelps in the Shakespearean revivals at Sadler's Wells), for the original copy, as marked by John Kemble himself, which appears to have been sold at Heath's sale in 1821.



## INTRODUCTION.

as Ulysses. The female characters were apparently not cast. I do not think that this arrangement, though it does credit to Kemble and shows a greater reverence for Shakespeare's text than he had shown in some of the acting editions prepared by him, could possibly have been successful. No amount of condensation can make a good acting play of Troilus and Cressida. There is no dramatic backbone in it, and it may be doubted whether it would ever repay a manager the cost of reviving it.—F. A. M.

### CRITICAL REMARKS.

Of the characters of this play two—Troilus and Ulysses—stand out with special prominence, and about each it has already been necessary to say something. They are placed, as we have seen, in the sharpest contrast: Troilus, the perfect lover and knight, passionate and pathetic in his boyish, buoyant idealism and fidelity, thinking no ill of others and expecting none; Ulysses, the man of gray experience, who has studied the foibles and frailties of weak humanity, and attained, not indeed to the splendid serenity of Prospero, rather to the coldly calculating prudence and insight of the critic and cynic. Artistically the antithesis is perfect: Ulysses stands at the point where Troilus, under the sting of bitter disillusion, will possibly end. Nowhere do their characters touch; the one typifies hopeful, trustful youth; the other, incredulous age; combined they give us, as it were, an epitome of human experience. And if Troilus stands for loyalty, Cressida, assuredly, is the type of all disloyalty. Quick and clever of tongue, she is utterly shallow, a mere surface nature incapable of receiving, still more of keeping, any deep impression. For such characters environment is everything: they must change with their surroundings. With Troilus she is truth itself; we believe in her as does her lover; nay, more, as she believes in herself. And then she passes into the Greek camp, and straightway all is forgotten; vows are vows no more; her heart is the prize of the first comer. It is the story of Romeo and Juliet reversed. The other side of the picture is turned to us. The poet had

given the stage a study of woman's love steadfast to the bitter end; he now lays bare the weakness of a heart that forgets and falls at the first trial. What more is there to say? Of the remaining dramatis personæ Thersites alone interests us much. What is he? A foretaste, a suggestion of Caliban, only Caliban without the saving, sovereign grace and favour of animal dulness! Perhaps; and something more. He seems to represent the democratic spirit on its most hateful side of babbling, blustering irreverence. A shrill-tongued shrew, ever railing and rancorous, he spares nobody, nothing. "We live by admiration!" To Thersites "admiration" would convey no meaning; he is nothing if not critical in the worst sense of the word. Hector, Agamemnon, Troilus, Ulysses—all present some aspect of greatness; and Thersites has a bitter word for all. Their greatness is non-existent for him: better far to find out a man's weakness, and gird and scoff at that. Thersites at his best is clever with cleverness contemptible: at his worst, he might fairly be disowned by Caliban.

The rest of the characters—except perhaps Pandar, on whom who would care to dwell!—are sketches rather than finished works of art; the poet has just filled in the outlines so far as they are necessary to the development of the piece, and it is to be noticed that all through there is little which we can regard as classical in form or spirit. Change the name, and we might believe ourselves to be moving in some purely mediæval scene.

And now a word as to the purpose of the play. What is the *idée* of Troilus and Cressida? The question has been answered in a dozen different ways. For example: Ulrici finds in this drama an attempt to degrade and debase the heroes of antiquity in the eyes of Shakespeare's contemporaries, an attempt, in fact, to spoil the classics of their prestige. Chapman had given the world Homer: through the roll of his golden rhetoric men had lived the long years of the weary war round Troy; spell-bound they had the far-off "surge and thunder of the Odyssey." And here was the counterblast: Shakespeare was jealous of the classics. Thus far Ulrici. Hertzberg seems

## TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

to look upon *Troilus and Cressida* as an unconscious parody of mediæval chivalry, a kind of unintentional *Don Quixote*. Mr. Fleay, again, is certain, quite certain, that the whole play is nothing more nor less than a satire on rival dramatists, Hector representing Shakespeare; Thersites, Dekker; Ajax, Ben Jonson. And so on.

Everyone remembers Edgar Poe's story of the man who, having an important paper to conceal, put it in an old vase on his mantelshelf, arguing that no one would ever look in so obvious a place. This old-vase idea is not inapplicable sometimes in matters of criticism. Critics in their efforts to find out a recondite interpretation are occasionally apt to overlook the obvious one; they forget the old vase. Perhaps it is so here. The name of the play may be the vase. The ordinary mortal, seeing

the title of the play—Troilus and Cressida—would expect to find in the piece a love-story. And is it anything more than a love-story, a love-story coloured by the poet's passion of feeling and emotion through which the poet was passing at the time of its composition? Romeo and Juliet was written by a young man. It is natural for youth to believe strongly in the existence of such things as loyalty and love and truth. Time brings disillusion. The poet does not become a cynic and cease to believe in good; only he perceives that there is evil too in the world; fickleness and disloyalty as well as fidelity. And so, as a dramatist should, he shows the other side of the shield. Romeo and Juliet is a study of love from one stand-point; Troilus and Cressida is a study of love from exactly the opposite stand-point; *et voilà tout*.

In Tro  
The p  
Have  
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*Pan.* He that will have a cake of the wheat must needs tarry the threshing.—(Act i. l. 15, 16.)

## TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

### [PROLOGUE.]

In Troy, there lies the scene. From isle  
Greece  
The princes orgulous,<sup>1</sup> their high blood chaf'd,  
Have to the port of Athens sent their  
ships,  
To fight with the ministers and instruments  
Of cruel war: sixty and nine, that wore  
their crownets regal, from th' Athenian bay  
Put forth toward Phrygia: and their vow is  
made  
To ransack Troy; within whose strong im-  
mures  
The ravish'd Helen, Menelaus' queen,  
With wanton Paris sleeps; and that's the  
quarrel. 10  
To Tenedos they come;  
And the deep-drawing barks do there disgorge  
Their warlike freightage: now on Dardan  
plains  
The fresh and yet unbruised Greeks do pitch  
Their brave<sup>2</sup> pavilions: Priam's six-gated  
city,

Dardan, and Tymbria, Helias, Chetas, Troien,  
And Antenorides, with massy staples,<sup>3</sup>  
And corresponsive and fulfilling<sup>4</sup> bolts,  
Sperr up<sup>5</sup> the sons of Troy.

Now expectation, tickling skittish spirits, 20  
On one and other side, Trojan and Greek,  
Sets all on hazard:—and hither am I  
come

A prologue arm'd,—but not in confidence  
Of author's pen or actor's voice; but suited  
In like conditions as our argument,—

To tell you, fair beholders, that our play  
Leaps o'er the vaunt and firstlings of those  
broils,

Beginning in the middle; starting thence  
away

To what may be digested in a play. 29  
Like, or find fault; do as your pleasures  
are:

Now good or bad, 'tis but the chance of  
war. ]

<sup>1</sup> *Orgulous* = proud; Fr. *orgueilleux*  
<sup>2</sup> *Brave*, making a great show.

<sup>3</sup> *Staples*, loops of iron through which the bolts are  
slid.

<sup>4</sup> *Fulfilling*, i. e. filling full the staples: well-fitting.

<sup>5</sup> *Sperr up* = inclose



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## ACT I.

SCENE I. *Troy. Before Priam's palace.**Enter TROIILUS armed, and PANDARUS.*

*Tro.* Call here my varlet; I'll unarm again:  
 [Why should I war without the walls of Troy,  
 That find such cruel battle here within?] Each Trojan that is master of his heart,  
 Let him to field; Troilus, alas, hath none!

*Pan.* Will this gear<sup>1</sup> ne'er be mended?

*Tro.* The Greeks are strong, and skilful to their strength,

Fierce to their skill, and to their fierceness valiant;

But I am weaker than a woman's tear,  
 Tamer than sleep, fonder than ignorance, 10  
 Less valiant than the virgin in the night,  
 And skilless as unpractis'd infancy.

*Pan.* Well, I have told you enough of this:  
 for my part, I'll not meddle nor make no further. He that will have a cake out of the wheat must needs tarry the grinding.

*Tro.* Have I not tarried?

*Pan.* Ay, the grinding; but you must tarry the bolting.

*Tro.* Have I not tarried?

*Pan.* Ay, the bolting; but you must tarry the leavening. 20

*Tro.* Still have I tarried.

*Pan.* Ay, to the leavening; but here's yet in the word "hereafter" the kneading, the making of the cake, the heating of the oven, and the baking; nay, you must stay the cooling too, or you may chance to burn your lips.

*Tro.* Patience herself, what goddess e'er she be,

Doth lesser blench<sup>2</sup> at sufferance than I do.

At Priam's royal table do I sit;

And when fair Cressid comes into my thoughts,—

So, traitor!—when she comes!—When is she thence? 31

*Pan.* Well, she look'd yesternight fairer than ever I saw her look, or any woman else.

*Tro.* I was about to tell thee,—when my heart,

As wedged with a sigh, would rive in twain;  
 Lest Hector or my father should perceive me,—  
 I have—as when the sun doth light a storm—  
 Buried this sigh in wrinkle of a smile:

[But sorrow, that is couch'd in seeming gladness, 39  
 Is like that mirth fate turns to sudden sadness.]

*Pan.* An her hair were not somewhat darker than Helen's,—well, go to,—there were no more comparison between the women, [—but, for my part, she is my kinswoman; I would not, as they term it, praise her,—but] I would somebody had heard her talk yesterday, as I did. I will not dispraise your sister Cassandra's wit; but—

*Tro.* O Pandarus! [I tell thee, Pandarus,—  
 When I do tell thee, there my hopes lie drown'd,  
 Reply not in how many fathoms deep 50  
 They lie indrench'd.] I tell thee, I am mad  
 In Cressid's love: thou answer'st, she is fair;  
 Pour'st in the open ulcer of my heart  
 Her eyes, her hair, her cheek, her gait, her voice;

Handlest in thy discourse, [O, that her hand,<sup>3</sup>  
 In whose comparison all whites are ink,  
 Writing their own reproach; to whose soft seizure<sup>4</sup>

The cygnet's down is harsh, and spirit of sense  
 Hard as the palm of ploughman!—this thou tell'st me,

As true thou tell'st me, when I say I love her;]  
 But, saying thus, instead of oil and balm, 61  
 Thou lay'st in every gash that love hath given me

The knife that made it.

*Pan.* I speak no more than truth.

*Tro.* Thou dost not speak so much.

*Pan.* Faith, I'll not meddle in't. Let her be as she is: if she be fair, 't is the better for her; an she be not, she has the mends in her own hands. 69

[*Tro.* Good Pandarus,—how now, Pandarus!

*Pan.* I have had my labour for my travail;  
 ill-thought on of her, and ill-thought on of.

<sup>1</sup> Gear, business.<sup>2</sup> Blench = flinch.<sup>3</sup> That her hand, i.e. that hand of hers. <sup>4</sup> Seizure = touch.

you: gone between and between, but small thanks for my labour.] 73

*Tro.* What, art thou angry, Pandarus? what, with me!

*Pan.* Because she's kin to me, therefore she's not so fair as Helen: an she were not kin to me, she would be as fair on Friday as Helen is on Sunday. But what care I? I care not an she were a black-a-moor; 'tis all one to me. 80

*Tro.* Say I she is not fair?

*Pan.* I do not care whether you do or no. She's a fool to stay behind her father; let her to the Greeks; and so I'll tell her the next time I see her: for my part, I'll meddle nor make no more i' the matter.

*Tro.* Pandarus,—

*Pan.* Not I.

*Tro.* Sweet Pandarus,—

*Pan.* Pray you, speak no more to me: I will leave all as I found it, and there an end. 91

[*Exit Pandarus. Alarum.*]

*Tro.* Peace, you ungracious clamours! peace, rude sounds!

Fools on both sides! Helen must needs be fair, When with your blood you daily paint her thus.

[I cannot fight upon this argument; It is too starv'd a subject for my sword.]  
But Pandarus,—O gods, how do you plague me! I cannot come to Cressid but by Pandar; And he's as tetchy to be woo'd to woo, As she is stubborn-chaste against all suit. 100  
[Tell me, Apollo, for thy Daphne's love, What Cressid is, what Pandar, and what we? Her bed is India; there she lies, a pearl: Between our Ilium and where she resides, Let it be call'd the wild and wandering flood; Ourself the merchant; and this sailing Pandar, Our doubtful hope, our convoy, and our bark.]

*Alarum. Enter ÆNEAS.*

*Æne.* How now, Prince Troilus! wherefore not a-field?

*Tro.* Because not there: this woman's answer sorts,<sup>1</sup>  
For womanish it is to be from thence. 110  
What news, Æneas, from the field to-day?

<sup>1</sup> *Sorts*, i.e. suits, fits.

*Æne.* That Paris is returned home, and hurt.

*Tro.* By whom, [*Æneas?*]

*Æne.* [*Troilus,*] by Menelaus.

[*Tro.* Let Paris bleed; 'tis but a scar to scorn;<sup>2</sup> Paris is gor'd with Menelaus' horn. [*Alarum.*]

*Æne.*] Hark, what good sport is out of town to-day!

*Tro.* Better at home, if "would I might" were "may."—

But to the sport abroad:—are you bound thither?

*Æne.* In all swift haste.

*Tro.* Come, go we, then, together. [*Eceunt.*]

## SCENE II. *The walls of Troy.*

*Enter CRESSIDA and ALEXANDER.*

*Cres.* Who were those went by?

*Alex.* Queen Hecuba and Helen.

*Cres.* And whither go they?

*Alex.* Up to th' eastern tower, Whose height commands as subject all the vale, To see the battle. Hector, whose patience Is, as a virtue, fix'd, to-day was mov'd: He chid Andromache, and struck his armorer: And, like as there were husbandry<sup>3</sup> in war, Before the sun rose, he was harness'd light, And to the field goes he; where every flower Did, as a prophet, weep what it foresaw 10 In Hector's wrath

*Cres.* What was his cause of anger?

*Alex.* The noise of this: there is among the Greeks

A lord of Trojan blood, nephew to Hector; They call him Ajax.

[*Cres.* Good; and what of him?

*Alex.* They say he is a very man *per se*, And stands alone.

*Cres.* So do all men,—unless they are drunk, sick, or have no legs.

*Alex.* This man, lady, hath robb'd many beasts of their particular additions; he is as valiant as the lion, churlish as the bear, slow as the elephant: a man into whom nature hath so crowded humours, that his valour is crush'd into folly, his folly sauc'd with discretion:

<sup>2</sup> *Scar to scorn*=scar to be scorned, i.e. a trifling scar.

<sup>3</sup> *Husbandry*, economy.



there is no man hath a virtue that he hath not a glimpse of; nor any man an attain't but he carries some stain of it: he is melancholy without cause, and merry against the hair: he hath the joints of every thing; but every thing so out of joint, that he is a gouty Briareus, many hands and no use; or purblind Argus, all eyes and no sight.

*Cres.* But how should this man, that makes me smile, make Hector angry?

*Alex.* They say he yesterday cop'd<sup>1</sup> Hector in the battle, and struck him down; the disdain and shame whereof hath ever since kept Hector fasting and waking.

*Cres.* Who comes here?

*Alex.* Madam, your uncle Pandarus.

*Enter PANDARUS.*

*Cres.* Hector's a gallant man.

*Alex.* As may be in the world, lady.

*Pan.* What's that? what's that?

*Cres.* Good-morrow, uncle Pandarus.

*Pan.* Good morrow, cousin Cressid: what do you talk of?—Good morrow, Alexander.—How do you, cousin? When were you at Ilium?

*Cres.* This morning, uncle.

*Pan.* What were you talking of when I came? Was Hector arm'd and gone, ere ye came to Ilium? Helen was not up, was she?

*Cres.* Hector was gone; but Helen was not up.

*Pan.* E'en so: Hector was stirring early.

*Cres.* That were we talking of, and of his anger.

*Pan.* Was he angry?

*Cres.* So he says here.

*Pan.* True, he was so; I know the cause too; he'll lay about him to-day, I can tell them that: and there's Troilus will not come far behind him; let them take heed of Troilus, I can tell them that too.

*Cres.* What, is he angry too?

*Pan.* Who, Troilus? Troilus is the better man of the two.

*Cres.* O Jupiter! there's no comparison.

*Pan.* What, not between Troilus and Hector? Do you know a man if you see him?

*Cres.* Ay, if I ever saw him before, and knew him.

*Pan.* Well, I say Troilus is Troilus.

*Cres.* Then you say as I say; for, I am sure, he is not Hector.

*Pan.* No, nor Hector is not Troilus in some degrees.

*Cres.* 'Tis just to each of them; he is himself.

*Pan.* Himself! Alas, poor Troilus! I would he were,—

[*Cres.* So he is.

*Pan.* Condition, I had<sup>2</sup> gone barefoot to India.

*Cres.* He is not Hector.

*Pan.* Himself! no, he's not himself:—would 'a were himself! Well, the gods are above;] timemust friend or end: well, Troilus, well,—I would my heart were in her body!—No, Hector is not a better man than Troilus.

*Cres.* Excuse me.

*Pan.* He is elder.

*Cres.* Pardon me, pardon me.

*Pan.* Th' other's not come to't; [you shall tell me another tale, when th' other's come to't.] Hector shall not have his wit this year,—

*Cres.* He shall not need it, if he have his own.

*Pan.* Nor his qualities,—

*Cres.* No matter.

*Pan.* Nor his beauty.

*Cres.* 'T would not become him,—his own's better.

*Pan.* You have no judgment, niece: Helen herself swore th' other day, that Troilus, for a brown favour<sup>3</sup>—for so 't is, I must confess,—not brown neither,—

*Cres.* No, but brown.

*Pan.* Faith, to say truth, brown and not brown.

*Cres.* To say the truth, true and not true.

[*Pan.* She prais'd his complexion above Paris.

*Cres.* Why, Paris hath colour enough.

*Pan.* So he has.

*Cres.* Then Troilus should have too much: if she prais'd him above, his complexion is

<sup>1</sup> Cop'd, encountered.

<sup>2</sup> Condition, I had = even on condition that I had.

<sup>3</sup> Favour, face.

higher than his; he having colour enough, and the other higher, is too flaming a praise for a good complexion. I had as lief Helen's golden tongue had commended Troilus for a copper nose.]

*Pan.* I swear to you, I think Helen loves him better than Paris.

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*Cres.* Then she's a merry Greek indeed.

*Pan.* Nay, I am sure she does. She came to him th' other day into the compass'd window,—[and, you know, he has not past three or four hairs on his chin—

*Cres.* Indeed, a tapster's arithmetic may soon bring his particulars<sup>1</sup> therein to a total.



*Cres.* I had as lief Helen's golden tongue had commended Troilus for a copper nose.—(Act i. 2. 113-115.)

*Pan.* Why, he is very young: and yet will he, within three pound, lift as much as his brother Hector.

*Cres.* Is he so young a man, and so old a lifter?

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*Pan.* But, to prove to you that Helen loves him,—she came,] and puts me her white hand to his cloven chin—

*Cres.* Juno have mercy! how came it cloven?

*Pan.* Why, you know, 't is dimpled: I think his smiling becomes him better than any man in all Phrygia.

<sup>1</sup> Particulars = Items.

*Cres.* O, he smiles valiantly.

*Pan.* Does he not?

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*Cres.* O yes, an 't were a cloud in autumn.

[*Pan.* Why, go to, then:—but to prove to you that Helen loves Troilus,—

*Cres.* Troilus will stand to the proof, if you 'll prove it so.

*Pan.* Troilus! why, he esteems her no more than I esteem an addle egg.

*Cres.* If you love an addle egg as well as you love an idle head, you would eat chickens i' the shell.

*Pan.* I cannot choose but laugh, to think

how she tickled his chin;—indeed, she has a marvell's<sup>1</sup> white hand, I must needs confess,— 151

*Cres.* Without the rack.

*Pan.* And she takes upon her to spy a white hair on his chin.

*Cres.* Alas, poor chin! many a wart is richer.

*Pan.* But there was such laughing!—Queen Hecuba laughed, that her eyes ran o'er,—

*Cres.* With mill-stones.

*Pan.* And Cassandra laughed,— 159

*Cres.* But there was more temperate fire under the pot of her eyes:—did her eyes run o'er too?

*Pan.* And Hector laughed.

*Cres.* At what was all this laughing?

*Pan.* Marry, at the white hair that Helen spied on Troilus' chin.

*Cres.* An't had been a green hair, I should have laughed too.

*Pan.* They laughed not so much at the hair as at his pretty answer.

*Cres.* What was his answer? 170

*Pan.* Quoth she, "Here's but one and fifty hairs on your chin, and one of them is white."

*Cres.* This is her question.

*Pan.* That's true; make no question of that. "One and fifty hairs," quoth he, "and one white: that white hair is my father, and all the rest are his sons." "Jupiter!" quoth she, "which of these hairs is Paris my husband?" "The forked one," quoth he; "pluck't out, and give it him." But there was such laughing! and Helen so blushed, and Paris so chafed, and all the rest so laughed, that it passed. 182

*Cres.* So let it now; for it has been a great while going by. ]

*Pan.* Well, cousin, I told you a thing yesterday; think on't.

*Cres.* So I do.

*Pan.* I'll be sworn 't is true; he will weep you, an't were a man born in April.

*Cres.* And I'll spring up in his tears, an't were a nettle against May.

[A retreat sounded.

*Pan.* Hark! they are coming from the field: shall we stand up here, and see them as they

pass toward Ilium? good niece, do,—sweet niece Cressida.

*Cres.* At your pleasure.

*Pan.* Here, here, here's an excellent place; here we may see most bravely: I'll tell you them all by their names as they pass by; but mark Troilus above the rest. 200

*Cres.* Speak not so loud.

*ÆNEAS passes.*

*Pan.* That's Æneas: is not that a brave man? he's one of the flowers of Troy, I can tell you; but mark Troilus; you shall see anon.

[ANTENOR passes.

*Cres.* Who's that?

*Pan.* That's Antenor: he has a shrewd wit, I can tell you; and he's a man good enough: he's one o' the soundest judgments in Troy, whosoever, and a proper man of person.—When comes Troilus?—I'll show you Troilus anon: if he see me, you shall see him nod at me.

*Cres.* Will he give you the nod?

*Pan.* You shall see.

*Cres.* If he do, the rich shall have more. ]

*HECTOR passes.*

*Pan.* That's Hector, that, that, look you, that; there's a fellow!—Go thy way, Hector!—There's a brave man, niece.—O brave Hector!—Look how he looks! there's a countenance! is't not a brave man!

*Cres.* O, a brave man! 220

*Pan.* Is 'a not? it does a man's heart good:—look you what hacks<sup>2</sup> are on his helmet! look you yonder, do you see? look you there: there's no jesting; there's laying on, take't off who will, as they say: there be hacks!

*Cres.* Be those with swords?

*Pan.* Swords! anything, he cares not; and the devil come to him, it's all one: by God's lid, it does one's heart good.—Yonder comes Paris, yonder comes Paris: 230

*PARIS passes.*

look ye yonder, niece; is't not a gallant man

<sup>1</sup> *Marvell's*, abbreviation of *marvellous*.

<sup>2</sup> *Hacks*, marks of blows, dints.

too, is't not?—Why, this is brave now.—Who said he came hurt home to-day? he's not hurt: why, this will do Helen's heart good now, ha!—Would I could see Troilus now!—You shall see Troilus anon.

[HELENUS passes.

*Cres.* Who's that?

*Pan.* That's Helenus:—I marvel where Troilus is:—that's Helenus:—I think he went not forth to-day:—that's Helenus. 240

*Cres.* Can Helenus fight, uncle?

*Pan.* Helenus! no;—yes, he'll fight indifferent well.—I marvel where Troilus is.—Hark! do you not hear the people cry "Troilus"?—Helenus is a priest. ]

*Cres.* What sneaking fellow comes yonder?

TROILUS passes.

*Pan.* Where? yonder? that's Deiphobus: 'tis Troilus! there's a man, niece!—Hem!—Brave Troilus! the prince of chivalry!

*Cres.* Peace, for shame, peace! 250

*Pan.* Mark him; note him:—O brave Troilus!—look well upon him, niece: look you how his sword is bloodied, and his helm more hacked than Hector's; and how he looks, and how he goes!—O admirable youth! [he ne'er saw three-and-twenty.—Go thy way, Troilus, go thy way! ]—Had I a sister were a grace, or a daughter a goddess, he should take his choice. O admirable man! Paris?—Paris is dirt to him; and, I warrant, Helen, to change, would give an eye to boot. 260

*Cres.* Here comes more.

Forces pass.

*Pan.* Asses, fools, dolts! chaff and bran, chaff and bran! porridge after meat!—I could live and die i' the eyes of Troilus.—Ne'er look, ne'er look; the eagles are gone: crows and daws, crows and daws!—I had rather be such a man as Troilus than Agamemnon and all Greece.

*Cres.* There is among the Greeks Achilles, —a better man than Troilus.

*Pan.* Achilles! a drayman, a porter, a very camel. 271

*Cres.* Well, well.

*Pan.* Well, well!—Why, have you any dis-

cretion? have you any eyes? do you know what a man is? Is not birth, beauty, good shape, discourse, manhood, learning, gentleness, virtue, youth, liberality, and such like, the spice and salt that season a man?

*Cres.* Ay, a minced man: [and then to be baked with no date in the pie,—for then the man's date's out. ] 281

*Pan.* You are such a woman! [one knows not at what ward you lie.

*Cres.* Upon my back, to defend my belly; upon my wit, to defend my wiles; upon my secrecy, to defend mine honesty; my mask, to defend my beauty; and you, to defend all these: and at all these wards I lie, at a thousand watches.

*Pan.* Say one of your watches. 290

*Cres.* Nay, I'll watch you for that; and that's one of the chiefest of them too: if I cannot ward what I would not have hit, I can watch you for telling how I took the blow; unless it swell past hiding, and then it's past watching.

*Pan.* You are such another! ]

Enter TROILUS' BOY.

*Boy.* Sir, my lord would instantly speak with you.

*Pan.* Where?

*Boy.* At your own house; there he unarms him. 300

*Pan.* Good boy, tell him I come. [Exit Boy.] I doubt he be hurt.—Fare ye well, good niece.

*Cres.* Adieu, uncle.

*Pan.* I'll be with you, niece, by and by.

*Cres.* To bring, uncle?

*Pan.* Ay, a token from Troilus.

*Cres.* [By the same token—you are a bawd.]

[Exit Pandarus.

Words, vows, gifts, tears, and love's full sacrifice,

He offers in another's enterprise:

But more in Troilus thousand-fold I see 310

Than in the glass of Pandar's praise may be;

Yet hold I off. Women are angels, wooing:

Things won are done; joy's soul lies in the doing:

<sup>1</sup> Discretion, i.e. in its literal sense (*discerno*), "power of seeing."

That she belov'd knows naught that knows  
 not this,—<sup>314</sup>  
 Men prize the thing ungain'd more than it is:  
 That she was never yet that ever knew  
 Love got so sweet as when desire did sue:  
 Therefore this maxim out of love I teach,—  
 Achievement is command; ungain'd, beseech:  
 Then, though my heart's content firm love  
 doth bear,<sup>320</sup>  
 Nothing of that shall from mine eyes appear.  
*[Exit.]*

SCENE III. *Agamemnon's tent in the  
 Grecian camp.*

*Flourish of trumpets.* AGAMEMNON, NESTOR,  
 ULYSSES, MENELAUS, and others discovered.

*Agam.* Princes,  
 What grief hath set the jaundice on your  
 cheeks?  
 The ample proposition<sup>1</sup> that hope makes  
 In all designs begun on earth below  
 Fails in the promis'd largeness: [checks and  
 disasters  
 Grow in the veins of actions highest rear'd;  
 As knots, by the conflux of meeting sap,  
 Infect the sound pine, and divert his grain  
 Tortive and errant from his course of growth.]  
 Nor, princes, is it matter new to us,<sup>10</sup>  
 That we come short of our suppose so far,  
 That, after seven years' siege, yet Troy walls  
 stand;  
 [Sith every action that hath gone before,  
 Whereof we have record, trial did draw  
 Bias and thwart, not answering the aim,  
 And that unbodied figure of the thought  
 That gave't surmised shape.] Why, then,  
 [you princes,]  
 Do you with cheeks abash'd behold our  
 works,  
 And call them shames, which are, indeed,  
 naught else  
 But the protractive trials of great Jove<sup>20</sup>  
 To find persistive constancy in men?  
 [The fineness of which metal is not found  
 In fortune's love; for then the bold and coward,  
 The wise and fool, the artist and unread,  
 The hard and soft, seem all affin'd and kin:

But, in the wind and tempest of her frown.  
 Distinction, with a broad and powerful fan,  
 Puffing at all, winnows the light awa.  
 And what hath mass or matter, by itself  
 Lies rich in virtue and unmingled.<sup>2</sup>]<sup>30</sup>  
*Nest.* With due observance of thy godlike

... it,  
 Great Agamemnon, Nestor shall apply  
 Thy latest words. In the reproof<sup>3</sup> of chance  
 Lies the true proof of man: the sea being  
 smooth,

How many shallow bauble boats dare sail  
 Upon her patient breast, making their way  
 With those of nobler bulk!  
 But let the ruffian Boreas once enrage  
 The gentle Thetis, and, anon, behold  
 The strong-ribb'd bark through liquid moun-  
 tains cut,<sup>40</sup>

Bounding between the two moist elements,  
 Like Perseus' horse: where's then the saucy  
 boat,

Whose weak untimber'd sides but even now  
 Co-rivall'd greatness? either to harbour fled,  
 Or made a toast for Neptune. Even so  
 Doth valour's show and valour's worth divide  
 In storms of fortune: [for in her ray and  
 brightness

The herd hath more annoyance by the breeze<sup>4</sup>  
 Than by the tiger; but when the splitting wind  
 Makes flexible the knees of knotted oaks,<sup>50</sup>  
 And flies fled under shade, why, then the thing  
 of courage,

As rous'd with rage, with rage doth sympathize,  
 And with an accent tun'd in self-same key  
 Retorts to chiding fortune.]

*Ulyss.* Agamemnon,—  
 Thou great commander, nerve and bone of  
 Greece,

Heart of our numbers, soul and only spirit,  
 In whom the tempers and the minds of all  
 Should be shut up,—hear what Ulysses speaks.  
 [Besides the applause and approbation

The which—[to Agamemnon] most mighty for  
 thy place and sway,—<sup>60</sup>

[To Nestor] And thou most reverend for thy  
 stretch'd-out life—

I give to both your speeches,—which were such

<sup>1</sup> Unmingled, pronounced as a quadrisyllable.

<sup>2</sup> Reproof; an obvious quibble is intended.

<sup>4</sup> Breeze, the gad-fly.

<sup>1</sup> Proposition = what hope sets before itself to achieve.

As Agamemnon and the hand of Greece 68  
Should hold up high in brass; and such again  
As venerable Nestor, hatch'd in silver,  
Should with a bond of air—strong as the  
axletree

On which heaven rides—knit all the Greekish  
cars

To his experienc'd tongue,—yet let it please  
both,

Though great and wise, to hear Ulysses speak.]

*Agam.* Speak, Prince of Ithaca; [and be't of  
less expect<sup>1</sup> 70

That matter needless, of importless burden,  
Divide thy lips, than we are confident,  
When rank Thersites opes his mastic jaws,  
We shall hear music, wit, and oracle.]

*Ulyss.* Troy, yet upon his basis, had been  
down,

And the great Hector's sword had lack'd a  
master,

But for these instances.<sup>2</sup>

The specialty of rule hath been neglected:  
And, look, how many Grecian tents do stand  
Hollow upon this plain, so many hollow fac-  
tions. 80

[When that the general is not like the hive,  
To whom the foragers shall all repair,  
What honey is expected? Degrees being  
vizarded,

Th' unworhiest shows as fairly in the mask.]  
The heavens themselves, the planets, and this  
centre,

Observe degree, priority, and place,  
[Insisture, course, proportion, season, form,  
Office, and custom, in all line of order:]

And therefore is the glorious planet Sol  
In noble eminence enthron'd and spher'd 90  
Amidst the other; whose medicinable eye  
Corrects the ill aspects of planets evil,  
[And posts, like the commandment of a king,  
Sans check, to good and bad: but when the  
planets,

In evil mixture,<sup>3</sup> to disorder wander,  
What plagues, and what portents, what mutiny,  
What raging of the sea, shaking of earth,  
Commotion in the winds, frights, changes,  
horrors,

<sup>1</sup> Expect = expectation.

<sup>2</sup> Instances, causes, reasons.

<sup>3</sup> In evil mixture, perhaps an astrological term.

Divert and crack, rend and deracinate<sup>4</sup>  
The unity and married calm of states 100  
Quite from their fixture! O, when degree is  
shak'd,

Which is the ladder to all high designs,  
Then enterprise is sick! How could com-  
munities,

[Degrees in schools, and brotherhoods in cities,  
Peaceful commerce from dividable shores,]

The primogenity and due of birth,  
Prerogative of age, crowns, sceptres, laurels,  
But by degree, stand in authentic place!  
Take but degree away, untune that string,  
And, hark, what discord follows! [each thing/  
meets 110

In mere<sup>5</sup> oppugnancy: the bounded waters  
Should lift their bosoms higher than the shores,  
And make a sop of all this solid globe:  
Strength should be lord of imbecility,  
And the rude son should strike his father  
dead:]

Force should be right; or rather, right and  
wrong—

Between whose endless jar justice resides—  
Should lose their names, and so should justice  
too.

Then every thing includes itself in power,  
Power into will, will into appetite; 120

And appetite, an universal wolf,  
So doubly seconded with will and power,  
Must make perforce an universal prey,  
And last eat up himself. [Great Agamemnon,  
This chaos, when degree is suffocate,  
Follows the choking.

And this neglectation of degree it is,  
That by a pace goes backward, with a pur-  
pose

It hath to climb.] The general's disdain'd:  
By him one step below; he, by the next; 130  
That next, by him beneath: so every step,  
Exempl'd by the first pace that is sick  
Of his superior, grows to an envious fever  
Of pale and bloodless<sup>6</sup> emulation:  
And 'tis this fever that keeps Troy on foot,  
Not her own sinews. [To end a tale of length,  
Troy in our weakness stands, not in her  
strength.]

<sup>4</sup> Deracinate = uproot.

<sup>5</sup> Mere, absolute.

<sup>6</sup> Bloodless, because malignant and sluggish.

Nest. Most wisely hath Ulysses here discovered

The fever whereof all our power is sick.

Agam. The nature of the sickness found,  
Ulysses, 140

What is the remedy?

Ulyss. The great Achilles,—whom opinion  
crowns

The sinew and the fore-hand of our host,—  
Having his ear full of his airy fame,  
Grows dainty of his worth, and in his tent  
Lies mocking our designs; with him, Patroclus,  
Upon a lazy bed, the livelong day  
Breaks scurril jests;  
And with ridiculous and awkward action—  
Which, slanderer, he imitation calls— 150



Ulyss. Sometime, great Agamemnon.—(Act I. 3. 151.)

Hepageants us. Sometime, great Agamemnon,  
Thy topless<sup>1</sup> deputation he puts on; 152

[And, like a strutting player,—whose conceit  
Lies in his hamstring, and doth think it rich  
To hear the wooden dialogue and sound  
'Twixt the stretch'd footing and the scaffold-  
age,—

Such to-be-pitied and o'er-wrested seeming]  
He acts thy greatness in: and when he speaks,  
'Tis like a chime a-mending; [with terms un-  
suar'd,

Which, from the tongue of roaring Typhon  
dropp'd, 160

Would seem hyperboles. At this fusty stuff]

The large Achilles, on his press'd bed lolling,  
From his deepchest laughs out a loud applause;  
Cries, "Excellent! 't is Agamemnon just.  
Now play me Nestor; hem, and stroke thy  
beard,

[As he being drest to some oration."  
That's done;—as near as the extremest ends  
Of parallels; as like as Vulcan and his wife:  
Yet good Achilles still cries, "Excellent!"  
'Tis Nestor right. Now play him me, Patroclus,  
Arming to answer in a night-alarm." ] 171

And then, forsooth, the faint defects of age  
Must be the scene of mirth; [to cough and spit,  
And, with a palsy-fumbling on his gorget,<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Topless, i.e. which nothing overtops.

<sup>2</sup> Gorget, piece of armour protecting the throat; cf. gorge.



our host,—  
me,  
in his tent  
him, Patroclus,  
day  
ard action—  
calls— 150



ss'd bed lolling,  
a loud applause;  
emnon just.  
They place before his hand that made the  
engine,  
Or those that with the fineness of their souls  
By reason guide his execution. 210  
Nest. Let this be granted, and Achilles' horse  
Makes many Thetis' sons. [A tucket.  
Agam. What trumpet? look, Menelaus.  
Men. From Troy.  
defects of age  
ough and spit,  
n his gorget,<sup>2</sup>  
he throat; cf. gorge.

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

Shinke in and out the rivet: ]—and at this sport  
Sir Valour dies; cries, "O, enough, Patroclus;  
Or give me ribs of steel! I shall split all  
In pleasure of my spleen." And in this fashion,  
All our abilities, gifts, natures, shapes,  
[Severals and generals of grace exact, 180  
Achievements, plots, orders, preventions,  
Excitements to the field, or speech for truce,]  
Success or loss, what is or is not, serves  
As stuff for these two to make paradoxes.

Nest. And in the imitation of these twain—  
Who, as Ulysses says, opinion crowns  
With an imperial voice—many are infect.  
Ajax is grown self-will'd; and bears his head  
In such a rein, in full as proud a pace 189  
As broad Achilles; keeps his tent like him;  
Makes factious feasts; rails on our state of war,  
Bold as an oracle; and sets Thersites—  
A slave whose gall coins slanders like a mint,<sup>1</sup>  
To match us in comparisons with dirt,  
[To weaken and discredit our exposure,<sup>2</sup>  
How rank soever rounded-in with danger.]

Ulyss. They tax our policy, and call it cow-  
ardice;  
Count wisdom as no member of the war;  
Foretell prescience, and esteem no act 190  
But that of hand: [the still and mental parts,  
That do contrive how many hands shall strike,  
When fitness calls them on; and know, by  
measure  
Of their observant toil, the enemies' weight,—  
Why, this hath not a finger's dignity:  
They call this bed-work, mappery,<sup>3</sup> closet-  
war; ]

So that the ram that batters down the wall,  
For the great swing and rudeness of his poise,  
They place before his hand that made the  
engine,  
Or those that with the fineness of their souls  
By reason guide his execution. 210  
Nest. Let this be granted, and Achilles' horse  
Makes many Thetis' sons. [A tucket.  
Agam. What trumpet? look, Menelaus.  
Men. From Troy.

Enter ÆNEAS.

Agam. What would you fore our tent?

<sup>1</sup> Like a mint—as fast as a mint coins money.  
<sup>2</sup> Exposure, defenceless condition.  
<sup>3</sup> Mappery, i.e. mere theory, bookish scheming.

Æne. Is this great Agamemnon's tent, I pray  
you?

Agam. Even this.  
Æne. May one, that is a herald and a prince,  
Do a fair message to his kingly ears?  
Agam. With surety stronger than Achilles'  
arm 220  
Fore all the Greekish heads, which with one  
voice

Call Agamemnon head and general.  
Æne. Fair leave and large security. [How  
may

A stranger to those most imperial looks  
Know them from eyes of other mortals?

Agam. How!

Æne. Ay;  
I ask, that I might waken reverence,  
And bid the cheek be ready with a blush  
Modest as morning when she coldly eyes  
The youthful Phœbus: 230

Which is that god in office, guiding men?  
Which is the high and mighty Agamemnon?  
Agam. This Trojan scorns us; or the men  
of Troy  
Are ceremonious courtiers.

Æne. Courtiers as free, as debonair, un-  
arm'd,  
As bending angels; that's their fame in peace;  
But when they would seem soldiers, they have  
galls,

Good arms, strong joints, true swords; and,  
Jove's accord, 238  
Nothing so full of heart. But peace, Æneas,  
Peace, Trojan; lay thy finger on thy lips!  
The worthiness of praise distains his worth,  
If that the prais'd himself bring the praise  
forth:

But what the repining enemy commends,  
That breath fame blows; that praise, sole  
pure, transcends.

Agam. Sir, you of Troy, call you yourself  
Æneas?

Æne. Ay, Greek, that is my name.]

Agam. What's your affair, I pray you?

Æne. Sir, pardon; 't is for Agamemnon's  
ears.

Agam. He hears naught privately that  
comes from Troy.

Æne. Nor I from Troy come not to whis-  
per him: 250

I bring a trumpet to awake his ear; 251  
To set his sense on the attentive bent,  
And then to speak.

*Agam.* Speak frankly as the wind;  
It is not Agamemnon's sleeping hour:  
That thou shalt know, Trojan, he is awake,  
He tells thee so himself.

*Aene.* Trumpet, blow loud,  
Send thy brass voice through all these lazy  
tents; 257

And every Greek of mettle, let him know,  
What Troy means fairly shall be spoke aloud.

[*Trumpet sounds.*]

We have, great Agamemnon, here in Troy  
A prince call'd Hector. Priam is his father,—  
Who in this dull and long-contin'd truce  
Is rusty grown: [he bade me take a trumpet,  
And to this purpose speak. Kings, princes,  
lords!]

If there be one among the fair'st of Greece  
That holds his honour higher than his ease;  
[That seeks his praise more than he fears his  
peril;

That knows his valour, and knows not his  
fear;] 263

That loves his mistress more than in confession,  
With truant vows to her own lips he loves,  
And dare avow her beauty and her worth  
In other arms than hers,—to him this challenge.  
Hector, in view of Trojans and of Greeks,  
Shall make it good, or do his best to do it,  
He hath a lady, wiser, fairer, truer,  
Than ever Greek did compass in his arms;  
And will to-morrow with his trumpet call  
Midway between your tents and walls of Troy,  
To rouse a Grecian that is true in love:  
If any come, Hector shall honour him; 280  
If none, he'll say in Troy when he retires,  
The Grecian dames are sunburnt, and not worth  
The splinter of a lance. [Even so much.]

*Agam.* This shall be told our lovers, Lord  
Aeneas;

If none of them have soul in such a kind,  
We left them all at home; [but we are soldiers;  
And may that soldier a mere recreant prove,  
That means not, hath not, or is not in love!  
If then one is, or hath, or means to be, 289  
That one meets Hector; if none else, I am he.

*Nest.* Tell him of Nestor, one that was a man  
When Hector's grandsire suck'd; he is old now;

But if there be not in our Grecian host  
One noble man that hath one spark of fire,  
To answer for his love, tell him from me,  
I'll hide my silver beard in a gold beaver,  
And in my vantage put this wither'd brawn;  
And, meeting him, will tell him that my lady  
Was fairer than his grandam, and as chaste  
As may be in the world: his youth<sup>1</sup> in flood,  
I'll prove this truth with my three drops of  
blood. 301

*Aene.* Now heavens forbid such scarcity of  
youth!

*Ulyss.* Amen.

*Agam.* Fair Lord Aeneas, let me touch your  
hand;]

To our pavilion shall I lead you, sir.  
Achilles shall have word of this intent;  
So shall each lord of Greece, from tent to tent:  
Yourself shall feast with us before you go,  
And find the welcome of a noble foe.

[*Exeunt all except Ulysses and Nestor.*]

*Ulyss.* Nestor,— 310

*Nest.* What says Ulysses?

*Ulyss.* I have young conception in my brain;  
Be you my time to bring it to some shape.

*Nest.* What is't?

*Ulyss.* This 'tis:—

Blunt wedges rive hard knots: the seeded pride  
That hath to this maturity blown up  
In rank Achilles must or now be cropp'd,  
Or, shedding, breed a nursery of like evil,  
To overbulk<sup>2</sup> us all.

*Nest.* Well, and how? 320

*Ulyss.* This challenge that the gallant Hec-  
tor sends,

However it is spread in general name,  
Relates in purpose only to Achilles.

*Nest.* The purpose is perspicuous [even as  
substance,

Whose grossness little characters sum up:  
And, in the publication,] make no strain,<sup>3</sup>  
But that Achilles, were his brain as barren  
As banks of Libya,—though, Apollo knows,  
'Tis dry enough,—will, with great speed of  
judgment,

Ay, with celerity, find Hector's purpose 330  
Pointing on him.

<sup>1</sup> His youth, i.e. though his youth's.

<sup>2</sup> Overbulk—overtower.

<sup>3</sup> Make no strain, i.e. do not doubt that.

ian host 20  
 park of fire,  
 from me,  
 old heaven,  
 ither'd brawn;  
 that my lady  
 nd as chaste  
 uth<sup>1</sup> in flood,  
 three drops of  
 30  
 uch scarcity of

me touch your

u, sir,  
 s intent;  
 m tent to tent;  
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and Nestor,  
 310

ion in my brain;  
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 ke no strain,<sup>2</sup>  
 rain as barren  
 Apollo knows,  
 great speed of

r's purpose 330

outh's.

doubt that.

*Ulysses.* And wake him to the answer, think  
 you! 332

*Nestor.* Yes 't is most meet: who may you else  
 oppose,

That can from Hector bring his honour off,  
 If not Achilles? Though't be a sportful combat,  
 Yet in the trial much opinion dwells;

[For here the Trojans taste our dearest repute  
 With their finest palate: and trust to me,  
 Ulysses,

Our imputation shall be oddly<sup>1</sup> pois'd  
 In this wild action; for the success, 340  
 Although particular, shall give a scantling  
 Of good or bad unto the general;



*Nestor.* But if there be not in our Grecian host  
 One noble man that hath one spark of fire, &c.—(Act I. 3. 293-301.)

And in such indexes, although small pricks  
 To their subsequent volumes, there is seen  
 The baby figure of the giant mass  
 Of things to come at large. It is suppos'd,  
 He that meets Hector issues from our choice;  
 And choice, being mutual act of all our souls,  
 Makes merit her election; and doth boil,  
 As't were from forth us all, a man distill'd  
 Out of our virtues; who miscarrying, 351  
 What heart receives from hence the conquer-  
 ing part,

To steel a strong opinion to themselves?  
 Which entertain'd, limbs are his instruments,

<sup>1</sup> *Oddly*, i.e. not evenly.

In no less working than are swords and bows  
 Directive by the limbs.]

*Ulysses.* Give pardon to my speech;—  
 [Therefore't is meet Achilles meet not Hector.  
 Let us, like merchants, show our foulest wares,  
 And think, perchance, that they will sell; if  
 not, 360

The lustre of the better yet to show,  
 Shall show the better.] Do not, [then,]  
 consent

That ever Hector and Achilles meet;  
 For both our honour and our shame in this  
 Are dogg'd with two strange followers.

*Nestor.* I see them not with my old eyes: what  
 are they?

*Ulyss.* What glory our Achilles shares from Hector,  
Were he not proud, we all should share with him:  
But he already is too insolent;  
And we were better parch in Afric sun 370  
Than in the pride and salt scorn of his eyes,  
Should he scape Hector fair: if he were foil'd,  
Why, then we did our main opinion<sup>1</sup> crush  
In taint of our best man. No, make a lottery;  
And, by device, let blockish Ajax draw  
The sort<sup>2</sup> to fight with Hector: 'mong our-  
selves  
Give him allowance as the worthier man;  
For that will physic the great Myrmidon

Who broils in loud applause, and make him fall  
His crest that prouder than blue Iris bends.  
If the dull brainless Ajax come safe off, 381  
We'll dress him up in voices: if he fail,  
Yet go we under our opinion still  
That we have better men. [But, hit or miss,  
Our project's life this shape of sense assumes,—  
Ajax employ'd plucks down Achilles' plumes.]  
*Nest.* Ulysses,  
Now I begin to relish thy advice;  
And I will give a taste of it forthwith  
To Agamemnon: go we to him straight. 390  
Two curs shall tame each other: pride alone  
Must tarre<sup>3</sup> the mastiffs on, as 't were their  
bone. [Exeunt.]

## ACT II.

## SCENE I. A part of the Grecian camp.

*Enter AJAX and THERSITES.*

*Ajax.* Thersites,—

[*Ther.* [Taking no notice of Ajax] Agamemnon,—how if he had boils,—full, all over, generally?—

*Ajax.* Thersites,—

*Ther.* And those boils did run?—Say so,—did not the general run then? were not that a botchy core?—

*Ajax.* Dog,—

[*Ther.* Then would come some matter from him; I see none now. 10

*Ajax.* Thou bitch-wolf's son,] canst thou not hear? Feel, then. [*Beating him.*

*Ther.* The plague of Greece upon thee, thou mongrel beef-witted lord!

*Ajax.* Speak, then, thou vinewedst<sup>4</sup> leaven, speak: I will beat thee into handsomeness.

*Ther.* I shall sooner rail thee into wit and holiness: but, I think, thy horse will sooner can an oration than thou learn a prayer without book. Thou canst strike, canst thou? a red murrain o' thy jade's tricks! 21

*Ajax.* Toadstool, learn me the proclamation.

*Ther.* Dost thou think I have no sense, thou strik'st me thus?

*Ajax.* The proclamation!

*Ther.* Thou art proclaim'd a fool, I think.

*Ajax.* Do not, porpentine,<sup>5</sup> do not: [my fingers itch. 23

*Ther.* I would thou didst itch from head to foot, and I had the scratching of thee; I would make thee the loathson'st scab in Greece. When thou art forth in the incursions, thou strik'st as slow as another.

*Ajax.* I say, the proclamation!<sup>6</sup>

*Ther.* Thou grumblest and raillest every hour on Achilles; and thou art as full of envy at his greatness as Cerberus is at Proserpina's beauty, ay, that thou bark'st at him.

*Ajax.* Mistress Thersites!

*Ther.* Thou shouldst strike him. 40

*Ajax.* Cobloaf!

*Ther.* He would pun thee into shivers with his fist, as a sailor breaks a biscuit.

[*Ajax.* You whoreson cur! [*Beating him.*

*Ther.* Do, do.]

*Ajax.* Thou stool for a witch!

*Ther.* Ay, do, do; <sup>11</sup> sodd'en-witted lord! thou hast no more brain than I have in mine elbows; [an assinego<sup>7</sup> may tutor thee:] thou scurvy-valiant ass! thou art here but to thrash Trojans; and thou art bought and

<sup>5</sup> Porpentine, i.e. porcupine.

<sup>6</sup> The proclamation:—go and find out what the proclamation is.

<sup>7</sup> Assinego, Portuguese word = ass

<sup>1</sup> Opinion, reputation. <sup>2</sup> Sort, lot. <sup>3</sup> Tarre = set.

<sup>4</sup> Vinewedst = mouldiest.

sold<sup>1</sup> among those of any wit, like a barbarian slave. [If thou use to beat me, I will begin at thy heel, and tell what thou art by inches, thou thing of no bowels, thou!]  
*Ajax.* You dog!  
*Ther.* You scurvy lord!  
*Ajax.* You cur! [Beating him.  
*Ther.* Mars his idiot! do, rudeness; do, camel; do, do. 59

*Enter ACHILLES and PATROCLUS.*  
*Achil.* Why, how now, Ajax! wherefore do you thus?—How now, Thersites! what's the matter, man?  
*Ther.* You see him there, do you?  
*Achil.* Ay; what's the matter?  
*Ther.* Nay, look upon him.  
*Achil.* So I do: what's the matter?



Ajax. You cur!—(Act ii. 1. 57.)

*Ther.* Nay, but regard him well.  
*Achil.* Well! why, I do so.  
*Ther.* But yet you look not well upon him; for, whosoever you take him to be, he is Ajax.  
*Achil.* I know that, fool. 71  
*Ther.* Ay, but that fool knows not himself.  
*Ajax.* Therefore I beat thee.  
*Ther.* Lo, lo, lo, what modicums of wit he utters! his evasions have ears thus long. I have bobbed<sup>2</sup> his brain more than he has beat my bones: I will buy nine sparrows for a penny, and his *pia mater* is not worth the ninth part of a sparrow. This lord, Achilles, Ajax,—[who wears his wit in his belly, and his guts in his head,—] I'll tell you what I say of him. 81

*Achil.* What?  
*Ther.* I say, this Ajax—  
[Ajax offers to beat him, Achilles interposes.  
*Achil.* Nay, good Ajax.  
*Ther.* Has not so much wit—  
*Achil.* Nay, I must hold you.  
*Ther.* As will stop the eye of Helen's needle, for whom he comes to fight.  
*Achil.* Peace, fool!  
*Ther.* I would have peace and quietness, but the fool will not: he there; that he; look you there.  
*Ajax.* O thou damn'd cur! I shall—  
*Achil.* Will you set your wit to<sup>3</sup> a fool's?  
*Ther.* No, I warrant you; for a fool's will shame it.

<sup>1</sup> Bought and sold, i.e. fooled; a proverbial phrase.  
<sup>2</sup> Bobbed, thumped.

<sup>3</sup> Set your wit to = match your wit against.

*Patr.* Good words, Thersites.

*Achil.* What's the quarrel?

*Ajax.* I bade the vile owl go learn me the tenour of the proclamation, and he rails upon me.

*Ther.* I serve thee not. 101

*Ajax.* Well, go to, go to.

*Ther.* I serve here voluntary.

*Achil.* Your last service was sufferance, 't was not voluntary,—no man is beaten voluntary: Ajax was here the voluntary, and you as under an impress.

*Ther.* E'en so; a great deal of your wit too lies in your sinews, or else there be liars. Hector shall have a great catch, if he knock out either of your brains: 'a were as good crack a fusty nut with no kernel.

*Achil.* What, with me too, Thersites?

*Ther.* There's Ulysses and old Nestor whose wit was mouldy ere your grandsires had nails on their toes—yoke you like draught-oxen, and make you plough up the wars.

*Achil.* What, what?

*Ther.* Yes, good sooth: to Achilles! to Ajax, to! 120

*Ajax.* I shall cut out your tongue.

*Ther.* 'T is no matter; I shall speak as much as thou afterwards.

*Patr.* No more words, Thersites; peace!

*Ther.* I will hold my peace when Achilles' brach<sup>1</sup> bids me, shall I?

*Achil.* There's for you, Patroclus.

*Ther.* I will see you hang'd, like clotpoles,<sup>2</sup> ere I come any more to your tents: I will keep where there is wit stirring, and leave the faction of fools. [Exit. 132

*Patr.* A good riddance.

*Achil.* Marry, this, sir, is proclaim'd through all our host:—

That Hector, by the fifth hour of the sun, Will, with a trumpet, 'twixt our tents and Troy, To-morrow morning call some knight to arms That hath a stomach; and such a one that dare Maintain—I know not what; 't is trash. Farewell.

*Ajax.* Farewell. Who shall answer him?

*Achil.* I know not,—'t is put to lottery; otherwise 140

He knew his man.

[Exit Achilles and Patroclus.

*Ajax.* O, meaning you.—I will go learn more of it. [Exit.

SCENE II. *Troy.* A room in Priam's palace.

Enter PRIAM, HECTOR, TROILUS, PARIS, and HELENUS.

*Pri.* After so many hours, lives, speeches spent,

Thus once again says Nestor from the Greeks:—

“Deliver Helen, and all damage else—

As honour, loss of time, travail, expense,

Wounds, friends, and what else dear that is consum'd

In hot digestion of this cormorant war

Shall be struck off:”—Hector, what say you to 't?

*Hect.* Though no man lesser fears the Greeks than I

As far as toucheth my particular,

Yet, dread Priam, 10

There is no lady of more softer bowels,

More spongy to suck in the sense of fear,

More ready to cry out “Who knows what follows?”

Than Hector is: the wound of peace is surety, Surety secure; but modest doubt is call'd

The beacon of the wise, the tent<sup>3</sup> that searches

To the bottom of the worst. Let Helen go:

Since the first sword was drawn about this question,

Every tithe soul, 'mongst many thousand dismes,<sup>4</sup> 10

Hath been as dear as Helen,—I mean, of ours:

If we have lost so many tenths of ours,

To guard a thing not ours nor worth to us,

Had it our name, the value of one ten,—

What merit's in that reason which denies

The yielding of her up?

*Tro.* Fie, fie, my brother!

Weigh you the worth and honour of a king,

So great as our dread father, in a scale

Of common ounces? will you with counters sum

The past-proportion of his infinite?

And buckle in a waist most fathomless 30

<sup>1</sup> Brach = hound.

<sup>2</sup> Clotpoles = blockheads.

<sup>3</sup> Tent, probing; metaphor from surgery

<sup>4</sup> Dimes, tenths (of the army).

With spans and inches so diminutive 31  
As fears and reasons! fie, for godly shame!

[*Hec.* No marvel, though you bite so sharp  
at reasons,

You are so empty of them. Should not our  
father

Bear the great sway of his affairs with reasons,  
But use your speech hath none that tells him so?

[*Tro.* You are for<sup>1</sup> dreams and slumbers,  
brother priest;

You fur your gloves with reason. Here are  
your reasons:

You know an enemy intends you harm;  
You know a sword employ'd is perilous, 40

And reason flies the object of all harm:  
Who marvels, then, when Helenus beholds

A Grecian and his sword, if he do set

The very wings of reason to his heels,

And fly like chidden Mercury from Jove,

Or like a star disorb'd? Nay, if we talk of  
reason,

Let's shut our gates, and sleep: manhood and  
honour

Should have hare hearts, would they but fat  
their thoughts

With this cramm'd reason: reason and respect  
Make livers pale, and lustihood deject. ] 50

[*Hec.* Brother, she is not worth what she  
doth cost

The holding.

[*Tro.* What is aught, but as 't is valu'd?

[*Hec.* But value dwells not in particular will;

It holds his estimate and dignity

As well wherein 't is precious of itself

As in the prizer: 't is mad idolatry

To make the service greater than the god;

[And the will dotes, that is attributive

To what infectiously itself affects,

Without some image of th' affected merit.] 60

[*Tro.* [I take to-day a wife, and my election  
is led on in the conduct of<sup>2</sup> my will;

My will enkindled by mine eyes and ears,

Two traded pilots 'twixt the dangerous shores

Of will and judgment: how may I avoid,

Although my will distaste what it elected,

The wife I chose? there can be no evasion

To blench from this, and to stand firm by  
honour:

We turn not back the silks upon the merchant  
When we have soil'd them; nor the remainder  
viands 70

We do not throw in unrespective sieve  
Because we now are full.] It was thought meet

Paris should do some vengeance on the Greeks:  
Your breath of full consent bellied his sails;

These seas and winds, old wranglers, took a truce,<sup>3</sup>  
And did him service: he touch'd the ports

desir'd;

And, for an old aunt whom the Greeks held  
captive,

He brought a Grecian queen, whose youth and  
freshness

Wrinkles Apollo, and makes stale the morning.

Why keep we her? the Grecians keep our aunt:

Is she worth keeping? why, she is a pearl, 81

Whose price hath launch'd above a thousand  
ships,

And turn'd crown'd kings to merchants.

If you'll avouch 't was wisdom Paris went,—

As you must needs, for you all cried, "Go, go;"

If you'll confess he brought home noble prize,—

As you must needs, for you all clapp'd your  
hands,

And cried, "Inestimable!"—why do you now

The issue<sup>4</sup> of your proper wisdoms rate,

And do a deed that fortune never did,— 90

Beggar the estimation which you priz'd

Richer than sea and land? O theft most base,

That we have stol'n what we do fear to keep!

[But, thieves, unworthy of a thing so stol'n,

That in their country did them that disgrace

We fear to warrant in our native place!]

[*Cas.* [Within] Cry, Trojans, cry!

[*Pri.* What noise, what shriek is this?

[*Tro.* 'T is our mad sister; I do know her  
voice.]

[*Cas.* [Within] Cry, Trojans!

[*Hec.* It is Cassandra. 100

*Enter CASSANDRA, raving.*

[*Cas.* Cry, Trojans, cry! lend me ten thousand  
eyes,

And I will fill them with prophetic tears.

[*Hec.* Peace, sister, peace!

[*Cas.* Virgins and boys, mid-age and wrinkled  
eld,<sup>5</sup>

<sup>1</sup> For the man for, or in favour of.

<sup>2</sup> In the conduct of = under guidance of.

<sup>3</sup> Took a truce, made peace.

<sup>4</sup> Issue, result.

<sup>5</sup> Eld, old age.



Soft infancy, that nothing canst but cry, 105  
Add to my clamours! let us pay betimes  
A moiety of that mass of moan to come.  
Cry, Trojans, cry! practise your eyes with tears!  
Troy must not be, nor goodly Ilium stand;



*Car.* Cry, Trojans, cry! lend me ten thousand eyes,  
And I will fill them with prophetic tears.—(Act ii. 2. 101, 102.)

Our firebrand brother, Paris, burns us all. 110  
Cry, Trojans, cry! a Helen and a woe!  
Cry, cry! Troy burns, or else let Helen go.

[*Exit.*]

*Hect.* Now, youthful Troilus, do not these  
high strains  
Of divination in our sister work  
Some touches of remorse? [or is your blood  
So madly hot, that no discourse of reason,

Nor fear of bad success in a bad cause,  
Can qualify the same?]

*Tro.* Why, brother Hector,  
We may not think the justness of each act  
Such and no other than event doth form it;  
Nor once deject the courage of our minds,  
Because Cassandra's mad: her brain-sick rap-  
tures 122

Cannot distaste<sup>1</sup> the goodness of a quarrel  
Which hath our several honours all engag'd  
To make it gracious. For my private part,  
I am no more touch'd than all Priam's sons:  
And Jove forbid there should be done amongst  
us

Such things as might offend the weakest spleen  
To fight for and maintain!

*Par.* Else might the world convince<sup>2</sup> of  
levity 130

As well my undertakings as your counsels:  
But I attest the gods, your full consent  
Gave wings to my propension, and cut off  
All fears attending on so dire a project.  
[For what, alas, can these my single arms!  
What propugnation<sup>3</sup> is in one man's valour,  
To stand the push and enmity of those  
This quarrel would excite? Yet, I protest,]  
Were I alone to pass<sup>4</sup> the difficulties,  
And had as ample power as I have will, 140  
Paris should ne'er retract what he hath done,  
Nor faint in the pursuit.

*Pri.* Paris, you speak  
Like one besotted on your sweet delights:  
You have the honey still, but these the gall;  
[So to be valiant is no praise at all.]

*Par.* Sir, I propose not merely to myself  
The pleasures such a beauty brings with it;  
But I would have the soil of her fair rape  
Wip'd off in honourable keeping her.  
What treason were it to the ransack'd<sup>5</sup> queen,  
Disgrace to your great worths, and shame to  
me, 151

Now to deliver her possession<sup>6</sup> up  
On terms of base compulsion! Can it be  
That so degenerate a strain as this  
Should once set footing in your generous bosoms!

<sup>1</sup> Distaste, make distasteful. <sup>2</sup> Convince=convict.

<sup>3</sup> Propugnation, means of defence.

<sup>4</sup> To pass—to pass through, undergo; reading suspected.

<sup>5</sup> Ransack'd, abducted by force.

<sup>6</sup> Her possession i.e. possession of her.

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 , brother Hector,  
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 at doth form it;  
 of our minds,  
 er brain-sick rap-  
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Paris, you speak  
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 151

on<sup>6</sup> up  
 ! Can it be  
 as this  
 r generous bosoms!

<sup>2</sup> Convince=convict.  
 e.  
 go; reading suspected.  
 her.

There's not the meanest spirit on our party  
 Without a heart to dare, or sword to draw,  
 When Helen is defended; nor none so noble  
 Whose life were ill bestow'd, or death unfam'd,  
 Where Helen is the subject: [then, I say, 160  
 Well may we fight for her, whom, we know well,  
 The world's large spaces cannot parallel.]

*Hect.* Paris and Troilus, [you have both said  
 well;

And on the cause and question now in hand  
 Have gloz'd,—but superficially; not much  
 Unlike young men, whom Aristotle thought  
 Unfit to hear moral philosophy:]

The reasons you allege do more conduce  
 To the hot passion of distemper'd blood  
 Than to make up a free determination 170  
 'Twixt right and wrong; for pleasure and  
 revenge

Have ears more deaf than adders to the voice  
 Of any true decision. Nature craves  
 All dues be render'd to their owners: now,  
 What nearer debt in all humanity  
 Than wife is to the husband? If this law  
 Of nature be corrupted through affection,  
 [And that great minds, of partial indulgence  
 To their benumbed wills, resist the same,]  
 There is a law in each well-order'd nation  
 To curb those raging appetites that are 181  
 Most disobedient and refractory.

If Helen, then, be wife to Sparta's king,—  
 As it is known she is,—these moral laws  
 Of nature and of nations speak aloud  
 To have her back return'd: thus to persist  
 In doing wrong extenuates not wrong,  
 But makes it much more heavy. [Hector's  
 opinion

Is this, in way of truth: yet, ne'ertheless,  
 My spritely brethren, I propend to you 190  
 In resolution to keep Helen still;  
 For 't is a cause that hath no mean dependance  
 Upon our joint and several dignities.]

*Tro.* [Why, there you touch'd the life of our  
 design:]

Were it not glory that we more affected  
 Than the performance of our heaving spleens,  
 I would not wish a drop of Trojan blood  
 Spent more in her defence. But, worthy Hector,  
 She is a theme of honour and renown; 199  
 A spur to valiant and magnanimous deeds;  
 Whose present courage may beat down our foes,

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And fame in time to come canonize us: 202  
 For, I presume, brave Hector would not lose  
 So rich advantage of a promis'd glory,  
 As smiles upon the forehead of this action,  
 For the wide world's revenue.<sup>1</sup>

*Hect.* I am yours,  
 You valiant offspring of great Priamus.—  
 I have a roisting<sup>2</sup> challenge sent amongst  
 The dull and factious nobles of the Greeks  
 Will strike amazement to their drowsy spirits:  
 I was advérts'd<sup>3</sup> their great general slept,  
 Whilst emulation<sup>4</sup> in the army crept: 212  
 This, I presume, will wake him. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *The Grecian camp. Before  
 Achilles' tent.*

*Enter THERSITES.*

*Ther.* How now, Thersites! what, lost in  
 the labyrinth of thy fury! Shall the elephant  
 Ajax carry it thus? he beats me, and I rail at  
 him: O worthy satisfaction! would it were  
 otherwise; that I could beat him, whilst he  
 rail'd at me: 's foot, I'll learn to conjure and  
 raise devils, but I'll see some issue of my  
 spiteful execrations. Then there's Achilles,—  
 a rare engineer. If Troy be not taken till  
 these two undermine it, the walls will stand  
 till they fall of themselves. [O thou great  
 thunder-darter of Olympus, forget that thou  
 art Jove, the king of gods; and, Mercury, lose  
 all the serpentine craft of thy caduceus; if ye  
 take not that little little less-than-little wit  
 from them that they have! which short-arm'd  
 ignorance itself knows is so abundant scarce,  
 it will not in circumvention deliver a fly from  
 a spider, without drawing their massy irons  
 and cutting the web. After this, the ven-  
 geance on the whole camp! or, rather, the  
 bone-ache! for that, methinks, is the curse  
 dependant on those that war for a placket.<sup>5</sup>  
 I have said my prayers; and devil envy say  
 Amen.]—What, ho! my lord Achilles!

*Enter PATROCLUS.*

*Patr.* Who's there? Thersites! Good Ther-  
 sites, come in and rail. 26

<sup>1</sup> Revenue and revenue both occur in Shakespeare.  
<sup>2</sup> Roisting, blustering. <sup>3</sup> Advérts'd, informed.  
<sup>4</sup> Emulation=envy. <sup>5</sup> Placket, petticoat.

*Ther.* If I could have remember'd a gilt counterfeit, thou wouldst not have slipp'd out of my contemplation; but it is no matter; thyself upon thyself! The common curse of mankind, folly and ignorance, be thine in great revenue! heaven bless thee from a tutor, and discipline come not near thee! Let thy

blood<sup>1</sup> be thy direction till thy death! then if she that lays thee out says thou art a fair corse, I'll be sworn and sworn upon't she never shrouded any but lazars.<sup>2</sup> Amen.—Where's Achilles!

*Patr.* What, art thou devout? wast thou in prayer?



*Ther.* Then tell me, Patroclus, what's Achilles?—(Act ii. 3. 47, 48.)

*Ther.* Ay; the heavens hear me!

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*Enter* ACHILLES.

*Achil.* Who's there?

*Patr.* Thersites, my lord.

*Achil.* Where, where?—Art thou come? why, my cheese, my digestion,<sup>3</sup> why hast thou not serv'd thyself in to my table so many meals? Come,—what's Agamemnon?

*Ther.* Thy commander, Achilles.—Then tell me, Patroclus, what's Achilles?

*Patr.* Thy lord, Thersites: then tell me, I pray thee, what's thyself?

60

*Ther.* Thy knower, Patroclus: then tell me, Patroclus, what art thou?

*Patr.* Thou mayst tell that know'st.

*Achil.* O, tell, tell.

*Ther.* I'll decline the whole question. Agamemnon commands Achilles; Achilles is my lord; I am Patroclus' knower; and Patroclus is a fool.

*Patr.* You rascal!

*Ther.* Peace, fool! I have not done.

60

*Achil.* He is a privileg'd man.—Proceed, Thersites.

<sup>1</sup> *Thy blood* = thy passions.

<sup>2</sup> *Lazars*, lepers, or outcasts.

<sup>3</sup> *My digestion*, i.e. my after-dinner amusement.

thy death! then  
s thou art a fair  
vorn upon't she  
zars.<sup>2</sup> Amen. —

out? wast thou



s; then tell me,  
? then tell me,  
us: then tell me,  
at know'st.

le question. Aga-  
s; Achilles is my  
er; and Patroclus

not done. 60  
d man.—Proceed,

*Ther.* Agamemnon is a fool; Achilles is a fool; Thersites is a fool; and, as aforesaid, Patroclus is a fool.

*Achil.* Derive this; come.

*Ther.* Agamemnon is a fool to offer to command Achilles; Achilles is a fool to be commanded of Agamemnon; Thersites is a fool to serve such a fool; and Patroclus is a fool positive. 70

*Patr.* Why am I a fool?

*Ther.* Make that demand to the creator. It suffices me thou art.—Look you, who comes here!

*Achil.* Patroclus, I'll speak with nobody.—Come in with me, Thersites. [*Exit into tent.*]

*Ther.* Here is such patchery;<sup>1</sup> such juggling, and such knavery! [all the argument is a cuckold and a whore;] a good quarrel to draw emulous factions and bleed to death upon. [Now, the dry serpig<sup>2</sup> on the subject! and war and lechery confound all!] [*Exit into tent.*]

*Enter AGAMEMNON, ULYSSES, NESTOR, DIOMEDES, and AJAX.*

*Agam.* Where is Achilles?

*Patr.* Within his tent; but ill-dispos'd, my lord.

*Agam.* Let it be known to him that we are here.

[He shent<sup>3</sup> our messengers; and we lay by Our apertainties, visiting of him: Let him be told so; lest perchance he think We dare not move the question of our place, Or know not what we are.]

*Patr.* I shall say so to him. [*Exit.*]

*Ulyss.* We saw him at the opening of his tent:

He is not sick.

*Ajar.* Yes, lion-sick, sick of proud heart: you may call it melancholy, if you will favour the man; but, by my head, 'tis pride: but why, why? let him show us the cause.—A word, my lord. [*Takes Agamemnon aside.*]

*Nest.* What moves Ajax thus to bay at him?

*Ulyss.* Achilles hath inveigled his fool from him. 100

*Nest.* Who, Thersites?

<sup>1</sup> Patchery, roguery: generally patch = a fool.

<sup>2</sup> Serpigo = a kind of leprosy.

<sup>3</sup> Shent, reviled, abused.

*Ulyss.* He.

102

*Nest.* Then will Ajax lack matter, if he have lost his argument.

*Ulyss.* No, you see, he is his argument that has his argument,—Achilles.

*Nest.* All the better; their fraction is more our wish than their faction: but it was a strong composure<sup>4</sup> a fool could disunite.

*Ulyss.* The amity that wisdom knits not, folly may easily untie.—Here comes Patroclus. 111

*Nest.* No Achilles with him.

*Ulyss.* The elephant hath joints, but none for courtesy: his legs are legs for necessity, not for flexure.

*Re-enter PATROCLUS.*

*Patr.* Achilles bids me say, he is much sorry, If any thing more than your sport and pleasure Did move your greatness and this noble state<sup>5</sup> To call upon him; he hopes it is no other But for your health and your digestion sake,—An after-dinner's breath.

*Agam.* Hear you, Patroclus:—We are too well acquainted with these answers: But his evasion, wing'd thus swift with scorn, Cannot outfly our apprehensions.<sup>6</sup> [Much attribute he hath; and much the reason Why we ascribe it to him: yet all his virtues, Not virtuously on his own part beheld, Do in our eyes begin to lose their gloss; Yea, like fair fruit in an unwholesome dish, Are like to rot untasted.] Go and tell him, We come to speak with him; and you shall not sin, 131

If you do say we think him over-proud And under honest; [in self-assumption greater Than in the note of judgment; and worthier than himself

Here tend the savage strangeness he puts on, Disguise the holy strength of their command, And underwrite<sup>7</sup> in an observing kind His humorous predominance; yea, watch His pettish luns,<sup>8</sup> his ebbs, his flows, as if The passage and whole carriage of this action Rode on his tide.] Go tell him this; and add,

<sup>4</sup> Composure = union, alliance.

<sup>5</sup> State, noble attendants; abstract for concrete.

<sup>6</sup> Apprehensions, powers of understanding.

<sup>7</sup> Underwrite = obey, subscribe to. <sup>8</sup> Luns, caprices.

That if he overhold his price so much, 142  
 We'll none of him; [but let him, like an engine  
 Not portable, lie under this report, —  
 Bring action hither, this cannot go to war: ]  
 A stirring dwarf we do allowance give  
 Before a sleeping giant:—tell him so.

*Patr.* I shall; and bring his answer presently.

[*Exit into tent.*]

*Agam.* In second voice we'll not be satisfied;  
 We come to speak with him.—Ulysses, enter  
 you.

[*Exit Ulysses into tent.*]

*Ajax.* What is he more than another?

*Agam.* No more than what he thinks he is.

*Ajax.* Is he so much? Do you not think  
 he thinks himself a better man than I am?

*Agam.* No question.

*Ajax.* Will you subscribe his thought, and  
 say he is?

*Agam.* No, noble Ajax; you are as strong,  
 as valiant, as wise, no less noble, much more  
 gentle, and altogether more tractable. 160

*Ajax.* Why should a man be proud? How  
 doth pride grow? I know not what pride is.

*Agam.* Your mind is the clearer, Ajax, and  
 your virtues the fairer. He that is proud eats  
 up himself; pride is his own glass, his own  
 trumpet, his own chronicle; and whatever  
 praises itself but in the deed, devours the  
 deed in the praise.

*Ajax.* I do hate a proud man, as I hate the  
 engendering of toads. 170

*Nest.* [*Aside*] Yet he loves himself: is't not  
 strange?

*Re-enter ULYSSES from tent.*

*Ulyss.* Achilles will not to the field to-  
 morrow.

*Agam.* What's his excuse?

*Ulyss.* He doth rely on none;

But carries on the stream of his dispose,  
 Without observance or respect of any,  
 In will peculiar and in self-admission.<sup>2</sup>

*Agam.* Why will he not, upon our fair request,  
 Untent his person, and share the air with us?

*Ulyss.* Things small as nothing, for request's  
 sake only,

He makes important: possess'd he is with  
 greatness; 180

And speaks not to himself, but with a pride  
 That quarrels at self-breath: imagin'd worth  
 Holds in his blood such swoll and hot dis-  
 course, 183

That 'twixt his mental and his active parts  
 Kingdom'd Achilles in commotion rages,  
 And batters down himself: [what should I  
 say?

He is so plaguy proud, that the death-token of't  
 Cry "No recovery." ]

*Agam.* Let Ajax go to him. —  
 Dear lord, go you and greet him in his tent:  
 'Tis said he holds you well; and will be led,  
 At your request, a little from himself. 191

*Ulyss.* O Agamemnon, let it not be so!  
 We'll consecrate the steps that Ajax makes  
 When they go from Achilles: [shall the proud  
 lord,

That bastes his arrogance with his own seam,<sup>3</sup>  
 And never suffers matter of the world  
 Enter his thoughts, save such as doth revolve  
 And ruminate himself,]—shall he be wor-  
 shipp'd

Of that we hold an idol more than he? 199  
 No, this thrice-worthy and right-valiant lord  
 Must not so stale his palm, nobly acquir'd;  
 Nor, by my will, assubjugate his merit,  
 As amply titled as Achilles is,  
 By going to Achilles:

[That were t' enlard his fat-already pride,  
 And add more coals to Cancer when he burns  
 With entertaining great Hyperion.]  
 This lord go to him! Jupiter forbid,  
 And say in thunder, "Achilles go to him."

*Nest.* [*Aside*] O, this is well; he rubs the  
 vein of<sup>4</sup> him. 210

*Dio.* [*Aside*] And how his silence drinks up  
 this applause!

*Ajax.* If I go to him, with my armed fist  
 I'll pash him o'er the face.

*Agam.* O, no, you shall not go.

*Ajax.* An a' be proud with me, I'll pheeze  
 his pride:

Let me go to him.

*Ulyss.* Not for the worth that hangs upon  
 our quarrel.

*Ajax.* A paltry, insolent fellow!

*Nest.* [*Aside*] How he describes himself!

<sup>1</sup> His, its.

<sup>2</sup> Self-admission, i. e. is self-satisfied.

<sup>3</sup> Seam, grease. <sup>4</sup> Rubs the vein of = flatters, humours.

*Ajax.* Can he not be sociable? 220  
*Ulyss.* [*Aside*] The raven chides blackness.  
*Ajax.* I'll let his humours blood.  
*Agam.* [*Aside*] He will be the physician that should be the patient.

*Ajax.* An all men were o' my mind,—  
*Ulyss.* [*Aside*] Wit would be out of fashion.  
*[Ajax.* A' should not bear it so, a' should eat swords first: shall pride carry it?

*Nest.* [*Aside*] And 't would, you'd carry half.  
*Ulyss.* [*Aside*] A' would have ten shares.]  
*Ajax.* I will knead him; I'll make him supple.

*Nest.* [*Aside*] He's not yet through warm: force him with praises: pour in, pour in; his ambition is dry.

*Ulyss.* [*To Agam.*] My lord, you feed too much on this dislike.

*Nest.* Our noble general, do not do so.  
*Dio.* You must prepare to fight without Achilles.

*Ulyss.* Why, 't is this naming of him does him harm.

Here is a man—but 't is before his face; 240  
 I will be silent.

*Nest.* Wherefore should you so?  
 He is not emulous, as Achilles is.

*Ulyss.* Know the whole world, he is as valiant.

*Ajax.* A whoreson dog, that shall palter thus with us! Would he were a Trojan!

*Nest.* What a vice were it in Ajax now,—

*Ulyss.* If he were proud,—

*Dio.* Or covetous of praise,—

*Ulyss.* Ay, or surly borne,—

*Dio.* Or strange, or self-affected! 250

*Ulyss.* Thank the heavens, lord, thou art of sweet composure;<sup>1</sup> 251

Praise him that got thee, she that gave thee suck:

Fam'd be thy tutor, and thy parts of nature Thrice-fam'd, beyond all erudition:

But he that disciplin'd thy arms to fight,

Let Mars divide eternity in twain,

And give him half: [and, for thy vigour, let

Bull-bearing Milo his addition yield

To sinewy Ajax.] I'll not praise thy wisdom,

[Which, like a bourn, a pale, a shore, confines

Thy spacious and dilated parts: here's Nestor,—

Instructed by the antiquary times,

He must, he is, he cannot but be wise:—]

But pardon, father Nestor, were your days

As green as Ajax', and your brain so temper'd,

You should not have the eminence of him,

But be as Ajax.

*Ajax.* Shall I call you father?

*Nest.* Ay, my good son.

*Dio.* Be rul'd by him, Lord Ajax.

*Ulyss.* There is no tarrying here; the hart

Achilles 269

Keeps thicket. Please it our great general

To call together all his state of war;

Fresh kings are come to Troy: to-morrow

We must with all our main of power stand fast:

And here's a lord,—come knights from east

to west,

And cull their flower, Ajax shall cope the best.

*Agam.* Go we to council. Let Achilles sleep:

Light boats sail swift, though greater hulks

draw deep. [*Exeunt.*

## ACT III.

[SCENE I. *Troy. A room in Priam's palace.*

*Enter a Servant and PANDARUS.*

*Pan.* Friend, you,—pray you, a word: do not you follow the young Lord Paris?

*Serv.* Ay, sir, when he goes before me.

*Pan.* You depend upon him, I mean?

*Serv.* Sir, I do depend upon the lord.

*Pan.* You depend upon a noble gentleman; I must needs praise him.

*Serv.* The lord be praised!

*Pan.* You know me, do you not?

*Serv.* Faith, sir, superficially. 107

*Pan.* Friend, know me better; I am the Lord Pandarus.

*Serv.* I hope I shall know your honour better.

*Pan.* I do desire it.

*Serv.* You are in the state of grace.

<sup>1</sup> *Composure, disposition.*

*Pan.* Grace! not so, friend; honour and lordship are my titles. [*Music within.*]—What music is this?

*Serv.* I do but partly know, sir: it is music in parts. 20

*Pan.* Know you the musicians?

*Serv.* Wholly, sir.

*Pan.* Who play they to?

*Serv.* To the hearers, sir.

*Pan.* At whose pleasure, friend?

*Serv.* At mine, sir, and theirs that love music.

*Pan.* Command, I mean, friend.

*Serv.* Who shall I command, sir?

*Pan.* Friend, we understand not one another: I am too courtly, and thou art too cunning. At whose request do these men play? 31

*Serv.* That's to 't,<sup>1</sup> indeed, sir: marry, sir, at the request of Paris my lord, who's there in person; with him, the mortal Venus, the heart-blood of beauty, love's invisible soul,—

*Pan.* Who, my cousin Cressida?

*Serv.* No, sir, Helen: could you not find out that by her attributes?

*Pan.* It should seem, fellow, that thou hast not seen the Lady Cressida. I come to speak with Paris from the Prince Troilus: I will make a complimentary<sup>2</sup> assault upon him, for my business seethes.

*Serv.* Sudden business! there's a stewed<sup>3</sup> phrase indeed!

*Enter PARIS and HELEN, attended.*

*Par.* Fair be to you, my lord, and to all this fair company! fair desires, in all fair measure, fairly guide them!—especially to you, fair queen! fair thoughts be your fair pillow! 49

*Helen.* Dear lord, you are full of fair words.

*Pan.* You speak your fair pleasure, sweet queen.—Fair prince, here is good broken music.

*Par.* You have broke it, cousin: and, by my life, you shall make it whole again; you shall piece it out with a piece of your performance.—Nell, he is full of harmony.

*Pan.* Truly, lady, no.

*Helen.* O, sir,—

*Pan.* Rude, in sooth; in good sooth, very rude. 60

*Par.* Well said, my lord! well, you say so in fits.<sup>4</sup>

*Pan.* I have business to my lord, dear queen.—My lord, will you vouchsafe me a word?

*Helen.* Nay, this shall not hedge us out: we'll hear you sing, certainly.

*Pan.* Well, sweet queen, you are pleasant with me.—But, marry, thus, my lord,—My dear lord, and most esteemed friend, your brother Troilus,— 70

*Helen.* My lord Pandarus; honey-sweet lord,—

*Pan.* Go to, sweet queen, go to:—commends himself most affectionately to you,—

*Helen.* You shall not hob<sup>5</sup> us out of our melody: if you do, our melancholy upon your head!

*Pan.* Sweet queen, sweet queen; that's a sweet queen, i' faith,—

*Helen.* And to make a sweet lady sad is a sour offence. 80

*Pan.* Nay, that shall not serve your turn; that shall it not, in truth, la. Nay, I care not for such words; no, no. And, my lord, he desires you, that if the king call for him at supper, you will make his excuse.

*Helen.* My Lord Pandarus,—

*Pan.* What says my sweet queen,—my very very sweet queen?

*Par.* What exploit's in hand? where sups he to-night? 90

*Helen.* Nay, but, my lord,—

*Pan.* What says my sweet queen?—My cousin will fall out with you. You must not know where he sups.

*Par.* I'll lay my life, with my disposer Cressida.

*Pan.* No, no, no such matter; you are wide:<sup>6</sup> come, your disposer is sick.

*Par.* Well, I'll make excuse. 99

*Pan.* Ay, good my lord. Why should you say Cressida? no, your poor disposer's sick.

*Par.* I spy.

*Pan.* You spy! what do you spy?—Come, give me an instrument.—Now, sweet queen.

<sup>1</sup> That's to 't=that's to the point.

<sup>2</sup> Complimental, courteous.

<sup>3</sup> Stewed, fit for a stew; a quibbling expression.

<sup>4</sup> Fits, the divisions of a song.

<sup>5</sup> E.b. cheat.

<sup>6</sup> You are wide, i.e. wide of the mark.



ood sooth, very  
well, you say so

ord, dear queen.  
me a word?  
hedge us out:

ut are pleasant  
my lord,—My  
ed friend, your  
; honey-sweet

to:—commends  
you,—  
us out of our  
holly upon your

queen; that's a

et lady sad is a  
erve your turn;  
a. Nay, I care  
And, my lord,  
ng call for him  
excuse.

queen,—my very

nd? where sups,

t queen?—My  
You must not

ch my disposer

; you are wide:<sup>6</sup>

a. Why should you  
isposer's sick.

ou spy?—Come,  
y, sweet queen.

ng.

t the mark.

*Helen.* Why, this is kindly done. 105

*Pan.* My niece is horribly in love with a thing you have, sweet queen.

*Helen.* She shall have it, my lord, if it be not my lord Paris.

*Pan.* He! no, she'll none of him; they two are twain. 111

*Helen.* Falling in, after falling out, may make them three.

*Pan.* Come, come, I'll hear no more of this; I'll sing you a song now.

*Helen.* Ay, ay, prithee now. By my troth, sweet lord, thou hast a fine forehead.

*Pan.* Ay, you may, you may.

*Helen.* Let thy song be love: this love will undo us all. O Cupid, Cupid, Cupid! 120

*Pan.* Love! ay, that it shall, i' faith.

*Par.* Ay, good now, love, love, nothing but love.

*Pan.* In good troth, it begins so. [*Sings.* Love, love, nothing but love, still more!<sup>1</sup>

Love, love, nothing but love, still more!<sup>1</sup>

For, O, love's bow

Shoots buck and doe:

The shaft confounds,

Not that it wounds,

But tickles still the sore.

These lovers cry—Oh! oh! they die! 130

Yet that which seems the wound to kill

Doth turn oh! oh! to ha! ha! ha!

So dying love lives still:

Oh! oh! a while, but ha! ha! ha!

Oh! oh! groans out for ha! ha! ha!

Heigh-ho!

*Helen.* In love, i' faith, to the very tip of the nose. 139

*Par.* He eats nothing but doves, love; and that breeds hot blood, and hot blood begets hot thoughts, and hot thoughts beget hot deeds, and hot deeds is love.

*Pan.* Is this the generation<sup>2</sup> of love? hot blood, hot thoughts, and hot deeds? Why, they are vipers: is love a generation of vipers? —Sweet lord, who's a-field to-day?

*Par.* Hector, Deiphobus, Helenus, Antenor, and all the gallantry of Troy: I would fain have arm'd to-day, but my Nell would not have it so. How chance<sup>3</sup> my brother Troilus went not? 151

<sup>1</sup> Still more = evermore, always.

<sup>2</sup> Generation, the way love is generated.

<sup>3</sup> How chance = how comes it that.

*Helen.* He hangs the lip at something:—you know all, Lord Pandarus. 153

*Pan.* Not I, honey-sweet queen.—I long to hear how they sped to-day.—You'll remember your brother's excuse?

*Par.* To a hair.

*Pan.* Farewell, sweet queen.

*Helen.* Commend me to your niece. 159

*Pan.* I will, sweet queen. [*Exit.*

[*A retreat sounded.*

*Par.* They're come from field: let us to Priam's hall,

To greet the warriors. Sweet Helen, I must woo you

To help unarm our Hector: his stubborn buckles,

With these your white enchanting fingers touch'd,

Shall more obey than to the edge of steel  
Or force of Greekish sinews; you shall do more  
Than all the island kings,—disarm great Hector.

*Helen.* 'T will make us proud to be his servant, Paris;

Yea, what he shall receive of us in duty  
Gives us more palm in beauty than we have,  
Yea, overshines ourself. 171

*Par.* Sweet, above thought I love thee.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *The same.* Pandarus' orchard.

*Enter* PANDARUS *and* TROILUS' BOY, *meeting.*

*Pan.* How now! where's thy master? at my cousin Cressida's?

*Boy.* No, sir; he stays for you to conduct him thither.

*Pan.* O, here he comes.

*Enter* TROILUS.

How now, how now!

*Tro.* Sirrah, walk off. [*Exit Boy.*

*Pan.* Have you seen my cousin? 8

*Tro.* No, Pandarus: I stalk about her door, Like a strange soul upon the Stygian banks Staying for waftage. [O, be thou my Charon, And give me swift transportance to those fields Where I may wallow in the lily-beds Propos'd for the deserver!] O gentle Pandarus, From Cupid's shoulder pluck his painted wings, And fly with me to Cressid!

*Pan.* Walk here i' the orchard, I'll bring her straight. *[Exit.]*

*Tro.* I am giddy; expectation whirls me round.

*The imaginary relish is so sweet* 20

*It enchants my sense: what will it be,*

*When that the watery palate tastes indeed*

*Ve's thrice-repur'd nectar? death,<sup>2</sup> I fear me;*

*Swearing destruction, or some joy too fine,*

*Too subtle-potent, tun'd too sharp in sweetness,*

*For the capacity of my ruder sense.*

*[I fear it much; and I do fear besides.*

*That I shall lose distinction in my joys;*

*As doth a battle, when they charge on heaps*

*The enemy flying.]* 30

*Re-enter PANDARUS.*

*Pan.* She's making her ready, she'll come straight: you must be witty now. She does so blush, *[and fetches her wind so short, as if she were fray'd with a sprite:]* I'll fetch her. It is the prettiest villain: she fetches her breath as short as a new-taken sparrow. *[Exit.]*

*Tro.* Even such a passion doth embrace my bosom:

*My heart beats thicker than a feverous pulse;*

*And all my powers do their bestowing<sup>3</sup> lose,*

*I like vassalage at unawares encount'ring*

*The eye of majesty.* 41

*Re-enter PANDARUS with CRESSIDA.*

*Pan.* Come, come, what need you blush? shame's a baby.—Here she is now: swear the oaths now to her that you have sworn to me.

—What, are you gone again? you must be watch'd ere you be made tame, must you?

Come your ways, come your ways; *[an you draw backward, we'll put you i' the fills.<sup>4</sup>—]*

Why do you not speak to her?—*[Come, draw this curtain, and let's see your picture. Alas*

*the day, how loth you are to offend daylight!*

*an 't were dark, you'd close sooner. So, so;*

*rub on, and kiss the mistress. How now! a*

*kiss in fee-farm!<sup>5</sup> build there, carpenter; the*

*air is sweet. Nay, you shall fight your hearts*

*out ere I part you. The falcon as the tercel,*

*for all the ducks i' the river: go to, go to.]* 50

<sup>1</sup> Repur'd = purified.

<sup>2</sup> Death, i.e. it will be death

<sup>3</sup> Bestowing, self-control.

<sup>4</sup> Fills, shafts.

<sup>5</sup> Fee-farm, metaphorically = in perpetuity.

*Tro.* You have bereft me of all words, lady.

*Pan.* Words pay no debts, give her deeds:

*[but she'll bereave you o' the deeds too, if she call your activity in question.]* What, billing again? Here's—"In witness whereof the parties interchangeably"—Come in, come in: I'll go get a fire. *[Exit.]*

*Cres.* Will you walk in, my lord?

*Tro.* O Cressida, how often have I wish'd me thus!

*Cres.* Wish'd, my lord!—The gods grant—O my lord!

*Tro.* What should they grant? what makes this pretty abrupt? what too curious<sup>6</sup> dreg espies my sweet lady in the fountain of our love?

*Cres.* More dregs than water, if my fears have eyes.

*[Tro.* Fears make devils of cherubins; they never see truly.

*Cres.* Blind fear, that seeing reason leads, finds safer footing than blind reason stumbling without fear: to fear the worst oft cures the worst.]

*Tro.* O, let my lady apprehend no fear: in all Cupid's pageant there is presented no monster. 81

*Cres.* Nor nothing monstrous neither?

*Tro.* Nothing, but our undertakings; when we vow to weep seas, live in fire, eat rocks, tame tigers; thinking it harder for our mistress to devise imposition enough than for us to undergo any difficulty imposed. This is the monstrosity in love, lady,—that the will is infinite, *[and the execution confin'd; that the desire is boundless,]* and the act a slave to limit. 90

*Cres.* They say, all lovers swear more performance than they are able, and yet reserve an ability that they never perform; vowing more than the perfection of ten, and discharging less than the tenth part of one. They that have the voice of lions and the act of hares, are they not monsters?

*Tro.* Are there such? such are not we: praise us as we are tasted,<sup>7</sup> allow us as we prove; *[our head shall go bare till merit crown it: no perfection in reversion shall have a praise in pre-*

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all words, lady,  
give her death:  
death too, if she  
What, billing  
whereof the par-  
n, come in: I'll  
[Exit.

lord?

have I wish'd

the gods grant—

at? what makes  
o curious? drag  
ountain of our

er, if my fears

cherubins; they

g reason leads,  
l reason stuns  
worst oft cures

end no fear: in  
presented no  
81

s neither?

rtakings; when  
fire, eat rocks,  
er for our mis-  
gh than for us  
ed. This is the  
hat the will is  
fin'd; that the  
act a slave to

90

wear more per-  
and yet reserve  
reform; vowing  
a, and discharg-  
one. They that  
ne act of hares,

e not we: praise  
we prove; [our  
rown it: no per-  
a praise in pre-

Tasted = tested.

sent: we will not name desert before his birth;  
and, being born, his addition shall be humble.]  
Few words to fair faith: Troilus shall be such  
to Cressid as what envy can say worst shall be  
a mock for his truth, and what truth can  
speak truest not truer than Troilus.

[Tro. Will you walk in, my lord?

Re-enter PANDARUS.

Pan. What, blushing still? have you not  
done talking yet? 109

Cres. Well, uncle, what folly I commit, I  
dedicate to you.

Pan. I thank you for that: if my lord get



Pan. What, blushing still? have you not done talking yet? Act III. 2. 108, 109.

a boy of you, you'll give him me. Be true to  
my lord: if he flinch, chide me for it.

Tro. You know now your hostages; your  
uncle's word and my firm faith.

Pan. Nay, I'll give my word for her too:  
our kindred, though they be long ere they are  
wooed, they are constant being won: they are  
burs, I can tell you; they'll stick where they  
are thrown.] 120

Cres. Boldness comes to me now, and brings  
me heart:—

Prince Troilus, I have lov'd you night and day  
For many weary months.

Tro. Why was my Cressid, then, so hard  
to win?

Cres. Hard to seem won: but I was won,  
my lord,

With the first glance that ever—pardon me—  
If I confess much, you will play the tyrant.

I love you now; but not, till now, so much

But I might master it:—in faith, I lie;

My thoughts were like unbridled children,  
grown 130

Too headstrong for their mother:—see, we  
fools!

Why have I blabb'd? who shall be true to us  
When we are so unsecret to ourselves?—

But, though I lov'd you well, I woo'd you not;

And yet, good faith, I wish'd myself a man,

Or that we women had men's privilege

81

Ofspeaking first. Sweet, bid me hold my tongue;  
For, in this rapture, I shall surely speak <sup>138</sup>  
The thing I shall repent. See, see, your silence,  
Cunning in dumbness, from my weakness draws  
My very soul of counsel!—stop my mouth.

*Tro.* And shall, albeit sweet music issues  
thence.

[*Pan.* Pretty, i' faith.] [*Kisses her.*]

*Cres.* My lord, I do beseech you, pardon me;

'T was not my purpose thus to beg a kiss:  
I am ashamed;—O heavens! what have I done?  
For this time will I take my leave, my lord.

[*Tro.* Your leave, sweet Cressid!]

*Pan.* Leave! an you take leave till to-mor-  
row morning,— <sup>150</sup>

*Cres.* Pray you, content you.]

*Tro.* What offends you, lady?

*Cres.* Sir, mine own company.

*Tro.* You cannot shun  
Yourself.

*Cres.* Let me go and try:

I have a kind of self resides with you;  
But an unkind self, that itself will leave,<sup>1</sup>  
To be another's fool. I would be gone:—  
Where is my wit? I know not what I speak.

*Tro.* Well know they what they speak that  
speak so wisely.

*Cres.* Perchance, my lord, I show'd more  
craft than love; <sup>160</sup>

And fell so roundly to a large confession,  
To angle for your thoughts: but you are wise;  
Or else you love not; for to be wise and love  
Exceeds man's might; that dwells with gods  
above.

*Tro.* O that I thought it could be in a woman—  
As, if it can, I will presume in you—  
To feed for aye her lamp and flames of love;  
To keep her constancy in plight and youth,  
Outliving beauty's outward, with a mind  
That doth renew swifter than blood decays!  
Or, that persuasion could but thus convince  
me,— <sup>171</sup>

That my integrity and truth to you  
Might be affronted with the match and weight  
Of such a winnow'd purity in love;  
How were I then uplifted! but, alas,  
I am as true as truth's simplicity,  
And simpler than the infancy of truth.

<sup>1</sup> *Leave* = cense.

*Cres.* In that I'll war with you.

*Tro.* O virtuous fight,  
When right with right wars who shall be most  
right! <sup>179</sup>

True swains in love shall, in the world to come,  
Approve their truths by Troilus: when their  
rhymes,

Full of protest, of oath, and big compare,  
Want similes, truth tir'd<sup>2</sup> with iteration,—

[As true as steel, as plantage<sup>3</sup> to the moon,  
As sun to day, as turtle to her mate,

As iron to adamant, as earth to the centre,—]

Yet, after all comparisons of truth,

[As truth's authentic author to be cited,]

"As true as Troilus" shall crown up the  
verse, <sup>189</sup>

And sanctify the numbers.

*Cres.* Prophet may you be!

If I be false, or swerve a hair from truth,  
When time is old and hath forgot itself,  
When waterdrops have worn the stones of  
Troy,

And blind oblivion swallow'd cities up,  
[And mighty states characterless are grated  
To dusty nothing;] yet let memory,

From false to false, among false maids in love,  
Upbraid my falsehood! when they've said

"as false

As air, as water, wind, or sandy earth,  
[As fox to lamb, as wolf to heifer's calf, <sup>200</sup>  
Pard to the hind, or stepdame to her son,]"—

"Yea," let them say, to stick<sup>4</sup> the heart of  
falsehood,

"As false as Cressid."

[*Pan.* Go to, a bargain made: seal it, seal it;  
I'll be the witness. Here I hold your hand;  
here my cousin's. If ever you prove false one  
to another, since I have taken such pains to  
bring you together, let all pitiful goers-between  
be called to the world's end after my name,  
call them all Pandars;<sup>5</sup> let all inconstant men  
be Troiluses, all false women Cressids, and all  
brokers-between Pandars! say, amen.

*Tro.* Amen.

*Cres.* Amen.

*Pan.* Amen. Whereupon I will show you  
a chamber with a bed; which bed, because it

<sup>2</sup> *Tir'd* = being tired: an awkward construction.

<sup>3</sup> See note 188.

<sup>4</sup> *Stick*, stab, pierce.

<sup>5</sup> *Pandars*, a correct piece of philology.

you.  
O virtuous fight,  
who shall be most  
179  
e world to come,  
hus: when their

ig compare,  
h iteration,—  
3 to the moon,  
er mate,  
to the centre,—]  
truth,  
to be cited,]  
l crown up the  
180

phet may you be!  
r from truth,  
orgot itself,  
rn the stones of

d cities up,  
erless are grated  
memory,  
else maids in love,  
hen they've said  
ndy earth,  
heifer's calf, 200  
e to her son," ]—  
ick<sup>4</sup> the heart of

de: seal it, seal it;  
hold your hand;  
ou prove false one  
ken such pains to  
iful goers-between  
d after my name,  
all inconstant men  
n Cressids, and all  
say, amen.

I will show you  
ch bed, because it

ward construction.  
ick, stab, pierce.  
philology.

shall not speak of your pretty encounters,  
press it to death: away! 218  
And Cupid grant all tongue-tied maidens here  
Bed, chamber, Pandar to provide this gear! ]  
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *The Grecian camp. Before the  
tent of Achilles.*

*Enter AGAMEMNON, ULYSSES, DIOMEDES, NES-  
TOR, AJAX, MENELAUS, and CALCHAS.*

*Cal.* Now, princes, for the service I have  
done you,  
Th' advantage of the time prompts me aloud  
To call for recompense. [Appear it to your  
mind

That, through the sight I bear in things, to love]  
I have abandon'd Troy, left my possessions,  
Incurr'd a traitor's name; [expos'd myself,  
From certain and possess'd conveniences,<sup>1</sup>  
To doubtful fortunes; sequestering from me all  
That time, acquaintance, custom, and condition,  
Made tame and most familiar to my nature;]  
And here, to do you service, am become 11  
As new into<sup>2</sup> the world, strange, unacquainted:  
I do beseech you, as in way of taste,  
To give me now a little benefit,  
Out of those many register'd in promise,  
Which, you say, live to come in my behalf.

*Agam.* What wouldst thou of us, Trojan?  
make demand.

*Cal.* You have a Trojan prisoner, call'd  
Antenor,  
Yesterday took: Troy holds him very dear.  
Oft have you—often have you thanks there-  
fore— 20

Desir'd my Cressid in right great exchange,  
Whom Troy hath still denied: but this Antenor,  
I know, is such a wrest<sup>3</sup> in their affairs,  
That their negotiations all must slack,  
Wanting his manage; and they will almost  
Give us a prince of blood, a son of Priam,  
In change of him: let him be sent, great princes,  
And he shall buy my daughter; and her pre-  
sence 28

Shall quite strike off all service I have done,  
In most accepted pain.—

<sup>1</sup> Conveniences, comforts.

<sup>2</sup> Into—unto.

<sup>3</sup> Wrest, an instrument for tightening the strings of a harp.

*Agam.* Let Diomedes bear him,  
And bring us Cressid hither: Calchas shall have  
What he requests of us.—Good Diomed, 32  
Furnish you fairly for this interchange:  
Withal, bring word if Hector will to-morrow  
Be answer'd in his challenge: Ajax is ready.  
*Dio.* This shall I undertake; and 'tis a burden  
Which I am proud to bear.

[*Exeunt Diomedes and Calchas.*

*Enter ACHILLES and PATROCLUS, from their  
tent.*

*Ulyss.* Achilles stands i' th' entrance of his  
tent:—

Please it our general to pass strangely by him,  
As if he were forgot; and, princes all, 40  
Lay negligent and loose regard upon him:  
I will come last. 'Tis like he'll question me  
Why such unplausiv<sup>4</sup> eyes are bent on him:  
If so, I have derision med'cinable,  
To use between your strangeness and his pride,  
Which his own will shall have desire to drink:  
[It may do good: pride hath no other glass  
To show itself but pride; for supple knees  
Feed arrogance, and are the proud man's fees.]

*Agam.* We'll execute your purpose, and put on  
A form of strangeness as we pass along:— 51  
So do each lord; and either greet him not,  
Or else disdainfully, which shall shake him  
more

Than if not look'd on. I will lead the way.

*Achil.* What, comes the general to speak  
with me?

You know my mind, I'll fight no more 'gainst  
Troy.

*Agam.* What says Achilles? would he aught  
with us?

*Nest.* Would you, my lord, aught with the  
general?

*Achil.* No.

*Nest.* Nothing, my lord. 60

*Agam.* The better.

[*Exeunt Agamemnon and Nestor.*

*Achil.* Good day, good day.

*Men.* [Jawily] How do you? how do you?

[*Exit.*

*Achil.* What, does the cuckold scorn me?

*Ajax.* How now, Patroclus!

<sup>4</sup> Unplausible, i.e. giving no salutation.

*Achil.* Good morrow, Ajax.

*Ajax.* Ha!

*Achil.* Good morrow.

*Ajax.* Ay, and good next day too. [*Exit.*]

*Achil.* What mean these fellows? Know  
they not Achilles?

*Patr.* They pass by strangely: they were us'd  
to bend,

To send their smiles before them to Achilles;  
To come as humbly as they use to creep 73  
To holy altars.

*Achil.* What, am I poor of late?  
'Tis certain, greatness, once fall'n out with  
fortune,  
Must fall out with men too: what the de-  
clin'd<sup>1</sup> is,



*Nest.* Nothing, my lord.

*Agam.* The better.—(Act iii. 3. 60, 61.)

He shall as soon read in the eyes of others  
As feel in his own fall; [for men, like butter-  
flies,  
Show not their mealy wings but to the summer;  
And not a man, for being simply man, 80  
Hath any honour, but honour for those honours  
That are without him, as place, riches, favour,<sup>2</sup>  
Prizes of accident as oft as merit:  
Which when they fall, as being slippery  
standers,  
(The love that lean'd on them as slippery too,

Do one pluck down another, and together  
Die in the fall.] But 't is not so with me:  
Fortune and I are friends: I do enjoy  
At ample point all that I did possess,  
Save these men's looks; who do, methinks,  
find out 90  
Something not worth in me such rich behold-  
ing  
As they have often given. Here is Ulysses:  
I'll interrupt his reading.—  
How now, Ulysses!

*Ulyss.*

*Achil.* What are you reading?

*Ulyss.*

Now, great Thetis' son!

A strange fellow here

<sup>1</sup> Declin'd, fallen.

<sup>2</sup> Favour, used passively = being in favour.

them to Achilles;  
use to creep 73

I poor of late?  
ce fall'n out with  
oo: what the de-



er, and together  
not so with me:  
I do enjoy  
did possess,  
who do, methinks,  
ne such rich behold-

Here is Ulysses:

great Thetis' son!  
uding?  
strange fellow here

Writes me, "That man—how dearly ever  
parted,"<sup>1</sup> 96

How much in having,<sup>2</sup> or without or in—  
Cannot make boast to have that which he hath,  
Nor feels not what he owes,<sup>3</sup> but by reflection;  
[As when his virtues shining upon others  
Heat them, and they retort that heat again  
To the first giver."<sup>4</sup>]

*Achil.* This is not strange, Ulysses.  
The beauty that is borne here in the face  
The bearer knows not, but commends itself  
To others' eyes: nor doth the eye itself,  
That most pure spirit of sense, behold itself,  
Not going from itself; but eye to eye oppos'd  
Salutes each other with each other's form:  
For speculation turns not to itself, 100  
Till it hath travell'd, and is mirror'd there  
Where it may see itself. This is not strange  
at all.

*Ulyss.* I do not strain at the position,—  
It is familiar,—but at the author's drift;  
Who, in his circumstance,<sup>4</sup> expressly proves  
That no man is the lord of any thing,  
Though in and of him there be much con-  
sisting,  
Till he communicate his parts to others;  
Nor doth he of himself know them for aught  
Till he behold them formed in th' applause  
Where they're extended; [who, like an arch,  
reverberates 120

The voice again; or, like a gate of steel  
Fronting the sun, receives and renders back  
His figure and his heat.] I was much rapt in  
this;

And apprehended here immediately  
The unknown Ajax.  
Heavens, what a man is there! a very horse;  
That has he knows not what. [Nature, what  
things there are,  
Most abject in regard, and dear in use!<sup>5</sup>  
What things again most dear in the esteem,  
And poor in worth!]  
Now shall we see to-  
morrow— 130

An act that very chance doth throw upon him—  
Ajax renown'd. O heavens, what some men do,  
While some men leave to do!

<sup>1</sup> Parted, having good parts or qualities.

<sup>2</sup> Having, substance, property.

<sup>3</sup> Owes, owns.

<sup>4</sup> Circumstance, i.e. details of his argument.

<sup>5</sup> Use, utility, opposed to reputation.

[How some men creep in skittish Fortune's  
hall, 134

While others play the idiots 'n her eyes!  
How one man eats into another's pride,  
While pride is fasting in his wantonness!]  
To see these Grecian lords!—why, even already  
They clap the lubber Ajax on the shoulder,  
As if his foot were on brave Hector's breast,  
And great Troy shrieking. 141

*Achil.* I do believe it; for they pass'd by me  
As misers do by beggars,—neither gave to me  
Good word nor look: what are my deeds forgot?

*Ulyss.* Time hath, my lord, a wallet at his  
back,  
Wherein he puts alms for oblivion,  
A great-siz'd monster of ingratitude:  
Those scraps are good deeds past; which are  
devour'd

As fast as they are made, forgot as soon  
As they are done: perseverance, dear my lord,  
Keeps honour bright: [to have done, is to hang  
Quite out of fashion, like a rusty mail 152  
In monumental mockery.] Take th' instant  
way;

For honour travels in a strait so narrow,  
Where one but goes abreast: keep, then, the  
path;

For emulation hath a thousand sons,  
That one by one pursue: if you give way,  
Or hedge aside from the direct forth-right,<sup>6</sup>  
Like to an enter'd tide, they all rush by,  
And leave you hindmost; 160

[Or, like a gallant horse fall'n in first rank,  
Lie there for pavement to the abject rear,  
O'er-run and trampled on: then what they do  
in present,

Though less than yours in past, must o'ertop  
yours;]

For time is like a fashionable host,  
That slightly shakes his parting guest by th'  
hand,

And with his arms outstretch'd, as<sup>7</sup> he would fly,  
Grasps in the comer: [welcome ever smiles,  
And farewell goes out sighing. O,] let not  
virtue seek

Remuneration for the thing it was; 170  
For beauty, wit,

<sup>6</sup> Forth-right—the path that leads straight on.

<sup>7</sup> As, as though.



High birth, vigour of bone, desert in service,  
Love, friendship, charity, are subjects all 173  
To envious and calumniating time.

One touch of nature makes the whole world  
kin,—

[That all, with one consent, praise new-born  
gauds,

Though they are made and moulded of things  
past,

And give to dust, that is a little gilt,

More laud than gilt o'er-dusted.] 179

The present eye praises the present object:

Then marvel not, thou great and complete<sup>1</sup>  
man,

That all the Greeks begin to worship Ajax;  
Since things in motion sooner catch the eye  
Than what not stirs. The cry went once on  
thee,

And still it might, and yet it may again,

If thou wouldst not entomb thyself alive,

And ease thy reputation in thy tent;

Whose glorious deeds, but in these fields of  
late,

Made emulous missions 'mongst the gods  
themselves, 189

And drave great Mars to faction.

*Achil.* Of this my privacy

I have strong reasons.

*Ulyss.* But 'gainst your privacy

The reasons are more potent and heroical:

'Tis known, Achilles, that you are in love

With one of Priam's daughters.

*Achil.* Ha! known!

*Ulyss.* Is that a wonder?

The providence that's in a watchful state

[Knows almost every grain of Plutus' gold;

Finds bottom in th' uncomprehensive<sup>2</sup> deeps;]

Keeps place with thought, and almost, like  
the gods, 199

Does thoughts unveil in their dumb cradles.

[There is a mystery—with whom relation<sup>3</sup>

Durst never meddle—in the soul of state;

Which hath an operation more divine

Than breath or pen can give expressure to:]

All the commée<sup>4</sup> that you have had with  
Troy

As perfectly is ours as yours, my lord;

[And better would it fit Achilles much

To throw down Hector than Polyxena;]

But it must grieve young Pyrrhus now at  
home,

When fame shall in our islands sound her  
trump, 210

And all the Greekish girls shall tripping  
sing,

"Great Hector's sister did Achilles win;

But our great Ajax bravely beat down him."

Farewell, my lord: I as your lover speak;

The fool slides o'er the ice that you should  
break. [*Exit.*

*Patr.* To this effect, Achilles, have I mov'd  
you:

A woman impudent and mannish grown

Is not more loath'd than an effeminate man

In time of action. [I stand condemn'd for  
this; 219

They think my little stomach to the war,

And your great love to me, restrains you thus:]

Sweet, rouse yourself; and the weak wanton  
Cupid

Shall from your neck unloose his amorous  
fold,

And, like a dewdrop from the lion's mane,

Be shook to air.

*Achil.* Shall Ajax fight with Hector?

*Patr.* Ay, and perhaps receive much honour  
by him.

*Achil.* I see my reputation is at stake;

[My fame is shrewdly gor'd.

*Patr.* O, then, beware;

Those wounds heal ill that men do give them-  
selves:

[Omission to do what is necessary 230

Seals a commission to a blank of danger;

And danger, like an ague, subtly taints

Even then when we sit idly in the sun. ]

*Achil.* Go call Thersites hither, sweet Pat-  
roclus:

I'll send the fool to Ajax, and desire him

T' invite the Trojan lords after the combat

To see us here unarm'd: I have a woman's  
longing,

An appetite that I am sick withal,

To see great Hector in his weeds<sup>5</sup> of peace;

<sup>1</sup> Complete, usually accented so by Elizabethan writers

<sup>2</sup> Uncomprehensive, unfathomable.

<sup>3</sup> Relation, i.e. history.

<sup>4</sup> Commée, secret intercourse.

<sup>5</sup> Weeds, used of dress in general.

s, my lord;  
 Achilles much  
 Polyxena:]  
 Pyrrhus now at

islands sound her  
 210  
 ls shall tripping

Achilles win;  
 beat down him."  
 ar lover speak;  
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 [Exit.  
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nk of danger;  
 ubtly taints  
 in the sun.]  
 ither, sweet Pat-

nd desire him  
 ter the combat  
 have a woman's

withal,  
 reeds<sup>3</sup> of peace;

in general.

To talk with him, and to behold his visage, 240  
 Even to my full of view.

*Enter THERSITES.*

A labour sav'd!

*Ther.* A wonder!

*Achil.* What?

*Ther.* Ajax goes up and down the field, asking for himself.

*Achil.* How so?

*Ther.* He must fight singly to-morrow with Hector; and is so prophetically proud of an heroic cudgelling that he raves in saying nothing.

*Achil.* How can that be? 250

*Ther.* Why, he stalks up and down like a peacock,—a stride and a stand: ruminates like an hostess that hath no arithmetic but her brain to set down her reckoning: bites his lip with a politic<sup>1</sup> regard, as who should say "There were wit in this head, an't would out;" and so there is; but it lies as coldly in him as fire in a flint, which will not show without knocking. The man's undone for ever; for if Hector break not his neck i' the combat, he'll break't himself in vainglory. He knows not me: I said, "Good morrow, Ajax;" and he replies, "Thanks, Agamemnon." What think you of this man, that takes me for the general? [He's grown a very land-fish, languageless, a monster. A plague of<sup>2</sup> opinion! a man may wear it on both sides, like a leather jerkin.] 266

*Achil.* Thou must be my ambassador to him, Thersites.

*Ther.* Who, I? why, he'll answer nobody; he professes not answering: speaking is for beggars; he wears his tongue in's arms. I will put on his presence: let Patroclus make demands to me, you shall see the pageant of Ajax.

*Achil.* To him, Patroclus: tell him,—I humbly desire the valiant Ajax to invite the

<sup>1</sup> Politic, shrewd, sly.

<sup>2</sup> Of=upon.

most valorous Hector to come unarm'd to my tent; and to procure safe-conduct for his person of the magnanimous and most illustrious six-or-seven-times-honour'd captain-general of the Grecian army, Agamemnon. Do this.

*Patr.* Jove bless great Ajax! 281

*Ther.* Hum!

*Patr.* I come from the worthy Achilles,—

*Ther.* Ha!

*Patr.* Who most humbly desires you to invite Hector to his tent,—

*Ther.* Hum!

*Patr.* And to procure safe-conduct from Agamemnon.

*Ther.* Agamemnon! 290

*Patr.* Ay, my lord.

*Ther.* Ha!

*Patr.* What say you to't?

*Ther.* God b' wi' you, with all my heart.

*Patr.* Your answer, sir.

*Ther.* If to-morrow be a fair day, by eleven o'clock it will go one way or other: howsoever, he shall pay for me ere he has me.

*Patr.* Your answer, sir.

*Ther.* Fare you well, with all my heart. 300

*Achil.* Why, but he is not in this tune, is he?

*Ther.* No, but he's out o' tune thus. What music will be in him when Hector has knock'd out his brains, I know not; but, I am sure, none,—unless the fiddler Apollo get his sinews to make catlings<sup>3</sup> on.

*Achil.* Come, thou shalt bear a letter to him straight.

*Ther.* Let me bear another to his horse; for that's the more capable<sup>4</sup> creature. 310

*Achil.* My mind is troubled, like a fountain stirr'd;

And I myself see not the bottom of it.

[*Exeunt Achilles and Patroclus into tent.*

*Ther.* Would the fountain of your mind were clear again, that I might water an ass at it! I had rather be a tick in a sheep than such a valiant ignorance. [Exit.

<sup>3</sup> Catlings, catgut.

<sup>4</sup> Capable, intelligent.

## ACT IV.

SCENE I. *A Street in Troy.*

*Enter, from one side, ÆNEAS, and Servant with a torch; from the other, PARIS, DEIPHOBUS, ANTENOR, DIOMEDES, and others, with torches.*

*Par.* See, ho! who's that there!

*Dei.* 'Tis the Lord Æneas.

*Æne.* Is the prince there in person?—

Had I so good occasion to lie long

As you, Prince Paris, nothing but heavenly business

Should rob my bed-innate of my company.

*Dio.* That's my mind too.—Good morrow, Lord Æneas.

*Par.* A valiant Greek, Æneas,—take his hand,—

Witness the process of your speech, wherein You told how Diomed, a whole week by days,<sup>1</sup> Did haunt you in the field.

*Æne.* Health to you, valiant sir, During all question of the gentle truce; 11

[But when I meet you arm'd, as black defiance As heart can think or courage execute.

*Dio.* The one and other Diomed embraces. Our brows are now in calm; and, so long, health; But when contention and occasion meet, By Jove, I'll play the hunter for thy life With all my force, pursuit, and policy.

*Æne.* And thou shalt hunt a lion, that will fly

With his face backward.—In humane gentleness,] 20

Welcome to Troy! [now, by Anchises' life, Welcome, indeed!] By Venus' hand I swear, No man alive can love in such a sort The thing he means to kill more excellently.

*Dio.* We sympathize:—Jove, let Æneas live, If to my sword his fate be not the glory, A thousand complete courses of the sun! But, in mine emulous honour, let him die, Withevery joint a wound, and that to-morrow! 30

*Æne.* We know each other well.

*Dio.* We do; and long to know each other worse.

*Par.* This is the most despitiful gentle greeting, 32

The noblest hateful love, that e'er I heard of.—What business, lord, so early!

*Æne.* I was sent for to the king; but why, I know not.

*Par.* His purpose meets you: 't was to bring this Greek

To Calchas' house; and there to render him, For the unfreed Antenor, the fair Cressid:

Let's have your company: or, if you please, Haste there before us: I constantly do think—

Or, rather, call my thought a certain knowledge— 41

My brother Troilus lodges there to-night: Rouse him, and give him note of our approach, With the whole quality<sup>2</sup> wherefore: I fear We shall be much unwelcome.

*Æne.* That I assure you: Troilus had rather Troy were borne to Greece Than Cressid borne from Troy.

*Par.* There is no help; The bitter disposition of the time

Will have it so. On, lord; we'll follow you.

*Æne.* Good morrow, all. [*Exit with servant.*

*Par.* And tell me, noble Diomed,—faith, tell me true, 51

Even in the soul of sound good-fellowship,—Who, in your thoughts, merits fair Helen best, Myself or Menelaus?

*Dio.* Both alike:

He merits well to have her, that doth seek her, Not making any scruple of her soileure,<sup>3</sup>

With such a hell of pain and world of charge; And you as well to keep her, that defend her,

Not palating the taste of her dishonour, 59

With such a costly loss of wealth and friends: [He, like a puling cuckold, would drink up

The lees and dregs of a flat<sup>4</sup> tamed piece: You, like a lecher, out of whorish loins

Are pleas'd to breed out your inheritors: Both merits pois'd, each weighs nor less nor more;

But he as he, each heavier for a whore.]

<sup>1</sup> By days, i.e. seven days, but not consecutive.

<sup>2</sup> Quality = tenor of it.

<sup>3</sup> Soilure, defile.

<sup>4</sup> Flat, metaphor from wine.

*Par.* You are too bitter to your country-woman.

*Dio.* She's bitter to her country: [hear me, Paris:—

For every false drop in her bawdy veins 60  
A Grecian's life hath sunk; for every scruple  
Of her contaminated carrion weight  
A Trojan hath been slain;] since she could  
speak,

She hath not given so many good words breath  
As for her Greeks and Trojans suffer'd death.

*Par.* Fair Diomed, you do as chapmen do,  
Dispraise the thing that you desire to buy:  
But we in silence hold this virtue well,—  
We'll not commend what we intend to sell.  
Here lies our way. [Exeunt.

SCENE II. *Court of Pandarus' house in Troy.*

*Enter TROILUS and CRESSIDA.*

*Tro.* Dear, trouble not yourself: the morn  
is cold.

*Cres.* Then, sweet my lord, I'll call mine  
uncle down;

He shall unbolt the gates.

*Tro.* Trouble him not;  
To bed, to bed: sleep kill those pretty eyes,  
And give as soft attachment<sup>1</sup> to thy senses  
As infants' empty of all thought!

*Cres.* Good morrow, then.

*Tro.* I prithee now, to bed.

*Cres.* Are you a-weary of me?

*Tro.* O Cressida! but that the busy day,  
Wak'd by the lark, hath rous'd the ribald<sup>2</sup> crows,  
And dreaming night will hide our joys no  
longer, 10

I would not from thee.

*Cres.* Night hath been too brief.

*Tro.* Beshrew the witch! with venomous  
wights she stays

Astidiously as hell; but flies the grasps of love  
With wings more momentary-swift than  
thought.

You will catch cold, and curse me.

*Cres.* Prithee, tarry;—

You men will never tarry.—

[O foolish Cressid!—I might have still held off,

And then you would have tarried.]—Hark!  
there's one up.

*Pan.* [Within] What, 's all the doors open  
here?

*Tro.* It is your uncle. 20

*Cres.* A pestilence on him! now will he be  
mocking:

I shall have such a life!<sup>3</sup>

*Enter PANDARUS.*

[*Pan.* How now, how now! how go maiden-  
heads?—Here, you maid! where's my cousin  
Cressid?

*Cres.* Go hang yourself, you naughty mock-  
ing uncle!

You bring me to do—and then you flout me too.

*Pan.* To do what? to do what?—let her say  
what:—what have I brought you to do?

*Cres.* Come, come, beshrew your heart!  
you'll ne'er be good, 30

Nor suffer others.

*Pan.* Ha, ha! Alas, poor wretch! a poor  
capocchio!<sup>4</sup> hast not slept to-night? would he  
not—a naughty man—let it sleep? a bugbear  
take him!

*Cres.* Did I not tell you?—would he were  
knock'd i' th' head!—] [Knocking within.

Who's that at door? good uncle, go and see.—

My lord, come you again into my chamber:  
[You smile and mock me, as if I meant

naughtily.

*Tro.* Ha, ha! 30

*Cres.* Come, you're deceiv'd, I think of no  
such thing.— [Knocking within.

How earnestly they knock!—Pray you, come  
in:]

I would not for half Troy have you seen here.

[Exeunt Troilus and Cressida.

*Pan.* [Going to the door] Who's there?  
what's the matter? will you beat down the  
door? How now! what's the matter?

*Enter ÆNEAS.*

*Æne.* Good morrow, lord, good morrow.

*Pan.* Who's there? my Lord Æneas! By  
my troth,

I knew you not: what news with you so early?

<sup>3</sup> Such a life; in the modern cant phrase "such a time  
of it."

<sup>4</sup> Capocchio, a fool; used coaxingly.

<sup>1</sup> Attachment, arrest.

<sup>2</sup> Ribald, perhaps with the idea of "noisiness."

*Æne.* Is not Prince Troilus here?

*Pan.* Here! what should he do here? 60

*Æne.* Come, he is here, my lord; do not deny him;

It doth import<sup>1</sup> him much to speak with me.

*Pan.* Is he here, say you? 't is more than I know, I'll be sworn:—for my own part, I came in late. What should he do here?

*Æne.* Who!—nay, then:—come, come, you'll do him wrong ere you're ware: you'll be so true to him to be false to him: do not you know of him, but yet go fetch him hither; go.

*As Pandarus is going out, re-enter TROILUS.*

*Tro.* How now! what's the matter? 60

*Æne.* My lord, I scarce have leisure to salute you,

My matter is so rash: there is at hand Paris your brother, and Deiphobus, The Grecian Diomed, and our Antenor Deliver'd to us; and for him forthwith, Ere the first sacrifice, within this hour, We must give up to Diomedes' hand The lady Cressida.

*Tro.* Is it so concluded?<sup>2</sup>

*Æne.* By Priam and the general state of Troy: They are at hand, and ready to effect it. 70

*Tro.* How my achievements mock me!—I will go meet them: and, my Lord Æneas, Wemet by chance; you did not find me here.

*Æne.* Good, good, my lord; the secrets<sup>3</sup> of nature

Have not more gift in taciturnity.

[*Exeunt Troilus and Æneas.*]

*Pan.* Is't possible? no sooner got but lost? The devil take Antenor! the young prince will go mad: a plague upon Antenor! I would they had broke's neck! 80

*Enter CRESSIDA.*

*Cres.* How now! what's the matter? who was here?

*Pan.* Ah, ah!

*Cres.* Why sigh you so profoundly? where's my lord? gone! Tell me, sweet uncle, what's the matter?

*Pan.* Would I were as deep under the earth as I am above!

*Cres.* O the gods!—what's the matter?

*Pan.* Prithce, get thee in: would thou hadst ne'er been born! I knew thou wouldst be his death:—O, poor gentleman!—A plague upon Antenor!

*Cres.* Good uncle, I beseech you, on my knees I beseech you, what's the matter?

*Pan.* Thou must be gone, wench, thou must be gone; thou art chang'd for Antenor: thou must to thy father, and be gone from Troilus: 't will be his death; 't will be his bane; he cannot bear it.

*Cres.* O you immortal gods!—I will not go.

*Pan.* Thou must. 101

*Cres.* I will not, uncle: I've forgot my father;

I know no touch of consanguinity;

No kin, no love, no blood, no soul so near me As the sweet Troilus.—O you gods divine, Make Cressid's name the very crown of falsehood,

If ever she leave Troilus! Time, force, and death,

Do to this body what extremes you can; But the strong base and building of my love Is as the very centre of the earth, 110

Drawing all things to't.—I'll go in and weep, —

*Pan.* Do, do.

*Cres.* To my bright hair, and scratch my praised cheeks;

Crack my clear voice with sobs, and break my heart

With sounding "Troilus." I will not go from Troilus. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *Street in Troy near Pandarus' house.*

*Enter PARIS, TROILUS, ÆNEAS, DEIPHOBUS, ANTEHOR, and DIOMEDES.*

*Par.* It is great morning; and the hour pre-fix'd

Of her delivery to this valiant Greek Comes fast upon:—good my brother Troilus, Tell you the lady what she is to do, And haste her to the purpose.

*Tro.* Walk into her house; I'll bring her to the Grecian presently: And to his hand when I deliver her, Think it an altar, and thy brother Troilus

<sup>1</sup> *Doth import*, i.e. is of importance.

<sup>2</sup> *Concluded*, arranged. <sup>3</sup> *Secrets*, a trisyllable.

A priest, there offering to it his own heart.  
[Exit.  
Par. I know what 't is to love; 10  
And would, as I shall pity, I could help!—  
Please you walk in, my lords. [Exeunt.

SCENE IV. A room in Pandarus' house.  
Enter PANDARUS and CRESSIDA.  
Pan. Be moderate, be moderate.  
Cres. Why tell you me of moderation?



Cres. And is it true that I must go from Troy?—(Act iv. 4. 32.)

The grief is fine, full, perfect, that I taste,  
And violenteth in a sense as strong  
As that which causeth it: how can I moderate it?  
If I could temporize with my affection,  
Or brew it to a weak and colder palate,  
The like allayment could I give my grief:  
My love admits no qualifying dross;  
No more my grief, in such a precious<sup>1</sup> loss.  
Pan. Here, here, here he comes. 11

Enter TROILUS.

Ah, sweet ducks!  
Cres. O Troilus! Troilus! [Embracing him.  
Pan. What a pair of spectacles is here!

Let me embrace too. "O heart," as the goodly  
saying is,  
"—— O heart, O heavy heart,  
Why sigh'st thou without breaking?"  
where he answers again,  
"Because thou canst not ease thy smart  
By friendship nor by speaking." 21  
There was never a truer rhyme. Let us cast  
away nothing, for we may live to have need  
of such a verse: we see it, we see it.—How  
now, lambs?  
Tro. Cressid, I love thee in so strain'd a  
purity,  
That the bless'd gods, as angry with my fancy,  
More bright in zeal than the devotion which

<sup>1</sup> Precious, i.e. which touches me so closely.

Cold lips blow to their deities, take thee from me.

*Cres.* Have the gods envy? 80

*Pan.* Ay, ay, ay, ay; 't is too plain a case.

*Cres.* And is it true that I must go from Troy?

*Tro.* A hateful truth.

*Cres.* What, and from Troilus too?

*Tro.* From Troy and Troilus.

*Cres.* Is it possible?

*Tro.* And suddenly; [where injury of chance<sup>1</sup>

Puts back leave-taking, justles roughly by

All time of pause, rudely 'beguiles our lips

Of all rejoindure, forcibly prevents 88

Our lock'd embrasures,<sup>2</sup> strangles our dear vows

Even in the birth of our own labouring breath:]

We two, that with so many thousand sighs

Did buy each other, must poorly sell ourselves

With the rude brevity and discharge of one.

Injurious time now, with a robber's haste,

Crams his rich thievery up, he knows not how:

As many farewells as be stars in heaven,

[With distinct breath and consign'd<sup>3</sup> kisses to them,]

He fumbles up into a loose adieu;

And scants us with a single famish'd kiss,

Distasted with the salt of broken tears 90

*Æne.* [Within] My lord, is the lady ready?

*Tro.* Hark! you are call'd: some say the Genius so

Cries "Come!" to him that instantly must die.—

Bid them have patience; she shall come anon.

*Pan.* Where are my tears? rain, to lay this wind, or my heart will be blown up by the root. [Exit.

*Cres.* I must, then, to the Grecians?

*Tro.* No remedy.

*Cres.* A woful Cressid 'mongst the merry Greeks!

When shall we see again?<sup>4</sup>

*Tro.* Hear me, my love: be thou but true of heart,— 90

*Cres.* I true! how now! what wicked deem<sup>5</sup> is this?

*Tro.* Nay, we must use expostulation kindly, For it is parting from us:

[I speak not "be thou true," as fearing thee;

For I will throw my glove to Death himself, That there's no maculation<sup>6</sup> in thy heart:

But "be thou true," say I, to fashion in

My sequent protestation:] be thou true,

And I will see thee.

*Cres.* O, you shall be expos'd, my lord, to dangers 90

As infinite as imminent! but I'll be true.

*Tro.* And I'll go friend with danger. Wear this sleeve.

*Cres.* And you this glove. When shall I see you?

*Tro.* I will corrupt the Grecian sentinels, To give thee nightly visitation.

But yet, be true.

*Cres.* O heavens!—"be true" again!

*Tro.* Hear why I speak it, love:

The Grecian youths are full of quality;

They're loving, well compos'd with gifts of nature,

And flowing o'er with arts and exercise: 80

How novelty may move, and parts with person, Alas, a kind of godly jealousy—

Which, I beseech you, call a virtuous sin— Makes me afraid.

*Cres.* O heavens! you love me not.

*Tro.* Die I a villain, then!

In this I do not call your faith in question

So mainly as my merit: I cannot sing,

Nor heel the high lavolt,<sup>7</sup> nor sweeten talk,

Nor play at subtle games; fair virtues all,

To which the Grecians are most prompt and pregnant:<sup>8</sup> 90

But I can tell, that in each grace of these There lurks a still and dumb-discursive devil That tempts most cunningly: but be not tempted.

*Cres.* Do you think I will?

*Tro.* No.

But something may be done that we will not: And sometimes we are devils to ourselves,

[When we will tempt the frailty of our powers, Presuming on their changeable potency.]

*Æne.* [Within] Nay, good my lord,—

*Tro.* Come, kiss; and let us part. 100

*Par.* [Within] Brother Troilus!

*Tro.* Good brother, come you hither; And bring Æneas with the Grecian with you.

<sup>1</sup> Injury of chance, unkindness of fate.

<sup>2</sup> Embrasures, embraces. <sup>3</sup> Consign'd, sealed.

<sup>4</sup> See again, i.e. see each other.

<sup>5</sup> Deem, surmise; obsolete word.

<sup>6</sup> Maculation, flaw, spot (macula).

<sup>7</sup> Lavolt, a kind of dance.

<sup>8</sup> Pregnant, ready.



*Cress.* My lord, will you be true? 103  
*Tro.* Who, I? alas, it is my vice, my fault:  
 [While others fish with craft for great opinion,  
 I with great truth catch mere simplicity;  
 Whilst some with cunning gild their copper  
 crowns,  
 With truth and plainness I do wear mine bare.]  
 Fear not my truth: the moral<sup>1</sup> of my wit  
 Is "plain and true;" there's all the reach of it.

*Enter AENEAS, PARIS, ANTEOR, DEIPHOBUS,  
 and DIOMEDES.*

Welcome, Sir Diomed! here is the lady  
 Which for Antenor we deliver you: 112  
 [At the port, lord, I'll give her to thy hand;  
 And by the way possess<sup>2</sup> thee what she is.]  
 Entreat her fair; and, by my soul, fair Greek,  
 If e'er thou stand at mercy of my sword,  
 Name Cressid, and thy life shall be as safe  
 As Priam's is in Ilium.

*Dio.* Fair Lady Cressid,  
 So please you, save the thanks this prince ex-  
 pects: 119  
 The lustre in your eye, heaven in your cheek,  
 Pleads your fair usage; and to Diomed  
 You shall be mistress, and command him wholly.

*Tro.* Grecian, thou dost not use me cour-  
 teously,  
 To shame the zeal of my petition to thee  
 In praising her: I tell thee, lord of Greece,  
 She is as far high-soaring o'er thy praises  
 As thou unworthy to be call'd her servant.  
 I charge thee use her well, even for my charge;  
 For, by the dreadful Pluto, if thou dost not,  
 Though the great bulk Achilles be thy guard,  
 I'll cut thy throat.

*Dio.* O, be not mov'd, Prince Troilus:  
 Let me be privileg'd by my place and message  
 To be a speaker free; [when I am hence,  
 I'll answer to my lust:] and know you, lord,  
 I'll nothing do on charge: to her own worth  
 She shall be priz'd; but that you say, "Be't so,"  
 I'll speak it in my spirit and honour, "No."

*Tro.* Come, to the port.—I'll tell thee, Diomed,  
 This brave<sup>3</sup> shall oft make thee to hide thy  
 head.—

Lady, give me your hand; and, as we walk,

To our own selves bend we our needful talk.  
*[Exit Troilus, Cressid, and Diomedes.  
 Trumpet within.]*

*Par.* Hektor's trumpet  
*Ane.* How have we spent this morning?  
 The prince must think me tardy at this miss,  
 That swore to ride before him to the field.

*Par.* 'Tis Troilus' fault: come, come, to field  
 with him.

*Dei.* Let us make ready straight.  
*Ane.* Yea, with a bridegroom's fresh alacrity.  
 Let us address<sup>4</sup> to tend on Hector's heels:  
 The glory of our Troy doth this day lie  
 On his fair worth and single chivalry. 120  
*[Exeunt.]*

SCENE V. A plain between Troy and  
 the Grecian camp.

*Enter AJAX, armed; AGAMEMNON, ACHILLES,  
 PATROCLUS, MENELAUS, ULYSSES, NESTOR,  
 and others.*

*Agam.* Here art thou in appointment<sup>5</sup> fresh  
 and fair,  
 Anticipating time with starting courage.  
 Give with thy trumpet a loud note to Troy,  
 Thou dreadful Ajax; that th' appalled air  
 May pierce the head of the great combatant,  
 And hale him hither.

*Ajax.* Thou, trumpet, there's my purse.  
 Now crack thy lungs, and split thy brazen pipe:  
 Blow, villain, till thy spher'd bias<sup>6</sup> cheek  
 Outswell the colic of puff'd Aquilon:  
 Come, stretch thy chest, and let thy eyes spout  
 blood; 10

Thou blow'st for Hector. *[Trumpet sounds.]*  
*Ulyss.* No trumpet answers.

*Achil.* 'Tis but early days.  
*Agam.* Is not yond Diomed, with Calchas'  
 daughter?

*Ulyss.* 'Tis he, I ken the manner of his gait;  
 He rises on the toe: that spirit of his  
 In aspiration lifts him from the earth.

*Enter DIOMEDES with CRESSIDA.*

*Agam.* Is this the Lady Cressid?  
*Dio.* Even she.

<sup>1</sup> Moral = meaning (almost).

<sup>2</sup> Possess, inform.

<sup>3</sup> Brave, boast, bravado.

<sup>4</sup> Address, make ready.

<sup>5</sup> Appointment, equipment.

<sup>6</sup> Bias, swollen, convex.

*Agam.* Most dearly welcome to the Greeks,  
sweet lady. [*Kisses her.*]

*Nest.* Our general doth salute you with a  
kiss. 10

*Ulyss.* [*Yet is the kindness but particular;*<sup>1</sup>  
'T were better she were kiss'd in general.

*Nest.* And very courtly counsel: I'll begin. —  
[*Kisses her.*]

So much for Nestor.

*Achil.* I'll take that winter from your lips,  
fair lady: [*Kisses her.*]

*Achilles* bids you welcome.

*Men.* I had good argument for kissing once.

*Patr.* But that's no argument for kissing  
now;

For thus popp'd Paris in his hardiment,  
And parted thus you and your argument.

[*Kisses her.*]

*Ulyss.* O deadly gall, and theme of all our  
scorns! 30

For which we lose our heads to gild his horns.

*Patr.* The first was Menelaus' kiss;—this,  
mine: [*Kisses her again.*]

*Patroclus* kisses you.

*Men.* O, this is trim!

*Patr.* Paris and I kiss evermore for him.

*Men.* I'll have my kiss, sir.—Lady, by your  
leave.

*Cres.* In kissing, do you render or receive?

*Men.* Both take and give.

*Cres.* I'll make my match to live,

The kiss you take is better than you give;  
Therefore no kiss.

*Men.* I'll give you boot, I'll give you three  
for one. 40

*Cres.* You're an odd man; give even, or  
give none.

*Men.* An odd man, lady! every man is odd.

*Cres.* No, Paris is not; for you know 'tis true  
That you are odd, and he is even with you.

*Men.* You fillip<sup>2</sup> me o' the head.

*Cres.* No, I'll be sworn.

*Ulyss.* It were no match, your nail 'gainst  
his horn.—]

May I, sweet lady, beg a kiss of you?

*Cres.* You may.

*Ulyss.* I do desire 't.

*Cres.* Why, beg then, d—

*Ulyss.* Why, then, for Venus' sake, give me  
a kiss,

When Helen is a maid again, and his. 50  
[*Pointing to Menelaus.*]

*Cres.* I am your debtor, claim it when 'tis  
due.

*Ulyss.* Never's my day, and then a kiss of  
you.

*Dio.* Lady, a word!—I'll bring you to your  
father. [*Exit with Cressida.*]

*Nest.* A woman of quick sense.

*Ulyss.* Fie, fie upon her!

There's language in her eye, her cheek, her lip,  
Nay, her foot speaks; her wanton spirits look  
out

At every joint and motive<sup>3</sup> of her body.

O, these encounterers, so glib of tongue,  
That give accounting welcome ere it comes,

And wide unclasp the tables of their thoughts  
To every ticklish reader! set them down 61

For sluttish spoils of opportunity

And daughters of the game. [*Trumpet within.*]

*All.* The Trojans' trumpet.

*Agam.* Yonder comes the troop.

*Enter HECTOR, armed, with Attendants; and*  
*ÆNEAS, TROILUS, and other Trojans, who*  
*remain at back of scene.*

*Æne.* Hail, all you state of Greece! [what  
shall be done

To him that victory commands? or do you  
purpose

A victor shall be known?]<sup>4</sup> will you, the knights  
Shall to the edge of all extremity

Pursue each other; or shall they be divided<sup>4</sup>  
By any voice or order of the field? 70

*Hector* bade ask.

*Agam.* Which way would Hector have it?

*Æne.* He cares not; he'll obey conditions.

*Achil.* 'T is done like Hector; but securely  
done,

A little proudly, and great deal misprising<sup>5</sup>  
The knight oppos'd.

*Æne.* If not Achilles, sir,

What is your name?

*Achil.* If not Achilles, nothing.

<sup>1</sup> *Particular*, individual, not shared by all

<sup>2</sup> *Fillip* properly means to strike with the finger-nail;  
another form of *flip*.

<sup>3</sup> *Motive*, instrument or motive limb.

<sup>4</sup> *Divided*, i.e. parted.

<sup>5</sup> *Misprising*, undervaluing.

*Ene.* Therefore Achilles; but whate'er,  
 know this:—  
 In the extremity of great and little,  
 Valour and pride excel themselves in Hector;  
 The one almost as infinite as all, 80  
 The other blank as nothing. Weigh him well,  
 And that which looks like pride is courtesy.

This Ajax is half made of Hector's blood: 83  
 In love whereof half Hector stays at home;  
 [Half heart, half hand, half Hector comes to seek  
 This blended knight, half Trojan and half  
 Greek.]  
*Achil.* A maiden battle, then?—O, I per-  
 ceive you.



*Hec.* Why, then will I no more:—  
 Thou art, great lord, my father's sister's son.—(Act iv. 5. 110, 120.)

*Re-enter DIOMEDES.*

*Agam.* Here is Sir Diomed.—Go, gentle  
 knight,  
 Stand by our Ajax: as you and Lord Æneas  
 Consent upon the order of their fight, 90  
 So be it; either to the uttermost,  
 Or else a breath: the combatants being kin  
 Half stints their strife before their strokes  
 begin. [*Ajax and Hector prepare to fight.*  
*Ulys.* They are oppos'd already.  
*Agam.* What Trojan is that same that looks  
 so heavy?  
*Ulys.* The youngest son of Priam, a true  
 knight;  
 Not yet mature, yet matchless: firm of word;  
 Speaking in deeds, and deedless in his tongue;  
 Not soon provok'd, nor being provok'd soon  
 calm'd: 99

His heart and hand both open and both free;  
 For what he has he gives, what thinks he  
 shows; 101  
 Yet gives he not till judgment guide his bounty,  
 Nor dignifies an impure thought with breath:  
 Manly as Hector, but more dangerous;  
 For Hector, in his blaze of wrath, subscribes  
 To tender objects; but he, in heat of action,  
 Is more vindictive<sup>1</sup> than jealous love:  
 They call him Troilus; and on him erect  
 A second hope, as fairly built as Hector.  
 [Thus says Æneas; one that knows the youth;  
 Even to his inches,<sup>2</sup> and with private soul  
 Did in great Ilium thus translate him to me.]  
 [Alarum. Hector and Ajax fight.  
*Agam.* They are in action. 112

<sup>1</sup> *Vindicative*, original form of *vindictive*.

<sup>2</sup> *Even to his inches*, i.e. minutely, thoroughly.

*Nest.* Now, Ajax, hold thine own!  
*Tro.* Hector, thou sleep'st;  
 Awake thee!  
*Agam.* His blows are well dispos'd:—there,  
 Ajax!  
*Dio.* You must no more. [*Trumpets cease.*]  
*Æne.* Princes, enough, so please you.  
*Ajax.* I am not warm yet; let us fight again.  
*Dio.* As Hector pleases.  
*Hect.* Why, then will I no more:—  
 Thou art, great lord, my father's sister's son,  
 A cousin-german to great Priam's seed;  
 The obligation of our blood forbids 122  
 A gory emulation 'twixt us twain:  
 [Were thy commixtion Greek and Trojan so  
 That thou couldst say, "This hand is Grecian all,  
 And this is Trojan; the sinews of this leg  
 All Greek, and this all Troy; my mother's blood  
 Runs on the dexter<sup>1</sup> cheek, and this sinister<sup>2</sup>  
 Bounds in my father's;" by Jove multipotent,  
 Thou shouldst not bear from me a Greekish  
 member 130  
 Wherein my sword had not impressure made  
 Of our rank feud: but the just gods gainsay  
 That any drop thou borrow'dst from thy mother,  
 My sacred aunt, should by my mortal sword  
 Be drained! ] Let me embrace thee, Ajax:  
 By him that thunders, thou hast lusty arms;  
 Hector would have them fall upon him thus:  
 Cousin, all honour to thee!  
*Ajax.* I thank thee, Hector:  
 Thou art too gentle and too free a man:  
 I came to kill thee, cousin, and bear hence  
 A great addition earned in thy death. 141  
 [Hect. Not Neoptolemus so mirable<sup>3</sup>—  
 On whose bright crest Fame with her loud'st  
 oyes  
 Cries "This is he!"—could promise to himself  
 A thought of added honour torn from Hector.]  
*Æne.* There is expectance here from both  
 the sides,  
 What further you will do.  
*Hect.* We'll answer it;<sup>4</sup>  
 The issue is embracement:—Ajax, farewell.  
*Ajax.* If I might in entreaties find success—  
 As seld<sup>5</sup> I have the chance—I would desire  
 My famous cousin to our Grecian tents. 151

<sup>1</sup> Dexter, right.<sup>3</sup> Mirable, to be wondered at.<sup>4</sup> It, i.e. the expectance.<sup>2</sup> Sinister, left.<sup>5</sup> Seld, seldom.

*Dio.* 'Tis Agamemnon's wish; and great  
 Achilles 152  
 Doth long to see unarm'd the valiant Hector.  
*Hect.* Æneas, call my brother Troilus to me:  
 And signify this loving interview  
 To the expecters of our Trojan part;  
 Desire them home. [*Æneas goes to Troilus and  
 other Trojans at back*—Give me thy hand,  
 my cousin [*to Ajax*];  
 I will go eat with thee, and see your knights.  
*Ajax.* Great Agamemnon comes to meet us  
 here.  
*Hect.* The worthiest of them tell me name  
 by name; 160  
 [But for Achilles, mine own searching eyes  
 Shall find him by his large and portly size.]  
*Agam.* Worthy of arms! as welcome as to one  
 That would be rid of such an enemy;  
 [But that's nowelcome: understand more clear,  
 What's past and what's to come is strew'd  
 with husks  
 And formless ruin of oblivion;  
 But in this extant<sup>6</sup> moment, faith and troth,  
 Strain'd purely from all hollow bias-drawing,<sup>7</sup>  
 Bids thee, with most divine integrity, ] 170  
 From heart of very heart, great Hector, wel-  
 come.  
*Hect.* I thank thee, most imperious Aga-  
 memnon. [*Æneas and Troilus advance.*]  
*Agam.* [*To Troilus*] My well-fam'd lord of  
 Troy, no less to you.  
 [Men. Let me confirm my princely brother's  
 greeting;—  
 You brace of warlike brothers, welcome hither.  
*Hect.* Who must we answer?  
*Æne.* The noble Menelaus.  
*Hect.* O, you, my lord? by Mars his gauntlet,  
 thanks!  
 Mock not, that I affect th' untraded<sup>8</sup> oath;  
 Your quondam wife swears still by Venus'  
 glove:  
 She's well, but bade me not commend her to  
 you. 180  
*Men.* Name her not now, sir; she's a deadly  
 theme.  
*Hect.* O, pardon; I offend.]  
*Nest.* [*To Hector*] I have, thou gallant Tro-  
 jan, seen thee oft,

<sup>6</sup> Extant = present.<sup>7</sup> Bias-drawing, turning awry.<sup>8</sup> Untraded, out of the beaten path, uncommon.

Labouring for destiny, make cruel way 184  
Through ranks of Greekish youth; and I have  
seen thee,

[As hot as Perseus, spur the Phrygian steed,  
Despising<sup>1</sup> many forfeits<sup>2</sup> and subduements,<sup>3</sup>]  
When thou hast hung thy advanced sword  
i' th' air,

Not letting it decline on the declin'd;  
That I have said to some my standers-by, 190  
"Lo, Jupiter is yonder, dealing life!"

[And I have seen thee pause and take thy  
breath,

When that a ring of Greeks have hemm'd  
thee in,

Like an Olympian wrestling: this have I seen;  
But this thy countenance, still<sup>4</sup> lock'd in steel,  
I never saw till now.] I knew thy grandsire,<sup>6</sup>  
And once fought with him: he was a soldier  
good;

But, by great Mars, the captain of us all,  
Never like thee. Let an old man embrace thee;  
And, worthy warrior, welcome to our tents.

*Æne.* 'Tis the old Nestor. 201

*Hect.* Let me embrace thee, good old chron-  
icle,

That hast so long walk'd hand in hand with  
time:—

Most reverend Nestor, I am glad to clasp thee.

*Nest.* I would my arms could match thee in  
contention,

As they contend with thee in courtesy.

*Hect.* I would they could.

*Nest.* Ha!

By this white beard, I'd fight with thee to-  
morrow:—

Well, welcome, welcome!—I have seen the  
time— 210

*Ulyss.* [Interrupting] I wonder now how  
yonder city stands

When we have here her base and pillar by us.

*Hect.* I know your favour, Lord Ulysses, well.

Ah, sir, there's many a Greek and Trojan dead,

Since first I saw yourself and Diomed

In Ilion, on your Greekish embassy.

*Ulyss.* Sir, I foretold you then what would  
ensue:

My prophecy is but<sup>6</sup> half his journey yet;  
For yonder walls, that pertly front your town,  
Yond towers, whose wanton tops do buss<sup>7</sup> the  
clouds, 220

Must kiss their own feet.

*Hect.* I must not believe you:  
There they stand yet; and modestly I think,  
The fall of every Phrygian stone will cost  
A drop of Grecian blood: the end crowns all;  
And that old common arbitrator, Time,  
Will one day end it.

*Ulyss.* So to him we leave it.  
[Most gentle and most valiant Hector, wel-  
come:

After the general, I beseech you next  
To feast with me, and see me at my tent.

*Achil.* [I shall forestall thee, Lord Ulysses,  
thou!—] 230

Now, Hector, I have fed mine eyes on thee;  
[I have with exact view perus'd thee, Hector,]  
And quoted<sup>8</sup> joint by joint.

*Hect.* Is this Achilles?

*Achil.* I am Achilles.

*Hect.* Stand fair, I pray thee: let me look  
on thee.

*Achil.* Behold thy fill.

*Hect.* Nay, I have done already.

*Achil.* Thou art too brief: I will the second time,  
As I would buy thee, view thee limb by limb.

*Hect.* [O, like a book of sport thou'lt read  
me o'er;

But there's more in me than thou under-  
stand'st.] 240

Why dost thou so oppress me with thine eye?

*Achil.* Tell me, you heavens, in which part  
of his body

Shall I destroy him? whether there, [or there,]  
or there?

[That I may give the local wound a name,  
And make distinct the very breach whereout  
Hector's great spirit flew:] answer me, heavens!

*Hect.* It would discredit the bless'd gods,  
proud man,

To answer such a question: stand again:  
Think'st thou to catch my life so pleasantly  
As to prenominate<sup>9</sup> in nice conjecture 250  
Where thou wilt hit me dead?

<sup>1</sup> Despising—not availing yourself of.

<sup>2</sup> Forfeits, i.e. lives forfeited in battle.

<sup>3</sup> Subduements, victories.

<sup>4</sup> Still, always.

<sup>6</sup> Grandsire, i.e. Laomedon

<sup>6</sup> Is but, has travelled but.

<sup>7</sup> Buss, kiss.

<sup>8</sup> Quoted, observed.

<sup>9</sup> Prenominate, say beforehand.

*Achil.*

I tell thee, yea.

*Hect.* Wert thou an oracle to tell me so,  
I'd not believe thee. Henceforth guard thee  
well; 253

For I'll not kill thee there, nor there, nor  
there;

But, by the forge that stithied<sup>1</sup> Mars his helm,  
I'll kill thee every where, yea, o'er and o'er.—  
You wisest Grecians, pardon me this brag,  
His insolence draws folly from my lips;  
But I'll endeavour deeds to match these words,  
Or may I never—

*Ajax.*

Do not chafe thee, cousin:—

And you, Achilles, let these threats alone,  
Till accident or purpose bring you to't: 262  
You may have every day enough of Hector,  
If you have stomach; the general state, I fear,  
Can scarce entreat you to be odd with him.

*Hect.* I pray you, let us see you in the field:  
We have had pelting<sup>2</sup> wars, since you refus'd  
The Grecians' cause.

*Achil.*

Dost thou entreat me, Hector?

To-morrow do I meet thee, fell as death;  
To-night all friends.

*Hect.*

Thy hand upon that match.

*Agam.* First, all you peers of Greece, go to  
my tent; 271  
There in the full<sup>3</sup> convive<sup>4</sup> we: afterwards,

As Hector's leisure and your bounties shall  
Concur together, severally entreat<sup>5</sup> him.—  
Beat loud the tabourines, let the trumpets  
blow,

That this great soldier may his welcome know.

[*Exeunt all except Troilus and Ulysses.*]

*Tro.* My Lord Ulysses, tell me, I beseech you,  
In what place of the field doth Calchas keep?

*Ulyss.* At Menelaus' tent, most princely

Troilus: 279

There Diomed doth feast with him to-night;  
Who neither looks upon the heaven nor earth,  
But gives all gaze and bent of amorous view  
On the fair Cressid.

*Tro.* Shall I, sweet lord, be bound to you  
so much,

After we part from Agamemnon's tent,  
To bring me thither?

*Ulyss.*

You shall command me, sir.

As gentle<sup>6</sup> tell me, of what honour was  
This Cressida in Troy? Had she no lover there  
That waits her absence?

*Tro.* O sir, to such as boasting show their  
scars 290

A mock is due. Will you walk on, my lord?  
She was belov'd, she lov'd; she is, and doth:  
But still sweet love is food for fortune's tooth.

[*Exeunt.*]

## ACT V.

SCENE I. *The Grecian camp. Before Achilles' tent.*

*Enter* ACHILLES and PATROCLUS.

*Achil.* I'll heat his blood with Greekish  
wine to-night,  
Which with myscimitar I'll cool to-morrow.—  
Patroclus, let us feast him to the height.

*Patr.* Here comes Thersites.

*Enter* THERSITES.

*Achil.* How now, thou core of envy!  
Thou crusty batch<sup>7</sup> of nature, what's the news?

<sup>1</sup> *Stithied*, forged.

<sup>2</sup> *Pelting*=paltry.

<sup>3</sup> *In the full*, i.e. all together.

<sup>4</sup> *Convive*, feast.

<sup>5</sup> *Entreat*, entertain.

<sup>6</sup> *As gentle*=as kindly tell me.

<sup>7</sup> *Batch*=baked bread.

*Ther.* Why, thou picture of what thou  
seemest, and idol of idiot-worshippers, here's  
a letter for thee. [*Gives letter.*]

*Achil.* From whence, fragment? 9

*Ther.* Why, thou full dish of fool, from Troy.

*Patr.* Who keeps the tent<sup>8</sup> now?

*Ther.* The surgeon's box, or the patient's  
wound.

*Patr.* Well said, adversity! and what need  
these tricks?

*Ther.* Prithee, be silent, boy; I profit not  
by thy talk: [thou art thought to be Achilles']  
male varlet.

*Patr.* Male varlet, you rogue! what's that?

*Ther.* Why, his masculine whore. Now, the

<sup>8</sup> *Tent*: Thersites quibbles upon its surgical meaning.

bounties shall  
treat<sup>6</sup> him.—  
et the trumpets

is welcome know.  
*Patroclus and Ulysses.*  
me, I beseech you,  
th Calchas keep?  
t, most princely

h him to-night;  
heaven nor earth,  
of amorous view

be bound to you  
mon's tent,

command me, sir.  
honour was  
she no lover there

sting show their  
talk on, my lord?  
he is, and doth:  
or fortune's tooth.  
[*Exeunt.*

e of what thou  
orshippers, here's  
[*Gives letter.*  
ment?  
f fool, from Troy.  
now?

or the patient's  
y! and what need

boy; I profit not  
ght to be Achilles'  
gue! what's that?  
whore. Now, the

its surgical meaning.

rotten diseases of the south, the guts-griping,  
ruptures, catarrhs, loads o' gravel i' the back,  
lethargies, cold palsies, raw eyes, dirt-rotten  
livers, wheezing lungs, bladders full of impos-  
thume, sciaticas, limekilns i' the palm, incur-  
able bone-ache, and the rivelled<sup>1</sup> fee-simple of  
the tetter, take and take again such prepos-  
terous discoveries!<sup>2</sup>

*Patr.* Why, thou damnable box of envy,  
thou, what meanest thou to curse thus?

*Ther.* Do I curse thee?

*Patr.* Why, no, you ruinous butt; you  
whoreson indistinguishable cur, no.

*Ther.* No! why art thou, then, exasperate,]  
thou idle immaterial<sup>3</sup> skein of sleeve-silk, thou  
green sarcenet flap for a sore eye, thou tassel  
of a prodigal's purse, thou? Ah, how the poor  
world is pester'd with such waterflies,—dim-  
inutives of nature!

*Patr.* Out, gall!

*Ther.* Finch-egg!

*Achil.* My sweet Patroclus, I am thwarted  
quite

From my great purpose in to-morrow's battle.  
Here is a letter from Queen Hecuba;  
A token from her daughter, my fair love;  
Both taxing<sup>4</sup> me and gaging me to keep  
An oath that I have sworn. I will not break it:  
Fall Greeks; fail fame; honour or go or stay;  
My major vow lies here, this I'll obey.—  
Come, come, Thersites, help to trim my tent;  
This night in banqueting must all be spent.—  
Away, Patroclus!

[*Exeunt Achilles and Patroclus into tent.*

*Ther.* With too much blood and too little  
brain, these two may ran mad; but, if with  
too much brain and too little blood they do,  
I'll be a curer of madmen. Here's Agamem-  
non,—an honest fellow enough, and one that  
loves quails; but he has not so much brain as  
ear-wax: and the goodly transformation of  
Jupiter there, his brother, the bull,—the primi-  
tive statue, and oblique memorial of cuckolds;  
a thrifty shoeing-horn<sup>5</sup> in a chain, hanging at  
his brother's leg,—to what form, but that he  
is, should wit larded with malice, and malice

<sup>1</sup> Rivelled, wrinkled. <sup>2</sup> Discoveries, monstrosities.  
<sup>3</sup> Immaterial, slight, worthless. <sup>4</sup> Taxing, blaming.  
<sup>5</sup> Shoeing-horn, one subservient as a tool or instrument  
to another.

forced<sup>6</sup> with wit, turn him to? To an ass,  
were nothing; he is both ass and ox: to an ox,  
were nothing; he is both ox and ass. To be a  
dog, a mule, a cat, a fitchew,<sup>7</sup> a toad, a lizard,  
an owl, a puttock, or a herring without a roe,  
I would not care;<sup>8</sup> but to be Menelaus!—I  
would conspire against destiny. Ask me not  
what I would be, if I were not Thersites; for  
I care not to be the louse of a lazar,<sup>9</sup> so I were  
not Menelaus.—Hoy-day!—spirits and fires!

*Enter HECTOR, TROILUS, AJAX, AGAMEMNON,  
ULYSSES, NESTOR, MENELAUS, and DIOMEDES,  
with lights.*

*Agam.* We go wrong, we go wrong.

*Ajax.* No, yonder 't is;  
There, where we see the lights.

*Hect.* I trouble you.

*Ajax.* No, not a whit.

*Ulyss.* Here comes himself to guide you.

*Re-enter ACHILLES from tent.*

*Achil.* Welcome, brave Hector; welcome,  
princes all.

*Agam.* So now, fair prince of Troy, I bid  
good night.

Ajax commands the guard to tend on you.

*Hect.* Thanks and good night to the Greeks'  
general.

[*Men.* Good night, my lord.

*Hect.* Good night, sweet Lord Menelaus.

*Ther.* Sweet draught: sweet, quoth a'! sweet  
sink, sweet sewer.]

*Achil.* Good night and welcome, both at  
once, to those

That go or tarry.

*Agam.* Good night.

[*Exeunt Agamemnon and Menelaus.*

*Achil.* Old Nestor tarries; and you too,  
Diomed,

Keep Hector company an hour or two.

*Dio.* I cannot, lord; I have important busi-  
ness,

The tide whereof is now.—Good night, great  
Hector.

*Hect.* Give me your hand.

<sup>6</sup> Forced, stuffed (Latin, *farcire*).

<sup>7</sup> Fitchew, polecat.

<sup>8</sup> Would not care, i.e. would not mind being.

<sup>9</sup> Lazar, a leper, outcast.



*Ulyss.* [*Aside to Troilus*] Follow his torch;  
he goes to Calchas' tent: 02

I'll keep you company.

*Tro.* [*Aside to Ulysses*] Sweet sir, you  
honour me.

*Hect.* And so, good night.

[*Exit Diomedes; Ulysses and Troilus  
following.*]

*Achil.* Come, come, enter my tent.

[*Exeunt Achilles, Hector, Ajax, and  
Nestor into tent.*]

*Ther.* That same Diomed's a false-hearted  
rogue, a most unjust knave; I will no more  
trust him when he leers than I will a serpent  
when he hisses: he will spend his mouth, and  
promise, like Brabblers the hound; but when  
he performs, astronomers foretell it; it is pro-  
digious, there will come some change; the sun  
borrows of the moon when Diomed keeps his  
word. I will rather leave to see Hector than  
not to dog him: they say he keeps a Trojan  
drab, and uses the traitor Calchas' tent: I'll  
after.—[*Nothing but lechery! all incontinent  
varlets!*] [*Exit.*]

SCENE II. *The same. Before Calchas' tent.*

*Enter DIOMEDES.*

*Dio.* What, are you up here, ho? speak.

*Cal.* [*Within*] Who calls?

*Dio.* Diomed.—Calchas, I think. Where's  
your daughter?

*Cal.* [*Within*] She comes to you.

*Enter TROILUS and ULYSSES, at some distance;  
after them THERSITES.*

*Ulyss.* Stand where the torch may not dis-  
cover us.

*Enter CRESSIDA from tent.*

*Tro.* Cressid comes forth to him.

*Dio.* How now, my charge!  
*Cres.* Now, my sweet guardian!—Hark, a  
word with you. [*Whispers.*]

*Tro.* Yea, so familiar!

*Ulyss.* She will sing any man at first sight.

[*Ther.* And any man may sing her, if he can  
take her cliff;<sup>1</sup> she's noted.] 11

*Dio.* Will you remember? 12

*Cres.* Remember! yes.

*Dio.* Nay, but do, then;

And let your mind be coupled with your words.

*Tro.* What should she remember?

*Ulyss.* List.

*Cres.* Sweet honey Greek, tempt me no more  
to folly. 19

*Ther.* Roguery!

*Dio.* Nay, then,—

*Cres.* I'll tell you what,—

*Dio.* Foh, foh! come, tell a pin: you are  
forsworn.

*Cres.* In faith, I cannot: what would you  
have me do?

[*Ther.* A juggling trick,—to be secretly  
open.]

*Dio.* What did you swear you would bestow  
on me?

*Cres.* I prithee, do not hold me to mine oath;  
Bid me do any thing but that, sweet Greek.

*Dio.* Good night.

*Tro.* Hold, patience!

*Ulyss.* How now, Trojan!

*Cres.* Diomed,— 30

*Dio.* No, no, good night: I'll be your fool  
no more.

*Tro.* Thy better<sup>2</sup> must.

*Cres.* Hark, one word in your ear.

*Tro.* O plague and madness!

*Ulyss.* You are mov'd, prince; let us depart,  
I pray you,

Lest your displeasure should enlarge<sup>3</sup> itself  
To wrathful terms: this place is dangerous;  
The time right deadly; I beseech you, go.

[*Tro.* Behold, I pray you!

*Ulyss.* Nay, good my lord, go off: 40

You flow to great distraction; come, my lord.]

*Tro.* I pray thee, stay.

*Ulyss.* You have not patience; come.]

*Tro.* I pray you, stay; by hell and all hell's  
torments,

I will not speak a word!

*Dio.* And so, good night.

*Cres.* Nay, but you part in anger.

*Tro.* Doth that grieve thee?

O wither'd truth!

*Ulyss.* Why, how now, lord!

<sup>1</sup> Cliff, i.e. clef; a term in music=key.

<sup>2</sup> Thy better, meaning himself. <sup>3</sup> Enlarge, vent itself.

with your words.  
umber?

empt me no more  
19

tell you what,—  
a pin: you are

what would you

—to be secretly

ou would bestow

me to mine oath;  
c, sweet Greek.

Diomed,— 30  
I'll be your fool

word in your ear.  
s!

ce; let us depart,

enlarge<sup>3</sup> itself  
is dangerous;  
eech you, go.

lord, go off: 40  
; come, my lord.

patience; come.];  
hell and all hell's

and so, good night.  
a anger.

that grieve thee?

now, lord!

Enlarge, vent itself.

*Tro.* By Jove,  
I will be patient.  
*Cres.* Guardian!—why, Greek!  
*Dio.* Foh, foh! adieu; you palter.<sup>1</sup>  
*Cres.* In faith, I do not: come hither once  
again.  
*Ulyss.* You shake, my lord, at something:  
will you go? 50  
You will break out.  
*Tro.* She strokes his cheek!

*Ulyss.* Come, come.  
*Tro.* Nay, stay; by Jove, I will not speak a  
word:  
There is between my will and all offences  
A guard of patience:—stay a little while.  
[*Ther.* How the devil luxury, with his fat  
rump and potato-finger, tickles these together!  
Fry, lechery, fry!]  
*Dio.* But will you, then? 58  
*Cres.* In faith, I will, la; never trust me else.



*Cres.* Sweet honey Greek, tempt me no more to folly.—(Act v. 2. 19.)

*Dio.* Give me some token for the surety of it.  
*Cres.* I'll fetch you one. [*Exit into tent.*]  
*Ulyss.* You have sworn patience.  
*Tro.* Fear me not, sweet lord;  
I will not be myself, nor have cognition  
Of what I feel: I am all patience.

*Re-enter CRESSIDA from tent.*

*Ther.* Now the pledge; now, now, now!  
*Cres.* Here, Diomed, keep this sleeve.  
[*Giving him the sleeve given her by Troilus.*]  
*Tro.* O beauty! where is thy faith?  
*Ulyss.* My lord,—  
*Tro.* I will be patient; outwardly I will.  
*Cres.* You look upon that sleeve; behold it  
well.—  
He lov'd me—O false wench!—Give't me  
again. 70

<sup>1</sup> *Palter*, trifle.

*Dio.* Whose was't? 71  
*Cres.* It is no matter, now I have't again.  
I will not meet with you to-morrow night:  
I prithee, Diomed, visit me no more.  
*Ther.* Now she sharpens:—well said, whet-  
stone!  
*Dio.* I shall have it.  
*Cres.* What, this?  
*Dio.* Ay, that.  
*Cres.* O all you gods!—O pretty, pretty pledge!  
Thy master now lies thinking in his bed  
Of thee and me; and sighs, and takes my  
glove,  
And gives memorial dainty kisses to it, 80  
As I kiss thee. [*Kissing the sleeve; Diomed  
snatches it from her.*] Nay, do not snatch  
it from me;  
He that takes that doth take my heart withal.  
*Dio.* I had your heart before, this follows it.  
*Tro.* I did swear patience.

*Cres.* You shall not have it, Diomed; faith,  
you shall not;  
I'll give you something else.  
*Dio.* I will have this: whose was it?  
*Cres.* 'Tis no matter.  
*Dio.* Come, tell me whose it was.  
*Cres.* 'T was one's that lov'd me better than  
you will. 89

But, now you have it, take it.  
*Dio.* Whose was it?  
*Cres.* By all Diana's waiting-women<sup>1</sup> yond,<sup>2</sup>  
And by herself, I will not tell you whose.

*Dio.* To-morrow will I wear it on my helm;  
And grieve his spirit that dares not challenge it.  
*Tro.* Wert thou the devil, and wor'st it on  
thy horn,  
It should be challeng'd.

*Cres.* Well, well, 't is done, 't is past;—and  
yet it is not;  
I will not keep my word.

*Dio.* Why, then, farewell;  
Thou never shalt mock Diomed again.

*Cres.* You shall not go:—one cannot speak  
a word, 100  
But it straight starts you.

*Dio.* I do not like this fooling.  
*Ther.* Nor I, by Pluto: but that that likes  
not you pleases me best.

*Dio.* What, shall I come? the hour?  
*Cres.* Ay, come:—O Jove!—do come:—I  
shall be plagu'd.

*Dio.* Farewell till then.  
*Cres.* Good night: I prithee, come.

[*Exit Diomedes.*]

Troilus, farewell! one eye yet looks on thee;  
But with my heart the other eye doth see.  
Ah, poor our sex!<sup>3</sup> this fault in us I find,  
The error of our eye directs our mind: 110  
[What error leads must err; O, then conclude  
Mind sway'd by eyes are full of turpitude.]

[*Exit.*]

[*Ther.* A proof of strength she could not  
publish more,  
Unless she said, "My mind is now turn'd  
whore."]

*Ulyss.* All's done, my lord.  
*Tro.* It is.

<sup>1</sup> Diana's waiting-women, i.e. the stars.

<sup>2</sup> Yond, yonder.

<sup>3</sup> Poor our sex, i.e. our poor sex.

*Ulyss.* Why stay we, then?  
*Tro.* To make a recordation to my soul  
Of every syllable that here was spoke.  
But [if I tell how these two did co-act,  
Shall I not lie in publishing a truth?  
Sith] yet there is a credence in my heart, 120  
[An esperance so obstinately strong,  
That doth invert th' attest of eyes and ears;  
[As if those organs had deceptive functions,  
Created only to calumniate.]

[*Pauses, overcome by emotion.*]

Was Cressid here?

*Ulyss.* I cannot conjure, Trojan.

*Tro.* She was not, sure.

*Ulyss.* Most sure she was.  
[*Tro.* Why, my negation hath no taste<sup>4</sup> of  
madness.

*Ulyss.* Nor mine, my lord: Cressid was  
here but now.] 128

*Tro.* Let it not be believ'd for womanhood!  
Think, we had mothers; do not give advantage  
To stubborn critics,—apt, without a theme,  
For depravation,—to square the general sex  
By Cressid's rule: rather think this not Cressid.

*Ulyss.* What hath she done, prince, that can  
soil our mothers?

*Tro.* Nothing at all, unless that this were she.

*Ther.* Will he swagger himself out on 's own  
eyes?<sup>5</sup>

*Tro.* This she? no, this is Diomed's Cressida:  
If beauty have a soul, this is not she;  
If souls guide vows, if vows be sanctimonies,  
If sanctimony be the gods' delight, 140  
If there be rule in unity itself,

This is not she. [O madness of discourse,  
That cause sets up with and against itself!  
Bi-fold authority! where reason can revolt  
Without perdition, and loss assume all reason  
Without revolt:] this is, and is not, Cressid!  
Within my soul there doth conduce a fight  
Of this strange nature, that a thing inseparate  
Divides more wider than the sky and earth;  
[And yet the spacious breadth of this division  
Admits no orifex<sup>6</sup> for a point, as subtle 151  
As Ariachne's broken woof, to enter.]  
Instance, O instance! strong as Pluto's gates;  
Cressid is mine, tied with the bonds of heaven:

<sup>4</sup> Taste, suggestion in it.

<sup>5</sup> Swagger himself, &c. = persuade himself he never saw

<sup>6</sup> Orifex, orifice.

Why stay we, then?  
 on to my soul  
 was spoke.  
 did co-act,  
 a truth?

in my heart, 139  
 strong, ]

eyes and ears;  
 ceptious functions,

come by emotion.

conjure, Trojan.

lost sure she was,  
 hath no taste<sup>1</sup> of

ard: Cressid was  
 138

for womanhood!  
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k this not Cressid.  
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Diomed's Cressida:  
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against itself!  
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conduce a fight  
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ROMAN AND GREEK

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Instance, O instance! strong as heaven itself;  
The bonds of heaven are slipp'd, dissolv'd, and  
loos'd; 166

And with another knot, five-finger-tied,  
The fractions of her faith, orts<sup>1</sup> of her love,  
The fragments, scraps, the bits, and greasy relics  
Of her o'er-eaten faith, are bound to Diomed.

*Ulys.* May worthy Troilus be but half  
attach'd 161

With that which here his passion doth express?

*Tro.* Ay, Greek; and that shall be divulged well  
In characters as red as Mars his heart  
Inflam'd with Venus: never did young man  
fancy<sup>2</sup>

With so eternal and so fix'd a soul.

Hark, Greek:—as much as I do Cressid love,  
So much by weight hate I her Diomed:

That sleeve is mine that he'll bear on his helm;  
Were it a casque compos'd by Vulcan's skill,  
My sword should bite it: not the dreadful  
spout, 171

Which shipmen do the hurricano call,  
Constring'd<sup>3</sup> in mass by the almighty sun,  
Shall dizzy with more clamour Neptune's ear  
In his descent than shall my prompted sword  
Falling on Diomed.

[*Ther.* He'll tickle it for his concupy.<sup>4</sup>]

*Tro.* O Cressid! O false Cressid! false, false,  
false!

Let all untruths stand by<sup>5</sup> thy stained name,  
And they'll seem glorious.

*Ulys.* O, contain yourself;  
Your passion draws ears hither. 181

*Enter ÆNEAS.*

*Æne.* I have been seeking you this hour,  
my lord:

Hector, by this, is arming him in Troy;  
Ajax, your guard, stays to conduct you home.

*Tro.* Have with you, prince.—My courteous  
lord, adieu.—

Farewell, revolted fair!—and, Diomed,  
Stand fast, and wear a castle on thy head!

*Ulys.* I'll bring you to the gates.

*Tro.* Accept distracted thanks. 189

[*Exeunt Troilus, Æneas, and Ulysses.*]

<sup>1</sup> Orts, leavings

<sup>2</sup> Fancy, love.

<sup>3</sup> Constring'd = compressed; an obvious Latinism.

<sup>4</sup> Concupy, concupiscence.

<sup>5</sup> Stand by, be compared with.

*Ther.* Would I could meet that rogue  
Diomed! I would croak like a raven; I would  
bode, I would bode. [*Patroclus will give me  
any thing for the intelligence of this whore:  
the parrot will not do more for an almond  
than he for a commodious drab.*] Lechery,  
lechery; still, wars and lechery; nothing else  
holds fashion; a burning devil take them!

[*Exit.*]

SCENE III. *Troy. Priam's palace.*

*Enter HECTOR and ANDROMACHE.*

*And.* When was my lord so much ungently  
temper'd,

To stop his ears against admonishment?

Unarm, unarm, and do not fight to-day.

*Hect.* You train<sup>6</sup> me to offend you; get you in:  
By all the everlasting gods, I'll go!

*And.* My dreams will, sure, prove ominous<sup>7</sup>  
to the day.

*Hect.* No more, I say.

*Enter CASSANDRA.*

*Cas.* Where is my brother Hector?

*And.* Here, sister; arm'd, and bloody in  
intent.

Consort with me in loud and dear petition,  
Pursue we him on knees; for I have dream'd  
Of bloody turbulence, and this whole night  
Hath nothing been but shapes and forms of  
slaughter. 12

*Cas.* O, it is true.

*Hect.* Ho! bid my trumpet sound!

*Cas.* No notes of sally, for the heavens, sweet  
brother.

*Hect.* Be gone, I say: the gods have heard  
me swear.

*Cas.* The gods are deaf to hot and peevish  
vows:

They are polluted offerings, more abhor'd  
Than spotted livers in the sacrifice.

*And.* O, be persuaded! do not count it holy  
To hurt by being just: it is as lawful, 20

For<sup>8</sup> we would give much, to use<sup>9</sup> violent thefts,  
And rob in the behalf of charity.

*Cas.* It is the purpose that makes strong  
the vow;

<sup>6</sup> Train, lead.

<sup>7</sup> Ominous, fatal.

<sup>8</sup> For = because.

<sup>9</sup> Use, practise.

But vows to every purpose must not hold: 24  
Unarm, sweet Hector.

*Hect.* Hold you still, I say;  
Mine honour keeps the weather of my fate:  
Life every man holds dear; but the brave man  
Holds honour far more precious-dear than life.

*Enter TROILUS.*

How now, young man! mean'st thou to fight  
to-day? 29

*And. Cassandra, call my father to persuade.*  
[*Exit Cassandra.*]

*Hect.* No, faith, young Troilus; doff thy  
harness, youth;

I am to-day i' the vein of chivalry:  
Let grow thy sinews till their knots be strong,  
And tempt not yet the brushes of the war.  
Unarm thee, go; and doubt thou not, brave boy,  
I'll stand to-day for thee, and me, and Troy.

*Tro.* Brother, you have a vice of mercy in you,  
Which better fits a lion than a man.

*Hect.* What vice is that, good Troilus? chide  
me for it.

*Tro.* When many times the captive Grecians  
full, 40

Even in the fan and wind of your fair sword,  
You bid them rise, and live.

*Hect.* O, 't is fair play.

*Tro.* Fool's play, by heaven, Hector.

*Hect.* How now! how now!

*Tro.* For the love of all the gods,  
Let's leave the hermit pity with our mothers;  
And when we have our armours buckled on,  
The venom'd vengeance ride upon our swords,  
Spur them to ruthful work, rein them from ruth.

*Hect.* Fie, savage, fie!

*Tro.* Hector, then 't is wars.

*Hect.* Troilus, I would not have you fight  
to-day. 50

*Tro.* Who should withhold me?

Not fate, obedience, nor the hand of Mars  
Beckoning with fiery truncheon my retire;  
Not Priamus and Hecuba on knees,  
Their eyes o'ergalled with recourse<sup>1</sup> of tears;  
Nor you, my brother, with your true sword  
drawn,

Oppos'd to hinder me, should stop my way  
But by my ruin.

*Re-enter CASSANDRA and PRIAM.*

*Cas.* Lay hold upon him, Priam, hold him  
fast: 59

He is thy crutch; now if thou lose thy stay,  
Thou on him leaning, and all Troy on thee,  
Fall all together.

*Pri.* Come, Hector, come, go back:  
Thy wife hath dream'd; thy mother hath  
had visions;

Cassandra doth foresee; and I myself  
Am like a prophet suddenly enrap,  
To tell thee that this day is ominous:  
Therefore, come back.

*Hect.* *Æneas* is a-field;  
And I do stand engag'd<sup>2</sup> to many Greeks,  
Even in the faith of valour, to appear  
This morning to them.

*Pri.* Ay, but thou shalt not go.

*Hect.* I must not break my faith. 71

You know me dutiful; therefore, dear sir,  
Let me not shame respect; but give me leave  
To take that course by your consent and voice,  
Which you do here forbid me, royal Priam.

*Cas.* O Priam, yield not to him!

*And.* Do not, dear father.

*Hect.* Andromache, I am offended with you:  
Upon the love you bear me, get you in.

[*Exit Andromache.*]

*Tro.* This foolish, dreaming, superstitious girl  
Makes all these bodements.

*Cas.* O, farewell, dear Hector!  
Look, how thou diest! look, how thy eye turns  
pale! 81

Look, how thy wounds do bleed at many vents!  
Hark, how Troy roars! how Hecuba cries out!  
How poor Andromache shrills her dolours forth!  
Behold, distraction, frenzy, and amazement,  
Like witless antics, one another meet,  
And all cry "Hector! Hector's dead!" O  
Hector!

*Tro.* Away! away!

*Cas.* Farewell:—yet, soft!—Hector, I take  
my leave:

Thou dost thyself and all our Troy deceive.

[*Exit.*]

*Hect.* You are amaz'd, my liege, at her  
exclaim: 91

<sup>1</sup> *Recourse*, i. e. that come and go.

<sup>2</sup> *Engag'd*, pledged.

and PRIAM.

Priam, hold him  
59

on lose thy stay,  
all Troy on thee,

tor, come, go back:  
thy mother hath

d I myself  
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o many Greeks,  
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but give me leave  
r consent and voice,  
me, royal Priam.  
to him!

Do not, dear father.  
e offended with you:  
e, get you in.

[Exit Andromache,  
ng, a superstitious girl  
s.

rewell, dear Hector!  
k, how thy eye turns

bleed at many vents!  
w Hecuba cries out!

ills her dolours forth!  
y, and amazement,  
nother meet,

Hector's dead!" O

oft!—Hector, I take

our Troy deceive.

[Exit.  
d, my liege, at her 91

edged.

Go in, and cheer the town: we'll forth and  
fight; 92

Do deeds worth praise, and tell you them at  
night.

Pan. Farewell; the gods with safety stand  
about thee!

[Exeunt severally Priam and Hector.  
Alarums.

Tro. They're at it, hark!—proud Diomed,  
believe, 95

I come to lose my arm, or win my sleeve.

[As TROILUS is going out, enter from the other  
side PANDARUS.

Pan. Do you hear, my lord! do you  
hear!



Tro. Words, words, mere words, no matter from the heart.  
Th' effect doth operate another way.—(Act v. 3. 107, 108.)

Tro. What now?

Pan. Here's a letter come from yond poor  
girl. [Gives letter. 100

Let me read.

A whoreson tisick, a whoreson rascally  
tisick so troubles me, and the foolish fortune  
of this girl; and what one thing, what another.  
that I shall leave you one o' th's days: and I  
have a rheum in mine eyes too; and such an  
ache in my bones, that, unless a man were

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curs'd,<sup>1</sup> I cannot tell what to think on't.—  
What says she there?

Tro. Words, words, mere words, no matter  
from the heart;

Th' effect doth operate another way.—

[Tearing the letter.

Go, wind, to wind, there turn and change  
together.— 110

<sup>1</sup> Curs'd, by a witch, or some evil agency.

My love with words and errors still she feeds;  
But edifies another with her deeds.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

SCENE IV. *Plains between Troy and the  
Grecian camp.*

*Alarums: excursions. Enter THERSITES.*

*Ther.* Now they are clapper-clawing one another; I'll go look on. That dissembling abominable varlet, Diomed, has got that same scurvy doting foolish young knave's sleeve of Troy there in his helm: I would fain see them meet; that that same young Trojan ass, [that loves the whore there,] might send that Greekish [whoremasterly] villain, with the sleeve, back to the dissembling luxurious drab, of a sleeveless errand. O' the t'other side, the policy of those crafty swearing rascals—that stale old mouse-eaten dry cheese, Nestor, and that same dog-fox, Ulysses—is not proved worth a blackberry:—they set me up, in policy, that mongrel cur, Ajax, against that dog of as bad a kind, Achilles: and now is the cur Ajax prouder than the cur Achilles, and will not arm to-day; whereupon the Grecians begin to proclaim barbarism,<sup>1</sup> and policy grows into an ill opinion.—Soft! here comes sleeve, and t' other.

*Enter DIOMEDES, TROILUS following.*

*Tro.* Fly not; for shouldst thou take the river Styx,  
I would swim after.

*Dio.* Thou dost miscall retire:  
I do not fly; but advantageous care  
Withdrew me from the odds of multitude:  
Have at thee!

[*Ther.* Hold thy whore, Grecian!—now for thy whore, Trojan!—now the sleeve, now the sleeve!]  
[*Exeunt Troilus and Diomedes, fighting.*]

*Enter HECTOR.*

*Hect.* What art thou, Greek? art thou for Hector's match?  
Art thou of blood and honour?

*Ther.* No, no,—I am a rascal; a scurvy railing knave; a very filthy rogue.

81

*Hect.* I do believe thee;—live. [*Exit.*]

*Ther.* God-a-mercy, that thou wilt believe me; but a plague break thy neck for frightening me!—What's become of the wenching rogues? I think they have swallowed one another: I would laugh at that miracle:—[yet, in a sort, lechery eats itself.] I'll seek them. [*Exit.*]

SCENE V. *Another part of the plains.*

*Enter DIOMEDES and a Servant.*

*Dio.* Go, go, my servant, take thou Troilus' horse;

Present the fair steed to my lady Cressid:  
Fellow, commend my service to her beauty;  
Tell her I have chastis'd the amorous Trojan,  
And am her knight by proof.

*Serv.* I go, my lord. [*Exit.*]

*Enter AGAMEMNON.*

*Agam.* Renew, renew! The fierce Polydamas  
Hath beat down Menon: [bastard Margarelon  
Hath Doreus prisoner,  
And stands colossus-wise, waving his beam,  
Upon the posh'd corpses of the kings<sup>10</sup>  
Epistrophus and Cediuz: Polyxenes is slain;  
Amphimachus and Thoas deadly hurt;]  
Patroclus ta'en or slain; and Palamedes  
Sore hurt and bruised: the dreadful Sagittary<sup>2</sup>  
Appals our numbers:—haste we, Diomed,  
To reinforcement, or we perish all.

*Enter NESTOR.*

*Nest.* Go, bear Patroclus' body to Achilles;  
And bid the snail-pac'd Ajax arm for shame.—  
There is a thousand Hectors in the field:  
Now here he fights on Galathe his horse,<sup>20</sup>  
And there lacks work; anon he's there afoot,  
[And there they fly or die, like scaled sculls<sup>3</sup>  
Before the belching whale; then is he yonder,]  
And there the strawy Greeks, ripe for his edge,  
Fall down before him, like the mower's swath:<sup>4</sup>  
Here, there, and every where, he leaves and  
takes;

Dexterity so obeying appetite,  
That what he will he does; and does so much,  
That proof is call'd impossibility.

<sup>2</sup> The dreadful Sagittary. See note 330.

<sup>3</sup> Sculls = shoals (of fish).

<sup>4</sup> Swath, grass cut by the scythe.

<sup>1</sup> Barbarism, mere strength, force, opposed to policy.

—live. [*Exit.*  
 t thou wilt believe  
 y neck for frighten-  
 e of the wenching  
 ave swallowed one  
 at miracle:—[*Yet, in*  
 'll seek them. [*Exit.*

art of the plains.

and a *Servant*.

, take thou Troilus'  
 ay lady Cressid:  
 ice to her beauty;  
 he amorous Trojan,  
 oof.  
 o, my lord. [*Exit.*

EMNON.

The fierce Polydamas  
 bastard Margarelon

waving his beam,  
 f the kings<sup>10</sup>  
 Polyxenes is slain;  
 deadly hurt;]  
 and Palamedes  
 dreadful Sagittary<sup>2</sup>  
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 the mower's swath:<sup>4</sup>  
 here, he leaves and

etite,  
 ; and does so much,  
 ssibility.

y. See note 330.

ie scythe.

*Enter* ULYSSES.

*Ulyss.* O, courage, courage, princes! great  
 Achilles<sup>30</sup>  
 Isarming, weeping, cursing, vowing vengeance:  
 Patroclus' wounds have rous'd his drowsy blood,  
 Together with his mangled Myrmidons,  
 That noseless, handless, hack'd and chipp'd,  
 come to him,

Crying on Hector. Ajax hath lost a friend,  
 And foams at mouth, and he is arm'd and at it,  
 Rouring for Troilus; who hath done to-day  
 Mad and fantastic execution;  
 Engaging and redeeming of himself,<sup>1</sup><sup>30</sup>  
 With such a careless force and forceless care,  
 As if that luck, in very spite of cunning,  
 Bade him win all.

*Enter* AJAX.

*Ajax.* Troilus! thou coward Troilus! [*Exit.*  
*Dio.* Ay, there, there.  
*Nest.* So, so, we draw together.

[*Enter* ACHILLES.

*Achil.* Where is this Hector?—  
 Come, come, thou boy-queller, show thy face;  
 Know what it is to meet Achilles angry:—  
 Hector! where's Hector? I will none but  
 Hector. ] [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI. *Another part of the plains.*

*Enter* AJAX.

*Ajax.* Troilus, thou coward Troilus, show  
 thy head!

*Enter* DIOMEDES.

*Dio.* Troilus, I say! where's Troilus?

*Ajax.* What wouldst thou?

*Dio.* I would correct him.

*Ajax.* Were I the general, thou shouldst  
 have my office  
 Ere that correction.—Troilus, I say! what,  
 Troilus!

*Enter* TROILUS.

*Tro.* O traitor Diomed!—turn thy false  
 face, thou traitor,  
 And pay the life thou ow'st me for my horse!  
*Dio.* Ha, art thou there?

<sup>1</sup> Redeeming, &c., i.e. rescuing himself from the foe.

*Ajax.* I'll fight with him alone: stand, Dio-  
 med.<sup>9</sup>

*Dio.* He is my prize; I will not look upon.

*Tro.* Come, both you cogging<sup>2</sup> Greeks; have  
 at you both! [*Exeunt, fighting.*

[*Enter* HECTOR.

*Hect.* Yea, Troilus? O, well fought, my  
 youngest brother!

*Enter* ACHILLES.

*Achil.* Now do I see thee, ha!—have at thee,  
 Hector!

*Hect.* Pause, if thou wilt.

*Achil.* I do disdain thy courtesy, proud  
 Trojan:

Be happy that my arms are out of use:

My rest and negligence befriend thee now,

But thou anon shalt hear of me again;

Till when, go seek thy fortune. [*Exit.*

*Hect.* Fare thee well:—  
 I would have been much more a fresher man,  
 Had I expected thee.

*Re-enter* TROILUS.

How now, my brother! <sup>21</sup>

*Tro.* Ajax hath ta'en Æneas: shall it be?

No, by the flame of yonder glorious heaven,

He shall not carry him; I'll be ta'en too,

Or bring him off:—fate, hear me what I say!

I reck not though I end my life to-day. [*Exit.*

*Enter one in sumptuous armour.*

*Hect.* Stand, stand, thou Greek; thou art a  
 goodly mark:—

No? wilt thou not?—I like thy armour well;

I'll frush<sup>3</sup> it, and unlock the rivets all,

But I'll be master of it:—wilt thou not, beast,  
 abide?

Why, then fly on, I'll hunt thee for thy hide.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII. *Another part of the plains.*

*Enter* ACHILLES with Myrmidons.

*Achil.* Come here about me, you my Myr-  
 midons;

Mark what I say. Attend me where I wheel:

<sup>2</sup> Cogging, cheating.

<sup>3</sup> Frush, batter.

Strike not a stroke, but keep yourselves in breath:

And when I have the bloody Hector found,  
Empale him with your weapons round about;  
In fellest manner execute your aims.

Follow me, sirs, and my proceedings eye:—  
It is decreed Hector the great must die. [*Exeunt.*]

[*Enter MENELAUS and PARIS, fighting; then  
THERSITES.*]

*Ther.* The cuckold and the cuckold-maker  
are at it.—Now, bull! now, dog! 'Loo, Paris,  
'loo! now my double-henned sparrow! 'loo,  
Paris, 'loo!—The bull has the game:—ware  
horns, ho! [*Exeunt Paris and Menelaus.*]



*Achil.* Strike, fellows, strike; this is the man I seek.—[*Act v. 8. 10.*]

*Enter MARGARELON.*

*Mar.* Turn, slave, and fight.

*Ther.* What art thou?

*Mar.* A bastard son of Priam's.

*Ther.* I am a bastard too; I love bastards:  
I am a bastard begot, bastard instructed, bas-  
tard in mind, bastard in valour, in every thing  
illegitimate. One bear will not bite another,  
and wherefore should one bastard? Take heed,  
the quarrel's most ominous to us: if the son  
of a whore fight for a whore, he tempts judg-  
ment:<sup>1</sup> farewell, bastard. [*Exit.*]

<sup>1</sup> Judgment, i.e. of heaven.

*Mar.* The devil take thee, coward! [*Exit.*]

SCENE VIII. *Another part of the plains.*

*Enter HECTOR.*

*Hect.* [Most putrefied core, so fair with-  
out,  
Thy goodly armour thus hath cost thy  
life.]  
Now is my day's work done; I'll take good  
breath:  
Rest, sword; thou hast thy fill of blood and  
death.

[*Puts off his helmet, and hangs his shield  
behind him.*]

Paris, fighting; then  
s.  
the cuckold-maker  
dog! 'Loo, Paris,  
wed sparrow! 'loo,  
the game:—ware  
Paris and Menelaus.



ee, coward! [*Exit.*]

part of the plains.

CTOR.

core, so fair with-

mus hath cost thy

done; I'll take good

thy fill of blood and

t, and hangs his shield

*Enter ACHILLES and Myrmidons.*

*Achil.* Look, Hector, how the sun begins to set;

How ugly night comes breathing at his heels:  
Even with the vail<sup>1</sup> and darkening of the sun,  
To close the day up, Hector's life is done.

*Hect.* I am unarm'd; forego this vantage,  
Greek.

*Achil.* Strike, fellows, strike; this is the  
man I seek. [*Hector falls.*]

So, Ilion, fall! thou next! now, Troy, sink  
down! 11

Here lies thy heart, thy sinews, and thy bone.—  
On, Myrmidons; and cry you all amain,  
"Achilles hath the mighty Hector slain."

[*A retreat sounded.*]

Hark! a retire<sup>2</sup> upon our Grecian part.

*Myr.* The Trojan trumpets sound the like,  
my lord.

*Achil.* The dragon wing of night o'erspreads  
the earth,

And, stickler-like,<sup>3</sup> the armies separates.

[My half-supp'd sword, that frankly<sup>4</sup> would  
have fed,

Pleas'd with this dainty bait, thus goes to  
bed. [*Sheathes his sword.*]

Come, tie his body to my horse's tail; 21  
Along the field I will the Trojan trail.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IX. *Another part of the plains.*

*Enter AGAMEMNON, AJAX, MENELAUS, NESTOR,  
DIOMEDES, and others, marching. Shouts  
within.*

*Agam.* Hark! hark! what shout is that?

*Nest.* Peace, drums!

[*Within*] Achilles! Achilles! Hector's slain!  
Achilles!

*Dio.* The bruit is, Hector's slain, and by  
Achilles.

*Ajax.* If it be so, yet bragless let it be;

Great Hector was a man as good as he.

*Agam.* March patiently along;—let one be  
sent

To pray Achilles see us at our tent.—

<sup>1</sup> Vail, descent.

<sup>2</sup> A retire, i.e. the sound for retreating.

<sup>3</sup> Stickler-like, umpire-like. <sup>4</sup> Frankly, to the full.

If in his death the gods have us befriended,  
Great Troy is ours, and our sharp wars are  
ended. [*Exeunt, marching.*]

SCENE X. *Another part of the plains.*

*Enter ÆNEAS and Trojans.*

*Æne.* Stand, ho! yet are we masters of the  
field:

Never go home; here starve we out the night.

*Enter TROILUS.*

*Tro.* Hector is slain.

*All.* Hector!—the gods forbid!

*Tro.* He's dead; and at the murderer's  
horse's tail,

In beastly sort, dragg'd through the shameful  
field.—

Frown on, you heavens, effect your rage with  
speed!

Sit, gods, upon your thrones, and smile at  
Troy!

I say, at once let your brief plagues be mercy,  
And linger<sup>5</sup> not our sure destructions on!

*Æne.* My lord, you do discomfort all the host.

*Tro.* You understand me not that tell me so:  
I do not speak of flight, of fear, of death;

But dare all imminence that gods and men  
Address their dangers in. Hector is gone:

Who shall tell Priam so, or Hecuba?  
Let him that will a screech-owl aye be call'd,

Go into Troy, and say there "Hector's dead:"

[There is a word will Priam turn to stone;  
Make wells and Niobes of the maids and wives,

Cold statues of the youth; and, in a word, 20  
Scare Troy out of itself. But, march away:  
Hector is dead; there is no more to say.

Stay yet.—] You vile abominable tents,  
Thus proudly pight<sup>6</sup> upon our Phrygian plains,

Let Titan rise as early as he dare,  
I'll through and through you!—and, thou

great-siz'd coward,  
No space of earth shall sunder our two hates:

I'll haunt thee like a wicked conscience still,  
That mouldeth goblins swift as frenzy

thoughts.—  
Strike a free march to Troy!—with comfort

go:

30

<sup>5</sup> Linger on=protract.

<sup>6</sup> Pight, pitched.



Hope of revenge shall hide our inward woe.

[*Exeunt Æneas and Trojans.*]

[*As Troilus is going out, enter, from the other side, PANDARUS.*]

*Pan.* But hear you, hear you!

*Tro.* Hence, broker-lackey! ignomy and shame

Pursue thy life, and live aye with thy name!

[*Erit.*]

*Pan.* A goodly medicine for my aching bones!—

O world! world! world! thus is the poor agent despised! O traitors and bawds, how earnestly are you set a-work, and how ill requited! why should our endeavour be so loved, and the performance so loathed? what verse for it? what instance for it?—Let me see:—

41

Fully merrily the humble-bee doth sing,  
Till he hath lost his honey and his sting;  
And being once subdu'd in armed tail,  
Sweet honey and sweet notes together fail.

Good traders in the flesh, set this in your painted cloths.

As many as be here of pander's hall,  
Your eyes, half out, weep out at Pandar's fall;  
Or if you cannot weep, yet give some groans,  
Though not for me, yet for your aching bones.  
Brethren and sisters of the hold-door trade,  
Some two months hence my will shall here be made:

It should be now, but that my fear is this,—  
Some galled goose of Winchester would hiss:  
Till then I'll sweat, and seek about for eases;  
And at that time bequeath you my diseases.

[*Erit.*]



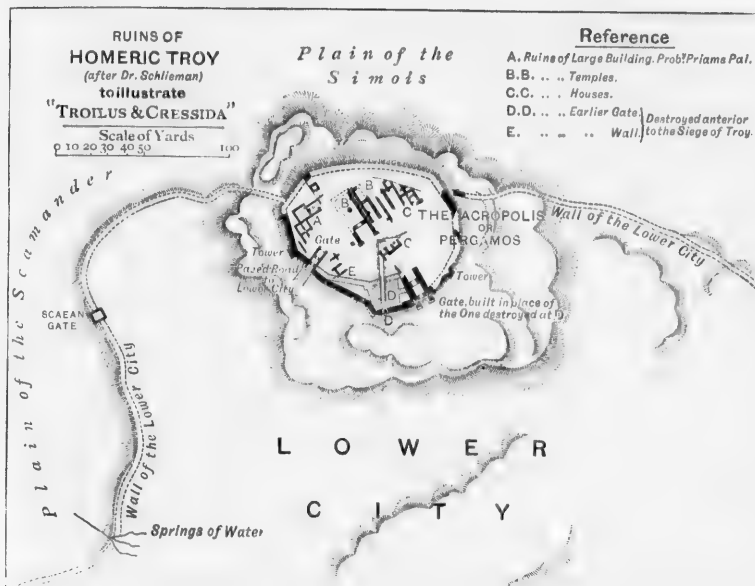
beo doth sing,  
and his sting;  
armel tail,  
tes together fail.

h, set this in your

nder's hall, 48  
out at Pandar's fall;  
t give some groans,  
r your aching bones.  
e hold-door trade,  
y will shall here be

t my fear is this,—  
chester would hiss:  
seek about for eases;  
h you my diseases.

[Exit.]



## NOTES TO TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

### PROLOGUE.

1. Lines 1-31.—This prologue is not given in the Quarto; it is only found in the Folios. Ritson and Steevens condemn it as not genuine, and amongst modern critics Mr. Fleay finds in the lines "much work that is unlike Shakespeare's" (Life and Work of Shakespeare, p. 220). Grant White attributed the authorship to Chapman.

2. Line 1: *In Troy, there lies the SCENE*.—Not an unusual beginning: so the prologue to the Broken Heart (Ford) commences, "Our scene is Sparta."

3. Line 8: *whose strong IMMURES*.—We have the verb several times in Shakespeare; e.g. Venus and Adonis, 1194:

Means to *immure* herself and not be seen;

Richard III. iv. 1. 100; Sonnet lxxxiv. 3. *Mure*, substantive, occurs in II. Henry IV. iv. 4. 119; *circummmure* in Measure for Measure, iv. 1. 28.

4. Line 15: *Priam's SIX-GATED city*.—So the Folios. Theobald, to suit the plural verb, *sperr up*, below (line 19), needlessly changed to "*six gates i' the city*," and was followed by Hanmer.

5. Line 17: *ANTENORIDES*.—*Fi.* have *Antenoridus*; the

change (Theobald's), adopted by most editors, appears necessary. Shakespeare is obviously following the account in Caxton's Destruction of Troy, where, in the third book, a description of Troy is given: "In this city were six gates: the one was named *Dardane*, the second *Timbria*, the third *Helias*, the fourth *Chetas*, the fifth *Troyen*, and the sixth *Antenorides*" (Destruction, bk. 3, p. 4, ed. 1708). Dyce, too, quotes Lydgate, The historye, Sege and dystruccyon of Troye:

The fourthe gate hyghte also Cetheas;  
The fyfte *Troiana*, the sixth *Anthonydes*,

where the edition of 1555 alters *Anthonydes* to the nearly right reading *Antinorydes*.

6. Line 18: *FULFILLING bolts*; i.e. which fill the aperture so closely that no room is left; for this, the etymological sense of the word, we may compare Lucrece, 1258.

7. Line 19: *SPERR up the sons of Troy*.—*F.* 1 has *stirre*, out of which no meaning can be got. Theobald made the admirable suggestion *sperr*; Collier's MS. Corrector had *sparr* in the same sense. The use of the word is well supported. Thus Spenser, in the Faerie Queene, writes:

The other which was entered laboured fast  
To *sperr* the gate.

—Bk. v. c. x. st. xxxvii.

And again in *The Shepherd's Calendar* (May):

And if he chance come when I am abroad,  
*Sperr* the gate fast, for fear of fraud.

Steevens, too, quotes from Warner's *Albion's England* (1602), bk. ii. ch. 12: "When chased home into his holdes, there *spurred* up in gates." The word is identical with German *sperrn*. As to the plural verb I see no difficulty; coming after the list of names it is far more natural to the ear than the singular would have been, though grammatically, perhaps, less correct. Capell, however, prints *sperris*.

## 8. Lines 22, 23:

and hither am I come

A PROLOGUE ARM'D.

The reference, as Johnson explains, is to the actor who speaks the *prologue*, and who usually wore a black cloak. An exact parallel may be found in the *Preludium* to Thomas Randolph's amusing skit, *Aristippus*:

Be not deceived, I have no bended knees,  
 No supple tongue, no speeches steeped in oil;  
 No candied flattery, no homed words,  
 I come an *armed Prologue*; arm'd with arts

—Randolph's *Works*, ed. Carew Hazlitt, p. 3.

So in the stage-directions to the introduction to Ben Jonson's *Poetaster*, we are told that the *Prologue* enters hastily in *armour*, and in the following speech the expression *armed Prologue* occurs (*Works*, vol. ii. p. 394, with Gifford's note). (Surely the superfluous *and* in line 22 might be omitted. In F. 1 there is a full stop after *hazard*.—F. A. M.)

9. Line 27: *Leaps o'er the VAUNT*.—In conformity with the Horatian maxim:

Nec gemino bellum Trojanum orditur ab ovo;  
 Semper ad eventum festinat et in medias res  
 Non secus ac notas auditorem rapit.

—*Ars Poetica*, 147-149.

For *vaunt* (= *avant*) we may compare Lear, iii. 2. 5:

*Vaunt*-coursiers to oak-cleaving thunderbolts.

So *vanguard*.

## ACT I. SCENE 1.

[In Mr. John Kemble's arrangement of this play, Act i. commences with Scene 3, and Scenes 1 and 2 become Scenes 2 and 3 respectively. This is certainly a better arrangement from a dramatic point of view, as it places a comparatively dull Scene at the beginning instead of the end of the Act, which by that means is made to conclude with a Scene in which the hero and heroine, Troilus and Cressida, are both concerned, and which marks a distinct step in the progress of the story. A. M.]

10. Line 1: *Call here my VARLET*.—In Minshew *varlet* is translated by *faulus*, and Steevens quotes from Holinshed's account of the battle of Agincourt: "divers were releved by their *varlets*, and conveyed out of the field." The word, in fact, meant then what *valet* (of which it is simply an earlier form) does now. So Cotgrave gives "a groom, a stripling" for the O.F. *varlet*, upon which Ménage remarks, *Dictionnaire*, 1750: "des escuyers trenchans estoient appellés *valets*. C'estoit aussi un Gentil-homme qui n'estoit pas chevallier?" In this way the word came to be applied to the *knave* in a pack of cards.

11. Line 7: *and skilful To their strength*.—For Shakespeare's use of "to" = "in addition to," see Abbott's *Shakespearean Grammar*, pp. 121, 122. Compare Macbeth, iii. 1. 51-53:

'Tis much he dares;  
 And, so that dauntless temper of his mind,  
 He hath a wisdom;

and same play, i. 6. 19.

12. Line 14: *I'll not MEDDLE nor MAKE*.—Evidently a proverbial phrase, equivalent to "I will keep clear of it." Cf. line 85. So in *Much Ado*, iii. 3. 56: "and, for such kind of men, the less you *meddle* or *make* with them, why, the more is for your honesty."

## 13. Lines 30, 31:

And when fair Cressid comes into my thoughts,—  
 So, traitor!—"when she comes!"—"When is she thence!"

We have here an excellent correction of the text. Qq. and F. 1 and F. 2 gave:

then she comes, when she is thence

The change is unimpeachable; the credit is due to Rowe, second edn.

14. Line 41: *An her hair were not somewhat DARKER*.—This is one of the many allusions that might be quoted to the distaste felt by our ancestors for *dark* hair and eyes. Walker (*A Critical Examination of the Text of Shakespeare*, vol. iii. p. 190) aptly refers to Massinger's *Parliament of Love*, where, in act ii. scene 3, Beaupre says:

Like me, sir!

One of my *dark* complexion?

—Massinger's *Works*, Cunningham's ed. p. 172.

Still more to the point, however, is Sonnet cxxvii., the first of the second great series of sonnets:

In the old age *black* was not counted fair,  
 Or if it were, it bore not beauty's name;  
 But now is *black* beauty's successive heir,  
 And beauty slander'd with a bastard shame.

Therefore my mistress' brows are raven *black*,  
 Her eyes so suited, and they mourners seem  
 At such who, not born fair, no beauty lack,  
 Slandering creation with a false esteem.

Compare Love's Labour's Lost, iii. 198, 199, and the note (197) on *Midsummer Night's Dream*, iii. 2. 257. Red hair was regarded by the Puritans as a decided blemish; cf. Middleton's *A Chaste Maid in Cheapside*, iii. 2 (Dyce's ed.), vol. iv. p. 47.

15. Line 55: *HANDLEST in thy discourse, O, that her HAND*.—For a similar word-play compare Titus Andronicus, iii. 2. 29. Malone well remarks upon the curious reverence which Shakespeare seems to have felt for the beauty of a woman's hand. Note, for instance, the delicacy and suggestiveness of the epithets and imagery in the following passages: *Romeo and Juliet*, iii. 3. 35, 36, where we have the splendid lines:

they may seize

On the white wonder of dear Juliet's hand;

Winter's Tale, iv. 4. 373-376:

this hand,

As soft as dove's down and as white as it,  
 Or Ethiopian's tooth, or the fann'd snow, that's bolted  
 By the northern blasts thrice o'er;

strength.—For Shakespeare to," see Abbott's 122. Compare Mac-

dresses;  
er of his mind,

OR MAKE.—Evidently a  
I will keep clear of it.

3. 56: "and, for such  
make with them, why,

into my thoughts,—  
—When is she thence!  
ection of the text. Qq.

he is thence  
credit is due to Rowe,

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ys are raven black,  
y mourners seem  
no beauty lack,  
false esteem.

, iii. 198, 199, and the  
s Dream, iii. 2. 257. Red  
ns as a decided blemish;  
n Cheapside, iii. 2 (Dyce's

y discourse, O, that her  
compare Titus Androni-  
marks upon the curious  
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epithets and imagery in  
and Juliet, iii. 3. 35, 36,

ts:  
may seize  
dear Juliet's hand;

his hand,  
white as it,  
nn'd snow, that's bolted  
er;

and Lucrece, 393-395, a perfect picture:

Without the bed her other fair hand was,  
On the green coverlet; whose perfect white  
Shew'd like an April daisy on the grass.

In the Q. the punctuation is thus:

Handlest in thy discourse: O that her hand.

The M. have:

Handlest in thy discourse. O that her hand.

Some editors, having regard to the punctuation of the old copies, make the verb *handlest* govern some of the nouns in the line above. Capell, for instance, puts a semicolon after *gait* in line 54, making *her voice* governed by *handlest*. Malone was the first to punctuate line 55 as it is in our text. Other conjectures have been made by various editors in order to make the passage intelligible. With regard to the punctuation of the old copies, certainly *O that her hand* seems more like an exclamation than the object of the sentence; but if we take *that her hand* to be the accusative case, and explain it as we have in our foot-note, then we must suppose *O* to be strictly a mere interjection, a parenthetical expression of rapture. For *that her hand*—"that hand of hers" compare the following passages:—Antony and Cleopatra, ii. 3. 19: "Thy demon that thy spirit;" and in the same play, iv. 14. 79: "Draw that thy honest sword;" and also Macbeth, i. 7. 53: "that their fitness."—F. A. M.]

16. Line 57: *to whose soft SEIZURE*.—Seizure is used passively; *touch* would be more natural.

17. Lines 58, 59:

*The cygnet's down is harsh, and SPIRIT OF SENSE  
Hard as the palm of ploughman.*

These lines are not easy. What are we to make of *spirit of sense*? Warburton, of course, emended, proposing *snite of sense*; upon which Johnson bluntly remarked: "It is not proper to make a lover profess to praise his mistress in *snite of sense*; for though he often does it in spite of the sense of others, his own senses are subdued to his desires." I see no necessity for any alteration. I think the sense is: "*sense*, i.e. sensitiveness personified, is not so delicate, so impalpable, as Cressida's hand." I believe the words can bear this interpretation, and it seems to me to carry on the line of thought. To make *spirit of sense* a mere variant on *whose soft seizure* is surely wrong; the lines contain two distinct conceptions. Also we must not press *hard as the palm*, etc. too closely; the poet merely wishes to suggest something rough and coarse in contrast to that which, next to Cressida's hand, is the most ethereal thing we can conceive, viz. sensitiveness itself. Compare iii. 3. 106, and Julius Cæsar, iv. 3. 74.

18. Line 68: *she has the MENDS in her own hands*.—This, as Stevens satisfactorily shows, was a cant phrase meaning "to make the best of a bad bargain; do the best one can." In this sense is it used by Field in his *Woman is a Weathercock*, 1612: "I shall stay here and have my head broke, and then *I have the mends in my own hands*" (Dodsley, *Old Plays*, ed. Carew Hazlitt (1875), vol. xi. p. 25). Johnson's interpretation of the passage is characteristic: "*She may mend her complexion with the*

assistance of cosmetics," on the principle apparently advocated in *Randolph's Jealous Lovers*, iv. 3:

Paint, ladies, while you live, and plaster fair,  
But when the house is fallen, 'tis past repair.

—Works (Hazlitt's ed.), vol. i. p. 147.

19. Lines 78, 79: *as fair on FRIDAY as Helen is on SUNDAY*.—Friday being a fast day when the "suit of humiliation" would be worn, while Sunday is a signal for donning smart attire. It is hardly necessary to point out the glaring anachronism; the play is full of such errors.

20. Line 99: *And he's as TETCHY to be woo'd*; i.e. "fretful;" a corruption, perhaps, of "touchy." So Romeo and Juliet, i. 3. 32:

To see it *tetchy*, and fall out.

21. Line 105: *Let it be call'd the WILD and WANDERING flood*.—A finely alliterative effect that comes in the last verse of the introductory stanzas to *In Memoriam*. Later on in the same poem Tennyson beautifully applies the epithet *wandering* to the sea:

O Mother, praying God will save  
Thy sailor—while thy head is bow'd,  
His heavy-shotted hammock shroud  
Drops in his *vast and wandering* grave. —Canto vi.

22. Line 108: *How now, Prince TROILUS! wherefore not a-field?*—*Troilus* is always a dissyllable in Shakespeare; so Walker, *Shakespeare's Versification*, pp. 164-166. Thus in *Lucrece*, 1486, we have:

Here manly Hector faints, here *Troilus* swoonds.

Again in the Merchant of Venice, in the almost incomparable first scene of the fifth act, lines 3, 4:

in such a night

*Troilus* methinks mounted the Trojan walls.

The only possible exception occurs in the present play, v. 2. 161, where the common reading is:

May worthy *Troilus* be half attach'd?

Probably Shakespeare thought the name was derived from Troy. Peele, we may note, treats the word rightly as a trisyllable; e.g. *Tale of Troy*:

So hardy was the true knight *Troilus*.

—Peele's Works, p. 355.

23. Line 100: *this WOMAN'S ANSWER sorts*.—*Troilus* means that the logic of his reply—"not there because not there"—is the logic, or rather no-logic, in which women indulge; and then he proceeds to play upon *woman*, *womanish*.

24. Line 115: *Paris is gor'd with Menelaus' HORN*.—Alluding to the idea of which our old dramatists make perpetual mention, that the husband of an unfaithful wife was a cuckold, or as Mirabel says in *The Wild Goose Chase*, i. 3: "a gentleman of antler." Perhaps the most elaborate treatment of the subject comes in Middleton's *A Chaste Maid in Cheapside*, where we hardly know whether most to ridicule or to despise the complacent Allwit. Similar references occur later on in this play.

## ACT I. SCENE 2.

25. Line 8: *he was harness'd LIGHT*.—*Light* may refer to the weight of their armour; more probably, however, it means "nimble," "quickly." Theobald needlessly

altered to "harness-dight," a reading, he remarked, which "gives us the poet's meaning in the properest terms imaginable." He was followed by Hamner.

26. Lines 9, 10: *where EVERY FLOWER  
Did, as a prophet, WEEP.*

So in *Midsummer Night's Dream*, iii. 1. 204:  
And when she weeps, *weeps every little flower.*  
Dew on the ground naturally suggests tears

27. Line 15: *a very man* PER SE.—Grey refers to the Testament of Cressida:  
*Of faire Cresseide, the floure and a per se  
Of Troi and Greece.*

28. Line 20: *their particular ADDITIONS*.—Here, as often, in the sense of "titles," "denominations" Malone says it was a law term, and in Cowell's Interpreter (ed. 1637) *Addition* is thus explained, "a title given to a man over and above his Christian and surname, shewing his estate, degree, occupation, trade, age, place of dwelling, &c." Compare Coriolanus, i. 9. 66; and for an instance outside Shakespeare, Bussy D'Ambois, iv. 1:

Man is a name of honour for a king;  
*Additions* take away from each thing.  
—Chapman's Works, p. 363.

29. Line 28: *merry AGAINST THE HAIR*.—Compare *à contre-poil*: as we should say, "against the grain." The idea came from stroking the fur of animals the reverse way. Justice Shallow uses the expression in *Merry Wives*, ii. 3. 41:

if you should fight, you go *against the hair* of your professions.

30. Line 46: *When were you at ILIUM?*—Shakespeare, as Hamner and the other editors point out, applies the name *Ilium* only to Priam's palace, and not to the city at large. In this he was following Caxton's *Destruction of Troy*, where the palace is thus described: "In this open space of the city, upon a rock, King Priamus did build his rich palace named *Iliou*, that was one of the richest and strongest in all the world. It was of height five hundred paces, besides the height of the towers, whereof there was great plenty, so high, as it seemed to them that saw from far, they reacht Heaven. And in this palace King Priamus did make the richest Hall that was at that time in all the world: within which was his throne; and the table whereupon he did eat, and held his estate among his nobles, princes, lords, and barons, was of gold and silver, precious stones, and of ivory" (bk. lii. p. 5, ed. 1708).

31. Line 58: *he'll LAY ABOUT him to-day*.—We have a similar expression in Henry V. v. 2. 147: "I could *lay on* like a butcher;" and compare Macbeth's, "*Lay on, Macduff*," v. 8. 33.

32. Line 80: *gone barefoot to India*.—A like exploit is suggested in *Othello*, iv. 3. 38, 39: "I know a lady in Venice would have *walked barefoot to Palestine* for a touch of his nether lip." We are reminded somewhat of the veracious Chronicles of Sir John Maundeville.

33. Line 92: *Hector shall not have his WIT*; i.e. Troilus' wit. For *vit* Q. and Ff. read *will*. Rowe made the change.

34. Line 118: *Then she's a MERRY GREEK*.—Compare iv. 4. 58. It is a classical touch. See Horace, *Satires*, ii. 2. 2, where the hard life of a Roman soldier is contrasted with the easier, somewhat effeminate ways of the Greek:

*Si Romana fatigat  
Militis assuetum Græcorum.*

So in Plautus, *Mostellaria*, i. 1. 21, *pergreccari*=per totam noctem potare (Orelli). The idea passed into classical English; e.g. Ben Jonson, *Volpone*, iii. 6:

Let's die like Romans  
Since we have lived like *Grecians*.  
—Works, iii. p. 261, and Gifford's note.

Minsheu (1617) gives (under *Greeke*) "*a merie Greeke, hilaria Græcia, a Jester*;" and in Roister Doister one of the dramatis personæ is Mathew *Merygreeke* who throughout acts up to his name; cf. i. 1, Arber's Reprint, p. 13. Nares (Halliwell's ed.) has a vague generalism: "the *Greeks* were proverbially spoken of by the Romans as fond of good living and free potations."

35. Line 120: *into the COMPASS'D window*.—For *compassed*=*"rounded,"* compare Venus and Adonis, 272: "*compass'd crest*;" also "*compass'd cape*" (*Taming of the Shrew*, iv. 3. 140). "*Bow window*" would be more intelligible to us. *Compassed*, according to Malone, was also applied to a particular kind of ceiling.

36. Line 129: *so old a LIFTER*.—A word that has only survived in the special phrases, *shoplifter* and *cattle-lifter*. Though not found elsewhere in Shakespeare it occurs with tolerable frequency in the Elizabethan dramatists. So in Ben Jonson's *Cynthia's Revels*, i. 1, we have "one other peculiar virtue you possess, is *lifting*" (*Works*, vol. ii. 231). In Middleton's *Roaring Girl*, "cheaters, *lifters* and foists" are mentioned in the same sentence (*Works*, vol. ii. 546). Etymologically the word is best seen in the Gothic *hlifan*=to steal; cognate with Latin *clepere* (Skeat).

37. Line 158: *With mill-stones*.—A proverbial phrase=not to weep at all, to be hard-hearted. Cf. Richard III. i. 3. 354:

Your eyes drop *mill-stones*, when fools' eyes fall tears;  
and see notes 160 and 204 of that play.

38. Line 171: *Here's but ONE and fifty hairs*.—Curiously enough Q. and Ff. unanimously give "*two and fifty*." The correction (Theobald's) ought, I think, to be adopted, though the Cambridge editors keep to the copies. *Fifty* was the traditional number of Priam's sons. Shakespeare, however, may have made the mistake.

39. Line 178: "*The FORKED one*."—See note 24; and compare *Othello*, iii. 3. 276:

Even then this *forked* plague is fated to us.

So, too, Winter's Tale, i. 2. 186, spoken appropriately enough by Leontes.

40. Line 182: *that it PASSED*.—The meaning is clear: "it was excessive, beggared description." So in *Merry Wives of Windsor* we have (i. 1. 310) "the women have so cried and shriek'd at it, *that it pass'd*;" and later in the same play the verb occurs twice in the present tense, with the same meaning: "Why, this *passes!*" Master Ford, iv. 2. 127, and line 143. See Timon of Athens, i. 1. 12, and com-

THE GREEK.—Compare iv. Horace, *Satires*, li. 2. A soldier is contrasted to ways of the Greek: a fatigat

ana fatigat *carri*. *ergrecari*=per totum passed into classical

iii. 5: Romans *recant*.

261, and Gifford's note.

ke) "a merie Greeke, Roister Doister one of ryggreeke who through- Arber's Reprint, p. 13. tute generalism: "the of by the Romans as ons."

o window.—For comus and Adonis, 272: "cape" (Taming of the would be more intel- to Malone, was also ing.

A word that has only shoplifter and cattle- ere in Shakespeare it the Elizabethan dra- thia's Revels, i. 1, we you possess, is *lift- dleton's* Roaring Girl, mentioned in the same ymologically the word to steal; cognate with

A proverbial phrase = ted. Cf. Richard III.

fools' eyes fall tears; lay.

fifty hairs.—Curiously re "two and fifty." The think, to be adopted, up to the copies. *Fifty* m's sons. Shakespeare, ake.

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pure the ordinary adjectival use of the participle, *passing*. For instances outside Shakespeare note Greene, Works, p. 100, and Peele, Works, p. 510.

41. Line 206: *That's ANTEGOR; he has a shrewd wit*.—Shakespeare, as Steevens points out, is thinking of Lydgate's description of *Antenor*:

Copious in words, and one that much time spent  
To jest, whenas he was in companie,  
So dricly, that no man could it espie;  
And therewith held his countenance so well,  
That every man received great content  
To heare him speake, and pretty jests to tell,  
When he was pleasant and in merriment:  
For tho' that he most commonly was sad,  
Yet in his speech some jest he always had.

*Antenor* was one of the Trojan leaders who escaped; see Virgil's *Æneid*, i. 242-249.

42. Line 2. 2: *Will he GIVE you THE NOD?*—Steevens says that *to give the nod* was a card term. There certainly was a name called *noddy*, to which references are not infrequent. Compare, for instance, Westward Ho, iv. 1:

Bird. Come, shall's go to *noddy*!  
Honey. Ay, an thou wilt, for half an hour.

—Webster's Works, p. 229.

In any case, *Cressida* is simply playing on the slang meaning of *noddy*, which then, as now, signified "a simpleton;" hence she hints that if Pandarus gets another *nod* he will be more of a *noddy* than ever. I find very much the same sort of quibble in Northward Ho, ii. 1:

"Shoot, what *tricks* at *noddy* are these? —Webster, p. 258. Minshew, I may add, has a very characteristic explanation of the word: "A *Noddie*; because he *nods* when he should speake—a *foole*" (Dictionary, 1617).

43. Line 228: *by God's lid*.—A curious oath, which seems, however, to have been proverbial. So in Field's *A Woman* is a Weathercock, v. 2, we have:

Why then, *by God's lid*, thou art a base rogue. I knew I should live to tell thee so. —Dodsley, ed. 1875, vol. xi. p. 81.

For *lid*=eyelid, cf. *Hamlet*, i. 2. 70, 71:

Do not for ever with thy valled *lids*  
Seek for thy noble father in the dust.

44. Line 245: *HELENUS is a priest*.—So in Caxton's *Destruction of Troy*, bk. lii. p. 3, he is "a man that knew all the arts liberal." After the fall of Troy *Helemus* reappears in the third book of the *Æneid*, lines 295-505.

45. Line 280: *baked with no DATE in the pie*.—Pies with *dates* in them appear to have been almost as inevitable in Elizabethan cookery as the "green sauce" with which the dramatists garnished their dishes, or as those plates of prunes to which continual reference is made. Compare *Romeo and Juliet*, iv. 4. 2:

They call for *dates* and quinces in the pastry.

So, too, *All's Well that Ends Well*, i. 1. 172.

46. Line 283: *at what WARD you LIE*.—The poet has borrowed a term from fencing. So in *I. Henry IV.* ii. 4. 215, 216:

Shall I knowest my old *wards*; here I *lay*, and thus I bore my point.

47. Lines 304-309:

Pan. *I'll be with you, niece, by and by.*

Cres. TO BRING, *uncle?*

Pan. *Ay, a token from Troilus.*

This very obscure and doubtful expression *to bring* occurs in Peele's *Sir Clyomon and Sir Clamydes*:

And I'll close with Bryan till I have gotten the thing  
That he hath promised me, and then I'll be with him *to bring*.  
—Peele's Works, p. 593.

Commenting on the passage just quoted, Dyce gives several other places where the phrase is found: *Kyd's Spanish Tragedy*, i. 2; *Beaumont and Fletcher's Scornful Lady*, v. 4; and *Harington's Orlando Furioso*, bk. xxxix. 48. In addition to these *Grant White* quotes from *Tusser's Five Hundred Points of Good Husbandry*:

For carman and colier harps both on a string,  
In winter they cast to be with thee *to bring*.

See also Dyce's *Middleton*, ii. 147, with his glossary to Shakespeare, p. 52. The meaning of the phrase cannot be determined; it was a piece of contemporary slang, the key to which has been lost. *To bring, uncle!* should certainly be printed as a query.

48. Lines 313: *Things won are done; JOY'S SOUL lies in the doing*.—That is to say, "the essence of the pleasure lies in the doing;" a fine expression. F. 2 and F. 3 have *the soule's joy*, a correction as obvious as it is tame and ineffective. Hammer preferred it. The best commentary on the thought developed in the passage is the great sonnet cxxix.:

The expense of spirit in a waste of shame  
Is lust in action.

For the converse idea we may compare the Friar's speech in *Much Ado*, iv. 1. 220-225.

49. Lines 319-321:

*Achievement is command; ungain'd, beseech:  
Then, though my heart's content firm love doth bear,  
Nothing of that shall from mine eyes appear.*

If line 319 is to be altered, we should, I think, adopt (with Singer) Mr. Harness's very ingenious suggestion—"Achieved, men us command." Collier's "*Achieved men still command*," seems to me far less satisfactory. I believe, however, that the text of the copies should be retained. The difficulty comes from the poet's characteristic compression of thought, and in such maxims the sense generally gains in concentration at the expense of the clearness of expression. Summarized, the lines mean: "When men have won us they are our rulers; before they win us they are our suppliants." For *achievement* compare *Taming of the Shrew*, i. 2. 268:

*Achieve* the elder, set the younger free.

In the next line (320) Warburton took *heart's content* to signify "heart's capacity." Perhaps, however, *Cressida* simply means that love is the basis of her happiness.

## ACT I. SCENE 3.

50. Lines 14, 15:

*trial did draw*

*BIAS and thwart, not answering the aim.*

These are bowling terms, best illustrated perhaps by a passage in *King John*, ii. 574-579:

Commodity, the *bias* of the world,  
The world, who of itself is peised well,  
Made to run even upon even ground,  
Till this advantage, this vile-drawing *bias*,

This sway of motion, this commodity,  
Makes it take head . . .

The original meaning of *bias* is seen in its derivation: *F. biais*, a slant, slope; hence, an inclination to one side.

## 51. Lines 17-19:

Why, then, you princes,  
Do you with cheeks abash'd behold our WORKS,  
And call THEM *shames* . . .

Them must clearly refer back to *works*, which Walker condemns as "palpably wrong" (A Critical Examination, iii. p. 192). *Works*, though not impossible, is certainly weak. We want a more definite word, implying "disgrace," "defeat," and it is tempting to adopt (as does Dyce) the correction of Collier's MS. Corrector *wrecks*. Singer less happily proposed *mocks*.

52. Line 32: *Nestor shall APPLY*.—Perhaps in the sense of "attend to."

53. Line 45: *Or made a TOAST for Neptune*.—Referring to the custom of soaking toast in wine. So in the Merry Wives, iii. 5. 3, Falstaff, adjuring Bardolph to fetch a quart of sack, adds: "put a toast in't." In the passage before us the "saucy boat" is to be the dainty morsel for Neptune to swallow.

54. Line 48: *The herd hath more annoyance by the BREESE*.—F. 1 has *brize* here, and in the passage from Antony and Cleopatra, quoted below, *breeze*. The word is also written *brize* and in Minshew *brie*; a species of stinging gnatfly, often used metaphorically to signify something "stinging," "annoying." Cf. Antony and Cleopatra, iii. 10. 14:

The breeze upon her, like a cow in June.

So in Ben Jonson's The Poetaster, iii. 1.:

I can hold no longer,  
This brize has prick'd my patience.

—Works, vol. ii. p. 441.

It is, as Grey in his notes points out, the word used by Dryden in translating Georgics, iii. 235:

This flying plague, to mark its quality,  
*Ætrotos* the Grecians call, *Asylus* we;  
A fierce, loud sounding breeze, their stings draw blood,  
And drive the cattle gadding through the wood.

55. Line 51: *And flies FLED under shade*.—That is to say, "are fled." Theobald and Hammer needlessly changed to "get under shade." Walker's "*flee* under" is preferable.

56. Line 54: *RETORTS to chiding fortune*.—F. 1 and F. 2 have *retires*; F. 3 and F. 4, and Quarto, *retires*. Some change is necessary. Hammer and Collier's MS. Corrector proposed *replies*; Pope, *retirne*; Staunton, *rechides*; Dyce—and this is certainly the best—*retorts*. So the Cambridge editors and Globe Edn.

57. Line 64: *Should hold up high in BRASS*.—The editors are doubtless right in tracing here an allusion to the custom of engraving laws and public records on *brass*, and hanging them up on the walls of temples and other buildings of general resort. It is the reference, perhaps, in Measure for Measure, v. 1. 11, 12.

58. Line 65: *As venerable Nestor, HATCH'D in silver*.—A technical engraver's term. The word has survived in

*hatchment* and "*cross hatching*," a process, I believe, of shading familiar to all artists. Cotgrave has "*hach* royalle;" also "*hache* d'armes." The verb *hacher* he translates "to hacke, shread, slice; also, to hatch a hill." Similarly *haché* = "*hatched* as the hilt of a sword." Perhaps the allusion is to enamel work or carving of some sort on the handle. In any case, it enables us to explain satisfactorily the rather curious phrase "*hatched in blood*," which Beaumont and Fletcher occasionally use (e.g. in the Humorous Lieutenant, i. 1), the fact simply being that the blood dripping from the blade was regarded as a kind of ornament. In Twelfth Night, iii. 4. 257, Sir Andrew is described as a "knight, dubb'd with *unhatch'd* rapier and on carpet consideration," though some editors there read *unhacked*. Taking the present passage we must refer *silver*, not, as did Johnson, to Nestor's voice, but to his white hair. Compare line 296, and iv. 5. 209. Tyrwhitt conjectured *thatched*; but he must have forgotten, or did not know of, Shirley's exact reproduction of Shakespeare's line:

Thy hair is fine as gold, thy chin is *hatch'd* with silver.

—Love in a Maze, ii. 2, Shirley's Works, Gifford's ed. ii. p. 301.

The following lines (66-68) need no explanation, much less correction: *band of air* is thoroughly Shakespearian. The whole passage is evidently a reminiscence of a stanza in Lucrece, 1401-1407:

There pleading might you see grave Nestor stand,  
As 't were encouraging the Greeks to fight;  
Making such sober action with his hand,  
That it beguiled attention, charm'd the sight:  
In speech, it seem'd, his beard, all silver white,  
Wagg'd up and down, and from his lips did fly  
Thin winding breath, which pur'd up to the sky.

The suggested comparison is not, I think, without point.

59. Line 73: *When RANK Theristes opes his MASTIC JAW*.—Apparently *mastic* is a corrupt form of *mastigra*, which in Terence means "a rascal," literally "one that always wants whipping." In late Latin the word came to signify "a whip," "scourge," and that must be the sense here. Many editors, however, read *mastif*. This line, it should be noted, is considered by Mr. Fleay to lend very strong support to his theory that the character of Theristes is a satirical portrait of Dekker. Why? Because Dekker in the Poetaster is called *rank*, an astonishing coincidence with the first half of our verse, while *mastic* is the clearest of allusions to Dekker's Satiro-Mastix. It is ingenious, *mais ce n'est pas la critique*.

60. Line 81: *When that the general is not like the hire*.—The *general* should be to an army what the *hire* is to the bees, viz. the central rallying point to which each member may resort. The sense is excellent. Yet the frenzy of emendation has not spared the line. *Not likes; is not liked o'?*, *is not the life of*, have all been suggested.

61. Line 85: *he planets, and this CENTRE*.—Referring obviously to the Ptolemaic system of astronomy, in which the earth was the centre. So Hamlet, ii. 2. 157-159:

I will find  
Where truth is hid, though it were hid indeed  
Within the centre.

"Fix like the centre" was not an unusual expression. Cf. Bussy D'Ambois, ii. 1, Chapman's Works, p. 152.



62. Line 87: *INSISTURE, course, proportion, &c.*—*Insistence* seems to be constancy, persistency. According to Nares the word does not occur elsewhere. We may note here that this fine speech, where the perfect clearness of thought and expression leaves little scope for the annotator, has been mercilessly mangled in Dryden's version. Indeed the whole of the scene (with which Dryden opens his play) has been unsparingly retrenched.

63. Line 100: *MARRIED calm of states.*—*Married* here simply means "closely united," as in Milton's:

Lydian airs  
Married to immortal verse.

Compare Romeo and Juliet, note 43.

64. Line 113: *And make a SOP of all this solid globe.*—So in Lear, II. 2. 35: "Draw, you rogue, . . . I'll make a sop of the moonshine of you." Compare, too, Richard III. I. 4. 162; see also note 53.

65. Line 127: *And this NEGLIGENCE of degree it is.*—*Neglection* occurs again in Pericles, III. 3. 20, where, however, Ff. read *neglect*. The general idea brought out in the passage is, that each man desires to aggrandize himself, and, in order to do so, slight his immediate superior.

66. Line 137: *Troy in our weakness STANDS.*—*Stands* (Q.) is more graphic than *lies* (Ff.); at least it seems to remind us of Virgil's "*Troiaque nunc statet*."

67. Line 153: *And, like a STRUTTING PLAYER.*—It is curious to note with what almost invariable contempt Shakespeare speaks of the stage and of the actor's calling, which, for a time at least, was his own. Compare the famous lines in Macbeth, v. 5. 24-26:

Life's but a walking shadow, a poor player  
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage  
And then is heard no more.

Above all, in the Sonnets, where alone we can trace the personality of the poet, where—to adopt Matthew Arnold's line—Shakespeare "abides our question"—he gives full vent to his loathing of the actor's life:

Alas, 'tis true I have gone here and there  
And made myself a motley to the view,  
Gored mine own thoughts, sold cheap what is most dear,  
Made old offences of affections new.

This (cx.) and the following sonnet are purely autobiographical; they let us know how Shakespeare estimated the art of the actor.

For he who struts his hour upon the stage  
Can scarce protract his fame thro' half an age;  
Nor pen nor pencil can the actor save—  
Both art and artist have one common grave.

The lines were written by Garrick. [?] cannot agree with the views here expressed by Mr. Verity, although they are doubtless shared by many. In this passage, and in the one taken from Macbeth, Shakespeare is merely putting into the mouths of his characters the conventional estimate of the actor's profession which was held by Society in his time. The dignified and nobly-worded defence of acting and actors by Hamlet is worth a hundred such commonplace sneers; and as for Sonnet cxi. (not cx.) which latter has little to do with his profession of actor, the less said about that the better. Its unhealthy and morbid tone

does Shakespeare little credit. If once we lose sight of the intense artificiality of the greater portion of the Sonnets, we must be driven to very awkward conclusions as to Shakespeare's character.—F. A. M.]

68. Line 157: *O'ER-WRESTED seeming.*—Q. and Ff. read "*ore-wrested*;" the correction (made by Pope) seems certain. For the metaphor compare III. 3. 23, and note 194. *Delius o'er-vested* is ingenious.

69. Line 171: *Arming to answer in a night alarm.*—So in Henry V. II. 4. 2, 3:

And more than carefully it us concerns  
To answer royally in our defences.

In each case the idea is "repelling an attack."

70. Line 180: *Severals and generals of GRACE EXACT.*—This seems to mean "our individual and collective qualities of perfection," or as Johnson phrases it, of "excellence irreprehensible;" but I cannot help suspecting some corruption in the line. Staunton's suggestion "of *grace and act*" would make fair sense. Collier's MS. Corrector gave "*all grace extract*," i.e. deprived of all the grace which really belonged to them.

71. Line 184: *As stuff for these two to make PARADOXES.*—The force of *paradox* is not very clear. Johnson wished that the copies had given *parodies*.

72. Line 195: *To weaken and discredit our exposure;* i.e. he minimizes the dangers to which we are exposed. In the following speech Ulysses develops the idea that in war policy and forethought should count for more than brute strength and bravery.

73. Line 205: *They call this bed-work, mappery, closet-war.*—Theobald punctuated "bed-work mapp'ry, closet war," i.e. treating *bed-work* as an adjective.

74. Lines 211, 212:

*Achilles' horse*

*Makes many Thetis' sons;*

i.e. at this rate *Achilles' horse* is as good as *Achilles* himself. It is superfluous to say that *Achilles* was the son of "sea-born" Thetis.

75. Line 224: *A STRANGER to those most imperial looks.*—And yet this was the seventh year of the war. Perhaps, as Stevens explains, Shakespeare thought that the leaders on either side fought with beavers to their helmets after the manner of the mediæval knights. So it. act IV. 5. 195, 196, Nestor says to Hector:

this thy countenance, still lock'd in steel,  
I never saw till now.

76. Line 235: *Courtiers as free, as DEBONAIRE.*—The word *debonair* only occurs in this passage in Shakespeare. Milton's line in L'Allegro (24) it would be superfluous to quote, but it may be worth while to note that Milton was plagiarizing from Thomas Randolph, in whose Aristippus we have:

A bowl of wine is wondrous good cheer,  
To make one blithe, buzom and *debonair*.

Perhaps Randolph in turn had remembered Pericles, I. Prol. 23.

77. Lines 238, 239:

JOVE'S ACCORD,

Nothing so full of heart.

I think we must take this (with Theobald) as an ablative absolute: *Jove probante*. The interpretation, of course, is awkward, if not impossible, but the corrections have little to say for themselves. Stevens proposed "*Jove's a lord*"; Malone, most confidently, "*Jove's a God*"; Mason, most grotesquely, "*Jove's own bird*."

78. Line 244: *that praise*, SOLE PURE, transcends. Collier's M<sup>8</sup>. Corrector gave *soul-pure*, an expression, said Collier, "of great force and beauty;" but to Dyce it conveyed "no meaning at all."

79. Line 262: *this dull and LOUD-contin'd TRUCE*. — This is inconsistent with what has preceded; cf. for instance, the second scene, line 34. It is one of the contradictions that point to the composite nature of the play.

80. Lines 269, 270:

#### CONFESSION,

*With truant vows to her own lips he loves.*

i.e. confession (or *profession*, which Hamner reads) made with idle vows to the lips of her whom he loves.

81. Line 272: *to him this CHALLENGE*. — The single combat between Hector and Ajax occurs in the seventh Iliad, 215-300. Such incidents abound in the old romances.

82. Line 282: *The Grecian dames are SUNBURNT*. — Compare Beatrice's complaint: "Thus goes every one to the world but I, and I am *sunburn'd*; I may sit in a corner, and cry Heigh-ho for a husband!" (Much Ado, II. 1. 331-333; and see note 132 of that play). In the Tempest, IV. 1. 134 the word does not bear any uncomplimentary associations.

83. Line 290: *I'll hide my silver beard in a gold BEAVER*. — Properly beaver signified the visor of the helmet, its sense in the present passage; cf. Hamlet, I. 2. 230, with Mr. Aldis Wright's note. Often used for the helmet itself; so I. Henry IV. IV. 1. 104. Skeat derives from *bacivire*, a bib; another derivation is *boire*, because the beaver had to be raised if the wearer wanted to drink. Compare III. Henry VI. note 39.

84. Line 297: *And in my VANTBRACE* — Q. has *vambrace*; a species of armour for the arm = *avant bras*. Compare "Vantbrace and greaves and gauntlet" (Samson Agonistes, 1121).

85. Line 313: *Be you my TIME*; i.e. "Time brings all schemes to maturity; in the present case do you fulfil the office of Time."

86. Lines 324, 325:

*The purpose is perspicuous even as SUBSTANCE,  
Whose GROSSNESS little CHARACTERS sum up.*

Warburton has a recondite note on these lines, the meaning of which seems to me fairly simple. *Substance* estate, property; *grossness* = gross sum, value; *characters* = numerals; and the whole idea is parallel to the thought expressed in Henry V. prologue to act I. 15, 18:

a crooked figure may

Attest in little place a million.

Compare, too, the Winter's Tale, I. 2. 6, 7:

like a cipher,

Yet standing in rich place.

87. Line 341: *shall give a SCANTLING, &c.* — *Scantling* here

signifies, not so much "a sample" (Schmidt, Shakespeare Lexicon), as "a measure," "proportion." Properly it means "a cut piece of timber;" then, apparently, "a small piece of anything." So Malone quotes from Florio's translation (1603) of Montaigne's Essays: "When the lion's skin will not suffice, we must add a *scantling* of the fox's." For derivation, cf. French *eschantillon*. The general = the community, as in Julius Cæsar, II. 1. 12, and Hamlet, II. 2. 457: "It was caviare to the general."

88. Line 343, 344:

*And in such INDEXES, although small PRICKS  
To their subsequent volumes.*

Several passages illustrate Shakespeare's use of the word *index*; e.g. Hamlet, III. 4. 51, 52:

Ay me, what act

That roars so loud, and thunders in the index!

Compare, too, Othello, II. 1. 283: "an *index* and obscure prologue," and Richard III. II. 2. 148: "as *index* to the story we late talk'd of." It is not enough in explaining these lines to say that the *index* was usually prefixed to a volume; it should be remembered that the word did not bear quite its modern sense, but signified what we should now call the "table of contents." So Minshew defines it: "Table in a book." *Prick* was used for a small mark or point; so in expression "prick of noon."

89. Lines 361, 362:

*The lustre of the better yet to show,  
Shall show the better.*

So the Folio, a great improvement on the reading of Q.:

*The lustre of the better shall exceed,  
By showing the worst first.*

Grant White's

Shall show the better *thus*. Do not consent gives an easier rhythm.

90. Lines 375, 376:

*let BLOCKISH AJAX draw  
The sort.*

As applied to Telamonian Ajax the epithet *blockish* (and in line 381, *dull brainless*) is not very appropriate. In the Iliad he is the type of strength, but not of dulness; and *blockish* could scarcely be said of the subject of Sophocles' drama. Probably, as the editors explain, Shakespeare has confounded the Telamonian Ajax with Ajax Oileus.

91. Line 392: *Must TARRE the mastiffs on*. — This was a sportsman's term = to urge on dogs to fight; cf. King John, IV. 1. 117, and Hamlet, II. 2. 370: "and the nation holds it no sin to *tarre* them to controversy."

#### ACT II. SCENE I.

92. Line 6: *a botchy CORE*. — Grant White has an interesting note on this disputed expression. "The old copies," he says, "have 'a botchy core,' which reading has been hitherto retained, although its meaning is past conjecture. But *core* is a mere phonographic spelling of *corps*. See Bacon's Life of Henry VII. p. 17: 'For he was in a *core* of people whose affections he suspected.' Therstices makes a pun, and uses *general* to refer to Agamemnon and to

Schmidt, Shakespearean  
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the general body or corps of soldiers as in act iv. scene 5  
of this play." Grant White prints *corps*; Collier's MS.  
Corrector had the obvious *sore*. Throughout this first part  
of the scene we have persistent quibbling and word-play.

It has always been a source of wonder to me how com-  
mentators could have missed the obvious meaning of the  
word *core* here, and have wanted to make utterly unnece-  
ssary emendations. Even Staunton, who is generally so  
careful to abstain from tampering with the text, suggests  
"botchy *cur*." If we read the whole speech—it is not a  
delicate or pleasant one—we shall at once see the mean-  
ing of the word *core*. *Core*, from the Latin *cor*, means,  
as is well known, "a kernel" or "seed-vessel of any fruit,"  
and it also means in medicine "The slough which forms at  
the central part of *boils*" (see Hoblyn's Dict. of Medical  
Terms, *sub voce*); and Johnson (ed. 1756) defines the word  
as "The matter contained in a *boil* or *sore*," and appends  
a quotation from Dryden:

Lance the sore,  
And cut the head; for, 'till the *core* be found,  
The secret vice is fed, and gathers ground.

There very probably is a pun intended on *core* and *corps*  
( "body of men," or simply "body"); but there can be  
little doubt that the meaning of the word *core* in this  
passage is the one given above.—F. A. M.]

93. Lines 13, 14: The *FLAGU* of Greece upon thee, thou  
MONKEL BEEF-witted lord!—Referring, probably, to the  
plague sent by Apollo upon the army of the Greeks, men-  
tioned in the first book of the *Iliad*. *Mongrel*, because  
Ajax's father, Telamon, was a Greek, his mother, Hesione,  
a Trojan; cf. iv. 5. 120. For *beef-witted* see (Notes) very  
boldly conjectured *half-witted*; he must have forgotten  
Sir Andrew's memorable "an a great *eat* of *beef*, and  
I believe that does harm to *my wit*" (*Jewell's Night*, l. 3.  
c. 91). Shakespeare suggests a similar antagonism in  
Henry V. iii. 7. 161, and in *Marlowe's* Edward II. ii. 2, the  
brilliant court favourite, Gaveston, scornfully bids the  
English nobles "go sit at home and eat their tenants'  
*beef*" (*Marlowe's Works*, Bullen's ed. ii. 156).

94. Line 15: thou *VINEWEDST* heaven.—Q. has *unsalted*;  
H. *skinned* it; the latter is probably a corruption of  
*vinewed* it. Why should the reading of Q. have been  
changed? "Because," says Johnson, "want of salt was  
no fault in heaven;" to which Malone replies that "heaven  
without the addition of salt does not make good bread."  
This is specializing too deeply; the poet was not a baker,  
and only a professional instinct could appreciate these  
editorial subtleties. The fact, I imagine, is, that of the  
two epithets *vinewed* it was far the more graphic, the  
more offensive and therefore the more appropriate; hence  
its substitution. As to the proposed alternatives, Han-  
mer suggested *whinnied* it, which he explained to mean  
"croaked;" Theobald, *unwinnow'd* it; Warburton, *windy*.  
Collier's MS. Corrector agreed with the Folio. For  
*vine*, or *vineo* = "mouldy," *L. mucidus*, Nares quotes  
from the *Mirror for Magistrates*, p. 417:

A souldier's hands must oft be died with goare,  
Lest, starke with rest, they *vineu'd* wax or hoare.

Compare, too, Beaumont's Letter prefixed to Speght's  
edition of Chaucer, 1602, and subsequently reprinted:  
Many of Chaucer's words are become as it were *vinewed*

and hoarie with overlong lying." The substantive is given,  
and rightly explained, by Minshew. As to etymology,  
Nares connects with A.S. *vineganes* to become mouldy,  
the same root being seen in A.S. *fenn* = mire, whence  
*modern fen*.

95. Lines 30-43:

Ajax. MISTRESS Theristes!  
Ther. Thou shouldst strike him.  
Ajax. COBLOAF!

Ther. He would PUN thee into shivers with his fist, as a  
sailor breaks a biscuit.

There are one or two points here. "Why *Mistress* Ther-  
istes?" says Walker (*A Critical Examination*, iii. p. 108);  
and Nares echoed the query. Surely the application of  
the word to Theristes is not so inappropriate or strange.  
He is a scold, quick of tongue and coward of heart, and  
in Hamlet's phrase, "must fall a cursing, like a very drab." He  
stings and buzzes about the unwieldy Ajax, and the  
latter expresses his contempt for mere cleverness, by re-  
torting, You are not a man at all, you are only a shrill-  
tongued shrew. More formidable is the *Cobloaf* crux,  
chiefly because of the disagreement of Q. and F. 1. F. 1  
gives the text printed above; Q. assigns the speeches as  
follows:

Ajax. Mistress Theristes  
Ther. Thou should'st strike him. Ajax. Cobloaf.  
Hee would punne thee into shivers with his fist.

Obviously the question resolves itself into this: to whom  
is *Cobloaf* as a term of contempt most applicable? To  
Ajax, as spoken by Theristes, or vice versa? The accounts  
of the word vary. Nares gives the following: "*Cobloaf*.  
A large loaf. *Cob* is used in composition to express large,  
as *cob-nut*, *cob-near*." Similarly Gifford in a note on  
Every Man in his Humour, l. 3, says: "our old writers  
used the word as a distinctive mark of bulk" (*Ben Jon-  
son's Works*, vol. i. p. 28). From this it would seem that  
the Quarto is right. But Minshew in his Dictionary speaks  
of a *cob* as "a bunne. It is a little loaf made with a round  
head, such as *cob-irons* which support the fire." He  
translates it by the French *briquet*, and *briquet* again in  
Cotgrave = "little round loaves or lumps, made of fine  
meal, . . . bunnes, lenten loaves." Minshew, therefore,  
and Cotgrave favour the Folio; "little round lumps"  
would nicely fit one's conception of Theristes. But the  
point cannot be definitely settled; the meanings of *cob*  
are too various; the Imperial Dictionary enumerates no  
less than eleven. Of these a very curious one occurs in  
Nashe's The Unfortunate Traveller, where he speaks of  
a "lord high regent of rashers of the coles and red her-  
ring *cobs*" (*Nashe's Prose Works*, ed. Grosart, in Huth  
Library, vol. v. p. 14); cf. too, his tract, *A Prognostication*,  
vol. ii. p. 163, and Greene's Looking Glass for London and  
England, p. 144. Doron's eclogue in Menaphon begins:  
"Sit down Carmela, here are *cobs* for kings," where, how-  
ever, the reference may be to apples (*Greene's Works*,  
p. 291). I have known the expression *cob* applied by Lan-  
cas to people to small buns; perhaps its survival is a  
mere localism. Etymologically *pun* = pound, the *d* in the  
latter being excrement; from A.S. *punian*.

96. Line 44: Thou stood for a witch!—Alluding, as Grey  
points out, to one of the many kinds of witch-torture.

There is a reference to the custom in Brand's chapter on "Witches" (Popular Antiquities, Bohn's ed. iii. p. 23).

97. Line 48: *an ASSINEGO may tutor thee.*—Q. and Ff. have *asinico*, from which Singer conjectured that the true reading was *asinico*, from Spanish *asinico*=a young or little ass. Pope proposed *Assinego*, a Portuguese word for ass; probably this is right, the word being found in Beaumont and Fletcher (see Dyce's ed. iii. 107) and elsewhere.

98. Line 75: *his EVASIONS have ears thus long;* i.e. donkey's ears.—By *evasions* he means the artifices which a man employs in an argument. The whole expression is an admirably humorous way of representing the clumsiness of Ajax in discussion.

99. Line 77: *and his PIA MATER is not worth.*—Properly the *pia mater* is one of the membranous coverings of the brain; often, however, used as here to signify the brain itself. So in Twelfth Night, i. 5. 123, the clown is afraid that Sir Toby "has a most weak *pia mater*;" compare, too, Love's Labour's Lost, iv. 2. 71. In Randolph's Aristippus the quack physician, Signor Medico de Campo, opines that the philosopher after his beating is in a parlous case: "By my troth, sir, he is wonderfully hurt. His *pia mater*, I perceive, is clean out of joint; of the twenty bones of the cranium there is but one left" (Randolph's Works, p. 32). The converse, *dura mater*, Shakespeare does not use.

100. Line 95:—*Will you SET your wit to a fool's? i.e. match your wit against.*—The term is taken from tennis, to which allusions are frequent. Compare Midsummer Night's Dream, iii. 1. 137. So in the Witch of Edmonton, ii. 1:

A ball well bandied, now the *set's* half won.  
—Ford's work, vol. ii. p. 48r.

101. Line 107: *and you as under an IMPRESS.*—Enforced service. So in Hamlet, i. 1. 75:

Why such *impress* of shipwrights.

102. Line 120: *to Achilles!* to.—Thersites keeps up the previous metaphor of yoking, imitating what he supposes Nestor to say to Achilles.

103. Line 126.—*Achilles' BRACH.*—Q. and Ff. read *brooch*. The almost certain emendation was made by Rowe. Johnson, with forensic subtlety, suggested that a *brooch* being "an appendant ornament," the phrase might here signify "one of Achilles' hangers on!" Malone hazarded *brock*=fop; compare Twelfth Night, ii. 5. 114: "Marry, break thee, *brock*!" The objection to *brooch* is that Shakespeare uses the word at least once in a complimentary sense:

the *brooch*, indeed,  
And gem of all the nation; —Hamlet, iv. 7. 94.

compare, too, Richard II. v. 5. 66. *Brach* is explained by v. 1. 18, 19.

## ACT II. SCENE 2.

104. Lines 14, 15:

*the wound of peace is surety,*  
*Surety SECURE.*

An obvious Latinism. Compare Henry V. iv. Prolog. 17:  
Proud of their nurrs, and *secure* in soul.

52

So in the present play, iv. 5. 73. We may remember too the couplet in L'Allegro:

Sometime with *secure* delight  
The upland hamlets will invade.  
—91, 92.

105. Line 19: *'mongst many thousand DISMES.*—Minshew has a long account of the word: "maile," he says, "of the French *Decimes* and signifieth tenth, or the tenth part of all the fruits, either of the earth, or beasts, or our labour due unto God, and so consequently to him that is of the Lord's lot, and hath his share, viz. our Pastor. It signifieth also the tenths of all spiritual livings, yearly given to the Prince—which in ancient times were paid to the Popes, until Pope Urbane gave them to Richard the Second, to aid him against Charles, the French King. Lastly it signifieth a tribute levied of the Temporallie" (Dictionary, p. 234). In the present passage, of course, the word merely means "tenths of the army."

106. Line 29:—*The PAST-proportion of his infinite!*—"That greatness," says Johnson, "to which no measure bears any proportion," a fine expression needlessly changed by some last-century editors to "*vast* proportion." "*Part* proportion" is a curiously infelicitous proposal. The words should, I think, be hyphenated.

107. Line 33: *you bite so sharp at REASONS.*—Perhaps, as Malone thinks, a quibble is intended such as Dogberry is guilty of in Much Ado, v. 1. 212.

108. Lines 49, 50:  
*reason and RESPECT*  
*Make lives pale.*

So in Lucrece, 274, 275:

Then, childish fear, avaunt! debating, die!  
*Respect* and reason, wait on wrinkled age.

In each case *respect* means caution, fear of consequences. Falstaff, it will be remembered, branded a *pale liver* as "the badge of pusillanimity and cowardice" (II. Henry IV. iv. 3. 113).

109. Line 52: *What is aught, but as 'tis valid.*—Grey quotes Butler's couplet:

For what 's the worth of anything  
But so much money as 't will bring?

110. Lines 58-60:

*And the will dotes, that is attributive*  
*To what infectiously itself affects,*  
*Without some image of th' affected merit.*

The meaning is fairly simple: "the man is foolish who invests an object with excellence, and excessively admires that excellence, when all the time it has no foundation in fact, but is simply the creation of his fancy."

111. Line 64.—*Two TRADED pilots;* i.e. professional, experienced. See note 272, and compare King John, iv. 3. 109.

112. Line 71: *in unrespective SIEVE.*—Q. has *sire*, F. 1. same, F. 2, F. 3, F. 4. *place.* *Sieve*, the reading in effect of Q., makes excellent sense, the limitation of the word to utensils with which to strain or riddle things being comparatively modern; indeed in some country districts it is still applied to a certain kind of fruit-basket. So Browning in his poem, A Soliloquy of the Spanish Cloister, has:

We may remember too

re delight  
will invite.

—97, 98.

and DISMES.—Minshen  
"made," he says, "of  
tenth, or the tenth  
earth, or beasts, or our  
are, viz. our Pastor. It  
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cent times were paid to  
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pilots; i. e. professional,  
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SIEVE.—Q. has sieve, F. I.  
ee, the reading in effect of  
limitation of the word to  
iddle things being com-  
ome country districts it is  
fruit-basket. So Browning  
Spanish Cloister, has:

When he gathers his greengages,  
Ope a sieve and ship it in.

Probably the *sieves* in which witches were floated to sea were wicker vessels of some kind. Originally they may have been made of rushes, which would explain the origin of the word, *seave*, and the cognate forms in Icelandic and Swedish, signifying a *rush*.

113. Line 79: *and makes STALE the morning*.—This, the Folio reading, has perhaps more force than the *pale* of the Quarto, which Malone retains. Shakespeare is fond of *stale* both adjective and verb; compare Winter's Tale, iv. 1. 12-14:

so shall I do  
To the freshest things now reigning, and make *stale*  
The glistering of this present.

But the word occurs too frequently to need illustration.

114. Line 82.—*Whose price hath LAUNCH'D above A THOUSAND SHIPS*.—Shakespeare is reproducing the opening lines of the great passage in Marlowe's Doctor Faustus, scene xiv. lines 83, 84:

Was this the face that launch'd a thousand ships  
And burnt the topless towers of Ilium?  
—Marlowe's Works, Bullen ed., vol. i. p. 275.

It may be worth while to note that Christopher Marlowe is the only contemporary dramatist to whom Shakespeare definitely alludes in terms of admiration; it is pleasant to think that it should be so. Modern criticism abundantly recognizes the fact that Marlowe rendered English literature the most signal and sovereign services, at once by freeing blank verse from the fetters imposed upon it by the authors of the dreary Gorboduc, by elevating, and to a certain extent fixing the form and style of the romantic drama, and by driving off the stage the "jiggish feins of rhyming mother wits" that are satirized in the prologue to Tamburlaine. Shakespeare's debt to Marlowe was great, and passages in his plays show that he was familiar with the works of his brother poet. Thus in As You Like It we have (iii. 5. 82) the direct apostrophe to the "Deaf shepherd," followed by the quotation of the line from Hero and Leander, which soon became a proverb:

Who ever lov'd that lov'd not at first sight?  
—Hero and Leander, First Sestiad, line 176

Again, in The Merry Wives of Windsor, iii. 1. 17-20, a stanza is introduced from the immortal lyric, "Come live with me and be my love." For similar Marlowe touches compare Two Gentlemen of Verona, i. 1. 20-27 (a less complimentary allusion), All's Well that Ends Well, i. 1. 74, 75, and Romeo and Juliet, v. 1. 8, where Romeo's "breath'd such life with kisses in my lips" is an obvious reminiscence of Hero and Leander, Second Sestiad, line 3.

115. Lines 87, 88:

for you all clapp'd your hands,  
And cried, "Inestimable!"

The account in Caxton's Troybook of the carrying-off of Helen is very quaint and picturesque; this is the description of Paris' return: "There came forth of the Town King Priamus with a great company of noblemen, and received his children and his friends with great joy, who came to Helen, and bowed courteously to her, and welcomed her honourably. And when they came nigh the city, they found great store of people glad of their coming,

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with instruments of musick: and in such joy came into the palace of King Priamus: he himself lighted down and helped Helen from her palfrey, and led her by the hand into the hall, and made great joy all the night, throughout all the city for these tydings. And the next morning, Paris by consent of his father, wedded Helen in the temple of Pallas, and the feasts were lengthened throughout all the city, for space of eight days" (Destruction of Troy, book iii. p. 19).

116. Line 90: *And do a deed that FORTUNE never did*. I think the meaning is: "you are more fickle than fortune herself. One day you rate Helen above all price; the next, when you have won her, she is of no account in your eyes. Fortune's wheel is not so variable."

117. Line 100.—*It is CASSANDRA*.—In Caxton's Troybook Cassandra, "a noble virgin; learned with sciences, and knew things that were to come," foretells, as here, the destruction of Troy, until "King Priamus hearing it intreated her to cease, but she would not. And then he commanded her to be cast into prison, where she was kept many days" (book iii. p. 19). It is a point to be noticed that Shakespeare does not make more out of Cassandra. In Troilus and Cressida she is only, to echo Heine's criticism, "an ordinary propheticess of evil," whereas it would have been an easy task to invest her figure with a mysterious impressive awe.

118. Line 104: *mid-age and wrinkled ELD*.—Q. has *elders*; Ft. *old*. Perhaps with Walker we should emend still further to "mid age and wrinkled eid;" the gain in symmetry is obvious.

119. Lines 110, 111:

Our FIREBRAND brother, Paris, burns us all.  
Cry, Trojans, cry! A HELEN AND A WOE!

The language and the allusions here are quite classical. "Firebrand brother" refers to Hecuba's dream, in which she supposed herself to be pregnant of a burning torch. It is a detail unknown to Homer: compare, however, Æneid, vii. 320:

nec face tantum  
Cisseis prægnans ignes enixa jugales.

So also in Æneid, x. 704, 705:

et face prægnans  
Cisseis regina Parim creat.

Parallel references might be quoted from English classics. Thus Peele, in the Tale of Troy, has:

behold, at length,  
She dreams, and gives her lord to understand  
That she should soon bring forth a fire-brand.

—Works, p. 551.

A Helen and a woe reminds us of the famous line in the Agamemnon (680), which Browning vividly reproduced in:  
Ship's hell, Man's hell, City's hell.

120. Line 116: *no DISCOURSE OF REASON*.—The same phrase occurs in Hamlet, i. 2. 150:

O God! a beast, that wants discourse of reason,

Compare same play, iv. 4. 36:

Sure, he that made us with such large discourse;

and Othello, iv. 2. 153:

Either in discourse of thought or actual deed.

In each case *discourse* bears the once common, but now obsolete, sense of reasoning; it points to the working of the mind, to the logical processes through which the latter must pass in arguing.

121. Line 133: *my PROPESSION*; i.e. inclination. Cf. line 190: "I *propend* to you."

122. Line 141: *Paris should ne'er retract*.—Compare *Iliad*, vii. 362.

123. Line 150: *the RANSACK'D queen*.—*Ransack'd* here the Latin *raptā*; it means simply "taken away by force," that force being employed not against the person taken away, but against the persons from whom she was taken. Schmidt explains the word as = *ravished* in this play; but this might be misleading, unless it were explained that *ravishment*, in legal phraseology, meant, originally, what we now call "abduction;" and therefore *ravished* would mean simply "abducted," and not, as it would imply generally nowadays, the crime of rape. It will be noticed that just above, in line 148, Paris uses *rape* in the sense in which it was used 'n Shakespeare's time, for mere "abduction." According to Cowell *rape* was used only in this sense in civil law, never in criminal. Spenser uses the word *ravished* in the sense of "violat" (bk. i. c. i. st. 5) in the well-known passage where Archimago tries to ravish Una:

And win rich spoils of *ravished* chastitee.

Of course the queen is Helen, not, as Hunter says, Hecione.

124. Line 162: *The world's large spaces cannot PARALLEL*; i.e. cannot produce her equal.

125. Line 165: *Have GLOZ'D*.—A *glaze* or a *gloss* is a commentary; the word generally bears the idea of "deceit;" cf. Milton's "well plac'd words of *glozing* courtesy" (*Comus*, 161). It is not hard to see how the meaning arose. The *gloss* (= *γλῶσσα*) was the word which needed explanation; then it came to signify the explanation itself; and finally, by an easy transition, a false explanation. A good instance of its use occurs in Ford's *Perkin Warbeck*, i. 2:

Youe mistake my griefs to so hard a sense,  
That where the *text* is argument of pity,  
Matter of almost love, your *gloss* corrupts it.

—Ford's Works, ii. 17.

126. Line 166: *whom ARISTOTLE thought*.—To avoid the rather absurd anachronism Rowe and Pope read (with splendid courage) "whom *graver sages think*!" For the sentiment we are referred to Bacon, *Advancement of Learning*, bk. ii. xxii.

127. Line 172: *Have ears more DEAF than ADDERS*.—An old superstition, often alluded to; thus, in Randolph's *The Muse's Looking Glass* the Anchorite remarks:

How happy are the moles that have no eyes!  
How blest the *adders* that they have no ears.

—Works, vol. I. p. 207.

Compare II. Henry VI. iii. 2. 70:

What! art thou, like the *adder*, waxen deaf!

and see note 188 of that play.

128. Line 180: *in way of truth*; i.e. "judging the matter

solely on the ground of what is just and right." This speech is a fine piece of characterization.

129. Line 202: *CANONIZE* *us*.—This is Shakespeare's invariable accentuation of the word. Compare *Hamlet*, i. 4. 47:

Why thy *canoniz'd* bones, hearsed in death;

and King John, iii. 1. 177:

*Canonized*, and worshipp'd as a saint.

See, too, II. Henry VI. i. 3. 63. Similarly in Marlowe's *Faustus*, i. 1. 118, we find:

Shall make all nations to *canonize* us.

Whereas Chapman, in Byron's *Conspiracy*, ii. 1, writes:

Should make your highness *canonized* a saint.

(Works, edn. 1874, p. 229).

### ACT II. SCENE 3.

130. Line 7: *a rare ENGINEER*.—All such words as *engineer*, "sonneteer," "mutineer," &c., were formerly spelt with a final *er* instead of *eer*. So in Chapman's *Monsieur D'Olive*, iii. 1, we have: "by the brains of some great *engineer*" (Works, edn. 1874, p. 129). For an exhaustive discussion of the question see Walker, *Shakespeare's Versification*, pp. 217-227.

131. Line 10: *lose all the SERPENTINE craft of thy caducæus*.—A classical touch, as Stevens notes; cf. Martial, *Epigrams*, bk. vii. 74:

Cyllenes colique decus, facunde minister,  
Aurea cui *toro virga dracone* viret.

132. Line 27: *a gilt COUNTERFEIT*.—Hammer, following Rowe, read *counter*. In a note on *As You Like It*, ii. 7. 63 ("What, for a *counter*, would I do but good?"), Knight says that these counters or *jettons* were made of various metals, for the most part at Nürnberg. They were used to count with, and are alluded to in Julius Caesar, iv. 3. 80 (where see Clarendon Press note), and Winter's Tale, iv. 3. 38; also in this play, ii. 2. 28. In the present passage *stipp'd* is used quibbly in allusion to the spurious coins known as *slips*—a word-play of which the dramatists were very fond. So in *Romeo and Juliet*, ii. 4. 50, 51, when Romeo asks "What counterfeit did I give you?" Mercutio replies, "The *slip*, sir, the *slip*;" so also Venus and Adonis, 515. Ben Jonson, too, in *Every Man in His Humour*, ii. 3, has: "Let the world think me a *bad counterfeit* if I cannot give him the *slip* at an instant."

133. Line 37: *never shrouded any but LAZARS*.—Generally applied to people afflicted with leprosy; cf. "most *lazar-like*," *Hamlet*, i. 5. 72. It is perhaps superfluous to note the derivation; from *Lazarus*, Luke xvi. 20.

134. Line 55: *I'll DECLINE the whole question*.—Thersites borrows a term from the grammar-book, and then proceeds to quibble upon it. Compare Richard III. iv. 4. 97.

135. Line 86: *He SHENT our messengers*.—Q. has *sate*; FL. *sent*. The absolutely certain emendation in the text is due to Theobald. Hammer printed "he *sent* us messengers" (very poor); while Collier followed his MS. Corrector in reading "we *sent* our messengers," objecting to Theobald's conjecture on the ground that the fact of



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is is Shakespeare's in-  
d. Compare Hamlet,

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Similarly in Marlowe's

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s—a word-play of which  
So in Romeo and Juliet,  
What counterfeit did I  
he slip, sir, the slip;" so  
n Jonson, too, in Every  
Let the world think me  
him the slip at an in-

any but LAZARS.—Gue-  
with leprosy; cf. "most  
s perhaps superfluous to  
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hole question.—Thersites  
mar-book, and then pro-  
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emendation in the text  
rinted "he sent us mes-  
er followed his MS. Cor-  
messengers," objecting  
ground that the fact of

Achilles rebuking the messenger had not been stated in the play. *Shent*, it may be noted, entirely agrees with scene iii. of the first act, where Achilles is said to have taken pleasure in seeing Patroclus *pageant* (i.e. mimic and burlesque) Agamemnon and the other leaders; also, if, as Dyce ingeniously suggests, the *sate* of the Quarto is a corruption of *rates*, we have a fresh argument in favour of *shent*, a word which Shakespeare uses several times, e.g. Merry Wives of Windsor, I. 4. 38; Twelfth Night, iv. 2. 112; Hamlet, iii. 2. 416.

136. Line 103: *if he have lost his ARGUMENT*.—Here in the sense of theme, subject; cf. *argumentum*. The word is of too frequent occurrence in Shakespeare to require illustration. We may remember, however, Milton's famous invocation:

what in me is dark  
illumine, what is low raise and support,  
That to the height of this great *argument*  
I may assert Eternal Providence  
And justify the ways of God to men.

—Paradise Lost, l. 22-26.

137. Line 113: *The elephant hath joints, but none for courtesy*.—Cf. iii. 3. 48, 49. That the elephant's legs had no joints was a current superstition.

138. Line 121: *An after-dinner's BREATH*.—So in Hamlet, v. 2. 182: "t is the *breathing* time of day with me." In each case the idea suggested is "light exercise," "relaxation."

139. Line 134: *Than in the note of JUDGMENT*.—*Note of judgment* seems to be equivalent to *judgment* simply; so we now speak of a person as "having no judgment;" but possibly "*judged* by other people" may be the idea. The text of this passage has been needlessly emended in various details.

140. Line 138: *His humorous PREDOMINANCE*.—Shakespeare is referring to the astrological term; it occurs in Lear, i. 2. 134: "kna's, thieves, and treachers, by spherical predominance."

141. Line 139: *His pettish LUNES, his ebbs, his flows*.—Ff. have "pettish lines;" Q. "*his course and time, his ebbs and flows*;" Pope read *his course and times*. The emendation in the text is due to Hammer. A similar confusion, *lines for luns*, occurs in Merry Wives of Windsor, iv. 2. 22, where the correction was made by Theobald. For *Lunes* (=whims, freaks), cf. Winter's Tale, ii. 2. 30.

142. Line 149: *In second voice we'll not be satisfied*; i.e. "a substitute will not be sufficient, he must come himself."

143. Line 169: *I do hate a proud man, &c.*—For the thought cf. i. 3. 241, 242.

144. Line 187: *the DEATH-TOKENS of 't*.—A reference to the small dark spots which appeared on the skins of people infected with the plague; they were supposed to portend certain death. Cf. Antony and Cleopatra, iii. 10. 9, 10:

like the token'd pestilence,  
Where death is sure.

145. Line 195: *with his own SHAM*.—*Scam*=tallow; fat; cf. *enseamed*, Hamlet, iii. 4. 92.

146. Line 213: *I'll FASH him*.—In Shakespeare only occurs here (where, however, Q. has *push*) and in act v. 5. 10. It is found in Greene (Works, p. 94) and Marlowe (Bullen's ed. vol. i. p. 59); also in Massinger (Works, p. 10), Virgin Martyr, ii. 2; and in The White Devil of Webster (Works, ed. Dyce, vol. i. p. 8). The word is of Scandinavian origin (*skeat*). Browning has it in "Childe Roland to the Dark Tower came," stanza xii.

147. Line 215: *I'll PHEEZE his pride*.—We have *Phээр* in Merry Wives, i. 3. 9; while the Taming of the Shrew begins: "I'll *phээр* you, in faith" (see note 1 of that play). The etymology of the word is not clear, nor its exact meaning. I take, however, the following from the Imperial Dictionary, sub voce *Feaze*. "[Perhaps connected with Swiss *fitzen*, *fausen*, D. *reuzeln*, Fr. *fesser*, to whip.] To whip with rods; to tease; to worry. Written also *Feeze*, *Feize*, and *Phээр*." The same authority gives a substantive *Feaze*="State of being anxious or excited; worry; vexation." The eighteenth-century commentators seem to have misunderstood the word. Hammer, for instance, explains it: "to separate a twist into single threads. In the figurative sense it may well enough be taken like *tease*;" and this is the account offered by Steevens, Johnson, and others. But *feaze* in this sense looks like a derivative from the A.S. *faew*=thread; cf. G. *fasern*. According to Gifford it was in his days still in common use in the west of England, and meant "to beat," "to chastise;" this is obviously its sense in the present passage, and as a localism the word may still survive. Wedgwood has a long article on the subject, discriminating between the two meanings.

148. Line 221: *The raven chides blackness*.—Obviously another version of the proverb, "the kettle calls the pot black." See Bohn's Proverbs, p. 108.

149. Line 222: *I'll let his humours blood*.—Malone points out that a collection of epigrams, satires, &c., was printed in 1600 with the title, *The Letting of Humours Blood in the Head Vaine*.

150. Line 227: *should eat swords first*.—It is not necessary to change the reading; but Grey's ingenious proposal deserves mention: "a should eat's words first." In the next two lines there is an obvious word-play.

151. Line 233: *his ambition is DRY*.—*Dry* often=thirsty. Cf. Romeo and Juliet, iii. 5. 50:

*Dry* sorrow drinks our blood.

152. Line 244: *A whoreson dog, that shall PALTER thus with us!*—Here *palter* is used in the sense of *trifle*; in Macbeth, v. 8. 20, and Julius Caesar, ii. 1. 126="equivocating." Skeat derives it from *palter*, rags, and says that it originally meant "to deal in rags," and so "to haggle about paltry things."

153. Line 252: *Praise HIM that got thee, SHE that gave thee suck*; i.e. *Telamon* and *Eribera* though later in this play (iv. 5. 83) Hesione is represented as having been the mother of Ajax.

154. Line 258: *Bull-bearing Milo*.—The legendary athlete of Crotona.

155. Line 260: *like a BOURN, a pale, a shore*.—For



*botum*—boundary (its etymological meaning) cf. Winter's Tale, i. 2. 174: *No botum 'twixt his and mine.*

156. Line 203: *He must, he is, he cannot but be wise.*—Such brachylogy is characteristic. Compare i. 3. 289.

## ACT III. SCENE 1.

157. Line 14: *You are in the state of grace.*—Referring obviously to the previous quibble, "know your honour better," i.e. a better man. Throughout this scene the servant persistently plays on words and misunderstands his interlocutor. Q. and Ff. print the line as a query.

158. Lines 33, 34: *the MORTAL VENUS*, . . . *love's INVISIBLE soul.*—That is to say, Helen, the representative of *Venus* on earth. *Invisible* has been changed by some editors to *visible*, and I think there is a good deal to be said for the correction.

159. Line 52: *good BROKEN MUSIC.*—This was the name technically applied to the *music* of stringed instruments. Its use here is one more instance of Shakespeare's perfect familiarity with the terminology of arts other than his own. For *music* in particular the poet seems to have felt a special sympathy. So Caesar, in describing Cassius, says:

he loves no plays,  
As thou dost, Antony; he hears no *music*.  
—Julius Caesar, i. 2. 203, 204.

And still more decisive is a passage in *The Merchant of Venice*, v. 1. 83-85:

The man that hath no *music* in himself,  
Nor is not mov'd with concord of sweet sounds,  
Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils.

Goethe had exactly the same feeling. He speaks of himself as having been inspired during the composition of his *Iphigenia* by listening to Gluck's cantata; and apropos of the same play, we find him writing to the Frau Von Stein: "My soul by the delicious tones is gradually freed from the shackles of deeds and protocols. A quartette in the green room. I am sitting here, calling the distant forms gently to me. One scene must be floated off to-day."—Feb. 22nd, 1779. Reverting to Shakespeare, we must remember that "unmusical" was not always an appropriate epithet to apply to the English. The mass of ballads and songs scattered throughout the plays and lyrical miscellanies of the Elizabethan and Jacobean periods points to a widely-diffused and, using the word in its best sense, popular love of music; and modern research has established the fact that, next to the Italian composers, English musicians enjoyed the highest continental renown. Probably the death of Purcell and the advent of Handel decided the eclipse of national music.

160. Line 61: *you say so in FITS.*—A *fit* was a division in a poem, or a measure in dancing, or a verse of a song. Thus in the ballad of King Estmere we have:

What wold ye doe with my harpe, he sayd,  
If I did sell it yee?  
To playe my wife and me a *fit*,  
When abed together wee bee.

—Percy's Reliques, King Estmere, lines 241-244.

So in Ralph Roister Doister, ii. 3, Truepeny says: "Shall we sing a *fitte* to welcome our friends, Arnot?" (Arber's

Reprint, p. 36). Not elsewhere in Shakespeare: the word is familiar to Chaucer students, being the A.S. *fit*=a song. In the present passage there appears to be some quibble, though one does not quite see how.

161. Line 74: *You shall not BOB us out of our melody.*—Properly *bob*=to jerk, but by some undefined means the word gradually got the idea of cheating, obtaining by fraud. Compare *Othello*, v. 1. 16:

gold and jewels that I *bob'd* from him.

Again, in the *Witch of Edmonton*, iii. 2, a father looking upon the dead body of his child says:

I'll not own her now. She's none of mine:  
*Bob* me off with a dumb show!

Here the sense obviously is "to *trick* me with a show!" I find a curious phrase in Glapthorne's *The Lady Mother*, printed in Bullen's *Old Plays*, ii. p. 149, where a man remarks that another character is "like a *bobbed* hawk," i.e. like a hawk which has *missed* its prey, has struck, that is, at some small bird, and struck unsuccessfully. Very possibly it is from some such metaphor that the word came eventually to signify any cheating, tricking operation. The *Imperial Dictionary* has an excellent account *sub voce*.

162. Line 95: *with my DISPOSER Cressida.*—A well-known crux. Indeed the whole passage from *What says my sweet queen,—my very very sweet queen?* down to *Cressida* (95), is difficult, the arrangement of the lines, in which I have followed Dyce and the Cambridge editors, being somewhat confused. There are two points to be noticed, points upon which many editors have gone hopelessly wrong. Q. and Ff. assign the words, *You must not know where he sits*, to Helen: they certainly should form part of Pandarus' speech; the change was made by Hammer, and simplifies the dialogue very considerably. That is he first point: the other is "my *disposer* Cressida." How can Paris speak of Cressida as his *disposer*? The editors could not answer the question, and took refuge in rearrangements of the lines, in emendations of *disposer*, and other expedients which it could serve no purpose to enumerate at length. Enough to say that Collier (still assigning the speech to Paris) would read *dispraiser*, i.e. as not allowing the merits of Paris; while many editors substituted Helen for Paris and changed to *deposer* (Stevens, Ritson) or *disposer* (Warburton), the meaning in either case being that Cressida had supplanted Helen in the affections of Paris. See the very elaborate notes in Malone's Var. Ed. vol. viii. pp. 318-320. *Disposer* will be equivalent to "She who *disposes* or inclines me to mirth by her pleasant (and rather free) talk." So Dyce.

163. Line 102: *I spy.*—Probably alluding to the well-known game.

164. Line 118: *Ay, you may, you may.*—Evidently a current piece of slang. So *Coriolanus*, ii. 3. 33. In the present case it is a humorous way of saying "I see you are flattering and fooling me."

165. Line 119: *this love will undo us all.*—That this remark should be placed in the mouth of Helen—that she—*causa mali tanti*—should instinctively feel how fatal

Shakespeare: the word in the A.S. *fl* = a song or a war to be some quibble.

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her *amour* was bound to prove, is a fine touch, and is noted by Heine in his Shakespeare's Frauen und Mädchen. The editors have not remarked what is, I believe, the case, viz., that the expression is some catch from a song; compare Field's *A Woman is a Weathercock*, iii. 3 (Dodsley, xl. 54).

166. Line 131:—*the wound to kill*; i.e. the killing wound. This, like the other ballad-snatches in the play, seems to be untraceable.

167. Line 140: *He eats nothing but doves*.—In The Merchant of Venice, ii. 2 144, Gobbo has a "dish of doves" that he would fain bestow on Launcelot. In Italy they are a very common article of food.

168. Line 144: *Why, they are VIPERS*.—Referring, as Hunter says, to Acts xxviii. 3: "there came a viper out of the heat."

169. Line 167: *Than all the ISLAND KINGS*.—The leaders that is, who came from "the isles of Greece, the isles of Greece."

## ACT III. SCENE 2.

170. Line 1: Pandarus' ORCHARD.—Here, as often, *orchard* is synonymous with *garden*. So in Hamlet, i. 5. 59: "Sleeping within my orchard;" and in many other passages. See Much Ado, note 62. Compare Chapman's Widow's Tears, ii. 2:

*Tha. What news, Lycus? Where's the lady?*

*Lyc. Retired into her orchard.* —Works, p. 317.

We repeatedly come across the expression "orchard of the Hesperides," e.g. in Marlowe's Hero and Leander, Sestiad ii. line 286; Middleton's The Changeling, iii. 3 (Works, vol. iv. p. 250); and Massinger's Emperor of the East, iv. 1, and Virgin Martyr, iv. 3 (Works, pp. 340 and 27). There is no reason why the word should be limited to places where fruit is grown; etymologically it simply means *herb yard*, coming from A. S. *wyrt*=a root.

171. Line 23: *Love's thrice-REPURED nectar*.—*Yf* have *reputed*; so too (according to Dyce) some copies of the Quarto; but see Cambridge Shakespeare, vi. p. 265. Collier's MS. Corrector read *reputed*; there can be no question which is preferable. For an instance of the verb *repute* see Shirley's Lady of Pleasure, act v. sc. 1:

*The winds shall play soft descendant to our feet*

*And breathe rich odours to repute the air.*

—Works, Gifford's Edn. vol. iv. p. 95.

172. Line 29: *As doth a BATTLE, when they charge*.—*Battle* often signifies a *battalion*. So in Caxton's Description of Troy we read: "In the night passed, Hector having the charge of them in the city, ordered early his *battles* in a plain that was in the city, and put in the first *battle* two thousand knights" (bk. iii. p. 40). Milton, too, has:

*So under fiery cope together rushed*

*Both battles main.*

—Paradise Lost, vi. 215-216.

173. Line 34: *as if she were FRAY'd with a sprite*.—*Fray* is short for *affray*, which comes from a low Latin word *exfridiare*=to break the king's peace. The same root is clearly seen in G. *friede*. For use of *fray* Steevens quotes from Chapman's twenty-first Iliad:

*all the massacres*

*Left for the Greeks, could put on looks of no more overthrow*  
*Than now fray'd life.*

174. Line 45: *you must be WATCH'd ere you be made TAME?*—Referring obviously to the custom of taming hawks by keeping them from sleep. So in Othello, iii. 3. 23, "I'll watch him tame;" and Taming of the Shrew, iv. 1. 196-198:

*Another way I have to man my haggard,*

*That is, to watch her, as we watch these kites*

For Shakespeare's use of such technical terms see note 178.

175. Line 48: *we'll put you i' the FILLS*.—Q. has *fills*; F. 1, *file*; and F. 2, F. 3, and F. 4, *files*. Hammer reads *files*, and in a note remarks, "alluding to the custom of putting the men suspected of cowardice in the middle place." There can be no doubt, however, that *fills* is the right reading, and that the editors of the Second Folio made the correction from not understanding the word. *Fill*, or *thill*, is simply the shaft of a cart; the word is cognate with the German *diele*=plank. *Fill-horse* occurs in Merchant of Venice, ii. 2. 101; see note 139 of that play.

176. Line 52: *rub on, and kiss the mistress*.—All these terms are taken from the game of bowls. The *mistress* was the "small ball . . . now called the jack, at which the players aim" (Nares). A bowl that *kissed the mistress* (i.e. remained touching the jack) was in the most favourable position; cf. Cymbeline, ii. 1. 2. *Rub on* is not so easily explained. Mr. Aldis Wright in his note on Richard II. iii. 4. 4, quotes from Fuller's Holy State, book I. chap. ii.: "But as a *rubbe* in an overthrown bowl proves an helpe by hindering it; so afflictions bring the souls of God's Saints to the mark." [Johnson gives as one of the special meanings of *rub*: "Inequality of ground, that hinders the motion of a bowl;" a definition which the Imperial Dict. follows, quoting the passage from Fuller, given above. But in British Rural Sports, by Stonehenge (J. H. Walsh), 1881 (15th edn.), *rub* is thus defined: "*Rub* or *Set*.—When a jack or a bowl, in its transit, strikes or touches any object or thing on the green which alters or impedes its motion;" and afterwards in Rule 17: "If a running bowl before it has reached the parallel of the jack do *rub* or set on any person (not of the playing party), or on a bowl or jack belonging to another party, it can be played again;" and in the next rule 18: "If the jack do *rub* or set on a bowl or person not belonging to the party." &c. From these extracts it would appear that to *rub* (in the game of bowls) meant "to come into contact with" any obstacle animate or "inanimate."—F. A. M.] For *rub* (subst.)=obstacle, see King John, iii. 4. 128. The origin of the expression "there's the *rub*" is clear.

177. Line 54: *a kiss in FEE-FARM!*—*Fee*, from A. S. *feoh*, properly meant *cattle*, as the natural form of property in an early civilization; then property in general, but more especially land. Compare, in part, the use of *pecus*, *pecunia*. *Fee-farm* signifies, I suppose, *fee-simple*, the most advantageous and lasting system of tenure. We have a "fee grief" in Macbeth, iv. 3. 196, and "sold in *fee*," Hamlet, iv. 4. 22.

178. Lines 55, 56: *The falcon as the tercel, for all the ducks i' the river*.—The *falcon* was the female hawk; the *tercel*, the male; the former was the larger and stronger. So Cotgrave, sub voce *Tierecel*, has "The *tassel*, or male of any kind of hawk; so termed because he is commonly

a third part lesse than the female." See Skent upon *tercel*. *Par-larus* means that he will match his niece against *Troilus*. Rowe misunderstood the passage and read "the falcon *has* the *tercel*;" so Pope. Tyrwhitt ingeniously conjectured "*at* the *tercel*." In the second half of the quotation we have an allusion to what appears to have been a favourite amusement, i.e. hawking along river banks. So in Ben Jonson's *The Forest* (III.) one of the country pursuits mentioned is:

Or hawking at the river.

So, too, Chaucer's Sir Thopas:

Couthe hunt at wild deer,  
And ride on hawkyng for *ryver*.  
With gray goshawk on honde.

—Chaucer, *Works*, Bohn's ed. ii. p. 118.

Cunningham, in his edition of Gifford's Massinger, p. 640, remarks upon the close familiarity with country customs that our old dramatists display: they seem, he says, "to have been, in the language of the present day, keen sportsmen." This is perfectly true: the works of Massinger, Ben Jonson, and others, abound with terms drawn from the technicalities of hunting, hawking, and kindred pursuits. In the case of Shakespeare, however, it was only one aspect of the poet's immense range of knowledge. *Nihil non tetigit*: he draws his metaphors and similes from every possible subject; and he invariably writes with a minute accuracy which at one moment convinces us that he must have been a painter, at another that he must have been a musician, at a third a lawyer, and so on through a dozen other professions.

179. Line 62: "*In witness whereof*," &c. —Alluding, says Grey, to the usual conclusion of indentures. "to which the parties to these presents have interchangeably set their hands and seals." Shakespeare was fond of this metaphor of sealing a compact. Compare Measure for Measure, iv. 1, the boy at court; Venus and Adonis, 511 and 516.

180. Line 80: *in all Cupid's pageant there is presented no monster*.—"From this passage," says Steevens, "a *Fear* appears to have been a personage in other pageants; or perhaps in our ancient moralities." To this circumstance Aspatia alludes in *The Maids Tragedy*:

And then a *Fear*  
Do that *Fear* bravely, wench.

Perhaps in Antony and Cleopatra, ii. 2. 196-218, in the great passage describing the first meeting of the Queen and Antony, Shakespeare had in his mind's eye the details of some such Pageant of Love as is here hinted at.

181. Line 104: *shall be a mock for his truth*.—Malone explains this, "Even malice (for such is the meaning of the word *envy*) shall not be able to impeach his truth, or attack him in any other way, except by ridiculing him for his constancy." This may be right; I should have thought, however, that the meaning was rather, "the worst that malice can say against him will be but a mock, a trifle which his constancy can afford to despise, i.e. his loyalty will be raised above and superior to the assaults of jealousy."

182. Line 119: *they are burs, I can tell you*.—Properly "*burs* mean the unopened flowers of the Burdock (*Arcium Lappa*)" (Ellacombe, p. 32); a plant common on

waste places by roadsides. The bracts of the involucre which inclose the young flowers are furnished with hooked tips, which cling persistently to one's clothes or to a dog's coat, or to any other object. Several British wild plants are called *Burs*; e.g. the *Bur-marigold*, the *Bur-parsley*, the *Bur-reed*; but none deserve the name better than the *Burdock*. It is cognate, no doubt, with the French *bourse*, applied to the hair of animals or the fluffy pollen shed by some plants. Milton speaks of "*rude burs and thistles*" (*Comus*, 353), and Shakespeare has the word several times. "Nay, friar, I am a kind of *bur*; I shall stick" (*Measure for Measure*, iv. 3. 189).

183. Line 140. *CUNNING in dimbness*.—Pope's correction of the coming of Q. and Ff. The change seems entirely necessary. In the next line *soul of counsel* = the very essence of my design. *Soul* was used in this sense in act i. 2. 313.

184. Line 155: *KIND OF SELF resides with you*.—Collier's MS. Corrector gave a *kind self*; at the best an unnecessary change. The idea is the same as in Sonnet cxxiii. 13, 14:

For I, being pent in thee,  
Perforce am thine, and all that is in me.

185. Lines 163, 164:

Or else you love not; FOR to be wise and love  
Exceeds man's might; that dwells with gods above.

First, as to the origin of the expression *to be wise and love*: it is a literal reproduction of the maxim of Publius Syrus: "*amare et sapere vix deo conceditur*." Curiously enough, the proverb is to be frequently found in Elizabethan and Jacobean writers. Bacon, for instance, in his *Essay on Love*, has: "for there was never proud man thought so absurdly well of himself as the lover doth of the person loved; and therefore it was well said that it is impossible to love and to be wise" (*Works*, ed. Spedding, vol. vi. p. 398). The occurrence, by the way, of the saying in the *Essays* and in *Troilus and Cressida* must be as meat and drink to the supporters of the "Bacon wrote Shakespeare" theory. Still Shakespeare is not the only poet who used it. Tyrwhitt quotes from *The Shepherd's Calendar*, March:

To be wise, and eke to love,  
Is granted scarce to gods above.

For a partial application of the idea we may compare Middleton's *Women Beware Women*, I. 2 (early). But the real difficulty, the rock over which the editorial barques of Hamner and others have hopelessly been shattered, is the unlucky *for* in line 163. "Why *for*," said Malone, finding the unfortunate *for* "inconsequential." No doubt Cressida's reasoning is a trifle irregular. Such arguments would not pass muster in Mill's Logic; but the editors might have remembered that, in the first place, the speaker is a woman; and, in the second place, being in love, she cannot, according to her own showing, "be wise." Really it is perfectly easy to trace the line of thought. "I angled," she says, "for your thoughts, but got nothing out of you, either because you are not in love, or because you are too wise;" and then the words *wise and love* remind her of the proverb, and she whimsically rounds off her sentence with, "for you know, you can't both love and be wise." It is an admirable non

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## NOTES TO TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

*sequitur*, a triumph of feminine reasoning power, and ten times as true to life as the logical proprieties suggested by the commentators, amongst whom Hammer barbarously printed, "a sign you love not" (163).

186. Line 169: *Outliving beauty's OUTWARD*.—The substantial use of adjectives is very common in Elizabethan English. Thus in Shakespeare we have *pale*=paleness, Venus and Adonis, 589; Lucrece, 1512; *fair*=fairness, Sonnet lxxviii. 3; *vast*=vastness, Hamlet, l. 2. 198; and many others. See Abbott, A Shakespearian Grammar, pp. 20, 21.

187. Line 173: *Might be AFFRONTED* . . . —For *affront* confront cf. Hamlet, iii. l. 31. So in the well-known line from Paradise Lost, i. 391:

And with their darkness durst affront this light.

188. Line 184: *as plantage to the moon*.—This line is best illustrated by a passage which Farmer quotes from Reginald Scott's Discoverie of Witchcraft: "The poore husbandman perceiveth that the increase of the moone maketh plants fruitful: so as in the full moone they are in the best strength; decaying in the wane; and in the conjunction do utterlie wither and fade." Pope misunderstood the allusion and altered to *planets*. So Theobald.

189. Line 186: *As iron to ADAMANT*.—*Adamant* here, as often, signifies the magnet, or lodestone. So, to take an instance outside Shakespeare, in the Return from Parnassus, H. l. we have:

I am her needle: she is my *Adamant*.

—Arber's Reprint, p. 24.

Compare *Midsommer Night's Dream*, ii. l. 195, note 115.

190. Line 193: *When waterdrops have worn the stones of Troy*.—We may remember the familiar line:

Gutta cavit lapidem, non vi sed sæpe cadendo.

So Lucretius, bk. iv. 1280, 1281:

Nonne vides etiam guttas in saxa cadentes  
Humoris longo in spatio pertundere saxa.

So also Shakespeare himself in Lucrece, 950. Grey, too, in his notes refers to Spenser, sonnet xviii.

191. Line 201: *or STEPPAME to her son*.—Quite a classical touch. The Latin poets delight to lavish abuse on the "injuncta noverca" (Virgil, Eclogues, iii. 33). On the English stage she is not such a familiar figure. In the next line (202) *stick*=stab; cf. Two Gentlemen of Verona, l. 1. 115. This speech is a finely-developed piece of character-drawing. Cressida's florid asseverations of loyalty are a fit prelude to her final faithlessness.

192. Line 217: *press it to death*.—See Much Ado, note 153. A description of the punishment will be found in the successive editions of Chamberlaynes Anglica Notitia.

## ACT III. SCENE 3.

193. Lines 3-5.

Appear it to your mind  
That, through the sight I bear in things, to LOVE  
I have abandon'd Troy.

This is a passage of considerable difficulty. According to the Cambridge editors *things to love* is the reading of the Quarto and the first three Folios. Johnson, however,

says "the word is so printed that nothing but the sense can determine whether it be *love* or *Jove*." He himself printed *Jove*, which, combined with the next line, certainly gives a possible sense. Myself I think that we ought to retain what is almost conclusively the reading of the old copies, viz. *to love*; placing, then, the comma after *things*, and taking *to love* with what follows, we may interpret the passage with Stevens: "I have left Troy to the dominion of love, to the consequences of the *amour* of Paris and Helen." Obviously this is not a little fine-drawn and suggestive of special pleading; but, unless we adopt one of the sweeping emendations proposed, I do not see what else can be made of the lines. Grant White's explanation, "Through my peculiar knowledge as to where it is well to place affection or regard I have abandon'd Troy," seems to me—and I am glad to observe that Dyce was of the same opinion—extraordinarily weak. Rowe, and after him Theobald, followed F. 4 in reading "in things to come." Collier's MS. Corrector gave "things above;" and in the previous line quite needlessly altered *appear* to *appeal*. Dyce prints *to Jove*, and puts the comma at the end of the line. In Caxton's Destruction of Troy a dialogue takes place between Cressida and Calchas on the arrival of the former in the Greek camp. She reproaches her father with having been a traitor to his country, to which he replies: "Ha ha, my daughter, thinkest thou it is a fit thing to despise the answer of the gods, and especially in that which touches my health. I know certainly by their answers this war shall not endure long, this city shall be destroyed, and the nobles also, and the burgeses, and therefore it is better for us to be here safe, than to be slain with them" (book iii. pp. 55, 56). Similarly Lydgate represents Calchas as warned by his "sight in things to come," (i) to desert the cause of the Trojans. The seer enters Apollo's temple and consults the god, and suddenly comes the answer:

Be right well ware thou ne tourne agayne  
To Troy towne, for that were but in vayne,  
For finally lerne this thyng of me,  
In shorte time it shall destroyed be.

194. Lines 22-24:

this Antenor,  
I know, is such a WREST in their affairs,  
That their negotiations all must SLACK.

Theobald conjectured *rest*, which Hammer printed. Malone, too, was inclined to adopt the same reading. "Antenor," he says (Var. Ed. vol. viii. p. 341), "is such a *stay* or support of their affairs. All the ancient English muskets had *rests* by which they were supported. The subsequent words, 'Wanting his manage,' appear to me to confirm the emendation." If we are to read *rest* we may remember that then, as now, it was applied to a part of the violin, from which in the present passage the metaphor might possibly be drawn. Compare Return from Parnassus, Arber's Reprint, p. 65:

How can he play whose heartstrings broken are?  
How can he keep his *rest* that ne'er found rest?

Really, however, there is not the slightest necessity for meddling with the text. *Wrest* makes excellent sense. We have already had the same idea in "o'er-*wrested*," l. 3.

157. The *werst* was an instrument for tightening or drawing up the strings of a harp; hence the appropriateness here of the word *slack* that immediately follows. For similar metaphor compare Macbeth, i. 7. 60. In a very curious letter: "wherein, part of the entertainment unto the queen's Maesty, at Killingworth Castl, in Warwick Sheer, in this Sommerz Progress, 1575, is signified," written by Robert Laucham, and quoted in part in the introductory essay to Percy's Reliques of Ancient English Poetry, we have a minute account of the equipment of an ancient minstrel, and amongst his accoutrements were: "About his neck a red ribband suitable to his girdle. His harp in good grace dependent before him. His *werst* tyed to a green lace and hanging by." So again in *A treatise betwixt trouth and information*, printed among Skelton's Works, and referred to by Douce (Illustrations, vol. ii. p. 61), we find:

A harpe geyeth's unde as it is sette,  
The harper may *werst* it untunabye;  
A harper with his *werst* may tune the harpe we sing,  
Mystuning of an instrument shal hurt a true songe.

Equally to the point is his reference to King James's edict against combats: "this small instrument the tongue being kept in tune by the *werst* of awe." In Minsheu's Dictionary, ed. 1627, p. 757, the verb *werst* is explained: "to winde, to wring, to straine," and translated by the Latin *torquere, contorquere*. Johnson seems to have misunderstood the word. "It is used," he says, speaking of the substantive, "in Spenser and Shakespeare for an active or moving power: I suppose from the force of a tilter acting with his lance in his *rest*;" and then he quotes the lines given above.

195 Line 26: *a prince of blood*.—Perhaps we should read with F. 4 "*prince of the blood*," a suggestion independently made by Walker, A Critical Examination, vol. ii. p. 195. Compare, however, "Art thou of blood and honour?" (v. 4. 28).

196. Line 30: *In most accepted pain*.—Pay (Hammer, Warburton, and Dyce), payment (Keightley), and *poise*, are suggested alterations of the well-supported, and to my mind entirely satisfactory, *pain* of the text. Calchas says: "Give me Cressida and I will cry quits for all the labours I have undergone in your behalf, labours indeed which I was glad to undertake." It is precisely the line of argument that he adopts in Chaucer:

Having unto my tresour, ne my rent,  
Right no regard in respect of your ese;  
Thus al my good I lost, and to yow went,  
Wenyng in this, my lordis, yow to plesse;  
But al my losse ne doth me no divesse—  
I vouchesaaf al so wisely have I joy  
For yow to lese al that I had in Troy.

—Chaucer's Works, Bohn's ed. vol. iii. p. 183

197. Line 43: *Why such implausive eyes are bent on him*.—Q. and Ff. read "are bent? Why turn'd on him." There can be no doubt that the latter is a variant which has crept into the text.

198. Line 81: *Hath any honour, BUT honour for*.—So Q. F. 1 has "*but honour'd*," which naturally passed into "*but is honour'd*" (Pope), and "*but's honour'd*" (Capell). The reading of the Quarto is quite satisfactory.

199. Line 96: *how dearly ever parted*.—That is to say, *gifted, endowed*. So in Ben Jonson's Every Man in his Humour, Macilente is described in the Character of the Persons as "a man well *parted*, a sufficient scholar and travelled." Compare also Cure for a Cuckold, act v. sc. 1:

For as yet  
Are every way well-parted.

—Webster's Works (ed. Dyce), vol. iv. p. 191

200. Lines 105, 106:

nor doth the eye itself,  
That most pure SPIRIT OF SENSE, behold itself.

For the idea expressed in this passage compare Julius Caesar, i. 2. 52, 53. *Spirit of sense* we have already had, with a somewhat different meaning, i. 1. 58. These lines (105, 106) are omitted in all the Folios.

201. Line 109: *speculation*.—Not merely "vision," "power of sight;" but "intelligence," operating through the medium of the eye. So in Macbeth, iii. 4. 95:

Thou hast no *speculation* in those eyes  
Which thou dost glare with!

202. Line 110: *mirror'd*.—Q. and Ff. have *married*, which the Cambridge editors retain, though the Globe ed. prints *mirror'd*. The latter is the almost certain (at least I think so) emendation of Collier's MS. Corrector. It has been adopted by Singer and Dyce. Dr. Ingleyby condemned the conjecture as "just one of those emendations which beguile the judgment, lull criticism, and enlist our love of the surprising and ingenious. But it is not sound." To which I think we may reply with Dyce, Why? Malone gives *married* without any note. If we retain this reading the word must bear much the meaning as in i. 3. 100, i.e. closely united, allied. *Mirror* as a verb does not occur elsewhere in Shakespeare. For the thought compare King John, ii. 490-503.

203. Line 120: *who, like an arch, REVERBERATES*.—Q and F. 1 read *reverberate*; i.e., says Boswell (Malone, Var. Ed. vol. viii. 348), "they who applaud *reverberate*. This elliptic mode of expression is in our author's manner." But lower down we have *receives and renders*, and at least the verbs must be uniform—all singular or plural. It is best therefore to read *reverberates* with F. 2, F. 3, and F. 4; so the Cambridge editors, Globe edn., Dyce, and most texts. *Who* will then *which*, i.e. "applause which." For a full discussion of Shakespeare's use of the relative pronouns (*who, which, and that*) see Abbott, Shakespearean Grammar, pp. 175-187.

204. Lines 123-128: *I was much rapt in this, &c.*—These lines have passed in the hands of the editors through the strangest metamorphoses. The text here printed is that given by the First Folio. It is retained by the Cambridge editors, and makes excellent verse. The reading of the Quarto is as follows:

I was much rap't in this,  
And apprehended here immediately,  
The unknowne Alax, heavens what a man is there?  
A very horse, that has he knowes not what  
Nature what things there are.  
Most abject in regard, and deere in use

Now it may be worth while to pause for a moment and observe how Pope and Hammer treated the passage. Their respective texts throw some light on the spirit in which

ARTED.—That is to say,  
son's Every Man in his  
in the character of the  
sufficient scholar and  
a Cuckold, act v. sc. 1:

parted.  
(ed. Dyce), vol. iv. p. 551

eye itself,  
ENSE, behold itself.

message compare Julius  
we have already had.  
ing, l. 58. These lines  
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Not merely "vision,  
ice," operating through  
hebeth, iii. 4. 95:

in those eyes

and Fl. have married,  
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almost certain (at least  
is MS. Corrector. It has  
Dyce. Dr. Ingleby con-  
one of those emenda-  
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d ingenious. But it is  
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without any note. If we  
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ht on the spirit in which

they approached Shakespeare; not assuredly that "spirit  
of reverence" which Coleridge described as the first essen-  
tial of an editor. Pope, then, followed the Folio down to  
Aiaz; afterwards he read:

Heavens what a man is there? A very horse,  
He knows not his own nature: what things are  
Most abject in regard, and dear in use.

Hammer, who in his preface declared that his guiding  
principle had been never "to give a loose to fancy, or in-  
dulge a licentious spirit of criticism," printed the following  
rearrangement of the lines:

I was much rapt  
In this I read, and apprehended here  
Immediately the unknown Ajax: heavens!  
What a man's there? A very horse, that has  
He knows not what; in nature what things there are  
Most abject in regard, and dear in use.

The third line is surely a rhythmical curiosity. *Unknown*  
seems to mean, as Johnson explains it, "who has abilities  
which are not brought into use."

205. Line 141: *And great Troy SHRIEKING*.—So the  
Quarto. F. 1 has the far less graphic *shrinking*.

206. Line 145: *Time hath, my lord, a wallet at his back*.  
Shakespeare may have been thinking of Spenser's  
*Faerie Queene*, bk. vi. c. viii. stanza xxiv.:

"Here in this bottle" said the sorry maid,  
"I put the tears of my contrition,  
Till to the brim I have it full defray'd;  
And in this bag which I behind me don,  
I put repentance for things past and gone.  
Yet is the bottle leak, and bag so torn  
That all which I put in fall out anon,  
And is behind me trodden down of scorn,  
Who mocketh all my pain, and laughs the more I mourn."

207. Line 150: *PERSÉVERANCE, dear my lord*.—*Persé-  
verance* only occurs in one other passage in Shakespeare,  
where it has the same accent as here, viz. in *Macheth*,  
iv. 3. 93:

Bounty, *perseverance*, mercy, lowliness.

Shakespeare never uses our modern verb *persevere* at all,  
but always *persever*. In one passage in *Lear* (iii. 5. 23)  
the Q<sup>u</sup>. read *persevere*, but F<sup>o</sup>. rightly print *persever*.

208. Line 162: *to the ABJECT REAR*.—Hammer's excellent  
correction of the Folio reading, "abject, neere." This  
simile does not occur in the Quarto. Throughout this  
speech (which a recent critic, Mr. W. S. Lilly, has singled  
out as one of the very finest in all literature) the readings  
are in small points confused and, so to speak, fluctuating.

209. Line 168: *Grasps in the corner: welcome ever smiles*.  
I have ventured here to adopt (with Dyce) Pope's cor-  
rection. Q. and F<sup>o</sup>. read "the welcome;" but omitting the  
we gain a far more pointed antithesis. Hammer's sugges-  
tion, "grasps the incomer," deserves to be mentioned.

210. Lines 178, 179:  
*And GIVE to dust, that is a little GILT,  
More laud than GILT o'er-dusted.*

*Gilt*: the old copies have *go*; the correction (due to Thirlby)  
was first adopted by Theobald. For *gilt* (= "to gilt") in the  
second line Theobald and others, e.g. Staunton, would  
substitute *gold*; needlessly, however, because *gilt* may well  
bear the sense of *gold*. Cf. Richard II. ii. 1. 238-295:

Redeem from broking pawn the Mienish'd crown,  
Wipe off the dust that hides our sceptre's gilt,  
And make high majesty look like itself.

The thought embodied is quite clear. "That which is  
solid and good, but a little antiquated, will always be  
put on one side in favour of that which is new and attrac-  
tive, though sham and unlasting."

211. Line 189: *Made envious missions 'mongst the gods  
themselves*.—Referring obviously to the fact that the  
*deities* of Olympus took part in the struggle, some fight-  
ing for the Greeks, some for the Trojans. Shakespeare  
may have borrowed the idea from Chapman's translation.

212. Line 197: *Knows almost every grain of PLUTUS'  
gold*.—The Folio has "every grain of *Plutoes* gold;" so  
again in *Julius Cæsar*, iv. 3. 101: "dearer than *Pluto's*  
mine." It seems best to alter to *Plutus*, although the  
confusion of the two deities is a very common occurrence  
in Elizabethan literature. Thus in *Hero and Leander*,  
second sestiad, we find:

Whence his admiring eyes more pleasure took  
Than *Dis*, on heaps of gold fixing his look. —325, 326.

A still clearer instance comes in the *Duchess of Malfi*, iii. 2:

*Pluto*, the god of riches,  
When he's sent by Jupiter to any man,  
He goes limping. —Webster's Works, p. 79.

Compare, too, the following from *Hannibal and Scipio*,  
reprinted among *Bullen's Old Plays*, New Series, vol. i.  
p. 187:

Borrow of *Pluto*; he will not deny it  
Upon your bond. Stay: here's a great mistaking;  
His state and riches were of poet's making.

In *Timon of Athens*, l. 1. 287, the Folio gives *Plutus*,  
which inclines us to attribute the error in the present  
line and in the *Julius Cæsar* passage to the copyist rather  
than to Shakespeare himself. For the classical side of  
the question see *Aristophanes*, *Plutus*, 727.

213. Line 199: *Keeps PLACE with thought; i.e.* "there  
is," says the sonorous Warburton, "in the providence of  
a state, as in the providence of the universe, a kind of  
*ubiquity*." He rightly condemns the obvious and pro-  
saic suggestion, "Keeps pace." In the next line a syllable  
is wanting, which has led to various proposals, amongst  
which Collier's "dumb crudities," i.e. before they become  
thoughts, seems to me best. But to my ear *dumb*  
*cradles* in its emphatic position, forming the *cadenza* of  
the verses, is equivalent to two feet

214. Lines 222, 223:

SWEET, rouse yourself; and the weak WANTON Cupid  
Shall from your neck unloose.

Collier adopted the *Swift* of his MS. Corrector. Perhaps  
*wanton* should be treated as a substantive, and line 222  
pointed, *the weak wanton, Cupid*. So Walker.

215. Line 225: *Be shook to AIR*.—Q. has *air* simply; F  
1 and F. 2 *ayrie ayre*. Collier read with his MS. Corrector  
*very air*.

216. Line 228: *My fame is shrewdly GOR'D*.—Metaphor  
from bull-baiting. So in *Hamlet*, v. 2. 260, 261: "

I have a voice and pre-ident of peace,  
To keep my name *unGOR'd*.

The editors compare Sonnet ex.



217. Line 231: *Seals a COMMISSION to a BLANK of danger*.—Schmidt (Shakespeare Lexicon) quotes this amongst the passages, e.g. Hamlet, iv. 1. 42; Othello, iii. 4. 128, in which a *blank* signifies "the white mark in the centre of a target." How he applies the metaphor here I cannot see. The word surely bears the same sense as in Richard II. ii. 1. 249, 250:

And daily new exactions are devis'd,  
As *blanks*, benevolences,—I wot not what.

Compare, too, in the same play, i. 4. 48, and note 101; in the Clarendon Press ed. of Richard II. Mr. Aldis Wright gives two interesting quotations from Holinshed that perfectly illustrate the use of the word: "many *blanke chousers* were devised . . . when they were so sealed the king's officers . . . what liked them." Holinshed p. 110. . . moreover they were compelled . . . and scales to certain *blancks* . . . in the which, when it pleased hym hee might write, what hee thought good" (p. 1103, col. 1). So in the Revenge—tragically we have:

Yet words are but great men's *blanks*.

—Cyril Tournier's Works, ed. Churton Collins, vol. II. p. 24.

Briefly, it is our idea of "a blank cheque," as explained in note 101, Richard II.; and the metaphor exactly in present passage. Hunter repeats Schmidt's mistake.

218. Lines 252, 253: *like an hostess that hath no arithmetic*.—Compare the scornful reference in i. 2. 123 to a *tapster's arithmetic*.

219. Line 264: *God B' w' you*.—Q. and Fl. gave "God buy you." Rowe corrected.

220. Line 306: *to make CATLINGS on*; i.e. catgut. In Romeo and Juliet, iv. 5. 132, one of the musicians bears the expressive name "Simon Catling."

#### ACT IV. SCENE I.

221. Line 8: *Witness the PROCESS of your speech*.—*Process* here has almost the legal official sense seen in the French *process verbal*.

222. Line 11: *During all QUESTION of the gentle truce*.—Apparently *question* is equivalent, in some rather vague undefined way, to *intercourse*; but Johnson was inclined to read *quiet*.

223. Line 20: *In HUMANE sententiousness*.—Pope, absurdly enough, retained the old pointing of the lines, which made exquisite nonsense:

And thou shalt hit a lion that will fly  
With his face backward in humane gentleness.

Theobald naturally seized upon such an opening for laboured sarcasm at the expense of his arch foe. Walker, comparing Midsummer Night's Dream, II. 2. 57—"could read 'In humane gentle'" (A Critical Examination, III. 196); a needless change.

224. Line 36: *His purpose meets you*; i.e. "I bring you his orders;" "I am his messenger."

225. Line 48: *The bitter disposition of the time*.—*Disposition*=circumstances of, i.e. the way affairs are disposed, arranged; not a very common meaning.

226. Line 66: *But he as he, EACH heavier for a whore*.—Q. has "the heavier;" F. "which heavier;" the latter certainly looks like an intended correction of each, a correction, however, frustrated by a compositor's blunder. The reading in our text is Johnson's conjecture, adopted by Dyce.

227. Line 75: *you do as CHAPMEN do*.—Properly *chapman* meant the man who sold; it was used, however, indifferently of buyer and seller; compare the legal phrase "dealer and chapman." The forms of the word vary; we have *cheapman*, *chapman*, and *copeman*. The etymology is obvious: modern *cheap*, A. S. *clap*, and German *kauf*, *kaufen*, are all from the root seen in Latin *caupo*, Greek *κατεπωλε*. The slang word *chap* is merely short for *chapman*. Evidently these *chapmen* were not held in the highest repute. In the statute 14 Elizabeth, 1571, against "common players," and "for the punishment of vacabondes," "jugglers, peiliars, tinkers, and *petye chapmen* are to be treated as "rogues, vacabondes and sturdy beggers," unless they can show a formal licence to trade. See English Drama, Documents and Treatises, pp. 21-23, Roxburgh Library.

228. Line 78: *We'll not commend what we intend to sell*.—This is the reading of the Quarto and of the Folios; it is doubtful whether any satisfactory meaning can be got out of the passage as it stands. Johnson, however, explains it thus: "though we practise the buyer's art, we will not practise the seller's. We intend to sell Helen dear, yet will not commend her;" i.e. if ever the Greeks will Helen—which we do not intend that they shall do—they will pay very dearly for her; hence it would be superfluous for us to praise her in advance. This is certainly poor, but I can offer no better suggestion. If we are to admit any alteration into the text, we ought, I think, to adopt Warburton's "What we intend not sell;" Collier's MS. Corrector had the same proposal. It is very harsh, perhaps, as Walker says (A Critical Examination, vol. III. p. 197), too harsh, though the rhyme would be some excuse, and it fails to give a proper antithesis to line 76; on the other hand, it is favoured somewhat by a curiously similar couplet in Sonnet xxi. 13, 14:

Let them say more that like of hearsay well;  
I will not praise that purpose *not to sell*.

Other readings are "not to sell" (Hammer); "that we intend to sell" (Walker); "not commend what we intend to sell" (very bad); and "but commend what we intend to sell;" the last has been accepted by Dyce and the Globe Edn. The Cambridge Shakespeare keeps to the reading of the copies. For a parallel idea compare Love's Labour Lost II. 1. 16:

Beauty is bought by judgment of the eye,  
Not uttered by base sale of *chapmen's* tongue.

I wish that many passages in this play were as easy to understand as this one which has appeared, to so many of the commentators, to present insuperable difficulties. It is necessary to give the whole speech of Paris in order to understand it:

I, sir Diomed, you do as *chapmen* do,  
Dispraise the thing that you desire to buy;  
But we in silence hold this virtue well,—  
We'll not commend what we intend to sell.



heavier for a whore.  
heavier;" the latter  
rection of each, a cor  
composer's blunder  
conjecture, adopted

to,—Properly chapman  
ed, however, indiffer  
are the legal phras  
a of the word vary; we  
eman. The etymology  
app, and German kang.  
been in Latin camp  
hap is merely short  
en were not held in th  
Elizabeth, 1571, against  
punishment of vaca  
and, and petty chapmen  
seabondes and sturdy  
normal license to trade.  
and Trentises, pp. 21-23,

what we intend to sell  
and of the Folios; it is  
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to sell Helen dear, yet  
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Examination, vol. iii. p.  
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compare Love's Labour

of the eye,  
chapman's tongue.  
this play were as easy to  
as appeared, to so many  
his terrible difficu  
speech of Paris in order

chapman do,  
desire to buy;  
well,—  
send to sell.

It seems to me that the key to the meaning of the whole passage lies in line 77:

But we in silence hold this virtue well —

Paris here answers, with the courtesy and dignity of a gentleman, the vulgar abuse which Diomedes, with such extremely bad taste, heaps upon Helen; — the presence of the man who might have wronged her! — and, but was still the more bound to defend her. — He has already rebuked Diomedes above in line 67:

You are too bitter to your countrywomen;

but Diomedes, far from taking any notice of this rebuke, merely becomes more abusive. The reply of Paris may be awkwardly worded, but the meaning is quite clear; and the dignified sarcasm of it could hardly fail to have penetrated even Diomedes's panoply of self-conceit. "You," Paris says, "practise the common trick of a petty dealer; — *chapman* is evidently used here in a contemptuous sense (see the last note). "You run down the article you want to buy, but we decline to compete with you on your own ground; we despise such tricks, and in silence hold fast to this virtue, not to 'puff'" (as we should say) "what we have to sell, but to let its value speak for itself." Of course he means that they will part with Helen only as the prize of victory, and not for money; but the great point is that he excuses himself for not defending her from Diomedes's vulgar abuse by pointing out that, in such a case, a noble nature thinks *silence* the best answer. The fancied necessity of having a rhyming couplet at the end of the scene may, perhaps, account for the somewhat obscure wording of the passage in the last two lines. — F. A. M.

## ACT IV. SCENE 2.

229. Lines 4-6:

sleep KILL those pretty eyes,  
And give as soft ATTACHMENT to thy senses  
As infants' empty of all thought.

KILL, a very strong and effective word, was changed by Pope to *seal*. ATTACHMENT = arrestment, a sense that the verb very frequently bears; e.g. II. Henry IV. iv. 2. 100:

Of capital treason I attach you both.

With line 6 compare Merry Wives, v. 5. 56:

Sleep she as sound as careless infancy

230. Line 12: VENOMOUS wights; i.e., says Steevens, *venefic*, those who practise nocturnal sorcery; the explanation does not seem to me entirely satisfactory.

231. Line 13: AS TREPIDOUS as hell. — The Folios have a curious variant: *hiteously*.

232. Line 14: our CAPOCCHIO. — The word was too new for printers; it appears in Q. and Ff. as *capochia*. Theobald suggested *capocchio* = the thick head of a club, and then, by a natural transition, "a thick-headed man," i.e. a simpleton. A = Ah, very probably; and Dyce prints the latter.

233. Line 58: you'll be so true to him, to be false to him; — in pretending that he is not here, and thus (as you think) serving his interest, you are really doing him harm."

234. Line 62: My matter is so RASH; i.e. requiring such

## NOTES TO TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

haste. For a somewhat similar, though not precisely parallel use, compare *Romeo and Juliet*, ii. 2. 118:

It is too rash, too unadvised, too sudden.

235. Line 73: We met by chance. — Troilus means to enjoin secrecy upon *Encaus*.

236. Line 74: the secrets of nature. — So the Folios; Q. has "secrets of neighbour Pandar." The editors have displayed considerable ingenuity in correcting what needs no correction. *Secrets* is here a trisyllable; scanned so the line runs with perfect smoothness. Walker (*Shakespeare's versification*, p. 10) quotes several verses where *secret* has a trisyllable force; e.g. *Edward I.*, v. 4. 28:

Well do it bravely, and be secret;

and same play, v. 6. 5:

Whether thou wilt be secret in

— Marlow's Works, Bullen's Ed. ii. pp. 221, 222.

Ritson was alone, I believe, among the last-century critics in retaining the Folio reading. The proposed emendations would cover a page.

237. Line 103: I know no TOUCH of consanguinity. — For touch = feeling, compare *Macbeth*, iv. 2. 9.

238. Line 106: the very CROWN of falsehood. — Compare *Cymbeline*, i. 6. 4:

My supreme crown of grief

A natural metaphor to signify the culminating point in anything. So Tennyson's "sorrow's crown of sorrow." In the next line (107) Hammer greatly weakened the vigour of the verse by omitting (with F. 2 and F. 3) *force*

## ACT IV. SCENE 3.

239. Line 1: It is GREAT MORNING. — Rather an awkward Gallicism, *grand-jour*; repeated in *Cymbeline*, iv. 2. 61.

## ACT IV. SCENE 4.

240. Line 4: And VIOLENTETH in a sense (as *the* *strong*). — Q.; the Folios give:

And no less in a sense as strong;

which Pope changed to:

And in its sense is no less strong.

Q., no doubt, is right. Ben Jonson in *The Devil is an Ass*, ii. 2, has:

Nor nature violenteth in both the

— Works, vol. v. p. 6.

Farmer also refers (rather vaguely) to a passage in Fuller's *Worthies*: "his former adversaries *violented* against him;" it will be found in Nuttall's ed. of the *Worthies*, vol. iii. p. 510.

241. Line 15: as the goodly saying is. — I have not been able to trace this song; it is not given in Chappell, from which, perhaps, we may conclude that its origin is not known.

242. Line 21: By FRIENDSHIP nor by speaking. — This is not very far short of being sheer nonsense; perhaps we should read with Collier's MS. Corrector "by silence."

243. Line 26: as STRAINED a purity. — An obvious and effective metaphor. Ff. are far less graphic: "strange a purity."

244. Line 36: *JUSTLES roughly by*.—It is worth while to notice that Shakespeare always uses the now obsolete form *justle*. So in *Byron's Conspiracy* (1808), l. 1, Chapman has:

And *justle* with the ocean for a room

Milton translates the *concurrentia saxa* of Juvenal (Satire xv. 19) by "*rolling rocks*" (*Paradise Lost*, ll. 1017). When, or why, *justle* drove out its brother form I do not know.

245. Lines 52, 53:

some say the Genius so  
Cries "Come!"

The editors naturally refer to Pope's lines in *The Dying Christian* to his Soul:

Hark! they whisper, angels say  
"Sister, art thou there?"

Pope, we may remember, repents the thought in *Eloisa* to Abelaud:

"Come, sister, come," it said, or seemed to say,  
"Thy place is here, sister, come away."

246. Line 55: *rain, to lay this wind*.—Referring to the current idea that *rain* falling stopped a *wind*. Compare Lucree, 1700:

At last it rains, and busy winds give o'er.

So Macbeth, l. 7. 25.

247. Line 68: *the MERRY GREEKS*.—See note (34) on l. 2. 118.

248. Lines 78-80.—A full discussion of the difficulties of this passage is not possible in the space at our disposal. It must be sufficient if I say that line 79 is omitted in the quarto; that line 80 reads as follows in the Folio:

*Flouring and swelling o'er with Arts and exercise;*

and that in my text I have followed the Cambridge editors. Line 80, as given by the Folio, is surely wrong: *flouring* (= *flowing*—a misprint) and *swell* cannot very well be anything but *variae lectiones*; it is a question, therefore, which epithet we should adopt, and *flouring* seems to be the most likely to be correct. It was probably a *misheard correction of swelling*, the latter being added by the printer through some misunderstanding.

249. Line 98: *Presuming on their changeful potency*.—Why this line should be emended I know not, except indeed that there will always be some one ready to alter a verse of Shakespeare. *Presuming* simply means "testing," "trying;" in other words, "seeing how far we can go;" and taken in this way the words admirably round off the preceding thought. Collier adopted *chainful*, the proposal of his MS. Corrector, and found it excellent, whereas to Dyce's thinking starker nonsense was never put on paper. *Quot homines, etc.*

250. Line 106: *catch mere simplicity*.—Not a very lucid phrase. Apparently Troilus means that while others win high praise he has to be content with "a plain simple approbation;" so Johnson.

251. Line 124: *To shame the ZEAL of my petition*.—Q. and Ff. all read *zeal*, which Delius retains, with what sense it is hard to see. The emendation, due to Warburton, gives fair sense. According to Walker the converse error, *zeal for zeal*, occurs in II. Henry IV. iv. 2. 27.

252. Line 134: *I'll answer to my LUST*.—Not an easy line. *Lust* is difficult, and the editors have been very ingenious in emending it away. Of the proposed corrections Walker's "to my *list*" is decidedly good, the sense being "answer to my name—when I am elsewhere I will be Diomedes; here I am the Greek ambassador." Myself I would suggest—and I observe the idea has occurred to Mr. Lettsom—"Thy *lust*," i.e. will answer you in any way you please. The change is slight and the sense given fairly adequate. Perhaps, however, we should keep to the copies and explain, "When I am hence I shall be ready to answer for what I have done here—been pleased to do." *Lust* repeatedly—pleasure, its original meaning in O.E.

253. Line 138: *Come, to the port*.—The parallel scene in *Chaucer—Troilus and Chryseyde*, bk. v., should be compared with Shakespeare's work. I do not think Chaucer suffers in the comparison. Dryden in his "Respectful perversion" of the play abridges and entirely transforms the episode.

254. Lines 140-150: *Let us make ready . . . and single chivalry*.—Five lines omitted in Q. Malone thinks they were added by the actors for the sake of concluding with a rhymed couplet. But without them the scene would end very abruptly, for which reason we may fairly attribute them to Shakespeare. The Folios give the speech "Let us make ready" to Diomedes—an obvious mistake noted by Ritson and others; Diomedes has made his exit with Troilus and Cressida.

## ACT IV. SCENE 5.

[In the old copies we have, at the beginning of this scene, the stage-direction, *Lists set out*. This is absurd, and introduces unnecessarily the customs of medieval chivalry in the Grecian camp.—F. A. M.]

255. Line 8: *till thy SPHERED BIAS cheek*.—We have repeated allusions in the dramatists to bowls, a game at which churchwardens seem to have been peculiarly proficient. An exact parallel to the present line occurs in Webster's *Vittoria Corombona*, l.:

That Corombona Corbi faith his cheek hath a most excellent bias;  
it would tan jump with my mistress.

Steevens says, with what authority I know not, "the idea is taken from the puffy cheeks of the winds as represented in old prints and maps." The *bias* of a bowl is the weight of lead inserted in one side of it, causing the bowl to twist in its course towards that side. If the bowl is held with the bias on the outer side, it will run with an outward curve; if on the inside, it will "twist in." Cf. note on l. 2. 52, and King John, ll. 1. 574-581.

256. Lines 20-23.—These lines are given as prose in Q. and Ff.; first arranged in verse-form by Pope.

257. Line 23: *that WINTER from your lips*; i.e. Nestor. A natural metaphor. So in *Randolph's Hey for Honesty*:  
Can any man endure to spend his youth  
In kissing *Winter's frozen lips*?

—Works, p. 457.

258. Line 37: *I'll make my match to live*; i.e. "I will make such bargains as I may live by," says Johnson, and

— explanation is probably right; but the phrase is very obscure.

259. Line 55: *There's* LANGUAGE in her EYE.—Steevens notes a curiously parallel thought from St. Chrysostom: *non locuta es lingua, sed bene creasti: non locuta es voce, sed oculis locuta es clarior quam voce.*

260. Line 59: *Nay, her foot speaks; her wanton SPIRITS betray it.*—For "spirit" pronounced as a monosyllable, cf. *Tempest*, l. 2. 486; *Julius Cæsar*, l. 2. 29. A sensation very common in Milton; e.g. *A Vacation Exercise*:

Which deepest spirits and choicest wits desire. —

261. Line 59: *That give* ACCOSTING welcome.—Q. and Ft. have "a *coasting* welcome," which Steevens interprets as "a sidelong glance of invitation;" but what point there is in saying that a welcome is *sidelong* before it comes, or how it can be sidelong, Steevens does not make clear. Mason's *accosting* seems to me certain: it has been adopted by Grant White, Dyce, and other editors; cf. Walker, *A Critical Examination*, vol. iii. p. 199. For the exact force of the word see Mr. Toby Belch's commentary, *Twelfth Night*, l. 3. 60. The only passage that at all makes in favour of the reading of the copies is *Venus and Adonis*, 570:

And all in haste she *coasteth* to the cry.

Collier's MS. Corrector gave occasion.

262. Line 60: *And wide unclasp the TABLES of their thoughts.*—So "our heart's table" (= tablet, *All's Well That Ends Well*, l. 1. 106. *Hamlet* speaks of "the table of my memory" (l. 5. 98).

263. Lines 73-75.—This speech is given to Agamemnon in Q. and Ft. Theobald restored it to Achilles, and rightly; Æneas' reply sufficiently shows who the last speaker must have been.

264. Line 91: *either to the uttermost.*—We have just had the phrase *to the edge of all extremity* (88). Cotgrave translates *combate à outrance* by "to fight at sharpe, to fight it out, or to the uttermost." Shakespeare uses *the utterance* in *Macbeth*, iii. l. 71.

265. Line 103: *Nor dignifies an IMPURE thought with breath.*—Q. has *inpure*, Ft. *inspire*. It retained, this would mean "a thought unworthy of his character," i.e. "not equal to him;" but for the use of the adjective no authority is given; in the passage (quoted by Steevens) in the Preface to Chapman's *Shield of Achilles* (1598) the word, as Dyce has conclusively shown, is a substantive. I think, therefore, that we should adopt the correction *impure*—it only differs from the Quarto by a single letter—suggested by Johnson, and accepted amongst modern editors by Dyce and Grant White. See, however, the note (xiii.) in *Cambridge Shakespeare*, vol. vi. p. 268.

266. Line 112: *TRANSLATE him to me; i.e. "explain his character."* For *translate*=interpret, cf. *Hamlet*, iv. l. 2.

267. Line 130: *my father's sister's son.*—See ll. 1. 14, with note.

268. Line 142: *Not* NEOPTOLEMUS so mirable. Of course Achilles himself is meant. Shakespeare had no Lempire to consult, and may have thought that Neoptolemus

was the *nomen gentilitium*. Warburton's "*Neoptolemus stre vrasibile*" was amazing, even for Warburton.

269. Line 143: *Fame with her loud* OYES. This was (and is) the regular proclamation of a crier, a summons in fact to people to be silent and lend attention. So in *The Sun's Darling* we have (ll. 1): "No more of this; awake the music! Oyes! music!" (*Ford's Works*, vol. ii. p. 380). Cf. also Dekker: "And, like a Dutch crier, make proclamation with thy drum; the effect of thy *O-yes* being, That if any man, woman, or child . . ." (*Prose Works*, ed. Grosart, vol. ii. p. 204). Though, obviously enough, the French imperative (from an obsolete word *oïr*, upon which see Littré), it seems by some process of popular abbreviation to have been pronounced monosyllabically, the last syllable almost disappearing. Compare *Merry Wives*, v. 5. 45:

*Matress Quickly.* Crier Holgoblin, make the fairy Oyes.

*Pistol.* Elves, list your names; silence, you airy toys

There is a still more curious form-variant in *Gabriel Harvey's Four Letters*: "As they will needs notoriously proclaim themselves; as it were with a public *oh-is*" (*Harvey's Prose Works*, in *Huth Library*, vol. i. p. 234). I have noticed a strange seventeenth-century use of the word which seems to show that from meaning the call of the crier, it came eventually to signify the crier himself; the instance occurs in the prologue to *Lee's Theodosius*:

Your lawyer too, that like an Oyes bawls,

That drowns the market bough in the stalls.

Perhaps, however, this was merely a fragment of contemporary slang. We must not forget the legal phrase *oyer et terminer*, on which see the *Imperial Dictionary*, s.v.

270. Lines 165-170.—Six lines wanting in the Quarto.

271. Line 172: *most IMPERIOUS Agamemnon.*—For *imperious*=imperial, cf. *Venus and Adonis*, 995, 996:

She clepes him king of graves and grave for kings,  
*Imperious* supreme of all mortal things.

272. Line 178: *th' untraded oath.*—That is to say, the unfamiliar, unusual oath. Etymologically *trade* and *tread* are the same word. Hence the old meaning of *trade* was a path; from which it came to signify "a beaten track," and then, by a natural metaphor, "a business." Its original sense is seen in *Richard II.* iii. 3. 155-157:

Or I'll be buried in the king's highway,  
Some way of common *trade*, where subjects' feet  
May hourly tramp;

where Theobald needlessly substituted *tread*. "Trade wind" is simply "the wind that keeps a beaten track," i.e. blows always in the same direction. Compare use of *traded* in act ii. 2. 64. For *oath* Q. has the not unnatural variant *earth*; for "that I" it gives "thy."

273. Line 202: *good old* CHRONICLE.—So *Hamlet* speaks of the players as "the abstract and brief *chronicles* of the time" (ii. 2. 648).

274. Line 220: *Yond towers, whose wanton tops do* BUSS THE CLOUDS.—Compare *Pericles*, l. 4. 24:

Whose towers bore heads so high they kiss'd the clouds.

275. Line 224: *the end crowns all.*—We have the same proverb (*Anis coronat opus*) in *All's Well That Ends Well*, iv. 4. 35.

276. Line 230: *I shall forestall thee, Lord Ulysses, THOU!*  
Why *thou!* The repetition, says Steevens, was intended  
as an insult. So in *Tempest*, i. 2. 313, 314:

What, ho! speak! Caliban?  
Thou earth, *thou!* speak.

But why should Achilles wish to insult Ulysses? Tyrwhitt saw the difficulty and proposed *though*, of which Ritson approved. Walker, condemning *thou* as "certainly wrong," suggested *there*, i.e. "in that matter" (*A Critical Examination*, vol. iii. p. 201). I have not ventured to introduce into the text either of these corrections. (One would expect Achilles to address any insult he had to spare to Hector, whom he treats much as a beer-sodden bargee would treat a first-rate amateur boxer with whom he was about to fight. Certainly Shakespeare does not favour the Greeks in this play; and such an ill-mannered brute, as Achilles is here represented, would have been likely enough to insult Ulysses or any one else, as long as he could do so with impunity.—F. A. M.)

277. Line 233: *And QUOTED joint by joint.*—For *quote* = to observe, compare Hamlet, ii. 1. 112: "I had not *quoted* him;" and Romeo and Juliet, i. 4. 31:

What curious eye doth *quote* deformities!

From the French *côte*, i.e. the margin of a book where notes and observations could be written.

278. Line 243: *Shall I destroy him?* WHETHER *there*, or *there*, or *there!*—An awkward verse, in which one is tempted (with Pope) to omit the last or *there*; but line 254 favours the text as it stands. For *whether* as a monosyllable (*chèr*), cf. *Tempest*, v. 1. 111. See Abbott, Shakespearean Grammar, p. 348.

279. Line 250: *in NICE conjecture.*—The adjective here suggests the idea of "fastidious minuteness," "precision." Etymologically the word comes from Latin *nescius*, through the O.F. *nice*; hence its original meaning was *foolish*, *ignorant*, in which sense Chaucer uses both substantive and adjective. Cotgrave gives *nicely* as an equivalent for *mignonnement*, which exactly fits the present passage.

280. Line 255: *that STITHIED Mars his helm.*—Theobald would read *smithied*; he made the same change in Hamlet, iii. 2. 89, where the substantive occurs. The *stithy* was the place where the anvil stood. Malone says that the word was still used in his time in Yorkshire.

281. Line 267: *We have had PELTING wars.*—So "pelting river." *Midsummer Night's Dream*, ii. 1. 61: "Poor pelting villages." Lear, ii. 3. 18; often in North's Plutarch.

282. Line 275: *Beat loud the tabourines.*—For these words Q. has *to taste your bounties*, i.e. "entreat him to taste," the stop at the end of line 274 being removed; the reading of the Folios is far preferable.

#### ACT V. SCENE 1.

283. Line 4: *CONE of eny.*—Compare ii. 1. 7, with note.

284. Line 5: *Thou crusty BATCH of nature.*—Minsheu (*Dictionary*, p. 64) defines *batch* "as much bread as an oven will hold at one baking." Why it should be used as a term of contempt one does not quite see. Theobald

changed to *batch*. It must be remembered, however, that Thersites had previously been called a *cob-loaf*. The dramatists often used the word, by a natural metaphor, to signify "of the same description, kind."

285. Line 18: *Achilles' male VARLET.*—Q. and F. 1, F. 2, and F. 3 have *varlet*; Theobald conjectured *harlot*. Whether or no *varlet* ever bore the same sense as *harlot* (which is extremely doubtful; cf. however, the passage quoted by the commentators from Middleton and Dekker's *Honest Whore*, i. 10) there can be no possible reason for altering the text. The expression is sufficiently explained by ii. 1. 126.

286. Line 28: *such preposterous DISCOVERIES.*—Various alternative readings have been proposed. Hammer substituted *disbaucheries*; Collier's MS. Corrector *discolourers*; Singer—and this I believe to be right—*discoverers*, i.e. in the sense which the word bears in Isaiah lvii. 8. *Discoveries*, if retained, must mean that Thersites regards Patroclus as something abnormal, as, in fact, a *male varlet*. See last note.

287. Line 35: *skew of SLEAVE-silk.*—Q. gives *sleeve*; Ff *sleyd*. We have the word in Macbeth, ii. 2. 37: "Sleep that knits up the ravell'd *sleeve* of care;" where the Clarendon Press note quotes from Florio: "*Bauella*, any kind of *sleeve* or raw silke." Skent connects with *slip*, German *schleifen*, the general idea of the word being looseness, slackness; hence it would naturally serve as a term of contempt.

288. Line 38: *pester'd with such WATERFLIES.*—Compare Hamlet's "Dost know this *water-fly*?" (v. 2. 83). A *water-fly* flitting idly about the surface of a stream is "the proper emblem of a busy trifler." So Johnson.

289. Line 41: *Finch-egg!*—So in Macbeth, iv. 2. 83, 84:

What, you *egg*?  
Young fry of treachery.

Cf. Love's Labour's Lost, v. 1. 78: "pigeon-egg of discretion."

290. Line 45: *her daughter, my fair love;* i.e. Polixena. This was one of the details borrowed from Caxton.

291. Line 57: *one that loves QUAILS;* i.e. in an offensive sense; *quail* signifying, in contemporary argot, a wanton woman. The origin of the expression may be seen in the French proverb, "*Chaud comme une caille* . . ." So in Cotgrave, *caille coiffie*; cf. *Littre*, sub voce *Caille*.

292. Line 59: *transformation of Jupiter.*—Warburton's explanation of this passage is satisfactory. "He calls Menelaus the *transformation of Jupiter*, that is, as himself explains it, the *bull*, on account of his horns, which he had as a cuckold. This cuckold he calls the *primitive statue of cuckolds*; i.e. his story had made him so famous, that he stood as the great archetype of his character." The epithet *oblique*, if retained, must be a continuation of the *Iden* just developed. Hammer printed *antique*; Warburton *oblique*.

293. Line 67: *a FITCHEW, a toad, &c.*—Thersites' repertory of abuse is extensive, and more than explains why earlier in the play he was addressed as "*Mistress Ther-*

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sites" (ii. 1. 39). A *fitcheur* was a polecat; as an appella-  
tion the word was not complimentary; see Lear, iv. 6. 124.

[This word was very variously spelt, *fitche*, *fitchele*,  
*fitcheur*, *fitchet*, *fitcheu*, *fitchole*, *fitchuk*, and is from the  
old Dutch *fisc*, and old French *fiscu*, meaning a polecat,  
which latter word Cotgrave explains as "a *fitche* or ful-  
mart," the latter being the old spelling of *foulmart*; which,  
in the form *foumart*, is the only name by which the pole-  
cat is known in the northern counties, where no form of  
the word *fitche* or *fitcheu* seems to have been preserved.  
The name *foulmart* was given to the polecat to distin-  
guish it from the *sweetmart* or common marten, which is  
still not uncommon among the mountains of Cumberland  
and Westmoreland. Grose gives (Provincial Glossary)  
*fitchet* as the form used in Warwickshire, and *fitchole* as  
that used in Exmoor; while in Devonshire the form is *fitche*  
or *fitchet*. There is a proverb in Somersetshire, "As  
cross as a *fitchet*." Of the two words the Promptorium

Parvulorum gives apparently no form of *fitche* or *fitcheu*;  
but it gives *fulmar* as a form of *foumart*. Baret gives  
*fitcheur* and *fulmer*. Palsgrave gives *fulmarde*. There has  
been some doubt as to whether *fitcheu* really meant a  
polecat, or some other form of weasel, perhaps a stoat.  
Bailey gives *fitcheur*, *fitcheu*, "a polecat, or strong-scented  
ferret." Bell in his British Quadrupeds gives the polecat  
under *fitchet weasel*, and gives as other English names  
only *Fitcheur*, Polecat, Foumart, Fulmart. According to  
his classification the common marten, or beech marten,  
or stone-marten, is of a different genus to the polecat or  
fitchet weasel, which belongs to the genus *Mustelida*,  
while the *sweetmart* belongs, in common with the *pine*  
*marten*, to the genus *Martes*. It is difficult to say why  
Shakespeare uses the word *fitcheu* in the sense which it  
evidently bears in the passage from Lear referred to above;  
but however much the favourite prey of the polecat, the  
rabbit, may deserve the character which Lear there  
assigns to the *fitcheu*, it cannot be said that this member  
of the weasel tribe is particularly libidinous. The female  
contents herself with one family in the year, varying  
from four to six. "Cross as a *fitchet*" is a natural proverb  
enough, for there are few fiercer animals than the pole-  
cat, considering its size, and I have known one success-  
fully to fight a dog which had often tackled even the  
most formidable half-wild cats.—F. A. M.]

A *puttock*—a kite, a worthless species of hawk; so Cym-  
eline, i. 1. 139, 140:

I chose an eagle,

And did avoid a *puttock*.

Flouring without a *roa* was evidently a proverbial expres-  
sion; we have it in Romeo and Juliet, ii. 4. 39.

294. Line 83: *sweet sink*, *sweet SEWEN*.—Q. and Ff. have  
the obvious correction was made by Rowe.

295. Line 99: BRABBLER the hound.—This is the name  
technically applied to hounds (chiefly young hounds) that  
— tongue, or in sportsman's phrase "open," when they  
do not properly struck upon the haunt of game; the idea  
comes out clearly in a passage in Merry Wives of Win-  
dзор, iv. 2. 296-299: "Will you follow, gentlemen? I be-  
seech you, follow; see but the issue of my jealousy: if I cry  
of this upon no trail, never trust me when I open again."  
As to etymology, Minshew rightly connects with Dutch

*brabbelen*—to stammer, and French *babiller* = use too  
many words (Cotgrave). *Brabbling* he defines as "a brawle,  
contention, strife." Compare King John, v. 2. 161, 162:

We hold our time too precious to be spent

With such a *brabblers*;

i.e. a noisy fellow. So "This petty *brabble*" (=broil,  
quarrel), in Titus Amtronicus, ii. 1. 62. For the same  
sense of the word cf. Greene (Works, p. 125), and Peele,  
Edward I. (Works, p. 390). Perhaps the generic idea  
underlying and connecting these seemingly different  
meanings is, "to make foolish, blustering noise, without  
end or aim."

## ACT V. SCENE 2.

296. Line 11: *if he can take her CLIFF*.—A term bor-  
rowed from music. So in The Lovers Melancholy, l. 1, in  
the beautiful passage describing the meeting of Men-  
aphon and Eroclea:

The young man grew at last

Into a pretty anger that a lird,

Whom art had never taught *cliffs*, moods, or notes . . .

—Ford's Works, vol. i. p. 15.

Steevens, too, refers to The Chances:

Will none but my *C Cliff* serve your turn?

—Beaumont and Fletcher, Dycce's ed., vii. p. 262.

We may remember the music-lesson in the Taming of the  
Shrew, iii. 1. 72-80, and Bianca's reading of "the gamut of  
Hortensio." Cotgrave, *s.v. clef*, gives "*a cliff in musick*."  
In the present passage there is doubtless some offensive  
innuendo.

297. Line 41: *You flow to great DISTRACTION*.—So Ff.,  
while Q. has *destruction*. So again in scene 3, line 85.

298. Lines 55, 56: *How the devil LUXURY, with his . . .*  
*potato-finger*.—An elaborate note on this passage by Col-  
lins is printed at the end of vol. viii. of Malone, Var. Ed.  
It will be sufficient to say that *luxury* in Shakespeare  
always, and in the other contemporary dramatists very  
frequently, bears, like the French *luxure*, the sense of  
"lust," "lasciviousness." See Much Ado, note 262; to  
which I may add that *luxurious* is never used in its  
modern sense by Shakespeare, but always, like *luxurionus*  
in canonical writings, in its worst sense of "lustful,"  
"wanton."

299. Line 66: *Here, Diomed, keep this SLEEVE*.—Shake-  
speare was thinking of Chaucer's account, in whose  
Troilus and Chryseide (bk. v.) we have:

And after this, the story telleth us  
That she him yat the faire bay steede,  
The whiche she ones was of Troilus;  
And eke a bronch (and that was litel ned)  
That Troilus was, she yat this Diomed;  
And ek the bet from sorow hym to releve,  
She made hym were a penel of hure *sleeve*.

—Chaucer's Works, Bohn's ed., iii. 272.

*Pensel* (*penoncel*) = a small streamer. Commenting on the  
lines just quoted Bell remarks that for a knight to wear  
on his armour some badge or token of his mistress' love,  
was a common if not invariable custom. It would be  
easy to quote parallels without end, from the Morte  
D'Arthur down to Scott's novels. The editors all note  
the burlesque of this scene that occurs in the Illustro-  
Mastix, 1610:

"O knight, with valour on thy face,

Here take my skreen, wear it for grace;

Within thy helmet put the same,  
Therewith to make thine enemies lame.

300. Lines 81, 82: *Nay, do not snatch it from me, &c.*—In Q. and FF. this and the next line are given to Diomedes. They clearly are a continuation of Cressida's speech. The alteration was first adopted by Theobald.

301. Line 108: *But with my heart the other eye doth see.*—Johnson and Hammer preferred the more obvious:

*But my heart with the other eye doth see.*

Practically the meaning will be the same; but I think the text of the copies gives a better antithetical effect. This, it will be noticed, is the last speech that Cressida makes; henceforth she passes out of the play, and, but for a scornful reference, is forgotten. This did not suit Dryden's taste; a guilty heroine unpunished in the fifth act was an anomaly in Restoration tragedy, and accordingly the *dé noyement* in his version is contrived on more orthodox lines. Troilus overcomes Diomedes, and is on the point of killing him, when Cressida enters and interposes. She pleads for Diomedes's life, protests innocence, is reproached and repelled by Troilus, and then to clear herself of guilt produces the inevitable dagger:

Enough, my lord; you've said enough.  
The faithless, perjured, hated Cressida,  
Shall be no more the subject of your curses;  
Some few hours hence, and grief had done your work;  
But then your eyes had missed the satisfaction,  
Which thus I give you—thus—

[*She stabs herself.*]

A slight dialogue follows; the heroine blesses her lover "with her latest breath," and dies; and afterwards "the dragnet of death," to employ a phrase of Mr. Swinburne's, gathers in its meshes most of the remaining characters. Dramatically, such a catastrophe is effective enough; a heroine dying, after the manner of Otway's Monimia, with innocence and love on her lips, can never fail of pathos; but, after all, it is but a stage-artifice, and inappropriate here, because nothing could win our sympathies for Cressida. Scott rightly censures Dryden's perversion of Shakespeare's design (Dryden's Works, vol. vi. p. 228). [On this point see the Stage History, Introduction, p. 251.]

302. Line 122: *That doth invert th'attest of eyes and ears.*—So the Quarto. F. 1 gives *that test*; F. 2 *that read*.

303. Line 131: *To stubborn critics*—Probably, as Malone says, *critic* is here almost synonymous with *enimic*; so in the familiar line, Love's Labour's Lost, iv. 3. 170:

*And critic Timon laugh at idle toys.*

304. Lines 132, 133: *to square the general sex*  
By Cressida's rule

*i. e.*, to measure by, adjust to. For a similar use of this verb, compare Coriolanus, 3.2. 330

For me, most Providence, and square my trial  
To my proportioned strength.

305. Line 141: *rule in unity; i. e.*, one is not two. "This Cressida is false; my Cressida was true; they cannot be the same."

306. Line 144: *Bi-fold authority.*—The Folios have a curious variant, *by food*. In line 147 *commence* is highly doubtful. Rowe read *commence*.

307. Line 158: *The fractions of her faith, orths of her love.*—*Orts*=leavings, fragments. Cf. Lucrece, 985:

*Let him have time a beggar's orths to crave.*

As to derivative of *orts*, Mr. J. H. Wright has the following note upon the line just quoted: "*Ort* is probably the A. S. *ord*, which means first, the beginning, and then, the point of anything; so that 'odds and ends' is only another form of 'orts and ends,' the Icelandic *oddr*, a point, being the same as the A. S. *ord*." Professor Skeat has a different explanation. He says: "*orts*, remnants, leavings (E.), M. E. *ortes*. From A. S. *or*, out (what is left); *etan*, to eat. Proved by O. Du. *orcte*, a piece left after eating . . . same prefix or occurs in *or-deat*" (Etymological Dictionary, s. v. *eat*). Wedgwood, we may note, says that the verb *to ort* is applied in Scotland to cattle that waste their food.

In line 160 *der-eaten* must bear the general sense of *surfeited*.

308. Line 172: *Which shipmen do the HURRICANO call.*  
We find the same form of the word in Lear, iii. 2. 2:

*You cataracts and hurricanoes, spout.*

309. Line 187: *wear a castle on thy head!*—Steevens quotes an exact parallel to this passage from The Most Ancient and Famous History of the Renowned Prince Arthur, ed. 1634, chap. clviii.: "Do thou thy best, said Sir Gawaine; therefore his thee fast that thou wert gone and list thou well we shall soon come after, and breake the strongest castle that thou hast upon thy head." Probably, therefore, to *wear a castle on one's head* was a proverbial expression, meaning "to be on one's guard and not impossibly may point to the devices upon helmets." I can suggest no other explanation, and the editor does not lend us any aid.

310. Line 193: *the parrot will not do more for an almond*—A proverbial expression, the *locus classicus* upon which is Skelton's poem, "Speke, Parrot," where we have in stanza i.:

And sen me to greate ladyes of estate;  
Then Parrot must have an *almond* or a date

So later in same poem:

An *Almond* now for Parrot delycately drest.  
—Skelton's Works, ed. Dyce, vol. ii. pp. 1, 4

Compare, too, Webster's Westward Ho, v. 4; Works, p. 242

## ACT V. SCENE 3.

311. Line 1: *When was my lord so much ungently tempered.*—The introduction of Andromache is a curious deviation from the classical story. It is early in the Iliad, in book vi., that we have the beautiful scene in which his "dear-won wife" bids Hector refrain from the fight: "Nay, Hector, thou art to me father and lady mother, yea and brother, even as thou art my goodly husband. Come now, have pity and abide here upon the tower, lest thou make thy child an orphan and thy wife a widow." In the twenty-first book, where Hector goes out to the battle and is slain, only Priam and his "lady mother," before the city gates, pray him return.

Shakespeare, therefore, is following the account given in Caxton's Troy-Book, where we read: "King Priamus went to Hector, that he keep him that day from going to battle. Wherefore Hector was angry and reproached his



her faith, ORTS of her  
 Cf. Lucrece, 985;  
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ENE 3.

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wife, as he that knew well that this commandment came by her. Notwithstanding he armed him; and when Andromache saw him armed she took her little children, and fell down at the feet of her husband, and humbly prayed him that he would unarm him, but he would not do it. Then she said if not for my sake yet have pity on your little children, that I and they die not a bitter death, or that we be not led into bondage into strange countries." Compared with the wonderful pathos of Homer's story, compared even with the simple unwrought narrative of the Troy-Bock, there is to my mind something very tame and ineffective in all this scene. "Andromache, I am offended with you." Contrast Homer's: "And her husband had pity to see her, and caressed her with his hand, and spake and called upon her name—'Dear one, I pray thee be not of over sorrowful heart; no man against my fate shall hurl me to Hades; only destiny, I ween, no man hath escaped, be he coward or be he valiant, when once he hath been born. But go thou to thine house, and see to thine own tasks . . . for war shall men provide, and I in chief of all men that dwell in Ilios'" The quotations are from the translation of the Iliad by Lang, Leaf, and Myers.

312. Line 6: OMINOUS to the day.—As in Hamlet, ii. 2. 476, ominous=fatal. Pope, following Rowe, read "ominous to-day." Dreams have always been a source of superstition. Compare Shakespeare's use of them in Julius Cæsar.

313. Lines 20-22:

To hurt by being just: it is as lawful,  
 For we would give much, to use violent thefts,  
 And rob in the behalf of charity.

These three lines are not in the Quarto. The compositor's eye, says Malone, passed over them and gave the following speech of Cassandra to Andromache. Of line 21 F. makes nonsense; it reads:

For we would count give much to ar violent thefts.

Tyrwhitt saw that count had crept in from line 10; he expunged the word, and proposed use for a: in the second half of the verse. His correction is adopted in the Cambridge Shakespeare, and I agree with Dyce's remark that the other attempts to mend the passage are for the most part "not worth considering." Indeed what exception can be taken to Tyrwhitt's version I am at a loss to see.

314. Line 26: keeps the weather of my fate.—The phrase seems to = take the wind of, i.e. have superiority over; so Boswell. We may compare the French être au-dessus du vent. In the next line Pope needlessly substituted brave for dear. The repetition of the latter in 28 is conclusive against any alteration.

315. Lines 40, 41:

When many times the captive Grecians fall,  
 Even in the FAN AND WIND of your fair sword

We are reminded of the passage from the old play, in "Enneas' tale to Dido," recited by the First Player in Hamlet, ii. 2. 494-496:

Pyrhus at Priams' fire; in rage strikes wide;  
 But with the mazy fence and fillicious light  
 The unnerved father falls.

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In each case Shakespeare was probably thinking of the extravagant lines in Marlowe's Dido, ii. 1. 254, 255:

Which he disdaining, whisk'd his sword about,  
 And with the wind thereof the King fell down.

Dido, Queen of Carthage, was written by Marlowe and Nash, and both names appeared on the title-page; it is pretty certain, however, that Nash was responsible for the greater part of the play. Cf. Introduction to Bullen's Marlowe, pp. xlviii. xlix.

316. Line 55: Their eyes o'ergalled.—Shakespeare uses the word elsewhere to express the effect of soreness in the eyes produced by weeping; cf. Hamlet, i. 2. 154, 155:

Ere yet the salt of most unrighteous tears  
 Had left the flushing in her galled eyes.

So, too, in Richard III. iv. 4. 53:

That reigns in galled eyes of weeping souls.

317. Line 73: shame respect; i.e. "I must go in any case; do not therefore force me into disobedience by forbidding me to go."

318. Line 91: You are AMAZ'D.—Not merely astonished; the word often signifies complete bewilderment, confusion, as in Cymbeline, iv. 3. 28; Richard II. v. 2. 85.

319. Line 112: But edifies another with her deeds.—After this verse the Folio gives these three lines:

Fand, Why, but hear you?  
 Troy, Hence brother lackie; ignomie and shame  
 Pursue thy life, and live aye with thy name.

These, it will be seen, are almost identical with lines 32-34 in the last scene of this act, where they are also found in F. 1, and to which place they evidently belong. We cannot insert them in both places; there is clearly some corruption of the text. See note 349.

#### ACT V. SCENE 4.

320. Line 1: Now they are CLAPPER-CLAWING one another.—Doctor Caius, it will be remembered, asks, "Clapper-de-claw! vat is dat?" (Merry Wives, ii. 3. 60). The meaning may be guessed from the not too frequent passages where the word occurs. Thus, in the remarkable preface prefixed to the second issue of the Quarto of this drama, the publishers claim that it is "a new play, never stal'd with the stage, never clapper-claw'd with the palmes of the vulgar" (see Introduction, p. 24;). Ford, too, employs it graphically enough in the Lovers Melancholy, v. 1: "this she-rogue is drunk, and clapper-clawed me, without any reverence to my person, or good garments" (Works, vol. i. p. 105). The word is obviously onomatopœic.

321. Line 9: LUXURIOUS drab.—For luxurious see note 208.

322. Line 9: SLEEVELESS errand.—The epithet appears to have got a stereotyped meaning of "unprofitable," "unsuccessful." So in Nashe's Lenten Stuffe we have: "rather than hee woulde go home with a sleeveless answer" (Nashe's Prose Works, in Hath Library, vol. v. p. 287). The editors do not explain how the metaphor arose; perhaps it points to some custom of mediæval knight-errantry.

323. Line 10: SWEARING rascals.—Applied to Nestor



and Ulysses, *sneering* is not very appropriate. One is tempted to accept Theobald's *sneering*.

324. Line 13: *not proved worth a BLACKBERRY*.—Blackberries were evidently at a discount in Shakespeare's time. Cf. Falstaff's immortal "Give you a reason on compulsion! if reasons were as plenty as blackberries, I would give no man a reason upon compulsion" (I. Henry IV. ii. 4. 264-266).

325. Line 19: *here comes sleeve, and t' OTHER*.—Collier's MS. Corrector gave: "here comes sleeve and *sleeveless*;" an improvement, I think.

326. Line 29: *Art thou of BLOOD and HONOUR?*—Every now and then we light on touches the most curiously non-classical in sentiment. Here, for instance, the idea is taken from the old romances, in which it is a point of etiquette that only knights of equal birth and rank should engage in combat. We might be reading the history of such heroes as

Amadis de Gaul,  
The Knight o' the Sun, or Palmerin of England.  
Everyone will remember parallels in Don Quixote.

327. Line 33: *that thou wilt believe me*.—This is an exquisite touch; self-criticism from the "demagogic Callian" (Coleridge's phrase) is the most effective of criticisms.

## ACT V. SCENE 5

328. Line 2: *Present the fair steed to my lady Cressid*. Chapter xxvi. of Caxton's *Troy-Book* (iii.) describes how "Dyomedes smote down Troilus off his horse, and sent it to Briseida his love that received it gladly." Also in Lydgate, the various chiefs, it will be noticed, are represented throughout as fighting, like the medieval knights, from horseback; in Homer, of course, they are always on foot, or riding in chariots.

329. Line 9: *reaving his BEAM*.—So in Samson Agonistes, 1121, 1122:

As I thy spear,  
A weaver's beam, and seven-times-folded shield;  
where Milton probably had in his mind's eye the description of Goliath's armour in 1 Sam. xvii. 5-7.

330. Line 14: *the dreadful SAGITTARY*.—Of this Centaur, which in the Destruction of Troy (bk. iii. chap. xiv.) is killed by Diomedes, Homer, we are glad to think, has nothing to say. Curiously enough, Shakespeare introduces a *Sagittary* in Othello (I. i. 159); there, however, it is a less formidable monster, being, perhaps, part of the Arsenal of Venice.

331. Line 17: *Go, bear Patroclus' body to Achilles*.—In Iliad. xvi., Patroclus dons Achilles' armour and drives the Trojans back from the ships, but at last meets Hector and is slain. Antiochus brings the news to Achilles (Iliad, xvii. 17-22).

332. Lines 20-21:

And there they fly or die, like SCALED SCULLS  
Between the *scull* and *scull*.

Etymologically *scull* and *scout* are identical; Spenser uses the form *scout*. In The Shepherd's Calendar, May, 19, 20.

scout, scout, scout, scout,  
scout, scout, scout, scout,

The M.E. *scute*, from meaning "school," came to signify "a troop, crowd" (*skeat*). I find the expression "*scute* of fishes" translated in Minshew (1617) by "*examen* or *agmen piscium*." According to Ilkison the word was used especially on the coast of Norfolk and Suffolk, and "a school of fish" is still a phrase current among sailors. *Scull*, however, in this sense, is not unknown to English classical writers. Compare Milton, *Paradise Lost*, vii. 399, and Todd's note thereon (*Works*, vol. iii. p. 43):

Each bay  
With fry innumerable swarms, and shoals  
Of fish, that with their fins and shining scales  
Glide under the green wave, in *sculls* that oft  
Bank the mid-sea.

Steevens, too, quotes Drayton's *Polyolbion*, the 20th song:  
My silver-scaled *sculls* about my streams do sweep.

Hammer, of course, read *shoals* in the present passage. By *scaled* (for which Q. has *scaling*) Malone understands *dispersed*. It is doubtful, however, whether the word can have any such sense. The dictionaries indeed recognize a verb to *scale*, which, they say = to spread, and then, to scatter; but I know no case of it occurring in classical English, and in Malone's passage from *Coriolanus*, l. 1. 95, Theobald's *scale*—one of his many admirable corrections—has been adopted by the Cambridge editors and the Globe ed. I think, therefore, that the epithet bears its ordinary, and, as applied to fish, perfectly appropriate, meaning; cf. Antony and Cleopatra, ii. 5. 95: "A cistern for *scaled* snakes!"

The simile, of course, is a natural one. So in Iliad, xxi. 22-25, we have: "As before a dolphin of huge maw fly other fish and fill the nooks of some fair-havened bay, in terror, for he devoureth again whichever of them he may catch; so along the channels of that dread stream the Trojans crouched beneath the precipitous sides." Perhaps Shakespeare's lines are a reminiscence of Chapman's translation.

333. Line 24: *the STRAWY Greeks*.—For *strawy* (so Q.) Ft. have *straying*; the metaphor, however, running through the two lines is decisive on the point. The epithet is thoroughly Homeric.

334. Line 44: *So, so, we DRAW TOGETHER*.—Steevens thinks that the idea is of horses *drawing*, or as we might say in current phrase, *pulling* together; the words would then refer to Ajax, in allusion to the fact that lately he had not co-operated well with the Greeks. It seems to me not impossible that the metaphor suggested is that of a pack of hounds *drawing* a covert; Ajax, Diomedes, and Nestor all trying to track down Troilus.

335. Line 45: *thou BOY-QUELLER, show thy face*; i.e. because Hector had killed Patroclus.

## ACT V. SCENE 6.

336. Line 10: *I will not LOOK UPON*; i.e. be a looker on compare Richard II. iv. 1. 237.

Nay, all of you that stand and *look upon*;  
where the Folios changed the reading of Qq. to "look upon me"

337. Line 20: *I'll FRUSH it*.—*Frush* is the French *frais*.

...came to signify  
the expression "acule"  
(1617) by "examen or  
tison the word was  
folk and Suffolk, and  
current among sailors  
is unknown to English  
i, *Paradise Lost*, vii.  
es, vol. iii. p. 43):  
bay  
and shoals  
shining scales  
a scull that off

...yolbion, the 20th song:  
streams do sweep

...the present passage.  
Malone understands  
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covert; Ajax, Diomedes,  
wn Troilus.

...R, show thy face; i.e. be-  
s.

...NE 6.

...PON: i.e. be a looker on

...and look upon:

...reading of Q; to "look

...rush is the French *fruis*

...=to bruise, dash to pieces; a very strong word, only  
here in Shakespeare.

## ACT V. SCENE 7.

338. Line 6: *In fellest manner execute your aims*.—*Aims*  
is Capell's indispensable correction of the copies, which  
all read *arms*. Singer, retaining *arms*, explains *execute*  
to mean *employ*, but even so the line is little better than  
a piece of pointless tautology.

339. Line 19: *One BEAR will not BITE another*.—So  
Juvenal: *Savis inter se convent ursa* (*Satire* xv. 164).

## ACT V. SCENE 8.

340. Line 7: *VAIL and darkening of the sun*.—*Vail*="get-  
ting;" only here as a substantive in Shakespeare. The  
verb (Old French *avaler*, i.e. *aval*=*ad vallem*) occurs very  
frequently.

341. Line 9: *I am UNARM'D; forego this vantage, Greek*.  
This account of Hector's death is in strict accord with  
the accepted traditions of the mediæval romance writers.  
Here, for instance, is the story in Caxton's *Destruction*  
of Troy:—"Among all these things, Hector had taken a  
noble baron of Greece that was richly armed, and to lead  
him out of the host at his ease he cast his shield behind  
him, and left his breast uncovered, and as he was depart-  
ing, minding not Achilles he came privily unto him and  
thrust at his spear in his body, and Hector fell dead to the  
ground. When King Menon saw Hector dead, he assailed  
Achilles by great force, and beat him to the ground and  
hurt him grievously, but his men carried him into his tent  
upon his shield. Then for the death of Hector were all  
the Trojans discomfited and re-entered into their city,  
bearing the body of Hector with great sorrow and lamen-  
tation."

342. Line 18: *And, STICKLER-like, the armies separates*.  
A *stickler* was a non-combatant, or, as we should say,  
*second*, who stood by to see fair-play in fencing matches:  
one of his duties was to stop the duel when he thought  
fit. Minshew gives the word in his Dictionary: "a *stick-  
ler* between two, so called as putting a *sticks* or *stafes*  
between two fighting or fencing together." This naïve  
piece of philology was endorsed by Hamner and others  
until Ritson in his *Remarks* (1783) hinted that "the  
nature of the English language does not allow the deriva-  
tion of *stickler* from *stick*." According to Skeat, the word  
is a corruption of the Middle English *stighthen*, *stighthen*  
to dispose, order, arrange; it is cognate with the Ger-  
man *stiften*, *stift*. For use of word compare Cynthia's  
Revels, iv. 2: "So he may have fair play shown him and  
the liberty to choose his *stickler*" (Gifford's Ben Jonson,  
vol. ii. p. 334, where see note).

343. Lines 10, 20:

*My half-suppl'd sword, that frankly would have fed,  
Pleas'd with this dainty bait, thus goes to bed*

Pope placed these lines in the margin, and most of the  
editors condemn the turgid diction of Achilles' speech.  
It is too much in the Cambyse's vein to pass unchal-  
lenged.

344. Line 22: *Along the field I WILL THE TROJAN TRAIL*

—A strictly classical touch. The episode is given at  
length in *Iliad* xxii., which the ringing rhetoric of Pope  
reproduces as follows:

Then his fell soul a thought of vengeance bred;  
(Unworthy of himself, and of the dead!)  
The nervous ancles bored, his feet he bound  
With thongs inserted through the double wound;  
These fix'd up high behind the rolling wain,  
His graceful head was trail'd along the plain;  
Proud on his car the insulting victor stood,  
And bore aloft his arms, distilling blood.  
He smites the steeds; the rapid chariot flies;  
The sudden clouds of circling dust arise.  
Now lost is all that formidable air;  
The face divine, and long-descending hair,  
Purple the ground, and streak the sable sand;  
Deform'd, dishonour'd, in his native land,  
Given to the rage of an insulting throng,  
And, in his parents' sight, now dragg'd along!

It was one of the scenes sculptured (or frescoed) in the  
temple of Juno, described in the first *Æneid*, 483, 484:

Ter circum Iliacos raptaverat Hectora muros,  
Exanimisque auro corpus vendebat Achilles.

Also in *Iydgate*, chap. xxxi. Caxton, as we have seen,  
represents the Trojans as bearing Hector's body back  
into the city, rather a remarkable deviation from classical  
tradition.

## ACT V. SCENE 9.

345. Line 4: *THE BRUIT is, Hector's slain, and by*  
*Achilles; i.e. the rumour, report*. The verb generally im-  
plies "announcing with noise." So *Macbeth*, v. 7. 21, 22:

*By this great clatter, one of greatest note*  
*Seems bruted.*

Taken from the French; probably of Celtic origin.

## ACT V. SCENE 10.

346. Lines 6, 7:

*Frown on, you heavens, effect your rage with speed!  
Sit, gods, upon your thrones, and smile at Troy!*

A vexed passage. Q. and Ff. read:

Sit gods upon your thrones, and smile at Troy.  
I say at once

This reading, with only a slight change in the punctua-  
tion, I have retained. I cannot see with Mr. W. N. Let-  
som that *smile* "no doubt, is nonsense;" on the contrary,  
the line appears to me to make excellent sense. The  
difficulty, I think, comes in the next verse, which cer-  
tainly is very abrupt. But I doubt whether mere abrupt-  
ness should justify us in altering the undisputed text of  
both Quarto and Folio. If, however, any change is to  
be adopted—and apparently the Cambridge editors re-  
cognize no such necessity—it is tempting to combine the  
proposals of Hamner and Lettson, and print:

At once, I say, at Troy;  
Ay, slay at once—

347. Line 18: *There is a word will Priam turn to stone*.  
—Alluding, no doubt, to the story of the Gorgon's head.  
Cf. *Macbeth*, ii. 3. 77.

348. Line 19: *Make wells and Niobes*.—Compare the  
*Widow's Tears*, iv. 2:

My sister may turn *Niobe* for love.  
—Chapman's Works, p. 338.

Hamner naturally changed to "wells and rivers."

349. Lines 30, 31.—Walker (A Critical Examination, iii. p. 293) contends that these are the concluding lines of the piece: "the mind of the reader is fully satisfied, and any thing additional sounds like an impertinence and obtrusion." Verses 32-34 he would place at the end of scene 3, where see note; and the rest of Pandarus' epilogue he regards as an interpolation. I think there is much to be said for this view; at any rate, one would gladly believe that the ribald rubbish with which the play ends was not written by Shakespeare. Troilus here survives. In Caxton's Destruction of Troy he is killed by Achilles, and the event is narrated with considerable circumstantiality. Curiously enough, this detail is unknown to Homer. He merely mentions (in *Iliad* xxiv. 257) that Troilus (*πρωτογενους*) had been slain in battle before the fall of the *Iliad*. Probably Vergil was the authority for the later accounts. Compare the beautiful lines in *Æneid*, i. 474-478, beginning:

Parte alia fugiens amissis Troilus armis.  
Infelix puer atque iniquat congressus Achilli—

350. Line 47: *painted cloths*.—This refers to the custom of hanging up texts, mottoes, verses, and what not, upon the walls of rooms. They were painted on canvas or cloth. So in *As You Like It*, iii. 2. 287-291, when Jaques says to Orlando, "You are full of pretty answers. Have you not been acquainted with goldsmiths' wives, and com'd them out of rings?" the latter replies, "Not so; but I answer you *right painted cloth*, from whence you have studied your questions." This, I imagine, is the allusion in the following passage from *Eastward Ho* (by Ben Jonson, Chapman, Marston and Shirley), iv. 1: "I hope to see thee one of the monuments of our city, and reckoned among her worthies to be remembered the same day with the Lady Ramsey and grave Gresham when the famous fable of Whittington and his puss shall be forgotten, and thou and thy acts become the *posies* for hospitals" (Chapman's Works, p. 474). Malone has an interesting quotation from a tract published in 1691:

Read what is written on the *painted cloth*,  
Do no man wrong; be good unto the poor.

Beware the mouse, the maggot and the moth,  
And ever have an eye on the door.

Dyce in his *Middleton*, vol. iii. p. 97, has an interesting note on Dekker's *Honest Whore*, v. 1. Rather more elaborate than these canvas inscriptions, though pointing the same elementary morals, must have been the tapestry scenes from the Bible with which rooms were adorned. Amongst these a favourite and appropriate subject was the story of the Prodigal, and that of Lazarus. Compare *I. Henry IV.* iv. 2. 27-29, and note 293 of that play. See also *Merry Wives*, iv. 5. 9, where the host has got ready for Falstaff a chamber "*painted about with the story of the Prodigal, fresh and new*."

Sometimes the designs were classical; of these the story of Actæon seems to have been popular. Compare:

he stands  
Just like Actæon in the *painted cloth*.  
—The Fancies, B. i. (Ford's Works, vol. ii. 161)

351. Line 55: *Some galled goose of Winchester would hiss*.—Probably this was a proverbial phrase. So in Randolph's comedy, *Hey for Honesty; Down with Knavery*, iii. 3, we have "The woman, perceiving me, put forth her hand; then I fell a *hissing like a Winchester goose*, or St. George's dragon" (Randolph's Works, p. 442). Unfortunately, however, many of Pandarus' remarks contain some offensive *double entente*, and the present line is an instance in point. It will be sufficient to say that one disreputable quarter of London was long under the jurisdiction of the Bishop of Winchester, a fact to which there are many indirect and indelicate allusions in the dramatists. This explains a passage in Chapman's *Monseigneur D'Olive*, iv. 1: "Paris, or Padua, or the famous school of England called Winchester, *famous I mean for the goose*, where scholars wear petticoats so long; all these, I say, are but heeries to the body or school of the Court" (Works, p. 131). Compare, too, the editor's note on *I. Henry VI.* i. 3. 53. Also Dyce's note on Webster's *Cure for a Cuckold*, iv. 1 (Works, p. 307), and Halliwell's *Nares*, sub voce *Winchester*. Curiously enough, a goose was also an emblem of "meere modestie" (See Brand, *Popular Antiquities*, i. 370).

## WORDS OCCURRING ONLY IN TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

NOTE.—The addition of sub. adj. verb, adv. in brackets immediately after a word indicates that the word is used as a substantive, adjective, verb, or adverb, only in the passage or passages cited.

The compound words marked with an asterisk (\*) are printed as two separate words in F. 1.

Act Sc. Line	Act Sc. Line	Act Sc. Line	Act Sc. Line
Abashed ..... i. 3 18	Aspiration ..... iv. 5 10	Avow <sup>4</sup> ..... i. 3 271	Bed-mate ..... iv. 1 5
Abruption ..... iii. 2 70	Assinogo <sup>2</sup> ..... ii. 1 40	Barbarian (adj.) ..... ii. 1 52	Bed-work ..... i. 3 295
Accepted ..... iii. 3 30	Assubjugate ..... ii. 3 202	Batch ..... v. 1 5	Beef-witted ..... ii. 1 14
Affectiously ..... iii. 1 74	Attachment ..... iv. 2 5	Battle <sup>5</sup> ..... i. 3 35	Bellied (verb) ..... ii. 2 74
Almond ..... v. 2 104	Attest <sup>3</sup> ..... ii. 2 132	Bear <sup>6</sup> ..... v. 5 9	Benumbed ..... ii. 2 179
Am-mending ..... i. 3 150	Attest (sub.) ..... v. 2 122		Beseech (sub.) ..... i. 2 319
Amidst ..... i. 3 91	Attributive ..... ii. 2 58		Besotted ..... ii. 2 143
Antiquary (adj.) ..... ii. 3 202			Bias (adv.) ..... i. 3 15
Appointments ..... ii. 3 87			Blasphemy ..... iv. 5 8

—acceptable.

<sup>2</sup> See note 97.  
<sup>3</sup> = to call to witness; used  
threetimes = to certify, to testify.

<sup>4</sup> Used intransitively = to assert,  
in *Henry VIII.* iv. 2. 142.  
<sup>5</sup> Used adverbially.  
<sup>6</sup> = a sport. Used elsewhere in  
various other senses.

<sup>7</sup> Used adjectively.

## Act Sc. Line : Act Sc. Line : Act Sc. Line :

7 Used adjectively.

# WORDS PECULIAR TO TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

	Act. Sc. Line		Act. Sc. Line		Act. Sc. Line		Act. Sc. Line
Omission	iii. 3 230	Recourse <sup>10</sup>	v. 3 55	Spout <sup>22</sup>	v. 2 171	Tortive	i. 3 9
Oppugnancy	i. 3 111	Refractory	ii. 2 182	Standers	iii. 3 84	Total (sub.)	i. 2 124
Orgulous	ProL 2	Rejoindure	iv. 4 38	Staples <sup>24</sup>	ProL 17	Transcends	i. 3 244
Orifex	v. 2 151	Relates <sup>11</sup> (intr.)	i. 3 323	Stickler-like	v. 8 18	Transportance	iii. 9 12
Outfly	ii. 3 124	Retract	ii. 2 141	Stithed	iv. 5 255	Turbulence	v. 3 11
Outswell	iv. 5 9	Ribald	iv. 2 9	Strain <sup>25</sup> (tr.)	iv. 4 26	Unarm (intr.)	i. 1 1
Overbulk	i. 3 320	Rivelled	v. 1 25	Strain <sup>26</sup> (sub.)	i. 3 320	Unbodied	i. 3 16
Overhold	ii. 3 142	Roisting	ii. 2 208	Strait <sup>27</sup>	iii. 3 154	Unbolt <sup>28</sup>	iv. 2 3
Pageants (verb)	i. 3 151	Rump	v. 2 50	Straw	v. 5 24	Uncomprehensive	iii. 3 198
Parallels <sup>1</sup>	i. 3 168	Seafoldage	i. 3 156	*Strong-ribbed	i. 3 40	*Under honest	ii. 3 133
Parted <sup>2</sup>	iii. 3 96	Scantling	i. 3 341	*Stubborn-chaste	i. 1 100	Underwrite <sup>30</sup>	ii. 3 137
Pash (verb)	ii. 3 213	Sealls <sup>12</sup>	v. 5 22	Stygian	iii. 2 10	Unfamed	ii. 2 150
*Past-proportion	v. 5 10	Scurril	i. 3 148	Subduements	iv. 5 187	Ungained	i. 2 315, 310
Persistive	i. 3 29	Senn <sup>13</sup>	ii. 3 195	Subsequent	i. 3 344	Unity <sup>31</sup>	v. 2 141
Perspicuous	i. 3 21	Seeded <sup>14</sup>	i. 3 316	*Subtle-potent	iii. 2 25	Unplausible	iii. 3 43
Pettish	i. 3 324	Seld <sup>15</sup>	iv. 5 150	Superficially	iii. 2 165	Unread	i. 3 24
Plaguy	ii. 3 130	*Self-admission	ii. 3 176	Superior <sup>29</sup>	i. 3 133	Unsecret	iii. 2 133
Plantage	iii. 2 184	*Self-affected	ii. 3 250	Surety <sup>30</sup> (sub.)	ii. 2 14	Unsquarred	i. 3 159
Pleasantly	iv. 5 240	Self-assumption	ii. 3 133	Swath <sup>30</sup>	v. 5 25	Untasted	ii. 3 130
Portable <sup>3</sup>	ii. 3 144	Self-breath	ii. 3 182	Swing (sub.)	i. 3 207	Untent <sup>38</sup>	ii. 3 173
*Precious-dear	v. 3 28	Sell (intr.)	i. 3 360	Tacturnity	iv. 2 75	Untimbered	i. 3 43
Preventions <sup>4</sup>	i. 3 181	Serpentine	ii. 3 14	Tassel	v. 1 36	Untraded	iv. 5 173
Pricks <sup>5</sup>	i. 3 343	*Sewer	v. 1 83	Tent <sup>31</sup>	ii. 2 16	Unveil	iii. 3 200
Primitive	v. 1 60	*Shedding <sup>16</sup>	i. 3 319	Tail (sub.)	v. 8 7		
Primogenity <sup>6</sup>	i. 3 106	Shoehorn	v. 1 62	Vantrace	i. 3 297		
Profoundly	iv. 2 56	Short-armed	ii. 3 16	Vassalage <sup>39</sup>	iii. 2 40		
Propend	ii. 2 190	Shrills (verb)	v. 3 84	Vaunt <sup>40</sup>	ProL 27		
Propension	ii. 2 133	Six-gated	ProL 15	Vindictive	iv. 5 107		
Propugnation	ii. 2 136	Slack <sup>17</sup>	iii. 3 24	Vinewedst	ii. 1 15		
Protractive	i. 3 20	*Slave-silk	v. 1 35	Violenteth (verb)	iv. 4 4		
Publication	i. 3 322	Steeple	v. 4 10				
Pun (verb)	ii. 1 42	Solure	iv. 1 50				
Purely	iv. 5 109	Sort <sup>18</sup>	i. 3 379				
Quails <sup>7</sup> (sub.)	v. 1 58	Specialty <sup>19</sup>	i. 3 78				
Ransacked <sup>8</sup>	ii. 2 150	Sperr	ProL 19				
Reader	iv. 5 61	Sphered <sup>20</sup>	i. 3 90				
Reur <sup>9</sup>	iii. 3 162	Sphered <sup>21</sup>	iv. 5 8				
		Sportful <sup>22</sup>	i. 3 335				

1 lines in the same direction; Sonn. ix. 10. Used figuratively = equal, in three other passages.

2 = gifted, endowed.

3 = what may be carried; = what may be endured, Macbeth, iv. 3. 89; Lear, iii. d. 115.

4 = precautions; used frequently = hindrance.

5 = small rolls; the word is used elsewhere in various other senses.

6 So Q; Ft. have primogenitive.

7 Used punningly = loose women; = the bird of that name, in Ant. and Cleo. ii. 3. 37.

8 = abducted by force; the verb is used in several passages = to pilage.

9 of an army. = behind, in Hamlet, i. 3. 24; Winter's Tale, iv. 4. 592.

10 = frequent flowing; = access, in three other passages.

11 = having reference.

12 = shools of fish.

13 = grove.

14 Lucrèce, 993.

15 Pass. Pilgrim, 175.

16 = scattering; the verb is used very frequently in the sense of "to pour out," &c.

17 Verb intrans. = to flag; the transitive verb is used in several passages in a similar sense.

18 = a lot; this sub. is used very frequently by Shakespeare in various senses.

19 = nature; used in plural = articles of agreement, Love's Labour's Lost, ii. 1. 165; Taming of Shrew, ii. 1. 127.

20 = placed in a sphere.

21 = round.

22 = done in jest.

23 = a waterspout; used three times = a pipe.

24 of a bolt; = thread, occurs in Love's Labour's Lost, v. 1. 19.

25 = to filter; Lucrèce, 1131. This verb is used by Shakespeare with different meanings.

26 = effort of thought.

27 a narrow passage; Lucrèce, 1670. In the plural = difficulty, in As You Like It, v. 2. 71.

28 Lucrèce, 42.

29 = confidence of safety.

30 (of the eye) = a bandage, in Timon, iv. 3. 251.

31 = a surgeon's probe.

32 = that which is stolen; = theft, in Two Gent. iv. 1. 40; Timon, iv. 3. 438.

33 = to beat, to drub; in the sense of to thrash corn, in Titus, ii. 3. 125.

34 Lover's Complaint, 120.

35 = to undo a bolt; figuratively, to reveal, in Timon, i. 1. 51.

36 = to subvert; to = to write underneath, Macbeth, v. 8. 20.

37 = the state of being one; = agreement, used by Shakespeare in many passages.

38 = to bring out of a tent; unentled = incurable, in Lear, i. 4. 322.

39 = first beginning = a boat, in II. Henry VI. iii. 1. 30.

40 = desirous of.

41 = cleft as with a wedge.

42 = cleft as with a mass of (gold); Rich. III. i. 4. 26.

	Act	Sc.	Line
.....	i.	3	9
ab.)....	i.	2	124
nds.....	i.	3	244
rtance. iii.	2	12	
nce.....	v.	3	11
(intr.)..	i.	1	1
.....	v.	3	3, 25
ed.....	i.	3	16
.....	iv.	2	8
prehensive iii.	3	198	
honest. ii.	3	133	
rite <sup>86</sup> .. ii.	3	137	
.....	ii.	2	159
ed.....	i.	2	315, 319
.....	v.	2	141
.....	iii.	3	43
.....	i.	3	24
.....	iii.	2	133
red.....	i.	3	159
.....	ii.	3	130
.....	ii.	3	178
ered....	i.	3	43
ed.....	iv.	5	178
.....	iii.	3	200
ab.)....	v.	8	7
nce.....	i.	3	297
age <sup>39</sup> ....	iii.	2	40
.....	Prol.	27	
.....	iv.	5	107
edst....	ii.	1	15
teth (verb) iv.	4	4	
y 41.....	iii.	2	22
q 42.....	i.	1	35
s 43.....	i.	3	216
.....	iv.	5	173
ordered..	ii.	2	189
ing.....	v.	4	35
ing.....	v.	1	23
out.....	iv.	5	245
ministry (adj.) v.	4	8	
sh.....	iv.	1	63
.....	v.	2	152
(sub.)....	iii.	3	23
cles (verb) ii.	2	79	

to undo a bolt; figuratively,  
 al, in Timon, i. i. 31.  
 to subscribe to; = to write  
 teth, Macbeth, v. 8, 23  
 the state of being one; =  
 cent, used by Shakespeare  
 y passages.  
 to bring out of a tent; un-  
 = incurable, in Lear, i. 4.  
<sup>39</sup> Rom. xxvi. 1.  
 first beginning; = a boat,  
 Henry VI. iii. 1. 50.  
 desirous of.  
 cleft us with a wedge.  
 ed figuratively = masses  
 d), Rich. III. i. 4. 25.

# MACBETH.

NOTES AND INTRODUCTION BY  
 ARTHUR SYMONS.

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

DUNCAN, King of Scotland.

MALCOLM, }  
DONALBAIN, } his sons.

MACBETH, }  
BANQUO, } generals of the King's army

MACDUFF, }  
LENNOX, }  
ROSS, } noblemen of Scotland.  
MENTETH, }  
ANGUS, }  
CAITHNESS, }

FLEANCE, son to Banquo.

SIWARD, Earl of Northumberland, general of the English forces.

Young SIWARD, his son.

SEYTON, an officer attending on Macbeth.

Boy, son to Macduff.

An English Doctor.

A Scotch Doctor.

A Sergeant.

A Porter.

An Old Man.

LADY MACBETH.

LADY MACDUFF.

Gentlewoman attending on Lady Macbeth.

Lords, Gentlemen, Officers, Soldiers, Murderers, Attendants, and Messengers.

HECATE.

Three Witches.

Apparitions.

SCENE—Scotland; England.

HISTORIC PERIOD: A.D. 1041-1057.

### TIME OF ACTION.

The time of the play (according to Daniel) represents nine days, with intervals.

Day 1: Act I. Scenes 1-3.

Day 2: Act I. Scenes 4-7.

Day 3: Act II. Scenes 1-4.—Interval of a week or two.

Day 4: Act III. Scenes 1-5. (Act III. Scene 6 "an impossible time.")

Day 5: Act IV. Scene 1.

Day 6: Act IV. Scene 2.—Interval of a week or two.

Day 7: Act IV. Scene 3; Act V. Scene 1.—Interval of a few weeks.

Day 8: Act V. Scenes 2, 3.

Day 9: Act V. Scenes 4-8.



# MACBETH.

## INTRODUCTION.

### LITERARY HISTORY.

*Macbeth* was first printed in the Folio of 1623, and the printing seems to have been done with singular carelessness, or from a singularly imperfect MS., probably a hastily-made transcript. All that we know with certainty of the date when the play was written, is, that it was some time before 1610. In Collier's New Particulars regarding the Works of Shakespeare, 1836, there is an account of a MS. discovered in the Ashmolean Museum containing the "Booke of Plaies and No thereof" of Dr. Simon Forman, the notorious astrologer, who died in 1611. The entry for April 20, 1610, is given by Collier as follows:

"In *Macbeth*, at the Globe, 1610, the 20th of April, Saturday, there was to be observed, first how Macbeth and Banquo, two noblemen of Scotland, riding through a wood, there stood before them three women Fairies, or Nymphs, and saluted Macbeth, saying three times unto him, Hail, King of Godor, for thou shalt be a King, but shalt beget no Kings, &c. Then, said Banquo, What all to Macbeth and nothing to me? Yes, said the Nymphs; thou shalt beget Kings, yet be no King. And so they departed, and came to the Court of Scotland to Duncan King of Scots, and it was in the days of Edward the Confessor. And Duncan had them both kindly welcome, and made Macbeth forthwith Prince of Northumberland; and sent him to his own Castle, and appointed Macbeth to provide for him, for he would sup with him the next day at night, and did so.

"And Macbeth contrived to kill Duncan, and through the persuasion of his wife did that night murder the King, in his own Castle, being his guest. And there were many prodigies seen that night and the day

before. And when Macbeth had murdered the King, the blood on his hands could not be washed off by any means, nor from his wife's hands, which handled the bloody daggers in hiding them, by which means they became both much amazed and affronted.

The murder being known, Duncan's two sons fled, the one to England, the [other to] Wales, to save themselves; they being fled, were supposed guilty of the murder of their father, which was nothing so.

When Macbeth was crowned King, and when he for fear of Banquo, his old companion, that he should beget Kings but he no king himself, he contrived the death of Banquo, and caused him to be murdered on the way that he rode. The night, being at supper with his noblemen whom he had bid to a feast, (to the which also Banquo should have come,) he began to speak of noble Banquo, and to wish that he were there. And as he thus did, standing up to drink a carouse to him, the ghost of Banquo came and sat down in his chair behind him. And he, turning about to sit down again, saw the ghost of Banquo, which fronted him, so that he fell in a great passion of fear and fury, uttering many words about his murder, by which, when they heard that Banquo was murdered, they suspected Macbeth.

"Then Macduff fled to England to the King's son, and so they raised an army and came into Scotland, and at Dunston Anyse overthrew Macbeth. In the mean time, while Macduff was in England, Macbeth slew Macduff's wife and children, and after in the battle Macduff slew Macbeth.

"Observe, also, how Macbeth's Queen did rise in the night in her sleep, and walk, and talked and confessed all, and the Doctor noted her words."



# MICROCOPY RESOLUTION TEST CHART

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The minuteness of this analysis, as well as its mistakes of memory, shows that the play was new to Dr. Forman, but this does not prove that the play itself was new. The characteristics of the versification would be quite inconsistent with so late a date. Much more probable, on this ground, is the date of 1606 or thereabouts, assigned by Malone and others chiefly on account of some allusions to contemporary events, which do not, however, carry with them any great amount of certainty. While there is undoubtedly an allusion to the union of the two kingdoms under James I. in iv. 1. 120, 121:

some I see  
That twofold balls and treble sceptres carry—

it does not necessarily follow that the king's accession had but just taken place; nor is it certain that there is any allusion in the fifth and ninth lines of the Porter's soliloquy (the "farmer that hang'd himself on the expectation of plenty," and the equivocator "who committed treason enough for God's sake") to the remarkably low price of corn in the summer and autumn of 1606, and to the equivocation and perjury of Garnet the Jesuit on the occasion of his trial in March of the same year. But while these references, if references they be, are too slight and too uncertain to afford by themselves any definite ground of opinion, they may be taken, certainly, as in some sort confirmatory of the metrical indications of the earlier date. The first printed reference to the play occurs in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Knight of the Burning Pestle*, 1611, where a passage in the fifth act is undoubtedly meant as a good-natured burlesque of the ghost of Banquo.

Shakespeare found his materials for Macbeth, as for all his historical plays dealing with England and Scotland, in Holinshed's *Chronicles*. Holinshed took his narrative from the twelfth book of the *Scotorum Historiae* of Hector Boece, printed at Paris in 1526, and translated into the Scotch dialect by John Bellenden, archdeacon of Moray, in 1541. Boece's narrative follows Fordun. The legendary foundation on which Shakespeare worked has very little in common with the

real facts of history. I take from the Clarendon Press edition (p. xlii) the following résumé of the points in which Shakespeare and Holinshed are at variance with history, condensed from Chalmers' *Caledonia*, bk. iii. ch. vii. "The rebellion of Macdonwald and the invasion of Sueno during the reign of Duncan are fables; Banquo and Fleance, the ancestors of the Stuarts, are the inventions of the chronicler. Lady Macbeth, whose name was Gruoch, was the grand-daughter of Kenneth IV., who was slain at the battle of Monivaird by Malcolm II. Her first husband, Gilcomgain, the maormor of Moray, was burnt in his castle with fifty of his friends. Her only brother was slain by Malcolm's orders. There were reasons therefore why she should cherish vengeance against Duncan, the grandson of Malcolm. She took as her second husband Macbeth, the maormor of Ross, who, during the minority of her son Lulach, became maormor of Moray. The rebellion of Torfin, Earl of Caithness, another grandson of Malcolm's, appears to have been the original of the revolt of Macdonwald, and Duncan was on his way to punish it when he fell a victim to treachery at Bothgowan, near Elgin, in the territory of Gruoch and Macbeth. Macbeth on his side had motives for revenge. His father Finlegh, or Finley, maormor of Ross, had been slain in a conflict with Malcolm II. in 1020. In Wyntown's *Cronykil* of Scotland an entirely different version is given. Duncan is there the uncle of Macbeth, who is thane of Cromarty; and Gruoch is Duncan's wife, who after the murder of her husband marries Macbeth. Malcolm is the illegitimate son of Duncan by a miller's daughter, and a supernatural parentage is invented for Macbeth himself. It is in Wyntown that we first meet with the weird sisters, who, however, only manifest themselves to Macbeth and spur his ambition in a dream. According to the same chronicler, the absence of Macduff from the feast was one of the causes which provoked Macbeth against him. It is worth observing that there is nothing of this kind in the narrative of Holinshed. The battle of Dunsinnan did not decide the fate of Macbeth. He was de-

## INTRODUCTION.

feated there in the year 1054, but it was not till two years afterwards that he met with his death at Lumphanan by the hands of Macduff, December 5, 1056." I may add, from Scott's *History of Scotland*, vol. i. p. 18 (*Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopaedia*), a further detail in regard to the Macbeth of history: "Macbeth broke no law of hospitality in his attempt on Duncan's life. He attacked and slew the king at a place called Bothgowan [the name is variously spelt Bothgowan, Bothgownan, and Bothgowanan] or the Smith's House, near Elgin, in 1039, and not, as has been supposed, in his own castle of Inverness. The act was bloody, as was the complexion of the times; but, in very truth, the claim of Macbeth to the throne, according to the rule of Scottish succession, was better than that of Duncan. As a king, the tyrant so much exclaimed against was, in reality, a firm, just, and equitable prince."

In the construction of his play Shakespeare follows Holinshed on the whole closely, but he transfers a number of the details in connection with the murder of Duncan from the account of the murder of King Duffe (the great-grandfather of Lady Macbeth) by Donwald, "capitaine of the castle" of Forres, "being the more kindled in wrath by the words of his wife." Lady Macbeth's sleep-walking, her fate hinted at by Shakespeare, the appearance of Banquo's ghost, and some points in the character of Banquo, are the only noticeable additions or variations from the narrative of Holinshed.<sup>1</sup>

A few words must here be said on the debated question of the indebtedness of Macbeth to Middleton's *Witch*, or of *The Witch* to Macbeth. When, in 1778 or 1779, the MS. of the *Witch* was discovered, it was at once seen that there were certain resemblances, at least in the witchcraft scenes, between the two plays, and that the words of

the songs referred to in the stage-directions to Macbeth, iii. 5. 33 and iv. 1. 43,—found, indeed, in Davenant's version, and consequently supposed to be his,—were taken from the play of Middleton. Steevens, with the pardonable enthusiasm of the discoverer, at once concluded that Shakespeare must have imitated Middleton. Others asserted that Middleton must have imitated Shakespeare. As the date of neither play is known with even an approach to certainty, it is impossible to decide the question by a simple appeal to precedence. The probability, however, of Shakespeare, at the height of his tragic power, falling back on plagiarism or imitation of a writer so much inferior to himself as Middleton, does not seem very strong. That Middleton should have imitated Shakespeare would be nothing at all remarkable. But, as it has been seen by the really critical critics, from Lamb onward and downward, the difference between the witches of Shakespeare and of Middleton is one, not of degree, but of kind. The witches of Middleton are among the most really imaginative creations of a singularly fine but singularly unequal writer—creations full of a fantastic horror and a grotesque ghastliness. But the witches of Shakespeare pass out of the region of the grotesque into that of sublimity. The witches of Middleton, as Lamb has said, can hurt the body; "these have power over the soul." Fragments torn out of the texture of Shakespeare's work would thus be almost as much out of place in the work of Middleton as fragments of Middleton in the work of Shakespeare. The possibility remains of interpolation—for of the hypothesis of collaboration between Shakespeare and Middleton one cannot well see so much as the *possibility*. The Clarendon Press editors, after raising the question of collaboration in a hesitating manner, dismiss it in favour of the former supposition. They say, in summing up: "On the whole we incline to think that the play was interpolated after Shakespeare's death, or, at least, after he had withdrawn from all connection with the theatre. The interpolator was, not improbably, Thomas Middleton; who, to please the 'groundlings,' expanded the parts originally assigned by Shakespeare to the

<sup>1</sup> I have given or referred to in the Notes all the passages in the Chronicles which are of interest as the originals of scenes and passages in the play. No separate notes on *Dramatis Personæ* are, however, given, as so little is known historically of the characters. All needful information will be found in the preceding paragraph and in the various extracts from Holinshed in the Notes.

weird sisters, and also introduced a new character, Hecate." They assign, in addition, several other scenes, lines, or passages, to the interpolator, thus taking from Shakespeare the second scene of act i., the first 37 lines of the third scene, line 61 in act ii. sc. 1, the Porter's scene in act ii., the fifth scene of act iii., the lines from 39-47 and 125-132 inclusive in act iv. sc. 1, with lines 140-159 of the third scene; the second scene of act v. they regard as doubtful, and in the fifth scene of that act they would allot to the interpolator lines 47-50, with the words,

before my body  
I throw my warlike shield,

in scene 8, and the last forty lines of the play.

The minuteness of this list is rather embarrassing. That the play of Macbeth as we have it contains some interpolations out of Middleton seems to me decidedly probable; indeed, the only possible solution, in the light of the information before us, of an otherwise insoluble problem. But that all the passages obelized by Messrs. Clark and Wright were interpolated by Middleton I very decidedly disbelieve; and I doubt whether Middleton himself was the interpolator. On the whole, I incline very much to the opinion expressed by Mr. Swinburne in his essay on Middleton—namely, that the interpolation of the "few superfluous and incongruous lines or fragments from the lyric portions of the lesser poet's work" was done by the editors of the first Folio, who have certainly left us a very corrupt text of the play as a whole.

#### STAGE HISTORY.

Macbeth seems from the first to have been a very popular play upon the stage, in spite of its gloomy character and the want of any comic relief, except in the scene with the porter (ii. 3). No doubt the remarkable popularity of this tragedy after the Restoration was in a great measure owing to the supplementary attraction of Lock's music; but before it had the advantage of any extraneous aid from one of the sister arts the strong dramatic interest of the play seems to have taken hold of the public, and although

there were no surreptitious Quartos published this was probably not owing to any want of literary interest in the play, but rather to the fact that Shakespeare, by dint of experience gained in his long war against pirate publishers, was able to defeat their nefarious devices with regard to this and one or two others of his later plays. In *The Puritan*, or *Widow of Watling Street*, first published in 1607, a comedy which was acted by the children of Paul's, being one of the seven plays attributed to Shakespeare in F.3 and F.4, there is an apparent allusion to the ghost of Banquo: "instead of a Jester, we'll ha the ghost i'th' white sheet sit at upper end oth' Table" [Folio 1685, Act iv. (close to end)], and in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Knight of the Burning Pestle*, published in 1613, but written two years previously, there is a more palpable allusion to the same scene (v. 1):

When thou art at thy table with thy friends,  
Merry in heart, and fill'd with swelling wine,  
I'll come in midst of all thy pride and mirth,  
Invisible to all men but thyself,  
And whisper such a sad tale in thine ear,  
Shall make thee let the cup fall from thy hand,  
And stand as mute and pale as death itself.

—Works, vol. ii. p. 94, col. 1.

This extract is interesting as probably pointing to a piece of stage business in the part of Macbeth in the Banqueting scene. What Simon Forman, that queer mixture of doctor and magician, had to say about Macbeth when he saw it at the Globe Theatre, April 20, 1610, has been already given above (p. 345). But it will be as well to repeat here what he says with regard to the management of Banquo's Ghost: "standing vp to drinke a Carouse to him, the ghoste of Banco came and sate down in his cheier be *him*," the last two words seem to show Macbeth, contrary to the traditional stage business, was standing in front of his chair when the Ghost first enters.

After the Restoration Macbeth was one of Shakespeare's plays which was revived with considerable success. Before that period it is most probable that Macbeth was represented with only the two songs that we find mentioned in F. 1, and one or two dances for the witches introduced. On November 5,

## INTRODUCTION.

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1664, Pepys went to the Duke's house to see "Macbeth, a pretty good play but admirably acted" (vol. iii. p. 69). On December 28, 1666, Pepys saw this play again at the same theatre and calls it "a most excellent play for variety" (vol. iv. p. 195); and again, under date January 7, 1666-7, "To the Duke's house, and saw 'Macbeth,' which though I saw it lately, yet appears a most excellent play in all respects, but especially in divertisement, though it be a deep tragedy; which is a strange perfection in a tragedy, it being most proper here, and suitable" (vol. iv. 202). This more detailed account seems to imply that there certainly was music and singing, and most probably dancing, in the version of Macbeth which Pepys saw. On October 16, 1667, he writes, "I was vexed to see Young who is but a bad actor at best act Macbeth in the room of Betterton, who, poor man! is sick, but Lord! what a prejudice it wrought in me against the whole play, and every body else in disliking this fellow" (vol. v. p. 57). Betterton's absence did not prevent him seeing the play again on November 6 of the same year, "which we still like mightily, though mighty short of the content we used to have when Betterton acted, who is still sick (vol. v. 86). Again, on August 12, 1668, he "saw 'Macbeth' to our great content" (vol. v. p. 333), on December 21st of the same year, and on January 15th of the following one.

The question now arises, when was Davenant's version, as published in Quarto in 1673, and again reprinted in 1674 and 1687, first produced? On this point we have no decided evidence. Downes, on whose authority the alteration of Macbeth is attributed to Davenant, does not tell us. After the removal of the new company to Dorset Garden in November, 1671, he says: "The Tragedy of *Macbeth*, altered by *Sir William Davenant*; being drest in all its finery, as new cloaths, new scenes, machines, as flyings for the witches, with all the singing, and dancing in it: the first composed by Mr. Lock, the other by Mr. Channell<sup>1</sup> and Mr. Joseph Priest;<sup>1</sup> it

being all excellently performed, being in the nature of an Opera, it recompensed double the expence: it proves still a lasting play. *Note*, That this Tragedy, *King Lear*, and *The Tempest*, were acted in Lincoln's-Inn Fields" (pp. 42, 43). Now if this was the case, we may fairly conjecture that Davenant had introduced a considerable amount of what Pepys called "divertisement" into the tragedy before 1671. He had evidently obtained somehow or other the MS. of Middleton's *Witch*, the music for which had been written, by an unknown hand, some time before the Restoration. A portion of this music, the setting of the song "Come away, Hecket Hecket," was published from a MS. about 1812; and it appears from an examination of it, that Lock had partly adapted it in his setting of the same song. Whether Davenant had first ventured on mutilating and defiling, one may almost say, with additions of his own the text of the tragedy is doubtful; but, without any great degree of presumption, we may reasonably conclude that it was not the text of Shakespeare which was presented at the Duke's Theatre in 1664, but something like the version known as Davenant's, of which I will now give some account.

In act i. scene 3 the first change made is transforming the "bleeding captain" of the Folio into Seyton. The language is prosified as much as possible, while still kept in the shape of verse. Seyton's speeches are but feeble versions of the "bleeding captain's." It is not Ross, but Macduff, who is made to bring the news of the defeat of the rebellious Cawdor; and, in the next scene, where Macbeth and Banquo meet the Witches, Macduff is again made to take the place both of Ross and Angus. In Macbeth's speech aside there is no allusion to his having had any idea of murder in his mind. The speech ends with the following four lines:

Fortune, methinks, which rains down honours  
on me,  
Seems to rain blood here: Duncan does appear  
Clouded by my increasing glories, but  
These are but dreams.

In the next scene (scene 4 in Shakespeare), in Macbeth's speech beginning "The Prince of

<sup>1</sup> These two gentlemen were not musicians, but ballet-masters.



Cumberland" the following alteration is made in the last four lines:

The strange idea of a bloody act  
Does into doubt all my resolves distract.  
My eye shall at my hand connive, the sun  
Himself shall wink when such a deed is done.

These four lines are substituted for the last two lines of the original. Now comes an introduced scene which is full of strange beauties. Lady Macbeth enters, "having a letter in her hand," with Lady Macduff, who is supposed to be stopping with her as a visitor. We cannot give the whole of this scene, the following specimen will suffice:

[*Aside*] I willingly would read this letter; but  
Her presence hinders me; I must divert her.  
[*To Lady Macduff*] If you are ill, repose may do  
you good;  
Y' had best retire; and try if you can sleep.

This exquisite passage puts quite into the shade whatever of Shakespeare's language is retained in this scene. Lady Macbeth, being alone, now reads the letter. Davenant has a delightful way of getting rid of any difficulty in the text, either by eliminating it altogether, or by converting it into the most commonplace language. For instance, the passage beginning "thou 'dst have, great Glamis," becomes the very simple sentence:

Thou willingly, great Glamis, wouldst enjoy  
The end without the means.

Another singular alteration is worth noticing. Instead of "The raven himself is hoarse," &c., we have:

There would be music in a raven's voice,  
Which should but croak the entrance of the king  
Under my battlements.

How Shakespeare's language is deformed, we may judge from this sentence:

That no relapse into mercy may  
Shake my design, nor make it fall before  
'Tis ripened to effect,

and how the rhythm is destroyed, we may judge from this line:

Where'er in your sightless substances you wait;

instead of

Wherever in your sightless substances  
You wait, &c.

But it would be impossible to reproduce the countless outrages on Shakespeare's poetry that meet one at every turn. We must, however, observe that the whole situation, as designed by Shakespeare, was changed by the presence of Lady Macduff and her husband in Macbeth's castle at the time of Duncan's murder. The second act, at first, follows Shakespeare very closely; but it is worth while seeing what the great Sir William made of the dagger soliloquy. It begins with the most wonderful emendation:

Go, bid your mistress, when she is undrest,  
To strike the closet bell, and I'll go to bed.

Some of Shakespeare's magnificent lines are mercifully spared. We have one wonderful reading, a flash of genuine inspiration:

now murder is  
All arm'd by his night's sentinel, the wolf;

and the magnificently tragic couplet that concludes Shakespeare's soliloquy is elegantly transformed into

O Duncan, hear it not! for 't is a bell  
That rings my coronation and thy knell.

The magnificent scene, after the murder, between Macbeth and Lady Macbeth, is not very much revised; but we have one or two gems in this, such as:

I am afraid to think what I have done,  
What then with looking on it shall I do?

Again the passage, in which the line

The multitudinous seas incarnadine

occurs, is swept away, and we have:

Can the sea afford  
Water enough to wash away the stains?  
No, they would sooner add a tincture to  
The sea, and turn the green into a red.

*Tincture* has a delightful suggestion of cochineal. The Porter's scene is bodily removed; and in its stead we have a short dialogue between Macduff and Lennox, introducing a beautiful speech of Macduff:

Rising this morning early, I went to look out of my  
Window, and I could scarce see farther than my  
breath;

The darkness of the night brought but few objects  
To our eyes, but many to our ears.

## INTRODUCTION.

At the end of this act there is a considerable amount introduced. Macduff declares that his wife and children have already gone to Fife, and that he will follow them. Then comes a scene, on The Heath, between Lady Macduff, Muid, and Servant (the latter of whom has been ordered "to attend his master *with the chariot*"!). Macduff meets them; and there is a long concerted piece for the Witches, who are heard outside. Then three Witches appear and prophesy to Macduff and Lady Macduff. The third act goes on pretty straight till the end of the scene between Macbeth and the two Murderers; when there is introduced a scene between Macduff and Lady Macduff, in which they discuss together the question of Macduff assuming the sceptre for his country's good. The scene is written throughout in the heroic metre, but scarcely in a heroic strain; though we have some very beautiful lines, *e.g.* where Lady Macduff says:

But then reflect upon the danger, sir,  
Which you by your aspiring would incur.

In the banquet scene there is very little change. As to the ghost of Banquo, we learn from the list of *Dramatis Personæ* that this was not performed by the same actor, Smith, who played Banquo, but by another, Sandford. Genest says: "there is strong reason to believe that Smith was a fine figure, whereas Sandford was deformed" (vol. i. p. 140). The stage-direction, on the first entry of the Ghost is *Enter Ghost of Banquo, and sits in Macbeth's place*. After Lady Macbeth says:

What! quite unmann'd in folly?

the Ghost descends; and when it reappears, just as Macbeth is drinking to Banquo, the direction is *The Ghost of Banquo rises at his feet*; and after the words, "Hence, horrible shadow," *Exit Ghost*. From these stage-directions it would appear that the Ghost walked on at its first entrance, then disappeared down a trap-door, by which it came up at its next entrance; it made its final exit walking off. After this scene there is introduced one between Macduff and Lady Macduff, where the news of Banquo's murder, being brought to Macduff, induces him to fly from Scotland.

In the third act, scenes 5 and 6 of Shakespeare are transposed, and the act ends with the scene between Hecate and the Three Witches; considerable liberties having been taken here with Shakespeare's text, and some rubbish out of Middleton's *Witch* is introduced, which was all set to music. It seems that Hecate appeared on a *machine* which descended with her. One alteration in her speech is amusing. Hecate, according to Shakespeare (iii. 5. 23-25), says:

Upon the corner of the moon  
There hangs a vaporous drop profound;  
I'll catch it ere it come to ground;

which the *revised Davenant* converts into:

For on a corner of the moon,  
A drop *my spectacles* have found,  
I'll catch it ere it come to ground.

From this we gather the interesting fact that Hecate's goings-on at night must have affected her eyesight. Singular to say, the name of the manufacturer of the *spectacles* is not given; if it had been there might have been some substantial reason for the alteration.

In act iv. scene 1 Lady Macduff and her son are omitted altogether, and the murder is supposed to be committed off the stage. Scene 3, between Malcolm and Macduff, takes place in Birnam Wood and not in England—an attempt, I suppose, to preserve the unities of place. Then comes an introduced scene which, I suppose, is intended, by the deformer of the play, to win some sympathy both for Macbeth and Lady Macbeth. First there is a short dialogue between Seyton and Macbeth, in which Macbeth hesitates to join his army because of his wife's illness; Lady Macbeth soon enters, and announces that she is haunted by the Ghost of Duncan. She urges her husband to resign the crown, reproaches him with obeying her counsels, and declares that she has "had too much of kings already." Then Duncan's Ghost appears, when Macbeth, in a burst of poetry, exclaims, "Now she relapses!" He then calls her women to lead Lady Macbeth out, and, when left alone, remarks:

She does from Duncan's death to sickness grieve,  
And shall from Malcolm's death her health receive.  
When by a viper bitten nothing's good  
To cure the venom but a viper's blood.

## MACBETH.

The act concludes with a scene in which Lennox (not Ross) announces to Macduff the murder of his wife and children. The fifth act begins with the sleep-walking scene, which is very much curtailed; and Seyton takes the place of the Doctor. Nearly all the poetry of Shakespeare in this act is eliminated. When Macbeth hears of his wife's death he remarks:

She should have died hereafter.  
I brought her here to see my victims not to die.

In the last scene Macbeth kills Lennox, not young Siward, and is killed by Macduff. Before he expires he exclaims:

Farewell, vain world, and what's most vain in it,  
ambition.

This line probably gave the cue to Garrick for the dying speech which he introduced. (See below, p. 355.)

I have thought it worth while to give this detailed account of Davenant's version of Macbeth, in order that my readers may see what was the only form, in which Shakespeare's great tragedy was known to playgoers for something like a hundred years after the Restoration. The introduction of the songs and the music one can pardon; but how can one conceive that such detestable violence was done to the exquisite rhythm and poetry of Shakespeare's blank verse, and persisted in, without the strongest protest from every educated person who witnessed such a performance? In an age which produced such masters of elegant comedy as Congreve and Vanbrugh, dramatists as true to nature as Farquhar, or as pathetic as Otway; when such poets as Milton and Cowley were yet alive, and Dryden was in the full zenith of his power; when the voice of such a satirist as Samuel Butler was not yet hushed; in an age when, however much frivolity and pleasure might dominate society, there must have been no inconsiderable number of persons of rank and quality, who knew something of Shakespeare and the best literature of the past; how such wretched rubbish, as some of the lines which we have quoted, could be then tolerated by an audience: how actors like Betterton, Wilks, and Booth could speak such fustian stuff

in lieu of the dramatic poetry of Shakespeare, which they must have had the opportunity of reading, is to me almost unintelligible. It is the fashion with certain lights of literature to sneer at the commentators of Shakespeare; but I think that we should remember that it is to such men as Rowe, Hammer, and Theobald, and, after them, to Samuel Johnson, Malone, and Steevens, that we owe the rescue of Shakespeare's text from the depths of degradation into which it had sunk. The publication of his plays with the text freed, to a great extent, from printers' errors, and from the very unattractive appearance which they presented in the old Folios and Quartos, enabled a much wider circle of educated persons to read Shakespeare's plays, and as they read him, and the fact dawned upon them that the lines which they had heard spoken over and over again by the greatest of actors, were never written by Shakespeare, there arose a desire for the restoration on the stage of something, at any rate, more approaching the poet's text. Even the timid and fumbling liberties, which Garrick ventured to take with his stage versions, were resented; and, for the first time, audiences heard, spoken with the advantages of the finest elocution, not the jingling trash of Davenant and Tate, or the inflated bombast of Cibber, or even the resonant couplets of Dryden, but the true vigorous, manly and rhythmic verse of Shakespeare himself. Small marvel is it that, when Shakespeare's tragedy was known only through such a version as that of which I have given an account, the conception of Macbeth and Lady Macbeth should have become blurred and confused; that the finer points of Shakespeare's great creations should have been lost sight of alike by actors and audience. The result was that instead of the many-sided and contradictory character, with its varied emotions, its subtle and complex motives, its strange mixture of deep self-analysis, shallow superstition, and simple physical courage, Macbeth was treated as if he were a manly soldier reluctantly tempted to crime; or as if he were completely dominated by a woman with scarcely any womanly qualities, and with none of that strange fascination, that marvel-

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lous power of assuming to be that which she was not, which we find in Shakespeare's *Lady Macbeth*, but not in Davenant's. It is much to the credit of the actors and actresses who played these two parts that they could form any conception at all of the characters from the garbled and mutilated text which they had to speak.

It looks like a work of supererogation; but, after the publication of Davenant's version of Shakespeare's tragedy, a certain Thomas Duffett, a milliner in the New Exchange, attempted a travesty of *Macbeth* in 1674, confined almost, if not quite, to the scenes in which Hecate and the Witches figure. This he tacked on to a farce of his called the *Empress of Morocco*, in the shape of an Epilogue. It is excessively vulgar and devoid of humour even of the coarsest kind. The same individual is responsible for the travesty of *The Tempest*, which for dull filth and bestial vulgarity has scarcely ever been exceeded in the English language.

*Macbeth* had the singular fate of being turned into a puppet-show by one Harry Rowe, who was born at York, 1726, and died 1800, in great poverty. An edition of *Macbeth* was published in his name, but it is supposed to have been really the work of one Dr. A. Hunter. Later still, when Elliston was manager of the Royal Circus, in St. George's Fields, he produced a version of *Macbeth* arranged as a Ballet d'Action by Mr. J. C. Cross. Elliston played *Macbeth* himself and spoke some of the text; the murder of Duncan was shown on the stage, and several new scenes introduced; the characters included Edward the Confessor, and of witches there was a goodly array. Full particulars of this singular attempt to play the legitimate drama in defiance of the law will be found in the preface to Davenant's *Macbeth*, in vol. v. of his Works (edn. 1874).

The cast prefixed to the first edition of Davenant's *Macbeth* gives Betterton as *Macbeth*, Lee<sup>1</sup> as Duncan, Harris as *Macduff*,

Medbourne<sup>2</sup> as Lennox, and Mrs. Betterton as *Lady Macbeth*.

As to the performances of *Macbeth* that took place after 1673, they are far too numerous to record. While Davenant's miserable version held the stage the great actors who succeeded Betterton in the part of *Macbeth* were Powell, the elder Mills<sup>3</sup> and Quin. Wilks chose the part of *Macduff*, in which he was excellent, while Booth had to content himself with the comparatively inferior one of Banquo. Amongst the *Lady Macbeths* of this period may be mentioned Mrs. Barry, Mrs. Bullock, and Mrs. Horton. Quin frequently played *Macbeth*, his first appearance being at Drury Lane on May 9th, 1717. He was the last representative of Davenant's *Macbeth*, and he never seems to have played Shakespeare's tragedy; though on January 31st, 1738, at Drury Lane, according to the play-bill, *Macbeth*, "written by Shakespeare," was produced. But I think Genest was quite right in rejecting the truth of that statement, and that nothing approaching Shakespeare's own play was produced till Garrick made his first appearance in the part, when *Macbeth*, "as written by Shakespeare," was announced at Drury Lane January 7th, 1744, and Quin was so ignorant that he believed he had been playing Shakespeare's *Macbeth* all the time. Garrick did not have the advantage of any great support. Mrs. Giffard was *Lady Macbeth*, and her husband *Macduff*. According to Genest, before the end of May that year *Macbeth* was played thirteen times. During the next season it was acted only three times. In Fitzgerald's *Life of Garrick* (vol. ii. pp. 69-78) will be found a detailed account of his acting in this character. Downes praises his *Macbeth* very highly, but always in conjunction with the *Lady Macbeth* of Mrs. Pritchard, of whom it is not too much to say that to her great part in the impression that the play produced was due. Garrick

<sup>1</sup> According to Downes this was Nat Lee, the dramatist, who failed totally in the part, and consequently gave up acting. This was in 1673; in the previous year Otway made a similar failure as the King in Mrs. Behn's *Jenious Bridgroom*.

<sup>2</sup> Medbourne, who was a Roman Catholic, was committed to Newgate during the so-called Popish Plot, and died there.

<sup>3</sup> He was very bad in the part. It is difficult to understand why he was put over the heads of such actors as Booth and Powell.

may have been great in the part of Macbeth; but he must have been heavily handicapped by his ridiculous dress,—his red coat and silver lace and tie-wig—all which absurd inconsistencies he had not the good sense to alter. But, however powerful may have been his rendering of some portions of the tragedy, it is not uncharitable to suppose that he felt himself rather overshadowed by Mrs. Pritchard; for he only revived Macbeth, as a rule, once in the season, after he had the advantage of her co-operation; and some seasons he did not play the part at all.

I must pass over such actors as Barry, who was a magnificent failure in Macbeth, and Sheridan and Henderson, till we come to Macklin's appearance at Covent Garden, October 23rd, 1773, when all the characters were dressed in Scotch costumes, and the absurdity of Macbeth walking about as a modern captain in full uniform was discarded. Steevens pointed out that, when the piece was first produced, there seems to have been some attempt to dress the characters in an appropriate costume; for Malcolm discovers Ross by his dress when he is still some distance from him. Macklin repeated Macbeth once or twice, his appearance in which was the occasion for the display of a considerable amount of malice on the part of his enemies, some of whom, in the following year, 1774, he succeeded in convicting of conspiracy before the Court of King's Bench.

No one seems to have rivalled Mrs. Pritchard in Lady Macbeth, not even Mrs. Cibber, much less Mrs. Woffington, who attempted the part; and she seems to have had no worthy successor till Mrs. Siddons appeared, with the exception, perhaps, of Mrs. Yates. Though Mrs. Siddons had appeared in London for the first time in 1775, when she figured in the bill as "a young lady" (see Introduction to Merchant of Venice, vol. iii. p. 249), she does not seem to have again touched Shakespeare till she appeared as Isabella in Measure for Measure; and it was not till February 2nd, 1785, that she first acted Lady Macbeth at Drury Lane Theatre for her own benefit. The cast, on this occasion, included Smith as Macbeth, Brereton as Macduff, Bensley as

Banquo, with Parsons, Moody, and Baddeley as the three witches. It must be confessed that this, on the whole, was not a particularly strong cast; but as to her own success there could not be a moment's doubt. Space will not permit of my giving any of the elaborate criticisms which have been written upon the Lady Macbeth of Mrs. Siddons; but I would earnestly protest against any such foolish idea getting possession of our minds, as the one that Mrs. Siddons played Lady Macbeth in the style of a stern and forbidding termagant. Her peculiar form of genius lent itself naturally to the vivid portraiture of the more terrible features of the character; but her conception of the part was full of subtle and delicate touches, of exquisite passages of tenderness, as well as of resonant notes of supernatural terror, and flashes of fire, almost infernal in their devilish splendour; thus much is perfectly clear from the descriptions left to us by those who were happy enough to see her in that wonderful impersonation. As a piece of dramatic inspiration, one would feel inclined to place Mrs. Siddons' Lady Macbeth side by side with the Othello of Edmund Kean. On March 31st in the same year, Kemble appeared for the first time as Macbeth; and in the course of the season the play was represented ten times. Though Kemble's performance of Macbeth was undoubtedly a very impressive one, he could not be said to outshine his sister in this play. The defective quality of his voice, against which his artistic career was one long struggle, placed him at a great disadvantage in comparison with Garrick; still he appears to have been, on the whole, the greatest Macbeth since Garrick till Edmund Kean appeared in the part, November 5th, 1814. Henderson's Macbeth was impressive—in fact this actor never seems to have done anything badly; Young was too sombre, Elliston too violent, and Cooke too rough and unimaginative; Kemble excelled in the banquet scene; but in the murder scene Kean was unapproachable; he owned himself, with that generosity which always distinguished him, that in the third act Kemble had completely the advantage over him. Kemble published his

## INTRODUCTION.

arrangement of *Macbeth* in 1803; but in a copy which now lies before me I find a MS. note to the effect that another edition without any date was sold at the Duke of Roxburgh's sale, said to be with alterations by Kemble. The cast printed in the edition, 1803, is a very strong one, and included Charles Kemble as Malcolm, Cooke as Macduff, Murray as Banquo, the great Incedon as Hecate, Blanchard and Emery as two of the Witches, besides, of course, Kemble and his sister in the two principal parts. The text seems very carefully edited. The additions made by Davenant from Middleton's *Witch* are retained, as of course they were obliged to be whenever Lock's music was performed in its completeness. The only point to which one can take exception is the insertion, at the end of the play, of the following six lines spoken by *Macbeth* as he is dying:

'T is done! the scene of life will quickly close,  
Ambition's vain delusive dreams are fled,  
And now I wake to darkness, guilt, and horror.—  
I cannot rise:—I dare not ask for mercy—  
It is too late;—hell drags me down;—I sink,  
I sink;—my soul is lost for ever! Oh!—Oh!

These were probably the same lines as added by Garrick, at least they appear in his acting-version; but, however that may be, these lines are eminently unsuitable to the character of *Macbeth*, and one is surprised at such a Shakespearean purist as John Kemble admitting them into the text.

Macready made his first appearance as *Macbeth* on June 9th, 1820, at Covent Garden. It was a favourite part of his; and in the banquet scene he introduced some very effective business. This performance nearly led to a duel between him and Abbott, whom he had replaced in the part of *Macbeth* by Terry; but though the affair proceeded so far that the seconds were selected by both parties, Lieutenant Twiss acting for Macready, the unpleasant dispute was ultimately settled by an apology from Abbott. Phelps, when at Sadler's Wells, produced *Macbeth*, divested of the *Singing Witches*, in his fourth season, on September 27th, 1847; the character of *Lady Macduff* restored, and the scene in which she

and her children are murdered. He had previously played the part to Mrs. Warner's *Lady Macbeth*, on Whit Monday, 1844, with great success. His rendering of this character was considered one of his finest efforts by his admirers.

*Macbeth* was among the grand Shakespearean revivals produced by Charles Kean when manager of the Princess's Theatre. One of my own earliest theatrical reminiscences is of seeing him in this character. The tragedy was performed first before the Queen, at Windsor Castle, on Friday, 4th February, 1853, and was produced at the Princess's on the 14th of the same month; but Kean had previously played the part at the Haymarket during the season 1840-41. He retained the whole of Lock's music.

The recent revival of this play at the Lyceum has created a great deal of discussion as to the characters of *Macbeth* and *Lady Macbeth*. It is likely that all who are interested in this subject will have an opportunity of forming their own opinions, as the revival promises to be one of the most successful produced under Mr. Irving's management.—F. A. M.

## CRITICAL REMARKS.

Of all Shakespeare's tragedies *Macbeth* is the simplest in outline, the swiftest in action. After the witches' prelude, the first scene brings us at once into the centre of stormy interest, and in *Macbeth*'s first words an ambiguous note prepares us for strange things to come. Thence to the end there is no turning aside in the increasing speed of events. Thought jumps to action, action is overtaken by consequence, with a precipitate haste, as if it were all written breathlessly. And in the style (always the style of Shakespeare's maturity) there is a hurry, an impatient condensation, metaphor running into metaphor, thought on the heels of thought, which gives (apart from the undoubted corruption of the text as it comes to us) something abrupt, difficult, violent, to the language of even unimportant characters, messengers or soldiers. Thus the play has several of those memorable condensations of a great matter into a little compass, of which Macduff's "He has no



children!" is perhaps the most famous in literature; together with less than usual of mere comment on life. If here and there a philosophical thought meets us, it is the outcry of sensation—as in the magnificent words which sum up the vanity of life in the remembrance of the dusty ending—rather than a reflection in any true sense of the word. Of pathos, even, there is on the whole not much. In that scene from which I have just quoted the crowning words, there is, I think, a note of pathos beyond which language cannot go; and in the scene which leads up to it—a scene full of the most delicate *humour*, the humour born of the unconscious nearness of things pitiful—there is something truly pathetic, a pathos which clings about all Shakespeare's portraits of children. But elsewhere, even in places where we might expect it, there is but little sign of a quality with which it was not in Shakespeare's plan to lighten the terror or soften the hardness of the impression one receives from this sombre play. Terror—that was the effect at which he seems to have aimed; terror standing out vividly against a background of obscure and yet more dreadful mystery. The "root of horror," from which the whole thing grows, has been planted, one becomes aware, in hell:—do the supernatural solicitings merely foreshow or do they really instigate the deeds to which they bear witness? Omens blacken every page. An "Old Man" is brought into the play for no other purpose than to become the appropriate mouthpiece of the popular sense of the strange disturbance in the order of nature. Macbeth is the prey to superstition, and it seems really as if a hand other than his own forces him forward on the road to destruction. In no other play of Shakespeare's, not even in Hamlet, is the power of spiritual agencies so present with us; nowhere is Fate so visibly the handmaid or the mistress of Retribution. In such a play it is no wonder that pathos is swallowed up in terror, and that the only really frank abandonment to humour is in an interlude of ghastly pleasantry, the Shakespearean authorship of which has been doubted.

In this brief and rapid play, where the

action has so little that is superfluous, and all is ordered with so rigid a concentration, the interest is still further narrowed and intensified by being directed almost wholly upon two persons. Macbeth and Lady Macbeth fill the stage. In painting them Shakespeare has expended his full power. He has cared to do no more than sketch the other characters. As in the sketches of Michelangelo preserved at Oxford, the few lines of the drawing call up a face as truly lifelike as that which fronts us in the completed picture. But in the play these subordinate figures are forgotten in the absorbing interest of the two great primary ones. The real conflict, out of which the action grows, is the conflict between the worse and better natures of these two persons; the real tragedy is one of conscience, and the murder of Duncan, the assassination of Banquo, the slaughters with which the play is studded, are but the outward signs, the bloody signatures, of the terrible drama which is going on within.

When Macbeth, returning victorious from the field of battle, is met by the witches' prediction—"All hail, Macbeth, that shalt be king hereafter!"—is it not curious that his thoughts should turn with such astonishing promptitude to the idea of murder? The tinder, it is evident, is lying ready, and it needs but a spark to set the whole alight. We learn from his wife's analysis of his character that he is ambitious, discontented, willing to do wrong in order to attain to greatness, yet, like so many of the unsuccessful criminals, hampered always in the way of wrongdoing by an inconvenient afterthought of virtue. He has never enough of it to stay his hand from the deed, but he has just sufficient to sicken him of the crime when only half-way through it. He may plan and plot, but at the last he acts always on impulse, and he is never able to pursue a deliberate course coolly. He knows himself well enough to say, once:

No boasting like a fool,

This deed I'll do before this purpose cool.

Before this purpose cool!—that is always the danger to fear in a nature of this unstable sort. He can murder Duncan, but he cannot



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bring himself to return and face his work, though his own safety depends upon it. It is the woman who goes back into the fatal chamber, whither he lures not to return. No sooner has he done the deed than he wishes it undone. His conscience is awake now, awake and mauling. With the dawn courage returns; he is able to play his part with calmness, a new impulse having taken the place of the last one. Remorse for the present is put aside. He plots Banquo's death deliberately, and is almost gay in hinting it to his wife. Now, his feeling seems to be, we shall be safe—no need for more crime! And then, perhaps, there will be no more of the "terrible dreams."

When Banquo's ghost appears Macbeth's acting breaks down. He is in the hold of a fresh sensation, and horror and astonishment overwhelm all. After having thought himself at last secure! It is always through the superstitious side of his nature that Macbeth is impressible. His agitation at the sight of the ghost of Banquo is not, I think, a trick of the imagination, but the horror of a man who sees the actual ghost of the man he has slain. Thus he cannot reason it away, as, before the fancied dagger (a heated brain conjuring up images of its own intents) he can exclaim: "There's no such thing!" The horror fastens deeply upon him, and he goes sullenly onward in the path of blood, seeing now that there is no returning by a way so thronged with worse than memories.

Since his initiate step in this path Macbeth has never been free from the mockery of desire to overcome his fears, to be at peace in evil-doing, to "sleep in spite of thunder." But his mind becomes more and more divided against itself, and the degradation of his nature goes on apace. When we see him finally at bay in his fortress, he is broken down by agitation and the disturbance of all within and without into a state of savage distraction, in which the individual sense of guilt seems to be lost in a sullen growth of moody distrust and of somewhat aimless ferocity. He is in a state in which "the grasshopper is a burden" and every event presents itself as an unbearable irritation. His nerves are unstrung; he bursts

out into precipitate and causeless anger at the mere sight of the messenger who enters to him. One sees his mental and bodily upset in the impossibility of controlling the least whim. He calls for his armour, has it put on, pulls it off, bids it be brought after him. He talks to the doctor about the affairs of war, and plays grimly on medical terms. He dares now to confess to himself how weary he is of everything beneath the sun, and seeks in vain for what may "minister to a mind diseased." When, on a cry of women from within, he learns that his wife is dead, he can say no word of regret. "She should have died hereafter"—that is all, and a moralization. He has "supp'd full with horrors," and the taste of them has begun to pall. There remains now only the release of death. As prophecy after prophecy comes to its fulfilment, and the last hope is lost, desperation takes the place of confidence. When, finally, he sees the man before him by whom he knows he is to die, his soldier's courage rises at a taunt, and he fights to the end.

Nothing in his life  
Became him like the leaving it.

The "note," as it may be called, of Macbeth is the weakness of a bold and vigorous mind and frame; that of Lady Macbeth is the strength of a finely-strung but perfectly determined nature. She dominates her husband by the persistence of an irresistible will; she herself, her woman's weakness, is alike dominated by the same compelling force. Let the effect on her of the witches' prediction be contrasted with the effect on Macbeth. In Macbeth there is a mental conflict, an attempt, however feeble, to make a stand against the temptation. But the prayer of his wife is not for power to resist, but for power to carry out, the deed. The same ambitions that were slumbering in him are in her stirred by the same spark into life. The flame runs through her and possesses her in an instant, and from the thought to its realization is but a step with her. Like all women, she is practical, swift from starting-point to goal, imperious in disregard of hindrances that may lie in the way. But she is resolute, also, with a determination which knows no limits; imaginative,

## MACBETH.

too (imagination being to her in the place of virtue), and it is this she fears, and it is this that wrecks her. Her prayer to the spirits that tend on mortal thoughts, shows by no means a mind steeled to compunction. Why should she cry:

Stop up the access and passage to remorse!

if hers were a mind in which no visitings of pity had to be dreaded? Her language is fervid, sensitive, and betrays with her first words the imagination which is her capacity for suffering. She is a woman who can be "magnificent in sin," but who has none of the callousness which makes the comfort of the criminal;—not one of the poisonous women of the Renaissance, who smile complacently after an assassination, but a woman of the North, in whom sin is its own "first revenge." She can do the deed, and she can do it triumphantly; she can even think her prayer has been answered; but the horror of the thing will change her soul, and at night, when the will that supported her indomitable mind by day, slumbers with the overtaxed body, her imagination—the soul she has in her for her torture—will awake and cry at last aloud. On the night of the murder it is Macbeth who falters; it is he who wishes that the deed might be undone, she who says to him

These deeds must not be thought  
After these ways; so, it will make us mad;

but to Macbeth (despite the "terrible dreams") time dulls the remembrance from its first intensity; he has not the fineness of nature that gives the power of suffering to his wife. Guilt changes both, but him it degrades. Hers is not a nature that can live in degradation. To her no degradation is possible. Her sin was deliberate; she marched straight to her end; and the means were mortal, not alone to the man who died, but to her. Macbeth could as little comprehend the depth of her suffering as she his hesitancy in a determined action. It is this fineness of nature, this over-possession by imagination, that renders her interesting, elevating her punishment into a sphere beyond the comprehension of a vulgar criminal.

In that terrible second scene of act ii.—perhaps the most awe-inspiring scene that Shakespeare ever wrote—the splendid qualities of Lady Macbeth are seen in their clearest light. She has taken wine to make her bold, but there is an exaltation in her brain beyond anything that wine could give. Her calmness is indeed unnatural, overstrained, by no means so composed as she would have her husband think. But having determined on her purpose, there is with her no returning, no thought of return. It is with a burst of real anger, of angry contempt, that she cries "Give me the daggers!" and her exaltation carries her through the fearful ordeal as she goes back and faces the dead man and the sleeping witnesses. She can even, as she returns, hear calmly the knocking that speaks so audibly to the heart of Macbeth; taking measures for their safety if anyone should enter. She can even look resolutely at her bloody hands, and I imagine she half believes her own casual words when she says:

A little water clears us of this deed:  
How easy is it then!

Her will, her high nature (perverted, but not subdued), her steeled sensitiveness, the intoxication of crime and of wine, sustain her in a forced calmness which she herself little suspects will ever fail her. How soon it does fail, or rather how soon the body takes revenge upon the soul, is seen next morning, when, after overacting her part in the famous words—"What, in our house?"—she falls in a swoon, by no means counterfeit, we may be sure, though Macbeth, by his disregard of it, seems to think so. After this, we see her but rarely. A touch of the deepest melancholy ("Naught's had, all's spent") marks the few words spoken to herself as she waits for Macbeth on the night which is, though unknown to her, to be fatal to her. No sooner has Macbeth entered than she greets him in the old resolute spirit; and again on the night of the banquet she is, as ever, full of bitter scorn and contempt for the betraying weakness of her husband, prompt to cover his confusion with a plausible tale to the guests. She is still mistress of herself, and only the

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weariness of the few words she utters after the guests are gone, only the absence of the reproaches we are expecting, betray the change that is coming over her. One sees a trace of lassitude, that is all.

From this point Lady Macbeth drops out of the play, until, in the fifth act, we see her for the last time. Even now, it is the body rather than the soul that has given way. What haunts her is the smell and sight of the blood—the physical disgust of the thing. “All the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand!” One hears the self-pitying note with which she says the words. Even now, even when unconscious, her scorn still bites at the feebleness of her husband. The will is yet indomitable in her shattered frame.

There is no repentance, no regret—only the intolerable vividness of accusing memory; the sight, the smell, ever present in imagination. It has been thought that the words “Hell is murky!”—the only sign, if sign it be, of fear at the thought of the life to come—are probably spoken in mocking echo of her husband. Even if not, they are a passing shudder. It is enough for her that her hands still keep the sensation of the blood upon them. The imagination which stands to her in the place of virtue has brought in its revenge, and for her too there is left only the release of death. She dies, not of remorse at her guilt, but because she has miscalculated her power of resistance to the scourge of an over-acute imagination.

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*First Witch. When shall we three meet again  
In thunder, lightning, or in rain?—(Act i. 1. 1, 2.)*

## MACBETH.

### ACT I.

#### SCENE I. *An open place.*

*Thunder and lightning. Enter three Witches.*

*First Witch.* When shall we three meet again  
In thunder, lightning, or in rain?

*Sec. Witch.* When the hurlyburly's done,  
When the battle's lost and won.

*Third Witch.* That will be ere the set of sun.

*First Witch.* Where the place?

*Sec. Witch.* Upon the heath.

*Third Witch.* There to meet with Macbeth.

*First Witch.* I come, Graymalkin!<sup>1</sup>

*Sec. Witch.* Paddock<sup>2</sup> calls.

*Third Witch.* Anon! 10

*All.* Fair is foul, and foul is fair:  
Hover through the fog and filthy air. [*Exeunt.*]

#### SCENE II. *A camp near Forres.*

*Alarums within. Enter DUNCAN, MALCOLM,  
DONALBAIN, LENNOX, with Attendants, meet-  
ing a bleeding Sergeant.*

*Dun.* What bloody man is that? He can report,

<sup>1</sup> Graymalkin, a gray cat.

<sup>2</sup> Paddock, toad.

As seemeth by his plight, of the revolt  
The newest state.

*Mal.* This is the sergeant  
Who like a good and hardy soldier fought  
'Gainst my captivity. Hail, brave friend!  
Say to the king the knowledge of the broil  
As thou didst leave it.

*Serg.* Doubtful it stood;  
As two spent swimmers, that do cling together  
And choke their art. The merciless Mac-  
donwald—

Worthy to be a rebel, for to that<sup>3</sup> 10  
The multiplying villanies of nature  
Do swarm upon him—from the western isles  
Of<sup>4</sup> kerns<sup>5</sup> and gallowglasses<sup>6</sup> is supplied;  
And fortune, on his damned quarrel smiling,  
Show'd like a rebel's whore; but all's too weak:  
For brave Macbeth,—well he deserves that  
name,—

Disdaining fortune, with his brandish'd steel,  
Which smok'd with bloody execution,

<sup>3</sup> To that, i.e. to that end.

<sup>4</sup> Of, i.e. as we should now say, with.

<sup>5</sup> Kerns, light-armed foot-soldiers.

<sup>6</sup> Gallowglasses, foot-soldiers armed with gallowglas axes.

Like valour's minion, carv'd out his passage  
Till he fac'd the slave;<sup>20</sup>  
And ne'er shook hands, nor bade farewell to  
him,  
Till he unseam'd him from the navel to the  
chaps,  
And fix'd his head upon our battlements.

*Dun.* O valiant cousin! worthy gentleman!

*Serg.* [As whence the sun 'gins his reflection  
Shipwrecking storms and direful thunders  
break,

So from that spring whence comfort seem'd  
to come

Discomfort swells. Mark, king of Scotland,  
mark:]

No sooner justice had, with valour arm'd,  
Compell'd these skipping kerns to trust their  
heels,<sup>30</sup>

But the Norweyan lord, surveying<sup>2</sup> vantage,  
With furbish'd arms and new supplies of men,  
Began a fresh assault.

*Dun.* Dismay'd not this  
Our captains, Macbeth and Panquo?

*Serg.* Yes;

As sparrows eagles, or the hare the lion.  
[If I say sooth,<sup>3</sup> I must report they were  
As cannons overcharg'd with double cracks;  
So they doubly redoubled strokes upon the foe:  
Except they meant to bathe in reeking wounds,  
Or memorize<sup>4</sup> another Golgotha,<sup>40</sup>  
I cannot tell—]

But I am faint; my gashes cry for help.

*Dun.* So well thy words become thee as thy  
wounds;

They smack of honour both. Go get him  
surgeons. [Exit Sergeant, attended.

[Who comes here?]

Enter Ross.

[*Mal.* The worthythane of Ross.

*Len.* What haste looks through his eyes!

So should he look  
That seems to speak things strange.]

*Ross.* God save the king!

*Dun.* Whence cam'st thou, worthythane?

*Ross.* From Fife, great king;  
Where the Norweyan banners flout the sky

And fan our people cold. Norway himself,  
With terrible numbers,<sup>51</sup>  
Assisted by that most disloyal traitor  
Thethane of Cawdor, 'gan a dismal conflict;  
Till that Bellona's bridegroom, lapp'd in proof,  
Confronted him with self-comparisons,  
Point against point rebellious, arm 'gainst arm,  
Curbing his lavish<sup>5</sup> spirit: and, to conclude  
The victory fell on us.

*Dun.* Great happiness!

*Ross.* That<sup>6</sup> now  
Sweno, the Norways' king, craves composi-  
tion;<sup>7</sup>

Nor would we deign him burial of his men  
Till he disbursed, at Saint Colme's-inch,<sup>8</sup> 61  
Ten thousand dollars to our general use.

*Dun.* No more thatthane of Cawdor shall  
deceive

Our bosom interest: go pronounce his present<sup>9</sup>  
death,

And with his former title greet Macbeth.

*Ross.* I'll see it done.

*Dun.* What he hath lost noble Macbeth hath  
won. [Exit.

### SCENE III. A heath.

*Distant thunder.* Enter the three Witches.

*First Witch.* Where hast thou been, sister?

*Sec. Witch.* Killing swine.

*Third Witch.* Sister, where thou?

*First Witch.* A sailor's wife had chestnuts  
in her lap,

And munch'd, and munch'd, and munch'd:—

"Give me," quoth I:

"Aroint thee,<sup>10</sup> witch!" the rump-fed ron-  
yon<sup>11</sup> cries.

Her husband's to Aleppo gone, master o' the  
Tiger:

But in a sieve I'll thither sail,

And, like a rat without a tail,

I'll do, I'll do, and I'll do. 10

[*Sec. Witch.* I'll give thee a wind.

*First Witch.* Thou'rt kind.

<sup>5</sup> Lavish, unrestrained.

<sup>6</sup> That, i.e. so that.

<sup>7</sup> Composition, terms of peace.

<sup>8</sup> Saint Colme's-inch, Inchcolm, the island of St. Columba; pronounced Saint Colman's.

<sup>9</sup> Present, instant.

<sup>10</sup> Aroint thee, begone.

<sup>11</sup> Ronyon, mangy creature (O. Fr. *regonn*).

<sup>1</sup> Nave, navel.

<sup>2</sup> Surveying, perceiving.

<sup>3</sup> Sooth, truth.

<sup>4</sup> Memorize, make memorable.

ACT I. Scene 3.

erway himself,

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traitor  
dismal conflict;  
lapp'd in proof,  
parisons,  
arm 'gainst arm,  
d, to conclude

at happiness!

craves composi-

ial of his men  
lme's-inch,<sup>s</sup> 61  
general use.  
of Cawdor shall

unce his present<sup>o</sup>

et Macbeth.

ble Macbeth hath  
[*Exeunt.*

heath.

e three *Witches.*

thou been, sister?

ce thou?

ife had chestnuts

, and munch'd:—

he rump-fed ron-

one, master o' the

ail,

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d.

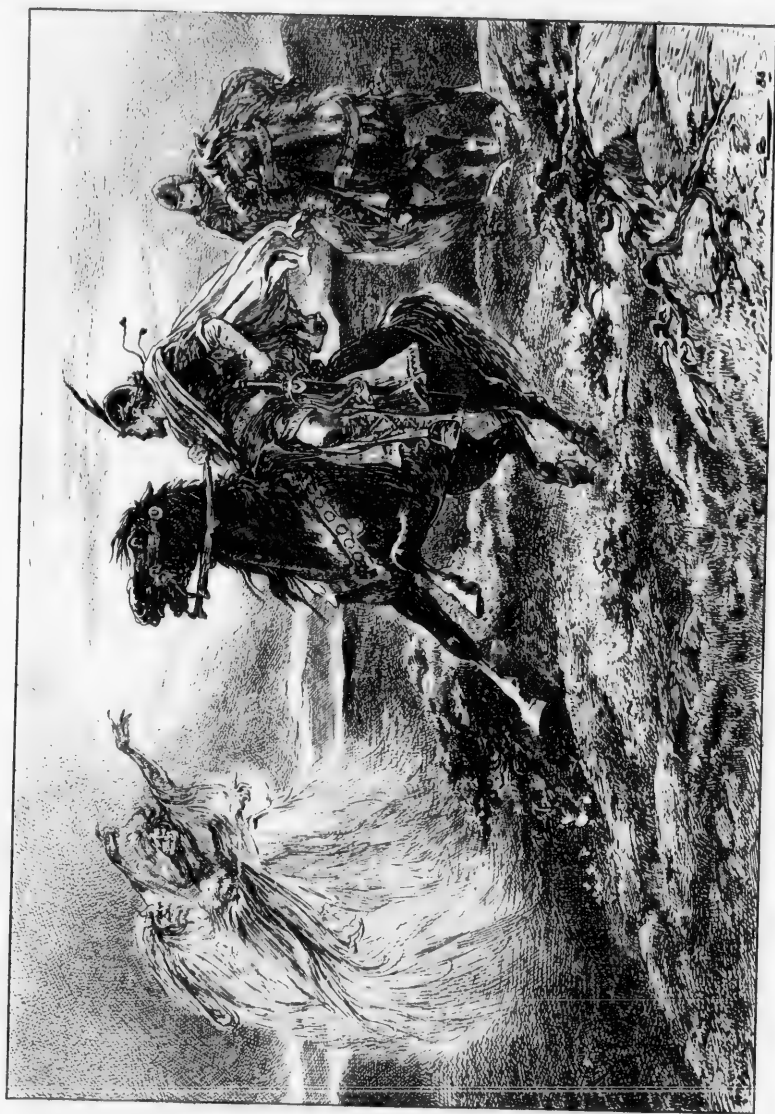
*That, i.e.* so that.

m, the island of St.  
m's.

*Avoins thee*, begone.  
(*r. rognou*).









*Third Witch.* And I another.

13

*First Witch.* I myself have all the other;

And the very ports they blow,  
[All the quarters that they know  
In the shipman's card.<sup>1</sup>]

I will drain him dry as hay;

Sleep shall neither night nor day

Hang upon his pent-house lid;

20

He shall live a man forbid;<sup>2</sup>

Weary se'nights nine times nine

Shall he dwindle, peak,<sup>3</sup> and pine;

Though his bark cannot be lost,

Yet it shall be tempest-tost.—

Look what I have.

*Sec. Witch.* Show me, show me.

*First Witch.* Here I have a pilot's thumb,  
Wreck'd as homeward he did come.

[*Drum within.*

30

*Third Witch.* A drum, a drum!

Macbeth doth come.

*All.* The weird sisters, hand in hand,

Posters<sup>4</sup> of the sea and land,

Thus do go about, about:

Thrice to thine, and thrice to mine,

And thrice again, to make up nine.

Peace! the charm's wound up.

*Enter MACBETH and BANQUO.*

*Macb.* So foul and fair a day I have not seen.

*Ban.* How far is't call'd to Forres? What  
are these

So wither'd, and so wild in their attire, 40

That look not like the inhabitants o' the earth,

And yet are on't? Live you? or are you  
aught

That man may question? You seem to under-  
stand me,

By each at once her choppy finger laying

Upon her skinny lips: you should be women,

And yet your beards forbid me to interpret

That you are so.

*Macb.* Speak, if you can: what are you?

*First Witch.* All hail, Macbeth! hail to thee,  
thane of Glamis!

*Sec. Witch.* All hail, Macbeth! hail to thee,  
thane of Cawdor!

<sup>1</sup> *The shipman's card*, i.e. the card contained in the compass, on which the points are marked.

<sup>2</sup> *Forbid*, i.e. under a curse.

<sup>3</sup> *Peak*, grow thin.

<sup>4</sup> *Posters*, quick travellers.

*Third Witch.* All hail, Macbeth, that shalt  
be king hereafter! 50

*Ban.* Good sir, why do you start; and seem  
to fear

Things that do sound so fair? I' the name of  
truth,

Are ye fantastical,<sup>5</sup> or that indeed

Which outwardly ye show? My noble partner

You greet with present grace and great pre-  
diction

Of noble having and of royal hope,

That he seems rapt withal: to me you speak  
not:

If you can look into the seeds of time,

And say which grain will grow and which will  
not, 59

Speak then to me, who neither beg nor fear

Your favours nor your hate.

*First Witch.* Hail!

*Sec. Witch.* Hail!

*Third Witch.* Hail!

*First Witch.* Lesser than Macbeth, and  
greater.

*Sec. Witch.* Not so happy, yet much happier.

*Third Witch.* Thou shalt get kings, though  
thou be none:

So, all hail, Macbeth and Banquo!

*First Witch.* Banquo and Macbeth, all hail!

*Macb.* Stay, you imperfect speakers, tell  
me more: 70

By Sinel's death I know I am thane of Glamis;

But how of Cawdor? the thane of Cawdor

lives,

A prosperous gentleman; and to be king

Stands not within the prospect of belief,

No more than to be Cawdor. Say from whence

You owe<sup>6</sup> this strange intelligence? or why

Upon this blasted heath you stop our way

With such prophetic greeting!—Speak, I  
charge you. [Witches vanish.]

*Ban.* The earth hath bubbles as the water  
has,

And these are of them: whither are they  
vanish'd? 80

*Macb.* Into the air; and what seem'd cor-  
poral melted

As breath into the wind.—Would they had  
stay'd!

<sup>5</sup> *Fantastical*, imaginary.

<sup>6</sup> *Owe*, own, possess.

*Ban.* Were such things here as we do speak  
about? 83

Or have we eaten on the insane root  
That takes the reason prisoner?

*Macb.* Your children shall be kings.

*Ban.* You shall be king.

*Macb.* And thane of Cawdor too—went it  
not so?

*Ban.* To the selfsame tune and words.  
Who's here?

*Enter Ross and Angus.*

*Ross.* The king hath happily receiv'd, Mac-  
beth, 89

The news of thy success: and when he reads  
Thy personal venture in the rebels' fight,  
His wonders and his praises do contend  
Which should be thine or his: silenc'd with  
that,

In viewing o'er the rest o' the selfsame day,  
He finds thee in the stout Norweyan ranks,  
Nothing afeard of what thyself didst make,  
Strange images of death. As thick as hail  
Came post with post; and every one did bear  
Thy praises in his kingdom's great defence,  
And pour'd them down before him.

*Ang.* We are sent  
To give thee from our royal master thanks;  
Only to herald thee into his sight, 102  
Not pay thee.

*Ross.* And, for an earnest of a greater honour,  
He bade me, from him, call thee thane of  
Cawdor:

In which addition, hail, most worthy thane!  
For it is thine.

*Ban.* [*Aside*] What, can the devil speak  
true?

*Macb.* The thane of Cawdor lives: why do  
you dress me

In borrowed robes?

*Ang.* Who was the thane lives yet;  
But under heavy judgment bears that life  
Which he deserves to lose. Whether he was  
combin'd 111

With those of Norway, or did line<sup>1</sup> the rebel  
With hidden help and vantage, or that with  
both

He labour'd in his country's wreck, I know not;

But treasons capital, confess'd and prov'd,  
Have overthrow'n him.

*Macb.* [*Aside*] Glamis, and thane of Cawdor!  
The greatest is behind. [*To Ross and Angus*]  
Thanks for your pains.

[*Aside to Banquo*] Do you not hope your  
children shall be kings,

When those that gave the thane of Cawdor  
to me 119

Promis'd no less to them?

*Ban.* [*Aside to Macbeth*] That, trusted home,<sup>2</sup>  
Might yet enkindle you unto the crown,  
Besides the thane of Cawdor. But 't is strange:  
And oftentimes, to win us to our harm,  
The instruments of darkness tell us truths:  
Win us with honest trifles, to betray 's  
In deepest consequence.

[*Turns to Ross and Angus.*

Cousins, a word, I pray you.

*Macb.* [*Aside*] Two truths are told,  
As happy prologues to the swelling act  
Of the imperial theme.—[*To Ross and Angus*]

I thank you, gentlemen.

[*Aside*] This supernatural soliciting 130  
Cannot be ill; cannot be good: if ill,  
Why hath it given me earnest of success,  
Commencing in a truth? I am thane of Cawdor:  
If good, why do I yield to that suggestion  
Whose horrid image doth unfix my hair,  
And make my seated<sup>3</sup> heart knock at my ribs,  
Against the use of nature? Present fears<sup>4</sup>  
Are less than horrible imaginings:  
My thought, whose murder yet is but fantas-  
tical,

Shakes so my single state of man that function  
Is smother'd in surmise, and nothing is 141  
But what is not.

*Ban.* [*To Ross and Angus*] Look, how our  
partner's rapt.

*Macb.* [*Aside*] If chance will have me king,  
why, chance may crown me,  
Without my stir.

*Ban.* New honours come upon him,  
Like our strange garments, cleave not to their  
mould

But with the aid of use.

*Macb.* [*Aside*] Come what come may,

<sup>2</sup> *Trusted home*, i.e. trusted to the utmost.

<sup>3</sup> *Seated*, i.e. firmly fixed.

<sup>4</sup> *Fears*, i.e. objects of fear.

and prov'd,  
me of Cawdor!  
[*Ross and Angus*]

not hope your  
me of Cawdor  
119

trusted home,<sup>2</sup>  
the crown,  
but 't is strange:  
our harm,  
tell us truths;  
betray 's

[*Ross and Angus*]

truths are told,  
telling act  
[*Ross and Angus*]

ceiving 130  
: if ill,  
t of success,  
thane of Cawdor:  
at suggestion  
fix my hair,  
nock at my ribs,  
Present fears<sup>4</sup>  
ings:  
et is but fantas-

man that function  
nothing is 141

Look, how our

ill have me king,  
me,

s come upon him,  
leave not to their

what come may,

to the utmost.

Time and the hour runs through the roughest  
day.

*Ban.* [*Advancing*] Worthy Macbeth, we stay  
upon ' your leisure.

*Macb.* Give me your favour;<sup>2</sup> my dull brain  
was wrought<sup>3</sup>

With thi' gs forgotten. Kind gentlemen, your  
pair 150

Are register'd where every day I turn  
The leaf to read them.—Let us toward the king.  
[*Aside to Banquo*] Think upon what has  
chang'd; and at more time,

The interim having weigh'd it, let us speak  
Our free hearts each to other.

*Ban.* [*Aside to Macbeth*] Very gladly.

*Macb.* [*Aside to Banquo*] Till then, enough.  
—Come, friends. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. *Forres. A room in the palace.*

*Flourish.* Enter DUNCAN, MALCOLM, DONAL-  
BAIN, LENNOX, and Attendants.

*Dun.* Is execution done on Cawdor? Are  
not

Those in commission yet return'd?

*Mal.* My liege,  
They are not yet come back. But I have spoke  
With one that saw him die, who did report  
That very frankly he confess'd his treasons,  
Implor'd your highness' pardon, and set forth  
A deep repentance: nothing in his life  
Became him like the leaving it; he died  
As one that had been studied in his death  
To throw away the dearest thing he ow'd<sup>4</sup> 10  
As 't were a careless trifle.

*Dun.* There's no art  
To find the mind's construction in the face:  
He was a gentleman on whom I built  
An absolute trust.—

Enter MACBETH, BANQUO, ROSS, and ANGUS.

O worthiest cousin!  
The sin of my ingratitude even now  
Was heavy on me: thou art so far before,  
That swiftest wing of recompense is slow  
To overtake thee. Would thou hadst less  
deserv'd,

<sup>1</sup> Stay upon, await.

<sup>2</sup> Give me your favour, excuse me.

<sup>3</sup> Wrought, agitated.

<sup>4</sup> Ow'd, owned, possessed.

That the proportion<sup>5</sup> both of thanks and pay-  
ment 10

Might have been mine! only I have left to say,  
More is thy due than more than all can pay.

*Macb.* The service and the loyalty I owe,  
In doing it, pays itself. Your highness' part  
Is to receive our duties; and our duties  
Are to your throne and state children and  
servants;

Which do but what they should by doing  
every thing 20

Safe toward your love and honour.

*Dun.* Welcome hither:  
I have begun to plant thee, and will labour  
To make thee full of growing.—Noble Banquo,  
That hast no less deserv'd, nor must be known  
No less to have done so, let me unfold thee  
And hold thee to my heart.

*Ban.* There if I grow,  
The harvest is your own.

*Dun.* My plenteous joys,  
Wanton in fulness, seek to hide themselves  
In drops of sorrow.—Sons, kinsmen, thanes,  
And you whose places are the nearest, know,  
We will establish our estate upon  
Our eldest, Malcolm; whom we name here-  
after

The Prince of Cumberland: which honour must  
Not unaccompanied invest him only, 40  
But signs of nobleness, like stars, shall shine  
On all deservers. From hence to Inverness,  
And bind us further to you.

*Macb.* The rest is labour, which is not us'd  
for you:

I'll be myself the harbinger, and make joyful  
The hearing of my wife with your approach:  
So, humbly take my leave.

*Dun.* My worthy Cawdor!

*Macb.* [*Aside*] The Prince of Cumberland!  
—that is a step, 45

On which I must fall down, or else o'erleap,  
For in my way it lies. Stars, hide your fires;  
Let not light see my black and deep desires:  
The eye wink at the hand; yet let that be,  
Which the eye fears, when it is done, to see.

[*Exit.*]

*Dun.* True, worthy Banquo; he is full so  
valiant;

<sup>5</sup> The proportion, i.e. the due proportion.

And in his commendations I am fed;  
It is a banquet to me. Let's after him,  
Whose cave is gone before to bid us welcome;  
It is a glib-tongued kinsman. [*Flourish. Exit.*]

SCENE V. *Interior. A room in Macbeth's castle.*

LADY MACBETH, reading a letter.

Lady M. "They met me in the day of success;  
and I have learn'd by the perfect'st report,<sup>1</sup> they

have more in them than mortal knowledge. When I burn'd in desire to question them further, they made themselves air, into which they vanish'd. Whiles I stood rapt in the wonder of it, came missives<sup>2</sup> from the king, who all-hail'd me 'Thane of Cawdor;' by which title, before, these weird sisters saluted me, and refer'd me to the coming on of time, with 'Hail, king that shalt be!' This have I thought good to deliver<sup>3</sup> thee, my dearest partner of greatness, that thou might'st not lose the dues of rejoicing, by being ignorant of what greatness is promis'd thee. Lay it to thy heart, and farewell."



Lady M. He that's coming  
Must be provided for.—(Act I. v. 67, 68.)

Glamis thou art, and Cawdor; and shalt be  
What thou art promis'd.—Yet do I fear thy  
nature;  
It is too full o' the milk of human kindness  
To catch the nearest way: thou wouldst be  
great;  
Art not without ambition; but without 20

The illness<sup>4</sup> should attend it: what thou  
wouldst highly,  
That wouldst thou holily; wouldst not play  
false,  
And yet wouldst wrongly win: thou'dst have,  
great Glamis,  
That which cries "Thus thou must do, if thou  
have it;"

<sup>1</sup> The perfect'st report, i.e. the best intelligence.  
<sup>2</sup> Missives, messengers. <sup>3</sup> Deliver, report.

<sup>4</sup> Illness, evil.



knowledge. When  
 them further, they  
 h they vanish'd.  
 r of it, came mis-  
 I'd me 'Thane of  
 these weird sisters  
 the coming on of  
 bo!' This have I  
 dearest partner of  
 ose the dues of re-  
 t greatness is pro-  
 and farwell."

And that which rather thou dost fear to do  
 Than wishest should be undone. Hie thee  
 hither,  
 That I may pour my spirits in thine ear,  
 And chastise with the valour of my tongue  
 All that impedes thee from the golden round,  
 Which fate and metaphysical<sup>1</sup> aid both seem  
 To have thee crown'd withal. 21

*Enter an Attendant.*

What is your tidings?

*Atten.* The king comes here to night.

*Lady M.* Thou'rt mad to say it: --  
 Is not thy master with him? who, were't so,  
 Would have inform'd for preparation.

*Atten.* So please you, it is true: our thane  
 is coming;

One of my fellows had the speed of him,  
 Who, almost dead for breath, had scarcely more  
 Than would make up his message.

*Lady M.* Give him tending;  
 He brings great news. [*Exit Attendant.*]

The raven himself is hoarse  
 That croaks the fatal entrance<sup>2</sup> of Duncan 40  
 Under my battlements. Come, you spirits  
 That tend on mortal<sup>3</sup> thoughts, unsex me here,  
 And fill me, from the crown to the toe, top-full  
 Of direst cruelty! make thick my blood,  
 Stop up the access and passage to remorse,<sup>4</sup>  
 That no compunctious visitings of nature  
 Shake my fell purpose, nor keep peace between  
 The effect and it! Come to my woman's breasts,  
 And take my milk for gall, you murdering  
 ministers,

Wherever in your sightless substances<sup>5</sup> 50  
 You wait on nature's mischief! Come, thick  
 night,

And pall thee in the dunnest smoke of hell,  
 That my keen knife see not the wound it makes,  
 Nor heaven peep through the blanket of the  
 dark,

To cry "Hold, hold!"

*Enter MACBETH.*

Great Glamis! worthy Cawdor!  
 Greater than both, by the all-hail hereafter!

<sup>1</sup> *Metaphysical*, supernatural.

<sup>2</sup> *Entrance*, pronounced here as a trisyllable.

<sup>3</sup> *Mortal*, deadly.

<sup>4</sup> *Remorse*, pity.

<sup>5</sup> *Sightless substances*, invisible forms.

Thy letters have transported me beyond  
 This ignorant present, and I feel now  
 The future in the instant.

*Macb.* My dearest love,  
 Duncan comes here to-night.

*Lady M.* And when goes hence?

*Macb.* To-morrow, as he purposes.

*Lady M.* (A never

shall sun that morrow see!

Your face, my thane, is as a book where men  
 May read strange matters;-- to beguile the  
 time,

Look like the time; bear welcome in your eye,  
 Your hand, your tongue; look like the innocent  
 flower,

But be the serpent under't. He that's coming  
 Must be provided for: and you shall put 45  
 This night's great business into my dispatch;  
 Which shall to all our nights and days to come  
 Give solely sovereign sway and masterdom.

*Macb.* We will speak further.

*Lady M.* Only look up clear;

To alter favour<sup>6</sup> ever is to fear:

Leave all the rest to me. [*Exeunt*]

SCENE VI. The same. Before Macbeth's  
 castle.

*Hautboys.* Servants of MACBETH attending,  
 with torches. *Enter* DUNCAN, MALCOLM,  
 DONALD BAIN, BANQUO, LENNOX, MACDUFF,  
 ROSS, ANGUS, and attendants.

*Dun.* This castle hath a pleasant seat; the  
 air

Nimble and sweetly recommends itself  
 Unto our gentle senses.

*Ban.* This guest of summer,  
 The temple-haunting martlet, does approve<sup>7</sup>  
 By his lov'd mansionry that the heavens' breath  
 Smells wooingly here: no juncy,<sup>8</sup> frieze,  
 Buttress, nor coign of vantage,<sup>9</sup> but this bird  
 Hath made his pendent bed and procreant  
 cradle:

Where they most breed and haunt, I have  
 observ'd

The air is delicate.

<sup>6</sup> *To alter favour*, i.e. to change countenance.

<sup>7</sup> *Approve*, prove.

<sup>8</sup> *Jitty*, i.e. jetty, a projection in buildings.

<sup>9</sup> *Coign of vantage*, convenient corner.

Enter LADY MACBETH.

*Dun.* See, see, our honour'd hostess!  
The love that follows us sometime is our trouble,<sup>11</sup>  
Which still we thank as love. [Herein I teach you  
How you shall bid God 'ild us for your pains,  
And thank us for your trouble.]

*Lady M.* All our service  
In every point twice done, and then done double,

Were poor and single<sup>1</sup> business to contend  
Against those honours deep and broad where-  
with

Your majesty loads our house: for those of old,  
And the late dignities heap'd up to them,<sup>2</sup>  
We rest your hermits.<sup>3</sup>

*Dun.* Where's the thane of Cawdor?  
We cours'd him at the heels, and had a purpose  
To be his purveyor: but he rides well,<sup>22</sup>  
And his great love, sharp as his spur, hath  
help him  
To his home before us. Fair and noble hostess,  
We are your guest to-night.

*Lady M.* Your servants ever  
Have theirs, themselves, and what is theirs, in  
compt,<sup>4</sup>  
To make their audit at your highness' pleasure,  
Still to return your own.

*Dun.* Give me your hand;  
Conduct me to mine host: we love him highly,  
And shall continue our graces towards him.  
By your leave, hostess. [Exeunt.]

SCENE VII. *The same. A lobby in  
Macbeth's castle.*

*Hautboys and torches. Enter and pass over, a  
Sewer, and divers Servants with dishes and  
service. Then enter MACBETH.*

*Macb.* If it were done when 't is done, then  
't were well.

It were done quickly if th' assassination  
Could trammel up<sup>5</sup> the consequence, and catch,

With his surcease,<sup>6</sup> success; that but this blow  
Might be the be-all and the end-all here,  
But here, upon this bank and shoal of time,  
We'd jump<sup>7</sup> the life to come. But in these  
cases

We still have judgment here; that we but teach  
Bloody instructions, which, being taught, re-  
turn

To plague th' inventor: this even-handed  
justice<sup>10</sup>

Commends th' ingredients of our poison'd  
chalice

To our own lips. He's here in double trust:  
First, as I am his kinsman and his subject,  
Strong both against the deed; then, as his host,  
Whoshould against his murderer shut the door,  
Not bear the knife myself. Besides, this  
Duncan

Hath borne his faculties<sup>8</sup> so meek, hath been  
So clear in his great office, that his virtues  
Will plead like angels, trumpet-tongued,  
against

The deep damnation of his taking-off;<sup>20</sup>  
And pity, like a naked new-born babe,  
Striding the blast, or heaven's cherubin hors'd  
Upon the sightless couriers of the air,  
Shall blow the horrid deed in every eye,  
That tears shall drown the wind.—I have no  
spur

To prick the sides of my intent, but only  
Vaulting ambition, which o'erleaps itself,  
And falls on the other.—

Enter LADY MACBETH.

How now! what news?

*Lady M.* He has almost supp'd: why have  
you left the chamber?

*Macb.* Hath he ask'd for me?

*Lady M.* Know you not he has?

*Macb.* We will proceed no further in this  
business:<sup>31</sup>

He hath honour'd me of late; and I have  
bought

Golden opinions from all sorts of people,  
Which would be worn now in their newest  
gloss,

Not cast aside so soon.

<sup>1</sup> Single, slight, weak.

<sup>2</sup> To them, in addition to them.

<sup>3</sup> Hermite, i.e. headsmen.

<sup>4</sup> In compt, subject to account.

<sup>5</sup> Trammel up, entangle, as in a net (trammel).

<sup>6</sup> Surcease, cessation.

<sup>7</sup> Jump, hazard.

<sup>8</sup> Faculties, powers, prerogatives.

that but this blow  
end-all here,  
and shoal of time,  
ne. But in these  
; that we but teach  
being taught, re-  
this even-handed  
10  
s of our poison'd  
re in double trust:  
and his subject,  
d; then, as his host.  
derer shut the door.  
elf. Besides, this  
so meek, hath been  
that his virtues  
trumpet-tongued,  
s taking-off; 20  
w-born babe,  
en's cherubin hors'd  
s of the air,  
I in every eye,  
e wind.—I have no  
tent, but only  
o'erleaps itself,

MACBETH.

w now! what news!  
st supp'd: why have  
?  
or me?  
now you not he has!  
d no further in this  
31  
of late; and I have

sorts of people,  
now in their newest

7 *Jump, hazard*  
gatives.

*Lady M.* Was the hope drunk  
Wherein you dress'd yourself? hath it slept  
since?

And wakes it now, to look so green and pale  
At what it did so freely? From this time  
Such I account thy love. Art thou afraid  
To be the same in thine own act and valour  
As thou art in desire? Wouldst thou have  
that

Which thou esteem'st the ornament of life,  
And live a coward in thine own esteem,  
Letting "I dare not" wait upon "I would,"  
Like the poor cat i' th' adage? 41

*Macb.* Prithee, peace:  
I dare do all that may become a man;  
Who dares do more is none.

*Lady M.* What beast was 't, then,  
That made you break this enterprise to me?  
When you durst do it, then you were a man;  
And, to be more than what you were, you  
would 50

Be so much more the man. Nor time nor  
place

Did then adhere,<sup>1</sup> and yet you would make  
both:

They have made themselves, and that their  
fitness now

Does unmake you. I have given suck, and  
know

How tender 'tis to love the babe that milks me:  
I would, while it was smiling in my face,  
Have pluck'd my nipple from his boneless  
gums, 57

And dash'd the brains out, had I so sworn as you  
Have done to this.

*Macb.*

If we should fail?—

*Lady M.*

We fail.—

But screw your courage to the sticking-place,  
And we'll not fail. When Duncan is asleep,—  
Whereto the rather shall his day's hard journey  
Soundly invite him,—his two chamberlains  
Will I with wine and wassail<sup>2</sup> so convince,<sup>3</sup>  
That memory, the warder of the brain,  
Shall be a fume, and the receipt<sup>4</sup> of reason  
A limbeck<sup>5</sup> only: when in swinish sleep  
Their drenched natures lie as in a death,  
What cannot you and I perform upon 60  
The unguarded Duncan? what not put upon  
His spongy officers, who shall bear the guilt  
Of our great quell?<sup>6</sup>

*Macb.*

Bring forth men-children only!

For thy undaunted mettle should compose  
Nothing but males. Will it not be receiv'd,  
When we have mark'd with blood those  
sleepy two

Of his own chamber, and us'd their very  
daggers,

That they have done 't?

*Lady M.*

Who dares receive it other,

As we shall make our griefs and clamour roar  
Upon his death?

*Macb.*

I am settled, and bend up

Each corporal agent to this terrible feat. 81

Away, and mock the time with fairest show:  
False face must hide what the false heart

doth know. [Exeunt.

## ACT II.

SCENE I. *Inverness. Court of Macbeth's castle.*

*Enter BANQUO, preceded by FLEANCE  
with a torch.*

*Ban.* How goes the night, boy?

*Fle.* The moon is down; I have not heard  
the clock.

*Ban.* And she goes down at twelve.

*Fle.* I take 't, 'tis later, sir.

<sup>1</sup> *Adhere, i.e. cohere.*

*Ban.* Hold, take my sword. There's hus-  
bandry<sup>7</sup> in heaven,

Their candles are all out. Take thee that too.  
A heavy summons lies like lead upon me,  
And yet I would not sleep. Merciful powers,  
Restrain in me the cursed thoughts that  
nature

Gives way to in repose!

<sup>2</sup> *Wassail, carousing.*

<sup>3</sup> *Convince, overpower*

<sup>4</sup> *Receipt, receptacle.*

<sup>5</sup> *Limbeck, alembic.*

<sup>6</sup> *quell, murder.*

<sup>7</sup> *Husbandry, economy*

*Enter MACBETH, and a Servant with a torch.*

Give me my sword.

Who's there?

*Macb.* A friend.

*Ban.* What, sir, not yet at rest? The king's a-bed:

He hath been in unusual pleasure, and  
Sent forth great largess to your offices:  
This diamond he greets your wife withal,  
By the name of most kind hostess; and shut up  
In measureless content.

*Macb.*

Being unprepar'd,

Our will became the servant to defect, 18  
Which else should free have wrought.

*Ban.*

All's well.

I dreamt last night of the three weird sisters:  
To you they have show'd some truth.

*Macb.*

I think not of them:

Yet, when we can entreat an hour to serve,  
Would spend it in some words upon that  
business,

If you would grant the time.

*Ban.*

At your kind'st leisure.

*Macb.* If you shall cleave to my consent,  
when 't is,

It shall make honour for you.

*Ban.*

So I lose none

In seeking to augment it, but still keep  
My bosom franchis'd and allegiance clear,  
I shall be counsell'd.

*Macb.*

Good repose the while!

*Ban.* Thanks, sir: the like to you! 30

*[Exeunt Banquo and Fleance.]*

*Macb.* Go bid thy mistress, when my drink  
is ready,

She strike upon the bell. Get thee to bed.

*[Exit Servant.]*

Is this a dagger which I see before me,  
The handle toward my hand? Come, let me  
clutch thee:—

I have thee not, and yet I see thee still.

Art thou not, fatal vision, sensible  
To feeling as to sight? or art thou but  
A dagger of the mind, a false creation,  
Proceeding from the heat-oppressed brain?  
I see thee yet, in form as palpable 40

As this which now I draw.

Thou marshall'st me the way that I was going;  
And such an instrument I was to use.—

Mine eyes are made the fools o' the other  
senses,

Or else worth all the rest: I see thee still;  
And on thy blade and dudgeon<sup>1</sup> gouts<sup>2</sup> of  
blood,

Which was not so before.—There's no such  
thing:—

It is the bloody business which informs  
Thus to mine eyes. Now o'er the one half-  
world 49

Nature seems dead, and wicked dreams abuse  
The curtain'd sleep; witchcraft celebrates  
Pale Hecate's offerings; and wither'd murder,  
Alarum'd by his sentinel, the wolf,  
Whose howl's his watch, thus with his stealthy  
pace,

With Tarquin's ravishing strides, towards his  
design

Moves like a ghost.—Thou sure and firm-set  
earth,

Hear not my steps, which way they walk, for  
fear

Thy very stones prate of my whereabouts,  
And take the present horror from the time,  
Which now suits with it. Whiles I threat, he  
lives: 60

Words to the heat of deeds too cold breath  
gives.— *[A bell rings.]*

I go, and it is done; the bell invites me.

Hear it not, Duncan; for it is a knell

That summons thee to heaven or to hell.

*[Exit.]*

SCENE II. *The same.*

*Enter LADY MACBETH.*

*Lady M.* That which hath made them drunk  
hath made me bold;

What hath quench'd them hath given me fire.—  
Hark!—Peace!

It was the owl that shriek'd, the fatal bellman,  
Which gives 'the stern'st good-night.—He is  
about it:

The doors are open; and the surfeited grooms<sup>3</sup>  
Do mock their charge with snores: I have  
drugg'd their possets,

That<sup>4</sup> death and nature do contend about them,  
Whether they live or die.

<sup>1</sup> Dudgeon, handle.

<sup>2</sup> Gouts, drops (Fr. gouttes).

<sup>3</sup> Grooms, servants.

<sup>4</sup> That, i.e. so that.

*Macb.* [Within] Who's there? what, ho!  
*Lady M.* Alack, I am afraid they have  
 awak'd,<sup>10</sup>  
 And 'tis not done; the attempt and not the deed  
 Confounds us.—Hark!—I laid their daggers  
 ready;  
 He could not miss 'em.—Had he not resembled  
 My father as he slept, I had done 't.

*Enter MACBETH.*

My husband!  
*Macb.* I have done the deed.—Didst thou  
 not hear a noise?  
*Lady M.* I heard the owl scream and the  
 crickets cry.  
 Did not you speak?  
*Macb.* When?



*Macb. Hark!—(Act ii. 2. 19.)*

*Lady M.* Now.  
*Macb.* As I descended?  
*Lady M.* Ay.  
*Macb.* Hark!  
 Who lies i' the second chamber?  
*Lady M.* Donalbain.  
*Macb.* This is a sorry sight.<sup>21</sup>  
 [Looking on his hands.  
*Lady M.* A foolish thought, to say a sorry  
 sight.  
*Macb.* There 's one did laugh in 's sleep, and  
 one cried "Murder!"  
 That they did wake each other: I stood and  
 heard them:  
 But they did say their prayers, and address'd  
 them  
 Again to sleep.

*Lady M.* There are two lodg'd together.  
*Macb.* One cried "God bless us!" and  
 "Amen!" the other;  
 As they had seen me, with these hangman's  
 hands,  
 Listening their fear: I could not say "Amen!"  
 When they did say "God bless us!"  
*Lady M.* Consider it not so deeply.<sup>30</sup>  
*Macb.* But wherefore could not I pronounce  
 "Amen?"  
 I had most need of blessing, and "Amen"  
 Stuck in my throat.  
*Lady M.* These deeds must not be thought  
 After these ways; so, it will make us  
 mad.  
*Macb.* Methought I heard a voice cry "Sleep  
 no more!"

Macbeth does murder sleep,"—the innocent sleep,  
Sleep that knits up the ravell'd sleeve of care,  
The death of each day's life, sore labour's bath,  
Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second course,

Chief nourisher in life's feast,—

*Lady M.* What do you mean?

*Macb.* Still it cried "Sleep no more!" to all the house: 41

"Glamis hath murder'd sleep, and therefore Cawdor

Shall sleep no more,—Macbeth shall sleep no more!"

*Lady M.* Who was it that thus cried?

Why, worthythane,

You do unbend your noble strength, to think So brainsickly of things.—Go get some water, And wash this filthy witness from your hand.— Why did you bring these daggers from the place?

They must lie there: go carry them, and smear The sleepy grooms with blood.

*Macb.* I'll go no more:

I am afraid to think what I have done; 51 Look on't again I dare not.

*Lady M.* Infirm of purpose!

Give me the daggers: the sleeping and the dead

Are but as pictures: 't is the eye of childhood That fears a painted devil. If he do bleed, I'll gild the faces of the grooms withal; For it must seem their guilt.

[*Exit. Knocking within.*]

*Macb.* Whence is that knocking?—

How is't with me, when every noise appals me?

What hands are here? ha! they pluck out mine eyes! 59

Will all great Neptune's ocean wash this blood Clean from my hand? No; this my hand will rather

The multitudinous seas incarnadine, Making the green-one red.

*Re-enter LADY MACBETH.*

*Lady M.* My hands are of your colour, but I shame

To wear a heart so white. [*Knocking within.*]  
I hear a knocking

At the south entry—retire we to our chamber; A little water clears us of this deed:

How easy is it then! Your constancy

Hath left you unattended.— [*Knocking within.*]

Hark! more knocking:

Get on your nightgown,<sup>1</sup> lest occasion call us, And show us to be watchers:—be not lost 71

So poorly in your thoughts.

*Macb.* To know my deed, 't were best not know myself. [*Knocking within.*]

Wake Duncan with thy knocking! I would thou couldst! [*Exeunt. Knocking continues.*]

### SCENE III. *The same.*

*Enter a Porter. Knocking within.*

*Porter.* Here's a knocking indeed! If a man were porter of hell-gate, he should have old turning<sup>2</sup> the key. [*Knocking within.*] Knock, knock, knock! Who's there, i' the name of Beelzebub? Here's a farmer that hang'd himself on the expectation of plenty: come in time; have napkins enow about you; here you'll sweat for't. [*Knocking within.*] Knock, knock! Who's there, in the other devil's name? Faith, here's an equivocator that could swear in both the scales against either scale; who committed treason enough for God's sake, yet could not equivocate to heaven: O, come in, equivocator. [*Knocking within.*] Knock, knock, knock! Who's there? [Faith! here's an English tailor come hither, for stealing out of a French hose: come in, tailor; here you may roast your goose.] [*Knocking within.*] Knock, knock; never at quiet! What are you? But this place is too cold for hell. I'll devil-porter it no further: [I had thought to have let in some of all professions, that go the primrose way to the everlasting bonfire.] [*Knocking within.*] Anon, anon! I pray you, remember the porter.

[*Opens the gate.*]

*Enter MACDUFF and LENNOX.*

*Macd.* Was it so late, friend, ere you went to bed,  
That you do lie so late?

<sup>1</sup> Nightgown, i.e. dressing-gown.

<sup>2</sup> Old turning, plenty of turning.

to our chamber;  
is deed:  
constancy  
[Knocking within.]

t occasion call us,  
:—he not lost 71

, 't were best not  
[Knocking within.  
king! I would thou  
knocking continues.

the same.

knocking within.

ng indeed! If a  
te, he should have  
[Knocking within.]  
ho's there, i' the  
e's a farmer that  
etation of plenty:  
e now about you;  
[Knocking within.]  
ere, in the other  
s an equivocator  
the scales against  
ed treason enough  
not equivocate to  
eator. [Knocking  
ock! Who's there!  
tailor come hither,  
ch hose: come in,  
our goose.] [Knock-  
k; never at quiet!  
place is too cold for  
o further: [I had  
e of all professions,  
to the everlasting  
.] Anon, anon! I  
orter.

[Opens the gate.

and LENNOX.

riend, ere you went

essing-gown.  
of turning.

*Port.* Faith, sir, we were carousing till the  
second cock:<sup>1</sup> [and drink, sir, is a great pro-  
voker of three things.

*Macd.* What three things does drink espe-  
cially provoke? 30

*Port.* Marry, sir, nose-painting, sleep, and  
urine. Lechery, sir, it provokes and unpro-  
vokes; it provokes the desire, but it takes  
away the performance: therefore, much drink  
may be said to be an equivocator with lechery:  
it makes him and it mars him; it sets him on,  
and it takes him off; it persuades him and  
disheartens him; makes him stand to and not  
stand to; in conclusion, equivocates him in<sup>2</sup> a  
sleep, and, giving him the lie, leaves him. 40

*Macd.* I believe drink gave thee the lie last  
night.

*Port.* That it did, sir, i' the very throat on  
me; but I requited him for his lie; and, I  
think, being too strong for him, though he took  
up my legs sometime, yet I made a shift to  
cast him.]

*Macd.* Is thy master stirring?

*Enter MACBETH.*

Our knocking has awak'd him; here he comes.

*Len.* Good morrow, noble sir.

*Macb.* Good morrow, both.

*Macd.* Is the king stirring, worthy thane?

*Macb.* Not yet.

*Macd.* He did command me to call timely  
on him: 51

I have almost slipp'd the hour.

*Macb.* I'll bring you to him.

*Macd.* I know this is a joyful trouble to you;  
But yet 't is one.

*Macb.* The labour wedelight in physics pain.  
This is the door.

*Macd.* I'll make so bold to call,  
For 't is my limited<sup>3</sup> service. [Exit.

*Len.* Goes the king hence to-day?

*Macb.* He does; he did appoint so.

*Len.* The night has been unruly: where  
we lay,

Our chimneys were blown down, and, as they  
say, 60

Lamentings heard i' the air, strange screams  
of death,

<sup>1</sup> The second cock, about three in the morning

<sup>2</sup> In, into.

<sup>3</sup> Limited, appointed.

And prophesying, with accents terrible, 62  
Of dire combustion<sup>4</sup> and confus'd events  
New hatch'd to the woful time: the obscure  
bird<sup>5</sup>

Clamour'd the livelong night: some say, the  
earth

Was feverous and did shake.

*Macb.* 'T was a rough night.

*Len.* My young remembrance cannot parallel  
A fellow to it.

*Macd.* [Without] O horror, horror, horror!  
Tongue nor heart  
Cannot conceive nor name thee!

*Re-enter MACDUFF.*

*Macb. Len.* What's the matter?

*Macd.* Confusion now hath made his mas-  
terpiece! 71

Most sacrilegious murder hath broke ope  
The Lord's anointed temple, and stole thence  
The life o' the building!

*Macb.* What is 't you say? the life?

*Len.* Mean you his majesty?

*Macd.* Approach the chamber, and destroy  
your sight

With a new Gorgon. Do not bid me speak;  
See, and then speak yourselves.

[Exit Macbeth and Lennox.

Awake, awake!

Ring the alarm-bell.—Murder and treason!  
Banquo and Donalbain! Malcolm! awake!  
Shake off this downy sleep, death's counterfeit,  
And look on death itself!—up, up, and see  
The great doom's image!—Malcolm! Banquo!  
As from your graves rise up, and walk like  
sprites, 84

To countenance this horror! Ring the bell.

[Bell rings.

*Enter LADY MACBETH.*

*Lady M.* What's the business,  
That such a hideous trumpet calls to parley  
The sleepers of the house? speak, speak!

*Macb.* O gentle lady,  
'T is not for you to hear what I can speak;

The repetition, in a woman's ear, 90  
Would murder as it fell.

<sup>4</sup> Combustion, conflagration.

<sup>5</sup> The obscure bird, i.e. the bird that loves the dark,  
i.e. the owl



Enter BANQUO.

O Banquo, Banquo,  
Our royal master's murder'd!  
*Lady M.* Woe, alas!  
What, in our house?  
*Ban.* Too cruel any where.  
[Dear Duff, I prithee, contradict thyself,  
And say it is not so.]

Re-enter MACBETH and LENNOX.

*Macb.* Had I but died an hour before this  
chance,  
I had liv'd a blessed time; for from this instant  
There's nothing serious in mortality:  
All is but toys: renown and grace is dead;  
The wine of life is drawn, and the mere lees  
Is left this vault to brag of. 101

Enter MALCOLM and DONALBAIN.

*Don.* What is amiss?  
*Macb.* You are,<sup>1</sup> and do not know't:  
The spring, the head, the fountain of your blood  
Is stopp'd,—the very source of it is stopp'd.  
*Macd.* Your royal father's murder'd.  
*Mal.* O, by whom?  
*Len.* Those of his chamber, as it seem'd,  
had done't:  
Their hands and faces were all badg'd with  
blood;  
So were their daggers, which unwip'd we found  
Upon their pillows:  
They star'd, and were distracted; no man's life  
Was to be trusted with them. 111  
*Macb.* O, yet I do repent me of my fury,  
That I did kill them.

*Macd.* Wherefore did you so?  
*Macb.* Who can be wise, amaz'd, temperate  
and furious,  
Loyal and neutral, in a moment? No man:  
The expedition<sup>2</sup> of my violent love  
Outrun the pauser, reason.—Here lay Dun-  
can;—  
His silver skin lac'd with his golden blood;  
And his gash'd stabs look'd like a breach in  
nature  
For ruin's wasteful entrance: there, the mur-  
derers, 120

Steep'd in the colours of their trade, their  
daggers 121  
Unmannerly breech'd with gore: who could  
refrain,  
That had a heart to love, and in that heart  
Courage to make's love known?

*Lady M.* Help me hence, ho!  
*Macd.* Look to the lady.  
*Mal.* [Aside to Donalbain] Why do we hold  
our tongues,  
That most may claim this argument for ours?  
*Don.* [Aside to Malcolm] [What should be  
spoken here, where our fate,  
Hid in an auger-hole, may rush, and seize us?]  
Let's away;  
Our tears are not yet brew'd.  
*Mal.* [Aside to Donalbain] Nor our strong  
sorrow 130

Upon the foot of motion.

*Ban.* Look to the lady:—  
[*Lady Macbeth is carried out.*  
[And when we have our naked frailties hid,  
That suffer in exposure, let us meet,  
And question this most bloody piece of work,  
To know it further.] Fears and scruples shake  
us:  
In the great hand of God I stand, and thence  
Against the undivulg'd pretence<sup>3</sup> I fight  
Of treasonous malice.

*Macd.* And so do I.  
*All.* So all.  
*Macb.* Let's briefly put on manly readiness,<sup>4</sup>  
And meet i' the hal' together.

*All.* Well contented.  
[*Exeunt all but Malcolm and Donalbain.*  
*Mal.* What will you do? Let's not consort  
with them: 141  
To show an unfelt sorrow is an office  
Which the false man does easy. I'll to Eng-  
land.

*Don.* To Ireland I; our separated fortune  
Shall keep us both the safer: where we are,  
There's daggers in men's smiles: the near in  
blood,  
The nearer bloody.  
*Mal.* This murderous shaft that's shot  
Hath not yet lighted; and our safest way

<sup>3</sup> Pretence, design.

<sup>4</sup> Manly readiness, i.e. complete armour.

<sup>1</sup> You are, i.e. you are alive.

<sup>2</sup> Expedition, haste.

their trade, their  
121  
fore: who could

in that heart  
n?  
lp me hence, ho!

Why do we hold

argument for ours?  
What should be  
fate,  
sh, and seize us?}

Nor our strong  
1:0

ook to the lady:—  
eth is carried out.  
ked frailties hid,  
us meet,  
ody piece of work,  
nd scruples shake

stand, and thence  
ence<sup>3</sup> I fight

so do I.  
So all.  
a manly readiness,<sup>4</sup>  
er.

Well contented.  
m and Donalbain.  
Let's not consort

141  
s an office  
easy. I'll to Eng-

separated fortune  
er; where we are,  
smiles: the near in

us shaft that's shot  
our safest way

complete armour.

Is to avoid the aim. Therefore, to horse;  
And let us not be dainty of leave-taking, 150  
But shift away: there's warrant in that  
theft  
Which steals itself, when there's no mercy  
left.] [Exeunt.]

[SCENE IV. *The same. Without Macbeth's castle.*

*Enter Ross and an Old Man.*

*Old M.* Threescore and ten I can remember  
well:



*Ross.* And Duncan's horses—a thing most strange and  
certain—  
Beauteous and swift, the minions of their race,

Turn'd wild in nature, broke their stalls, flung out,  
Contending 'gainst obedience, as they would make  
War with mankind.—(Act II. 4. 14-18.)

Within the volume of which time I have seen  
Hours dreadful and things strange, but this  
sore night

Hath trifled former knowings.

*Ross.* Ah, good father,  
Thou seest, the heavens, as troubled with  
man's act,

Threaten his bloody stage: by the clock 't is  
day,

And yet dark night strangles the travelling  
lamp;

Is't night's predominance, or the day's shame,  
That darkness does the face of earth entomb,  
When living light should kiss it?

*Old M.* 'T is unnatural,  
Even like the deed that's done. On Tuesday  
last,

A falcon, towering in her pride of place,  
Was by a mousing owl hawk'd at and kill'd.

*Ross.* And Duncan's horses—a thing most  
strange and certain—

Beauteous and swift, the minions of their race,  
Turn'd wild in nature, broke their stalls,  
flung out,

Contending 'gainst obedience, as they would  
make

War with mankind.

*Old M.* 'T is said they eat each other.

*Ross.* They did so, to the amazement of mine eyes,  
That look'd upon't. Here comes the good Macduff.

*Enter MACDUFF.*

How goes the world, sir, now?

*Macd.* Why, see you not?

*Ross.* Is't known who did this more than bloody deed?

*Macd.* Those that Macbeth hath slain.

*Ross.* Alas, the day!

What good could they pretend?

*Macd.* They were suborn'd: Malcolm and Donalbain, the king's two sons, Are stol'n away and fled; which puts upon them

Suspicion of the deed.

*Ross.* 'Gainst nature still:

Thriftless ambition, that wilt rav'n up

Thine own life's means! Then 't is most like The sovereignty will fall upon Macbeth.

*Macd.* He is already nam'd, and gone to Scone

To be invested.

*Ross.* Where is Duncan's body?

*Macd.* Carried to Colme-kill, The sacred storehouse of his predecessors, And guardian of their bones.

*Ross.* Will you to Scone?

*Macd.* No, cousin, I'll to Fife.

*Ross.* Well, I will thither.

*Macd.* Well, may you see things well done there: adieu!

Lest our old robes sit easier than our new!

*Ross.* Farewell, father.

*Old M.* God's benison go with you, and with those

That would make good of bad and friends of foes! [*Exeunt.*]

ACT III.

SCENE I. *Forres. Hall in the palace.*

ROSS, LENNOX, and Lords discovered.

*Enter BANQUO.*

*Ban.* Thou hast it now: king, Cawdor, Glamis, all,

As the weird women promis'd; and, I fear, Thou play'dst most foully for't: yet it was said

It should not stand in thy posterity, But that myself should be the root and father Of many kings. If there come truth from them,

As upon thee, Macbeth, their speeches shine, Why, by the verities on thee made good, May they not be my oracles as well, And set me up in hope? But, hush; no more.

*Songet sounded. Enter MACBETH, as king; LADY MACBETH, as queen; Lords, Ladies, and Attendants.*

*Macb.* Here's our chief guest.

*Lady M.* If he had been forgotten,

It had been as a gap in our great feast, And all-thing<sup>2</sup> unbecoming.

*Macb.* To-night we 'old a solemn supper, sir,

And I'll request your presence.

*Ban.* Let your highness Command upon me; to the which my duties Are with a most indissoluble tie For ever knit.

*Macb.* Ride you this afternoon?

*Ban.* Ay, my good lord.

*Macb.* We should have else desir'd your good advice,

Which still hath been both grave<sup>3</sup> and prosperous,

In this day's council; but we'll take to-morrow; Is't far you ride?

*Ban.* As far, my lord, as will fill up the time 'Twixt this and supper: go not my horse the better,

I must become a borrower of the night For a dark hour or twain.

*Macb.* Fail not our feast.

<sup>1</sup> Pretend, propose, intend.

<sup>2</sup> All-thing, every way.

<sup>3</sup> Grave, weighty.

*Ban.* My lord, I will not.

*Macb.* We hear, our bloody cousins are  
bestow'd 30

In England and in Ireland, not confessing  
Their cruel parricide, filling their hearers  
With strange invention: but of that to-morrow;  
When therewithal we shall have cause<sup>1</sup> of state  
Craving us jointly. Hie you to horse: adieu,  
Till you return at night. Goes Fleance with  
you?

*Ban.* Ay, my good lord; our time does call  
upon's.

*Macb.* I wish your horses swift and sure of  
foot;

And so I do commend you to their backs.  
Farewell. [Exit Banquo.]

Let every man be master of his time 41  
Till seven at night; to make society  
The sweeter welcome, we will keep ourself  
Till supper-time alone: while<sup>2</sup> then, God be  
with you!

[Exit all but Macbeth and an Attendant.]  
Sirrah, a word with you: attend those men  
Our pleasure!

*Atten.* They are, my lord, without the  
palace-gate.

*Macb.* Bring them before us.

[Exit Attendant.]

To be thus is nothing,  
But to be safely thus.—Our fears in Banquo  
Stick deep; and in his royalty of nature 50  
Reigns that which would be fear'd: 't is much  
he dares;

And, to<sup>3</sup> that dauntless temper of his mind,  
He hath a wisdom that doth guide his valour  
To act in safety. There is none but he  
Whose being I do fear: and under him  
My Genius is rebuk'd, as, it is said,  
Mark Antony's was by Caesar. He chid the  
sisters,

When first they put the name of king upon me,  
And bade them speak to him; then, prophet-  
like,

They hail'd him father to a line of kings: 60  
Upon my head they plac'd a fruitless crown,  
And put a barren sceptre in my gripe,  
Thence to be wrench'd with an unlineal hand,  
No son of mine succeeding. If't be so,

<sup>1</sup> Cause, a subject of debate.

<sup>2</sup> While, till.

<sup>3</sup> To, in addition to.

For Banquo's issue have I fil'd<sup>4</sup> my mind;  
For them the gracious Duncan have I murder'd;  
Put rancours in the vessel of my peace  
Only for them; and mine eternal jewel  
Given to the common enemy of man, 60  
To make them kings, the seed of Banquo kings!  
Rather than so, come, fate, into the list,  
And champion me to th' utterance!<sup>5</sup>—Who's  
there?

*Re-enter Attendant, with two Murderers.*

Now go to the door, and stay there till we call.

[Exit Attendant.]

Was it not yesterday we spoke together?

*First Mur.* It was, so please your highness.

*Macb.* Well then, now

Have you consider'd of my speeches? [Know]  
That it was he in the times past which held you  
So under fortune, which you thought had been  
Our innocent self: this I made good to you  
In our last conference, pass'd in probation with  
you, 80

How you were borne in hand,<sup>7</sup> how cross'd, the  
instruments,

Who wrought with them, and all things else  
that might

To half a soul and to a notion<sup>8</sup> craz'd

Say "Thus did Banquo."

*First Mur.* You made it known to us.

*Macb.* I did so; and went further, which is now  
Our point of second meeting. Do you find  
Your patience so predominant in your nature,  
That you can let this go? [Are you so] spell'd,  
To pray for this good man and for his issue,  
Whose heavy hand hath bow'd you to the  
grave, 90

And beggar'd yours for ever?

[First Mur.] We are men, my liege.

*Macb.* Ay, in the catalogue ye go for men;  
As hounds, and greyhounds, mongrels, spaniels,  
curs,  
Shoughs,<sup>9</sup> water-rugs,<sup>10</sup> and demi-wolves,<sup>11</sup> are  
clept

<sup>4</sup> Fil, filled.

<sup>5</sup> Champion me to th' utterance, fight with me  
to a outrance.

<sup>6</sup> Pass'd in probation with you, proved to you in detail.

<sup>7</sup> Borne in hand, deluded with false hopes.

<sup>8</sup> Notion, mind. <sup>9</sup> Shoughs, shocks, shaggy dogs.

<sup>10</sup> Water-rugs, rough water-dogs.

<sup>11</sup> Demi-wolves, a cross between a dog and a wolf.

All by the name of dogs: the valued file  
Distinguishes the swift, the slow, the subtle,  
The housekeeper,<sup>1</sup> the hunter, every one  
According to the gift which bounteous nature  
Hath in him clos'd; whereby he does receive  
Particular addition, from the bill<sup>100</sup>  
That writes them all alike: and so of mer.

Now, if you have a station in the file,  
Not i' the worst rank of manhood, say 't,  
And I will put that business in your bosoms  
Whose execution takes your enemy off,  
Grapples you to the heart and love of us,  
Who wear our health but sickly in his life,  
Which in his death were perfect.]



*Macb.* Both of you  
Know Banquo was your enemy.—(Act III. l. 114, 115.)

*Sec. Mur.*

I am one, my liege,  
Whom the vile blows and buffets of the world  
Have so incens'd that I am reckless what  
I do to spite the world. 110

*First Mur.*

And I another,  
So weary with disasters, tugg'd with fortune,  
That I would set my life on any chance,  
To mend it or be rid on't.

*Macb.*

Both of you  
Know Banquo was your enemy.

*Both Mur.*

True, my lord.  
*Macb.* So is he mine, and in such bloody  
distance.<sup>2</sup>

That every minute of his being thrusts  
Against my near'st of life: and though I could  
With barefac'd power sweep him from my  
sight,

And bid my will avouch it, yet I must not, 120  
For<sup>3</sup> certain friends that are both his and mine,  
Whose loves I may not drop, [but wail his fall  
Who I myself struck down:] and thence it is,  
That I to your assistance do make love;  
Masking the business from the common eye  
For sundry weighty reasons.

*Sec. Mur.*

We shall, my lord,  
Perform what you command us.

<sup>1</sup> Housekeeper, watch-dog.

<sup>2</sup> Distance, alienation, antagonism.

<sup>3</sup> For, on account of.

the file,  
hood, say 't,  
in your bosoms  
enemy off,  
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being thrusts  
: and though I could  
weep him from my  
  
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ore both his and mine,  
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rn:] and thence it is,  
e do make love;  
om the common eye  
sons.  
We shall, my lord,  
mand us.

count of.

*First Mur.* Though our lives—  
*Macb.* Your spirits shine through you.  
Within this hour at most, 128  
I will advise you where to plant yourselves,  
Acquaint you, with a perfect spy, o' the time,  
The moment on't; for't must be done to-night,  
And something from<sup>1</sup> the palace; always  
thought  
That I require a clearness: and with him  
To leave no rubs<sup>2</sup> nor botches in the work—  
Fleance his son, that keeps him company—  
Whose absence is no less material to me  
Than is his father's—must embrace the fate  
Of that dark hour. Resolve yourselves<sup>3</sup> apart:  
I'll come to you anon.  
*Both Mur.* We are resolv'd, my lord.  
*Macb.* I'll call upon you straight: abide  
within. [*Exeunt Murderers.*]  
It is concluded:—Banquo, thy soul's flight,  
If it find heaven, must find it out to-night.  
[*Exit.*]

SCENE II. *The same. A room in the palace.*

*Enter LADY MACBETH and a Servant.*  
*Lady M.* Is Banquo gone from court?  
*Serv.* Ay, madam, but returns again to-night.  
*Lady M.* Say to the king, I would attend  
his leisure  
For a few words.  
*Serv.* Madam, I will. [*Exit.*]  
*Lady M.* Naught's had, all's spent,  
Where our desire is got without content:  
'Tis safer to be that which we destroy,  
Than by destruction dwell in doubtful joy.

*Enter MACBETH.*  
How now, my lord! why do you keep alone,  
Of sorriest fancies your companions making;  
Using those thoughts which should indeed  
have died 10  
With them they think on? Things without<sup>4</sup>  
all remedy  
Should be without regard: what's done is  
done.  
*Macb.* We have scotch'd<sup>5</sup> the snake, not  
kill'd it:

<sup>1</sup> From, i.e. away from.    <sup>2</sup> Rubs, hinderances.  
<sup>3</sup> Resolve yourselves, make up your minds.  
<sup>4</sup> Without, beyond.    <sup>5</sup> Scotch'd, slightly cut.

She'll close and be herself, whilst our poor  
malice  
Remains in danger of her former th.  
But let the frame of things disjoint—both the  
worlds sulli  
Ere we will eat our meal in fear, and  
In the affliction of these terrible dreams  
That shake us nightly: better be with the dead  
Whom we, to gain our peace, have sent to peace,  
Than on the torture of the mind to lie 21  
In restless ecstasy.<sup>6</sup> Duncan is in his grave;  
After life's fitful fever he sleeps well;  
Treason has done his worst: nor steel nor  
poison,  
Malice domestic, foreign levy, nothing,  
Can touch him further.  
*Lady M.* Come on;  
Gentle my lord, sleek<sup>7</sup> o'er your rugged looks;  
Be bright and jovial 'mong your guests to-  
night.

[*Macb.* So shall I, love; and so I pray be you:  
Let your remembrance<sup>8</sup> apply to Banquo,  
Present him eminence, both with eye and  
tongue:  
Unsafe the while that we must lave  
Our honours in these flattering streams, 32  
And make our faces visards to our hearts,  
Disguising what they are.  
*Lady M.* You must leave this.]  
*Macb.* O, full of scorpions is my mind, dear  
wife!  
Thou know'st that Banquo, and his Fleance,  
lives.  
*Lady M.* But in them nature's copy's not  
etern.

*Macb.* There's comfort yet; they are assail-  
able;  
Then be thou jocund: ere the bat hath flown  
His cloister'd flight; ere, to black Hecate's  
summons 41  
The shard-borne beetle with his drowsy hums  
Hath rung night's yawning peel, there shall be  
done  
A deed of dreadful note.<sup>9</sup>  
*Lady M.* What's to be done?  
*Macb.* Be innocent of the knowledge, dearest  
chuck,

<sup>6</sup> Ecstasy, excitement.    <sup>7</sup> Sleek, smooth.  
<sup>8</sup> Remembrance, pronounced as if spelt remembrance,  
in four syllables.    <sup>9</sup> Note, notoriety.

Till thou applaud the deed.—Come, seeling<sup>1</sup> night.

Scarf up the tender eye of pitiful day,  
And with thy bloody and invisible hand  
Cancel and tear to pieces that great bond  
Which keeps me pale! Light thickens, and  
the crow

Makes wing to the rocky wood:  
Good things of day begin to droop and drowse,  
Whiles night's black agents to their preys do  
rouse,—

Thou marvell'st at my words: but hold thee  
still:

Things bad begun make strong themselves by  
ill:

So, prithee, go with me. [Exeunt.]

[SCENE III. *The same. A park, with a gate leading to the palace.*

*Enter three Murderers.*

*First Mur.* But who did bid thee join with us?

*Third Mur.* Macbeth.

*Sec. Mur.* He needs not our mistrust; since  
he delivers

Our offices, and what we have to do,

To the direction just.

*First Mur.* Then stand with us.

The west yet glimmers with some streaks of  
day:

Now spurs the lated traveller apace  
To gain the timely inn, and near approaches  
The subject of our watch.

*Third Mur.* Hark! I hear horses.

*Ban.* [Within] Give us a light there, ho!

*Sec. Mur.* Then 't is he: the rest

That are within the note of expectation<sup>2</sup>  
Already are i' the court.

*First Mur.* His horses go about.

*Third Mur.* Almost a mile: but he does  
usually,

So all men do, from hence to the palace-gate  
Make it their walk.

*Enter BANQUO, and FLEANCE with a torch.*

*Sec. Mur.* A light, a light!

*Third Mur.* 'T is he.

*First Mur.* Stand to't.

*Ban.* It will be rain to-night.

*First Mur.* Let it come down

[*They act upon Banquo.*

*Ban.* O, treachery! Fly, good Fleance, fly,  
fly, fly!

Thou mayst revenge. O slave!

[*Dies. Fleance escapes.*

*Third Mur.* Who did strike out the light?

*First Mur.* Was't not the way?

*Third Mur.* There's but one down; the son  
is fled.

*Sec. Mur.* We have lost—

Best half of our affair.

*First Mur.* Well, let's away, and say how  
much is done. [Exeunt.]

SCENE IV. *The same. Hall in the palace.  
A banquet prepared. ROSS, LENNOX,  
Lords, and Ladies discovered.*

*Enter MACBETH, LADY MACBETH, and  
Attendants.*

*Macb.* You know your own degrees; sit  
down: at first

And last the hearty welcome.

*Lords.* Thanks to your majesty.

*Macb.* Ourself will mingle with society,  
And play the humble host.

Our hostess keeps her state; but, in best time,  
We will require<sup>3</sup> her welcome.

*Lady M.* Pronounce it for me, sir, to all our  
friends:

For my heart speaks they are welcome.

*Macb.* See, they encounter thee with their  
hearts' thanks.

Both sides are even: here I'll sit i' the midst:

*Enter First Murderer to the door.*

Be large in mirth; anon we'll drink a measure  
The table round.—[*Approaching the door*]

There's blood upon thy face.

*Mur.* 'T is Banquo's, then.

*Macb.* 'T is better thee without than he within.

Be dispatch'd!

*Mur.* My lord, his throat is cut; that I did  
for him.

*Macb.* Thou art the best o' the cut-throats:  
yet he's good

<sup>1</sup> Seeling, blinding.

<sup>2</sup> The note of expectation, i.e. the list of expected guests

<sup>3</sup> Require, ask for.



That did the like for Fleance: if thou didst it,  
Thou art the nonpareil.

*Mur.* Most royal sir,  
Fleance is 'scap'd.

*Macb.* [Aside] Then comes my fit again: I  
had else been perfect;  
Whole as the marble, founded as the rock,

As broad and general as the casing air:—  
But now I am cabin'd, cribb'd, confin'd,  
bound in

Tosney doubts and fears.—But Banquo's safe!  
*Mur.* Ay, my good lord: safe in a ditch he bides,  
With twenty trenched gashes on his head;  
The least a death to nature.



*Ben.* O, treachery! Fly, good Fleance, fly, fly, fly!  
Thou mayst revenge. O slave!—(Act iii. 3. 16, 17.)

*Macb.* Thanks for that:  
[Aside] There the grown serpent lies; the  
worm that's fled  
Hath nature that in time will venom breed,  
No teeth for the present.—Get thee gone: to-  
morrow 31  
We'll hear ourselves again. [Exit Murderer.]  
*Lady M.* My royal lord,  
You do not give the cheer: the feast is sold  
That is not often vouch'd, while 't is a-making,  
'T is given with welcome: to feed were best  
at home;  
From thence the sauce to meat is ceremony;

Meeting were bare without it.  
*Macb.* Sweet remembrance!—  
Now, good digestion wait on appetite,  
And health on both!  
*Len.* May't please your highness sit.  
[The Ghost of Banquo appears in  
Macbeth's place.]  
*Macb.* Here had we now our country's  
honour roof'd, 40  
Were the grac'd<sup>1</sup> person of our Banquo pre-  
sent;

<sup>1</sup> *Grac'd*, gracious.  
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Who may I rather challenge for unkindness  
Than pity for mischance!

*Ross.* His absence, sir,  
Lays blame upon his promise. Please't your  
highness

To grace us with your royal company.

*Macb.* The table's full.

*Len.* Here is a place reserv'd, sir.

*Macb.* Where?

*Len.* Here, my good lord. What is't that  
moves your highness?

*Macb.* Which of you have done this?

*Lords.* What, my good lord?

*Macb.* Thou canst not say I did it: never  
shake

Thy gory looks at me.

*Ross.* Gentlemen, rise; his highness is not  
well.

*Lady M.* Sit, worthy friends—my lord is  
often thus,

And hath been from his youth: pray you,  
keep seat;

The fit is momentary; upon a thought  
He will again be well: if much you note him,  
You shall offend him, and extend his passion:<sup>1</sup>  
Feed, and regard him not.—Are you a man?

*Macb.* Ay, and a bold one, that dare look on  
that

Which might appal the devil.

*Lady M.* O proper stuff!  
This is the very painting of your fear: <sup>61</sup>  
This is the air-drawn dagger which, you said,  
Led you to Duncan. O, these flaws<sup>2</sup> and starts,  
Impostors to true fear, would well become  
A woman's story at a winter's fire,  
Authoriz'd by her grandam. Shame itself!  
Why do you make such faces? When all's  
done,

You look but on a stool.

*Macb.* Prithce, see there! behold! look! lo!  
how say you?

Why, what care I? If thou canst nod, speak  
too. <sup>70</sup>

If charnel-houses and our graves must send  
Those that we bury back, our monuments  
Shall be the maws of kites. [*Ghost vanishes.*]

*Lady M.* What, quite unmann'd in folly?

*Macb.* If I stand here, I saw him.

<sup>1</sup> Extend his passion, prolong his agitation.

<sup>2</sup> Flaws, commotions (primarily, gusts of wind).

*Lady M.*

Fie, for shame!

*Macb.* Blood hath been shed ere now, i' the  
olden time,

Ere human statute purg'd the gentle weal;  
Ay, and since too, murders have been per-  
form'd

Too terrible for the ear: the time has been,  
That, when the brains were out, the man  
would die, <sup>75</sup>

And there an end; but now they rise again,  
With twenty mortal murders on their crowns,  
And push us from our stools: this is more strange  
Than such a murder is.

*Lady M.* My worthy lord,

Your noble friends do lack you.

*Macb.*

I do forget.—

Do not muse<sup>3</sup> at me, my most worthy friends;  
I have a strange infirmity, which is nothing  
To those that know me. Come, love and  
health to all;

Then I'll sit down.—Give me some wine:—fill  
full. <sup>85</sup>

I drink to the general joy o' the whole table,  
And to our dear friend Banquo, whom we miss;  
Would he were here! to all, and him, we thirst,  
And all to all.<sup>4</sup>

*Lords.*

Our duties, and the pledge.

*Re-enter Ghost.*

*Macb.* Avaunt! and quit my sight! let the  
earth hide thee!

Thy bones are marrowless, thy blood is cold;  
Thou hast no speculation in those eyes  
Which thou dost glare with!

*Lady M.*

Think of this, good peers,  
But as a thing of custom: 't is no other;  
Only it spoils the pleasure of the time.

*Macb.* What man dare, I dare: <sup>90</sup>

Approach thou like the rugged Russian bear,  
The arm'd rhinoceros, or the Hyrcan tiger;  
Take any shape but that, and my firm nerves  
Shall never tremble: or be alive again,  
And dare me to the desert with thy sword;  
If trembling I inhabit, then protest me  
The baby of a girl. Hence, horrible shadow!  
Unreal mockery, hence! [*Ghost vanishes.*]

Why, so—being gone,  
I am a man again. Pray you, sit still.

<sup>3</sup> Muse, wonder.

<sup>4</sup> All to all, i. e. all good wishes to all

Fie, for shame!  
ere now, i' the

e gentle weal;  
have been per-

time has been,  
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they rise again,  
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worthy lord,  
you.

I do forget.—  
st worthy friends;  
which is nothing  
Come, love and

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and my firm nerves

ne alive again,  
t with thy sword;  
en protest me

ce, horrible shadow!  
[Ghost vanishes.  
hy, so—being gone,  
you, sit still.

*Lady M.* You have displac'd the mirth,  
broke the good meeting,  
With most admir'd disorder.<sup>1</sup>

*Macb.* Can such things be,  
And overcome us like a summer's cloud,  
Without our special wonder? You make me  
strange

Even to the disposition that I owe,<sup>2</sup>  
When now I think you can behold such sights,  
And keep the natural ruby of your cheeks,  
When mine is blanch'd with fear.

*Ross.* What sights, my lord?

*Lady M.* I pray you, speak not; he grows  
worse and worse;

Question enrages him: at once, good night—  
Stand not upon the order of your going, 119  
But go at once.

*Len.* Good night; and better health  
Attend his majesty!

*Lady M.* A kind good night to all!  
[*Exeunt all but Macbeth and Lady Macbeth.*

*Macb.* It will have blood; they say blood  
will have blood:

Stones have been known to move, and trees  
to speak;

Augurs<sup>3</sup> and understood relations have  
By magot-pies<sup>4</sup> and choughs and rooks brought  
forth

Thesecret'st man of blood.—What is the night?

*Lady M.* Almost at odds with morning,  
which is which.

*Macb.* How say'st thou, that Macduff denies  
his person

At our great bidding?

*Lady M.* Did you send to him, sir?

*Macb.* I hear it by the way; but I will  
send: 130

There's not a one of them but in his house  
I keep a servant fee'd. I will to-morrow—  
And betimes I will—to the weird sisters:  
More shall they speak, for now I am bent to  
know,

By the worst means, the worst. For mine own  
good

All causes shall give way: I am in blood  
Stepp'd in so far, that, should I wade no more,  
Returning were as tedious as go o'er:

<sup>1</sup> *Admir'd disorder*, disorder to be wondered at.  
<sup>2</sup> *Owe*, own, possess.  
<sup>3</sup> *Augurs*, i.e. auguries.      <sup>4</sup> *Magot-pies*, magpies

Strange things I have in head that will to hand,  
Which must be acted ere they may be  
scann'd.<sup>5</sup> 140

*Lady M.* You lack the season of all natures,  
sleep.

*Macb.* Come, we'll to sleep. My strange  
and self-abuse

Is the initiate fear that wants hard use:  
We are yet but young in deed. [*Exeunt.*

[SCENE V. A heath.

*Thunder.* Enter the three Witches, meeting  
HECATE.

*First Witch.* Why, how now, Hecate! you  
look angerly.

*Hec.* Have I not reason, beldams as you are,  
Saucy and overbold? How did you dare  
To trade and traffic with Macbeth  
In riddles and affairs of death;  
And I, the mistress of your charms,  
The close contriver of all harms,  
Was never call'd to bear my part,  
Or show the glory of our art!

And, which is worse, all you have done 10  
Hath been but for a wayward son,  
Spiteful and wrathful; who, as others do,  
Loves for his own ends, not for you.  
But make amends now: get you gone,  
And at the pit of Acheron

Meet me i' the morning: thither he  
Will come to know his destiny:  
Your vessels and your spells provide,  
Your charms and every thing beside.

I am for the air; this night I'll spend 20  
Unto a dismal and a fatal end:

Great business must be wrought ere noon;  
Upon the corner of the moon  
There hangs a vaporous drop profound;  
I'll catch it ere it come to ground:  
And that distill'd by magic sleights  
Shall raise such artificial sprites  
As by the strength of their illusion  
Shall draw him on to his confusion:

He shall spurn fate, scorn death, and bear 30  
His hopes 'bove wisdom, grace, and fear:  
And you all know security  
Is mortals' chiefest enemy.

<sup>5</sup> *Scann'd*, examined.  
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[*Music and song within, "Come away, come away," &c.*  
Hark! I am call'd; my little spirit, see,  
Sits in a foggy cloud, and stays for me. [*Exit.*  
*First Witch.* Come, let's make haste; she'll  
soon be back again. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI. *Forres. A room in the palace.*

*Enter LENNOX and another Lord.*

*Len.* My former speeches have but hit  
your thoughts,  
Which can interpret farther: only, I say,  
Things have been strangely borne. The  
gracious Duncan  
Was pitied of Macbeth: marry, he was dead:  
And the right-valiant Banquo walk'd too late;  
Whom, you may say, if 't please you, Fleance  
kill'd,  
For Fleance fled: men must not walk too late.  
Who cannot want the thought,<sup>1</sup> how monstrous<sup>2</sup>  
It was for Malcolm and for Donalbain<sup>3</sup>  
To kill their gracious father! damned fact!<sup>3</sup>  
How it did grieve Macbeth! did he not straight,  
In pious rage, the two delinquents tear,  
That were the slaves of drink and thralls of sleep?  
Was not that nobly done? Ay, and wisely too:  
For 't would have anger'd any heart alive  
To hear the men deny 't. So that, I say,  
He has borne all things well: and I do think  
That, had he Duncan's sons under his key,—  
As, an't please heaven, he shall not,—they  
should find  
What 't were to kill a father; so should Fleance.  
But, peace! for from broad<sup>4</sup> words, and 'cause  
he fail'd<sup>5</sup>

His presence at the tyrant's feast, I hear,<sup>22</sup>  
Macduff lives in disgrace: sir, can you tell  
Where he bestows himself?

*Lord.*

The son of Duncan,  
From whom this tyrant holds the due of birth,  
Lives in the English court, and is receiv'd  
Of the most pious Edward with such grace  
That the malevolence of fortune nothing<sup>28</sup>  
Takes from his high respect. Thither Macduff  
Is gone to pray the holy king, upon his aid  
To wake Northumberland and warlike Siward:  
That by the help of these, with Him above  
To ratify the work, we may again  
Give to our tables meat, sleep to our nights,  
Free from our feasts and banquets bloody  
knives,  
Do faithful homage, and receive free honours:  
All which we pine for now: and this report  
Hath so exasperate the king that he  
Prepares for some attempt of war.

*Len.*

Sent he to Macduff?

*Lord.* He did: and with an absolute "Sir,  
not I,"<sup>40</sup>

The cloudy<sup>6</sup> messenger turns me his back,  
And hums, as who should say, "You'll rue  
the time

That clogs me with this answer."

*Len.*

And that well might  
Advise him to a caution, to hold what distance  
His wisdom can provide. Some holy angel  
Fly to the court of England and unfold  
His message ere he come, that a swift blessing  
May soon return to this our suffering country  
Under a hand accus'd!

*Lord.*

I'll send my prayers with him.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *A cavern. In the middle, a  
caldron boiling.*

*Thunder. The three Witches.*

*First Witch.* Thrice the brinded<sup>6</sup> cat hath mew'd.

<sup>1</sup> Who cannot want the thought, i.e. who cannot but think?  
<sup>2</sup> Monstrous, pronounced as a trisyllable.

<sup>3</sup> Fact, deed.

<sup>4</sup> Broad, plain-spoken

<sup>5</sup> Cloudy, sullen.

<sup>6</sup> Brinded, brindled, streaked

*Sec. Witch.* Thrice and once the hedge-pig<sup>7</sup>  
whin'd.

*Third Witch.* Harpier cries,—'t is time, 't is  
time.

*First Witch.* Round about the caldron go;  
In the poison'd entrails throw.  
Toad, that under cold stone

<sup>7</sup> Hedge-pig, hedgehog.

east, I hear, 22  
r, can you tell

ne son of Duncan,  
s the due of birth,  
and is receiv'd  
with such grace  
me nothing 23  
Thither Macduff  
g, upon his aid  
and warlike Siward:  
with Him above  
again  
ep to our nights,  
banquets bloody

ceive free honours:  
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say, "You'll rue

answer."  
nd that well might  
hold what distance  
Some holy angel  
nd and unfold  
hat a swift blessing  
r suffering country

y prayers with him.  
[*Exeunt.*]

once the hedge-pig?  
eries,—'t is time, 't is  
bought the caldron go;  
s throw.  
stone

gehog.

Days and nights has thirty-one  
Swelter'd venom sleeping got,  
Boil thou first i' the charmed pot.

*All.* Double, double toil and trouble; 10  
Fire burn and caldron bubble.

*Sec. Witch.* Fillet of a fenny snake,  
In the caldron boil and bake;  
Eye of newt and toe of frog,

Wool of bat and tongue of dog,  
Adder's fork and blind-worm's sting,  
Lizard's leg and howlet's wing,  
For a charm of powerful trouble,  
Like a hell-broth boil and bubble.

*All.* Double, double toil and trouble; 20  
Fire burn and caldron bubble.

*Third Witch.* Scale of dragon, tooth of wolf,



*Macb.* Call 'em, let me see 'em.  
*First Witch.* Pour in sow's blood, that hath eaten  
Her nine farrow; grease that's sweaten  
From the murderer's gibbet throw  
Into the flame.—(Act iv. 1. 63-67.)

Witches' mummy, maw and gulf<sup>1</sup>  
Of the ravin'd<sup>2</sup> salt-sea shark,  
Root of hemlock digg'd i' the dark,  
Liver of blaspheming Jew,  
Gall of goat and slips of yew  
Sliver'd<sup>3</sup> in the moon's eclipse,  
Nose of Turk and Tartar's lips,  
Finger of birth-strangled babe  
Ditch-deliver'd by a drab, 30  
Make the gruel thick and slab;<sup>4</sup>  
Add thereto a tiger's chaudron,<sup>5</sup>  
For the ingredients of our caldron.

*All.* Double, double toil and trouble;  
Fire burn and caldron bubble.

*Sec. Witch.* Cool it with a báboon's blood,  
Then the charm is firm and good.

*Enter HECATE.*

*Hec.* O, well done! I commend your  
pains;  
And every one shall share i' the gains: 40  
And now about the caldron sing,  
Like elves and fairies in a ring,  
Enchanting all that you put in.

[*Music and a song, "Black spirits," &c.*  
[*Exit Hecate.*

<sup>1</sup> Gulf, throat. <sup>2</sup> Ravin'd, gorged with prey.  
<sup>3</sup> Sliver'd, stript off. <sup>4</sup> Slab, slimy. <sup>5</sup> Chaudron, entrails.  
VOL. V.

*Sec. Witch.* By the pricking of my thumbs,  
Something wicked this way comes.  
Open, locks,  
Whoever knocks!

*Enter MACBETH.*

*Macb.* How now, you secret, black, and  
midnight hags!  
What is't you do?

*All.* A deed without a name.

*Macb.* I conjure you, by that which you  
profess,  
Howe'er you come to know it, answer me:  
Though you untie the winds, and let them fight  
Against the churches; though the yesty waves  
Confound and swallow navigation up;  
[Though bladed corn be lodg'd, and trees  
blown down;

Though castles topple on their warders' heads;  
Though palaces and pyramids do slope  
Their heads to their foundations; [though the  
treasure

Of nature's germens tumble all together,  
Even till destruction sicken;] answer me 60  
To what I ask you.

*First Witch.* Speak.

*Sec. Witch.* Demand.

*Third Witch.* We'll answer.

*First Witch.* Say, if thou'dst rather hear it  
from our mouths,  
Or from our masters?

*Macb.* Call 'em, let me see 'em.

*First Witch.* Pour in sow's blood, that  
hath eaten

Her nine farrow; grease that's sweaten  
From the murderer's gibbet throw  
Into the flame.

*All.* Come, high or low;  
Thyself and office deftly show!

*Thunder.* *First Apparition: an armed Head.*

*Macb.* Tell me, thou unknown power,

*First Witch.* He knows thy thought:  
Hear his speech, but say thou naught. 70

*First App.* Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth!  
beware Macduff;

Beware the thane of Fife. Dismiss me:  
enough. [Descends.

*Macb.* What'er thou art, for thy good  
caution, thanks;

Thou hast harp'd my fear aright: but one  
word more,—

*First Witch.* He will not be commanded:  
here's another,  
More potent than the first.

*Thunder.* *Second Apparition: a bloody Child.*

*Sec. App.* Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth!

*Macb.* Had I three ears, I'd hear thee.

*Sec. App.* Be bloody, bold, and resolute;  
laugh to scorn 70

The power of man, for none of woman born  
Shall harm Macbeth. [Descends.

*Macb.* Then live, Macduff: what need I  
fear of thee!

But yet I'll make assurance double sure,  
And take a bond of fate: thou shalt not live;  
That I may tell pale-hearted fear it lies,  
And sleep in spite of thunder.

*Thunder.* *Third Apparition: a Child crowned,  
with a tree in his hand.*

What is this,

That rises like the issue of a king,  
And wears upon his baby-brow the round  
And top of sovereignty?

*All.* Listen, but speak not to't.

*Third App.* Be lion-mettled, proud, and  
take no care 90

Who chafes, who frets, or where conspirers are:  
Macbeth shall never vanquish'd be until  
Great Birnam wood to high Dunsinane hill  
Shall come against him. [Descends.

*Macb.* That will never be:  
Who can impress the forest, bid the tree  
Unfix his earth-bound root? Sweet bode-  
ments! good!

Rebellion's head rise never, till the wood  
Of Birnam rise, and our high-plac'd Macbeth  
Shall live the lease of nature, pay his breath  
To time and mortal custom. Yet my heart  
Throbs to know one thing: tell me—if you  
art 100

Can tell so much—shall Banquo's issue ever  
Reign in this kingdom?

*All.* Seek to know no more.

*Macb.* I will be satisfied: deny me this,  
And an eternal curse fall on you! Let me  
know:—

[The caldron sinks into the earth.

right: but one

be commanded:

as a bloody Child.

Macbeth! Macbeth!

I'd hear thee.

old, and resolute;

e of woman born

[Descends.

uff: what need I

ce double sure,

thou shalt not live;

ed fear it lies,

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on: a Child crowned,  
is hand.

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[Descends.

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Banquo's issue ever

eck to know no more.

fied: deny me this,

fall on you! Let me

on sinks into the earth.

Why sinks that caldron? and what noise is  
this? [Music.

First Witch. Show!

Sec. Witch. Show!

Third Witch. Show!

All. Show his eyes, and grieve his heart;  
Come like shadows, so depart!

A show of eight Kings, the last with a mirror in  
his hand; BANQUO'S Ghost following.

Macb. Thou art too like the spirit of Banquo;  
down!

Thy crown does sear mine eyeballs:—and thy  
hair,

Thou other gold-bound brow, is like the first:—  
A third is like the former.—Filthy hags!

Why do you show me this?—A fourth! Start,  
eyes!

What, will the line stretch out to the crack of  
doom?—

Another yet!—A seventh!—I'll see no more:  
And yet the eighth appears, who bears a glass

Which shows me many more; [and some I see  
That twofold balls and treble sceptres carry:]

Horrible sight!—Ay, now I see 't is true; 122  
For the blood-bolter'd<sup>1</sup> Banquo smiles upon

me,  
And points at them for his. [Apparitions van-

ish.] What, is this so?

First Witch. Ay, sir, all this is so: but why  
Stands Macbeth thus amazedly?

Come, sisters, cheer we up his sprites,  
And show the best of our delights:

I'll charm the air to give a sound,  
While you perform your antic round; 130

That this great king may kindly say  
Our duties did his welcome pay.

[Music. The Witches dance, and then  
vanish, with Hecate.

Macb. Where are they? Gone?—Let this  
pernicious hour

Stand aye accursed in the calendar!—  
Come in, without there!

Enter LENNOX.

Len. What's your grace's will?

Macb. Saw you the weird sisters?

Len. No, my lord.

Macb. Came they not by you?

Len.

No, indeed, my lord.

Macb. Infected be the air whereon they ride,  
And damn'd all those that trust them!—I did

hear

The galloping of horse: who was't came by?

Len. 'T is two or three, my lord, that bring  
you word

Macduff is fled to England.

Macb.

Fled to England!

Len. Ay, my good lord.

Macb. [Aside] Time, thou anticipat'st my  
dread exploits:

The flighty purpose never is o'ertook  
Unless the deed go with it: from this moment

The very firstlings of my heart shall be  
The firstlings of my hand. And even now,

To crown my thoughts with acts, be it thought  
and done:

The castle of Macduff I will surprise; 150  
Seize upon Fife; give to the edge o' the sword

His wife, his babes, and all unfortunate souls  
That trace<sup>2</sup> him in his line. No boasting like

a fool;

This deed I'll do before this purpose cool:  
But no more sights!—[To Lennox] Where are

these gentlemen?

Come, bring me where they are. [Exeunt.

[SCENE II. Fife. A room in Macduff's  
castle.

Enter LADY MACDUFF, her Son, and Ross.

L. Macd. What had he done, to make him  
fly the land?

Ross. You must have patience, madam.

L. Macd. He had none:  
His flight was madness: when our actions do

not,  
Our fears do make us traitors.

Ross. You know not  
Whether it was his wisdom or his fear.

L. Macd. Wisdom! to leave his wife, to  
leave his babes,

His mansion, and his titles, in a place  
From whence himself does fly? He loves us

not;  
He wants the natural touch:<sup>3</sup> for the poor wren,

<sup>2</sup> Trace, follow.

<sup>3</sup> The natural touch, i.e. natural feeling.



The most diminutive of birds, will fight, 10  
Her young ones in her nest, against the owl.  
All is the fear, and nothing is the love;  
As little is the wisdom, where the flight  
So runs against all reason.

*Ross.* My dearest coz,  
(I pray you, school yourself: but, for your  
husband,  
He is noble, wise, judicious, and best knows  
The fits o' the season. I dare not speak much  
further:

But cruel are the times, when we are traitors,  
And do not know ourselves; when we hold  
rumour 19

From what we fear, yet know not we fear,  
But float upon a wild and violent sea  
Each way and move. I take my leave of you:  
Shall not be long but I'll be here again:  
Things at the worst will cease, or else climb  
upward

To what they were before. My pretty cousin,  
Blessing upon you!

*L. Macd.* Father'd he is, and yet he's father-  
less.

*Ross.* I am so much a fool, should I stay  
longer, 28

It would be my disgrace and your discomfort:  
I take my leave at once. [*Exit.*]

*L. Macd.* Sirrah, your father's dead:  
And what will you do now? How will you live?

*Son.* As birds do, mother.

*L. Macd.* What, with worms and flies?  
*Son.* With what I get, I mean; and so do  
they.

*L. Macd.* Poor bird! thou'dst never fear  
the net nor lime,

The pitfall nor the gin.

*Son.* Why should I, mother? Poor birds  
they are not set for.

My father is not dead, for all your saying.

*L. Macd.* Yes, he is dead: how wilt thou do  
for a father?

*Son.* Nay, how will you do for a husband?

*L. Macd.* Why, I can buy me twenty at any  
market. 40

*Son.* Then you'll buy 'em to sell again.

*L. Macd.* Thou speak'st with all thy wit,  
and yet, i' faith,

With wit enough for thee.

*Son.* Was my father a traitor, mother?

*L. Macd.* Ay, that he was.

*Son.* What is a traitor?

*L. Macd.* Why, one that swears and lies.

*Son.* And be all traitors that do so?

*L. Macd.* Every one that does so is a traitor,  
and must be hang'd. 50

*Son.* And must they all be hang'd that  
swear and lie?

*L. Macd.* Every one.

*Son.* Who must hang them?

*L. Macd.* Why, the honest men.

*Son.* Then the liars and swearers are fools;  
for there are liars and swearers enow to beat  
the honest men, and hang up them.

*L. Macd.* Now God help thee, poor monkey!  
But how wilt thou do for a father? 60

*Son.* If he were dead, you'd weep for him:  
if you would not, it were a good sign that I  
should quickly have a new father.

*L. Macd.* Poor prattler, how thou talk'st!

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mess.* Bless you, fair dame! I am not to you  
known,

Though in your state of honour I am perfect.<sup>1</sup>  
I doubt some danger does approach you nearly:

If you will take a homely man's advice,

Be not found here; hence, with your little ones.

To fright you thus, methinks, I am too savage;

To do worse to you were fell cruelty, 71

Which is too nigh your person. Heaven pre-  
serve you!

I dare abide no longer. [*Exit.*]

*L. Macd.* Whither should I fly?

I have done no harm. But I remember now

I am in this earthly world, where to do harm

Is often laudable, to do good sometime

Accounted dangerous folly: why then, alas,

Do I put up that womanly defence,

To say I have done no harm?

*Enter Murderers.*

What are these faces?

*First Mur.* Where is your husband? 80

*L. Macd.* I hope, in no place so unsanctified  
Where such as thou mayst find him.

*First Mur.* He's a traitor.

*Son.* Thou liest, thou slag-hair'd villain!

<sup>1</sup> Perfect, i.e. well acquainted.

*First Mar.*

What, you egg?

[*Stabbing him.*]

Young fry of treachery!

*Son.*

He has kill'd me, mother:

Run away, I pray you!

[*Dies.*]

[*Exit Lady Macduff, crying "Murder!" and pursued by the Murderers.*]

SCENE III. *England. A country lane.*

*Enter MALCOLM and MACDUFF.*

*Mal.* Let us seek out some desolate shade,  
and there

Weep our sad bosoms empty.



*L. Macd.*

What are these faces?

*First Mar.* Where is your husband?—(Act iv. 2. 79, 80.)

*Macd.*

Let us rather

Hold fast the mortal sword, and like good  
men

Bestride our down-fall'n birthdom: each new  
morn

New widows howl, new orphans cry, new  
sorrows

Strike heaven on the face, that it resounds  
As if it felt with Scotland and yell'd out  
Like syllable of dolour.

*Mal.*

[*What I believe, I'll wail;*

What know, believe; and what I can redress,  
As I shall find the time to friend, I will.] 10

What you have spoke, it may be so per-  
chance.

[*This tyrant, whose sole name blisters our  
tongues,* 12

Was once thought honest: you have lov'd him  
well;

He hath not touch'd you yet. I am young;  
but something

You may deserve of him through me; and  
wisdom

To offer up a weak poor innocent lamb  
To appease an angry god.

*Macd.* I am not treacherous.

*Mal.*

But Macbeth is.  
A good and virtuous nature may recoil<sup>1</sup>  
In an imperial charge. But I shall crave your  
pardon;  
That which you are, my thoughts cannot  
transpose:

Angels are bright still, though the brightest  
fell:

Though all things foul would wear the brows  
of grace,

Yet grace must still look so.

*Macd.* I have lost my hopes.

*Mal.* Perchance even there where I did find  
my doubts.

Why in that rawness<sup>2</sup> left you wife and child,  
Those precious motives, those strong knots of  
love,

Without leave-taking? I pray you,

Let not my jealousies be your dishonours,

But mine own safeties. You may be rightly  
just,

Whatever I shall think.

*Macd.* Bleed, bleed, poor country!

Great tyranny, lay thou thy basis sure,

For goodness dare not check thee! wear thou  
thy wrongs,

The title is affeer'd!<sup>3</sup> Fare thee well, lord:

I would not be the villain that thou think'st

For the whole space that's in the tyrant's grasp,

And the rich East to boot.

*Mal.*

Be not offended:

I speak not as in absolute fear of you.]

I think our country sinks beneath the yoke;

It weeps, it bleeds, and each new day a gash

Is added to her wounds: I think withal<sup>4</sup>

There would be hands uplifted in my right;

And here from gracious England have I offer

Of goodly thousands: but, for all this,

When I shall tread upon the tyrant's head,

Or wear it on my sword, yet my poor country

Shall have more vices than it had before,

More suffer and more sundry ways than ever,

By him that shall succeed.

*Macd.*

What should he be?

*Mal.* It is myself I mean: in whom I know

All the particulars of vice so grafted<sup>5</sup>

That, when they shall be open'd, black Macbeth

Will seem as pure as snow, and the poor state  
Esteem him as a lamb, being compar'd  
With my confidence harms.

*Macd.*

Not in the legions  
Of horrid hell can come a devil more damn'd  
In evils to top Macbeth.

*Mal.*

I grant him bloody,  
Luxurious,<sup>6</sup> avaricious, false, deceitful,  
Sudden,<sup>7</sup> malicious, snacking of every sin  
That has a name: but [there's no bottom, none,  
In my voluptuousness: your wives, your  
daughters,

Your matrons, and your maids, could not fill up  
The cistern of my lust, and ] my desire  
All continent<sup>8</sup> impediments would o'erbear  
That did oppose my will: [better Macbeth  
Than such an one to reign.

*Macd.*

Boundless intemperance  
In nature is a tyranny; it hath been  
The untimely emptying of the happy throne,  
And fall of many kings. But fear not yet  
To take upon you what is yours: you may<sup>9</sup>  
Convey<sup>7</sup> your pleasures in a spacious plenty,  
And yet seem cold, the time you may so hood-  
wink.

We have willing dames enough; there cannot be  
That culture in you, to devour so many

As will to greatness dedicate themselves,  
Fincing it so inclin'd

*Mal.]*

With this there grows  
In my most ill-compos'd affection such  
A staunchless avarice that, were I king,  
I should cut off the nobles for their lands,  
Desire his jewels, and this other's house:<sup>80</sup>  
And my more-having would be as a sauce  
To make me hunger more. [that I should forge  
Quarrels unjust against the good and loyal,  
Destroying them for wealth.

*Macd.*

This avarice  
Sticks deeper, grows with more pernicious root  
Than summer-seeming lust; and it hath been  
The sword of our slain kings: yet do not fear;  
Scotland hath foisons<sup>8</sup> to fill up your will  
Of your mere own: all these are portable,  
With other graces weigh'd.<sup>90</sup>

*Mal.*

But I have none: the king-becoming  
graces,

<sup>1</sup> Recoil, give way.  
<sup>3</sup> Affeer'd, confirmed.

<sup>2</sup> Rawness, haste.

<sup>4</sup> Luxurious, licentious.  
<sup>6</sup> Continent, restraining.  
<sup>7</sup> Convey, conduct.

<sup>5</sup> Sudden, violent.  
<sup>8</sup> Foisons, plenty.

and the poor state  
compar'd

at in the legions  
il more damn'd

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for their lands,  
other's house: 80  
d be as a sauce  
that I should forge  
good and loyal,  
h.

This avarice  
more pernicious root  
t; and it hath been  
gs: yet do not fear;  
fill up your will  
se are portable,  
l. 90  
the king-becoming;

As justice, verity, temperance, stableness,  
Bounty, perseverance, mercy, lowliness,  
Devotion, patience, courage, fortitude,  
I have no relish of them, but abound  
In the division of each several crime,  
Acting it many ways. Nay, had I power, I should  
Pour the sweet milk of concord into hell,  
Upbraid the universal peace, confound 99  
All unity on earth.]

*Macd.* O Scotland, Scotland!

*Mal.* If such a one be fit to govern. Speak:  
[I am as I have spoken.]

*Macd.* Fit to govern!  
No, not to live.—O nation miserable,  
With an untitled tyrant bloody-scepter'd,  
When shalt thou see thy wholesome days again,  
Since that the truest issue of thy throne  
By his own interdiction stands accus'd,  
And does blaspheme his breed?—Thy royal  
father

Was a most sainted king: the queen that bore  
thee, 109

Often upon her knees than on her feet,  
Died every day she liv'd!—Fare thee well!  
These evils thou repeat'st upon thyself  
Have banish'd me from Scotland.—O my breast,  
Thy hope ends here!

*Mal.* Macduff, this noble passion,  
Child of integrity, hath from my soul  
Wip'd the black scruples, reconcil'd my thoughts  
To thy good truth and honour. Devilish  
Macbeth

By many of these trains<sup>1</sup> hath sought to win me  
Into his power; and modest wisdom plucks me  
From over-credulous haste: but God above  
Deal between thee and me: [for even now

I put myself to thy direction, and 122  
Unspeak mine own detraction; here abjure  
The taints and blames I laid upon myself,  
For strangers to my nature. I am yet  
Unknown to woman, never was forsworn,  
Scarcely have coveted what was mine own,  
At no time broke my faith, would not betray  
The devil to his fellow, and delight  
No less in truth than life:] my first false  
speaking 130

Was this upon myself: what I am truly,  
Is thine and my poor country's to command:

[Whither indeed, before thy here-approach,  
Old Siward, with ten thousand warlike men,  
Already at a point,<sup>2</sup> was setting forth:  
Now we'll together; and the chance of goodness  
Be like our warranted quarrel!] Why are you  
silent?

*Macd.* Such welcome and unwelcome things  
at once  
'Tis hard to reconcile.

[Enter a Doctor.

*Mal.* Well; more anon.—Comes the king  
forth, I pray you? 140

*Doct.* Ay, sir; there are a crew of wretched  
souls

That stay his cure: their malady convinces<sup>3</sup>  
The great assay of art; but at his touch,  
Such sanctity hath heaven given his hand,  
They presently amend.

*Mal.* I thank you, doctor.  
[Exit Doctor.

*Macd.* What's the disease he means?  
*Mal.* 'Tis call'd the evil:

A most miraculous work in this good king;  
Which often, since my here-remain in England,  
I have seen him do. How he solicits heaven,  
Himself best knows: but strangely-visited  
people, 150

All swolln and ulcerous, pitiful to the eye,  
The mere<sup>4</sup> despair of surgery, he cures,  
Hanging a golden stamp about their necks,  
Put on with holy prayers: and 't is spoken,  
To the succeeding royalty he leaves  
The healing benediction. With this strange  
virtue

He hath a heavenly gift of prophecy,  
And sundry blessings hang about his throne  
That speak him full of grace.

*Macd.* See, who comes here?

*Mal.* My countryman; but yet I know him  
not. 160

Enter Ross.

*Macd.* My ever-gentle cousin, welcome hither.

*Mal.* I know him now: good God, betimes  
remove

The means that makes us strangers!

*Ross.* Sir, amen.

<sup>2</sup> At a point, prepared.

<sup>3</sup> Convinces, overpowers.

<sup>4</sup> Mere, utter

<sup>5</sup> Sudden, violent

<sup>1</sup> Trains, devices.

<sup>6</sup> Foisons, plenty.

*Macd.* Stands Scotland where it did!

*Ross.* Alas, poor country,—  
Almost afraid to know itself! It cannot  
Be call'd our mother, but our grave: where  
nothing,

But who knows nothing, is once seen to smile;  
Where sighs and groans and shrieks that rent<sup>1</sup>  
the air,

As made, not mark'd; where violent sorrow  
seems 169

A modern ecstasy;<sup>2</sup> the dead man's knell  
Is there scarce ask'd for who; and good men's  
lives

Expire before the flowers in their cups,  
Dying or e'er they sicken.

*Macd.* O, relation  
Too nice,<sup>3</sup> and yet too true!

*Mal.* What's the newest grief?

*Ross.* That of an hour's age doth hiss the  
speaker;

Each minute teems a new one.

*Macd.* How does my wife?

*Ross.* Why, well.

*Macd.* And all my children?<sup>4</sup>

*Ross.* Well too.

*Macd.* The tyrant has not batter'd at their  
peace?

*Ross.* No; they were well at peace when I  
did leave 'em.

*Macd.* Be not a niggard of your speech:  
how goes't? 180

*Ross.* When I came hither to transport the  
tidings,

Which I have heavily borne, there ran a rumour  
Of many worthy fellows that were out;<sup>5</sup>

Which was to my belief witness'd the rather,

For that I saw the tyrant's power a-foot:

Now is the time of help; your eye in Scotland

Would create soldiers, make our women fight,

To doff their dire distresses.

*Mal.* Be't their comfort

We're coming thither: gracious England hath

Lent us good Siward and ten thousand men;

An older and a better soldier none 191

That Christendom gives out.

<sup>1</sup> *Rent*, an alternative form of "rend."

<sup>2</sup> *A modern ecstasy*, an ordinary trouble of mind.

<sup>3</sup> *Nice*, elaborately detailed.

<sup>4</sup> *Children*, pronounced as a trisyllable.

<sup>5</sup> *Out*, i.e. in insurrection.

*Ross.*

Would I could answer  
This comfort with the like! But I have words  
That would be howl'd out in the desert air,  
Where hearing should not latch<sup>6</sup> them.

*Macd.* What concern they?  
The general cause? or is it a fee-grief?<sup>7</sup>  
Due to some single breast?

*Ross.* No mind that's honest  
But in it shares some woe, though the main  
part

Pertains to you alone.

*Macd.* If it be mine,  
Keep it not from me, quickly let me have it.

*Ross.* Let not your ears despise my tongue  
for ever, 201

Which shall possess them with the heaviest  
sound

That ever yet they heard.

*Macd.* Hum! I guess at it.

*Ross.* Your castle is surpris'd; your wife  
and babes

Savagely slaughter'd: to relate the manner,  
Were, on the quarry<sup>8</sup> of these murder'd deer,  
To add the death of you.

*Mal.* Merciful heaven!  
What, man! ne'er pull your hat upon your  
brows;

Give sorrow words: the grief that does not  
speak

Whispers the o'er-fraught heart, and bids it  
break. 210

*Macd.* My children too!

*Ross.* Wife, children, servants, all  
That could be found.

*Macd.* And I must be from thence!—  
My wife kill'd too!

*Ross.* I have said.

*Mal.* Be comforted:  
Let's make us medicines of our great revenge,  
To cure this deadly grief.

*Macd.* He has no children.— All my pretty  
ones?

Did you say all?—O hell kite!—All?

What, all my pretty chickens and their dam  
At one fell swoop?

*Mal.* Dispute it like a man.

*Macd.* I shall do so;

<sup>6</sup> *Latch*, i.e. catch.

<sup>7</sup> *A fee-grief*, a grief peculiar to one.

<sup>8</sup> *Quarry*, the slaughtered game.

I could answer  
at I have words  
the desert air,  
ch<sup>o</sup> them.  
at concern they?  
fee-grief?  
nd that's honest  
hough the main

be mine,  
y let me have it.  
espise my tongue  
201  
with the heaviest

um! I guess at it.  
pris'd; your wife  
late the manner,  
ese murder'd deer,  
Merciful heaven!  
ur hat upon your  
rief that does not  
heart, and bids it  
210  
ildren, servants, all  
t be from thence!—  
ve said.

Be comforted:  
of our great revenge,  
ren.—All my pretty  
kite!—All?  
kens and their dam  
man.

I shall do so;

peculiar to one.  
ntered game

But I must also feel it as a man: 221  
I cannot but remember such things were,  
That were most precious to me.—Did heaven  
look on,  
And would not take their part? Sinful Macduff,  
They were all struck for thee! naught that I am,  
Not for their own demerits, but for mine,  
Fell slaughter on their souls. Heaven rest  
them now!

*Mal.* Be this the whetstone of your sword:  
It grieves  
Convert to anger; blunt not the heart, enrage it.  
*Macd.* O, I could play the woman with  
mine eyes, 230

And braggart with my tongue! But, gentle  
heavens,  
Cut short all intermission; front to front  
Bring thou this fiend of Scotland and myself;  
Within my sword's length set him; if he 'scape,  
Heaven forgive him too!  
*Mal.* [This tune goes manly.  
Come, go we to the king; our power is ready;  
Our lack is nothing but our leave. Macbeth  
Is ripe for shaking, and the powers above  
Put on<sup>1</sup> their instruments. Receive what  
cheer you may: 230  
The night is long that never finds the day.]  
[*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I. *Dunainane. A room in the castle.*

*Enter a Doctor of Physic and a Waiting-  
Gentlewoman.*

*Doct.* I have two nights watch'd with you,  
but can perceive no truth in your report.  
When was it she last walk'd?

*Gent.* Since his majesty went into the field,  
I have seen her rise from her bed, throw her  
nightgown<sup>2</sup> upon her, unlock her closet, take  
forth paper, fold it, write upon 't, read it,  
afterwards seal it, and again return to bed;  
yet all this while in a most fast sleep. 9

*Doct.* [A great perturbation in nature, to  
receive at once the benefit of sleep and do the  
effects of watching! In this slumbry agitation,  
besides her walking and other actual  
performances,] what, at any time, have you  
heard her say?

*Gent.* That, sir, which I will not report  
after her.

*Doct.* You may to me, and 't is most meet  
you should.

*Gent.* Neither to you nor any one; having  
no witness to confirm my speech. Lo you,  
here she comes! 21

*Enter LADY MACBETH, with a taper.*

This is her very guise; and, upon my life, fast  
asleep. Observe her; stand close.

<sup>1</sup> Put on, incite.

<sup>2</sup> Nightgown, dressing-gown.

*Doct.* How came she by that light?  
*Gent.* Why, it stood by her: she has light  
by her continually; 't is her command.  
*Doct.* You see, her eyes are open.  
*Gent.* Ay, but their sense are shut.  
*Doct.* What is it she does now? Look, how  
she rubs her hands. 31  
*Gent.* It is an accustom'd action with her,  
to seem thus washing her hands: I have known  
her continue in this a quarter of an hour.  
*Lady M.* Yet here's a spot.  
*Doct.* Hark! she speaks: I will set down  
what comes from her, to satisfy my remem-  
brance the more strongly. 33  
*Lady M.* Out, damned spot! out, I say!—  
One, two; why, then 't is time to do 't.—Hell  
is murky.—Fie, my lord, fie! a soldier, and  
afraid? What need we fear who knows it,  
when none can call our power to account?—  
Yet who would have thought the old man to  
have had so much blood in him?

*Doct.* Do you mark that?  
*Lady M.* The thane of Fife had a wife;  
where is she now?—What, will these hands  
ne'er be clean?—No more o' that, my lord, no  
more o' that: you mar all with this starting.  
*Doct.* Go to, go to; you have known what  
you should not.  
*Gent.* She has spoke what she should not, I  
am sure of that: heaven knows what she has  
known.

*Lady M.* Here's the smell of the blood still:  
all the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten  
this little hand. Oh, oh, oh!

*Doct.* What a sigh is there! The heart is  
sorely charged. 60

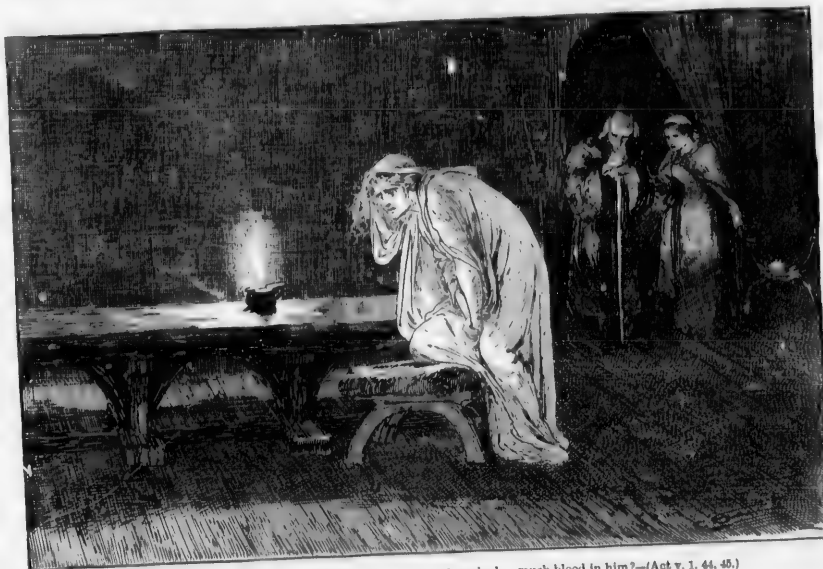
*Gent.* I would not have such a heart in my  
bosom for the dignity of the whole body.

*Doct.* Well, well, well,

*Gent.* Pray God it be, sir.

*Doct.* This disease is beyond my practice:  
yet I have known those which have walked  
in their sleep who have died holily in their beds.

*Lady M.* Wash your hands, put on your  
nightgown; look not so pale: I tell you yet



*Lady M.* Yet who would have thought the old man to have had so much blood in him?—(Act v. 1. 44, 45.)

again, Banquo's buried; he cannot come out  
on's grave. 71

*Doct.* Even so?

*Lady M.* To bed, to bed; there's knocking  
at the gate: come, come, come, give me  
your hand: what's done cannot be undone:  
to bed, to bed, to bed! [Exit]

[*Doct.* Will she go now to bed?

*Gent.* Directly.

*Doct.* Foul whisperings are abroad: unna-  
tural deeds 79  
Do breed unnatural troubles: infected minds  
To their deaf pillows will discharge their  
secrets:

More needs she the divine than the physician.

God, God forgive us all! Look after her;  
Remove from her the means of all annoyance,<sup>1</sup>  
And still keep eyes upon her. So, good night:  
My mind she has mated,<sup>2</sup> and amaz'd my sight:  
I think, but dare not speak.

*Gent.* Good night, good doctor.]  
[Exit.]

SCENE II. The country near Dunsinane.

Enter, with drum and colours, MENTEITH,  
CAITHNESS, ANGUS, LENNOX, and Soldiers.

*Ment.* The English power is near, led on by  
Malcolm,

<sup>1</sup> Annoyance, harm, injury.

<sup>2</sup> Mated, confounded.



and my practice:  
th have walked  
ily in their beds.  
s, put on your  
I tell you yet



v. 1. 44, 45.)

Look after her;  
s of all annoyance,<sup>1</sup>  
er. So, good night:  
d amaz'd my sight:  
k.  
ight, good doctor.]-  
[*Exeunt.*

near Dunsinane.

colours, MENTEITH,  
NOX, and Soldiers.  
er is near, led on by

His uncle Siward, and the good Macduff:  
[Revenge burn in them; for their dear causes!  
Would to the bleeding and the grim alarm  
Excite the mortified man.]

*Ang.* Near Birnam wood  
Shall we well meet them; [that way are they  
coming.

*Cath.* Who knows if Donalbain be with his  
brother?

*Len.* For certain, sir, he is not: I have a file  
Of all the gentry: there is Siward's son,<sup>9</sup>  
And many unrough<sup>2</sup> youths, that even now  
Protest their first of manhood.]

*Ment.* What does the tyrant?

*Cath.* Great Dunsinane he strongly fortifies:  
Some say he's mad; others, that lesser hate  
him,

Do call it valiant fury: but, for certain,  
He cannot buckle his distemper'd cause  
Within the belt of rule.

*Ang.* Now does he feel  
His secret murders sticking on his hands;  
Now minutely revolts upbraid his faith-breach;  
Those he commands move only in command,  
Nothing in love: now does he feel his title<sup>20</sup>  
Hang loose about him, like a giant's robe  
Upon a dwarfish thief.

*Ment.* Who then shall blame  
His pester'd senses to recoil and start,  
When all that is within him does condemn  
Itself for being there?

*Cath.* Well, march we on,  
To give obedience where 't is truly ow'd:  
Meet we the medicine of the sickly weal,  
And with him pour we in our country's purge  
Each drop of us.

*Len.* Or so much as it needs,  
To dew the sovereign flower: [brown the  
weeds.<sup>30</sup>

Make we our march towards Birnam.  
[*Exeunt, marching.*

SCENE III. Dunsinane. A room in the castle

*Enter MACBETH, Doctor, and Attendants.*

*Macb.* Bring me no more reports; let them  
[all:

<sup>1</sup> Their dear causes, the causes which touch them nearly.  
<sup>2</sup> Unrough, unbearded.

Till Birnam wood remove to Dunsinane:  
I cannot taint<sup>3</sup> with fear. What's the boy  
Malcolm?

Was he not born of woman? The spirits that  
know  
All mortal consequences have pronounce'd me  
thus,

"Fear not, Macbeth; no man that's born of  
woman

Shall e'er have power upon thee." Then fly,  
false thanes,

And mingle with the English epicures:  
The mind I away by and the heart I bear  
Shall never sag<sup>4</sup> with doubt, nor shake with  
fear.<sup>10</sup>

*Enter an Officer.*

The devil damn thee black, thou cream-fac'd  
loon!

Where gott'st thou that goose look?

*Off.* There is ten thousand--

*Macb.* Geese, villain!

*Off.* Soldiers, sir.

*Macb.* Go prick thy face and over-red thy  
fear,

Thou lily-liver'd boy. What soldiers, patch?<sup>5</sup>  
Death of thy soul! those linen cheeks of thine  
Are counsellors to fear. What soldiers, whey-  
face!

*Off.* The English force, so please you.

*Macb.* Take thy face hence. [*Exit Officer.*

Seyton!—I am sick at heart,  
When I behold—Seyton, I say!—this push<sup>6</sup>  
Will e'er me ever, or dis-ease me now.<sup>21</sup>  
I have had long enough: my way of life

Is fall'n into the ear, the yellow leaf,  
And that which should accompany old age,  
As honour, love, obedience, troops of friends,  
I must not look to have; but, in their stead,  
Curses, not loud but deep, mouth-honour,  
breath,

Which the poor heart would fain deny, and  
dare not.

Seyton!

*Enter SEYTON.*

*Sey.* What's your gracious pleasure?

*Macb.* What news more?

<sup>3</sup> Taint, be infected.

<sup>5</sup> Patch, fool.

<sup>4</sup> Sag, droop.

<sup>6</sup> Push, attack.

<sup>2</sup> Mated, confounded.

*Sey.* All is confirm'd, my lord, which was reported.

*Macb.* I'll fight, till from my bones my flesh be hack'd.

Give me my armour.

*Sey.*

'Tis not needed yet.

*Macb.* I'll put it on.—  
Send out moe horses, skirr<sup>1</sup> the country round:

Hang those that talk of fear.—Give me mine armour. [Exit *Seyton*.]

How does your patient, doctor?

*Doct.*

Not so sick, my lord,  
As she is troubled with thick-coming fancies,  
That keep her from her rest.

*Macb.*

Cure her of that.

Canst thou not minister to a mind diseas'd,  
Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow,  
Raze out the written troubles of the brain,  
And with some sweet oblivious antidote<sup>2</sup>  
Cleanse the stuff'd bosom of that perilous stuff  
Which weighs upon the heart?

*Doct.*

Therein the patient

Must minister to himself.

*Macb.* Throw physic to the dogs, I'll none of it.

*Re-enter SEYTON, with an Officer.*

Come, put mine armour on; give me my staff.—  
*Seyton*, send out.—Doctor, the thanes fly from me.

Come, sir, dispatch.—If thou couldst, doctor,  
cast

The water of my land, find her disease,  
And purge it to a sound and pristine health,  
I would applaud thee to the very echo,  
That should applaud again.—[*trying to throw*  
*off his coat of mail*] Pull't off, I say.

What rhubarb, senna, or what purgative drug,  
Would scour these English hence? Hear'st  
thou of them?

*Doct.* Ay, my good lord; your royal pre-  
paration

Makes us hear something.

*Macb.* [To *Seyton* and *Officer*] Bring it<sup>2</sup> after me.

I will not be afraid of death and bane  
Till Birnam forest come to Dunsinane.

[*Exeunt* [all except *Doctor*.]

<sup>1</sup> Skirr, scour.

<sup>2</sup> It, i.e. the armour which he has thrown down.

*Doct.* Were I from Dunsinane away and clear,  
Profit again should hardly draw me here. [Exit.]

#### SCENE IV. The Wood of Birnam.

*Enter, with drum and colours, MALCOLM, old SIWARD and young SIWARD, MACDUFF, MENTEITH, CAITHNESS, ANGUS, LENNOX, Ross, and Soldiers, marching.*

*Mal.* Cousins, I hope the days are near at hand

That chambers will be safe.

*Ment.*

We doubt it nothing.

*Sic.* What wood is this before us?

*Ment.*

The wood of Birnam.

*Mal.* Let every soldier hew him down a bough,  
And bear't before him: thereby shall we shadow

The numbers of our host, and make discovery  
Err in report of us.

*Soldiers.*

It shall be done.

*Sic.* We learn no other but the confident tyrant

Keeps still in Dunsinane, and will endure  
Our setting down before't.<sup>3</sup>

*Mal.*

'Tis his main hope:

For where there is advantage<sup>4</sup> to be given,  
Both more<sup>5</sup> and less have given him the revolt;<sup>6</sup>

And none serve with him but constrained things,  
Whose hearts are absent too.

*Macd.*

Let our just censures

Attend the true event, and put we on  
Industrious soldiership.

[*Sic.*

The time approaches

That will with due decision make us know  
What we shall say we have and what we owe.  
Thoughts speculative their unsure hopes  
relate,

But certain issue strokes must arbitrate: <sup>20</sup>  
Towards which advance the war.]

[*Exeunt, marching.*

<sup>3</sup> Endure our setting down before't, stand a siege

<sup>4</sup> Advantage, favourable opportunity.

<sup>5</sup> More, greater.

<sup>6</sup> Given him the revolt, i.e. revolted or deserted from him

me away and

me here.

[*Exit.*]

*Birnam.*

MALCOLM, old  
RD, MACDUFF,  
GUS, LENNOX,  
ing.

ys are near at

bout it nothing.  
ore us!

ood of Birnam.  
w him down a

ereby shall we

make discovery

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is his main hope:  
e<sup>d</sup> to be given,  
given him the

but constrained

our just censures  
put we on

e time approaches  
make us know  
and what we owe.  
ir unsure hopes

must arbitrate: 20  
e war.]

[*Exeunt, marching.*

ve't. stand a siege  
tunity.

ed or deserted from him

SCENE V. *Dunsinane. Within the castle.*

*Enter, with drum and colours, MACBETH,  
SEYTON, and Soldiers.*

*Macb.* Hang out our banners on the outward  
walls:

The cry is still, "They come:" our castle's  
strength

Will laugh a siege to scorn: here let them lie

Till famine and the ague eat them up:

Were they not forc'd<sup>1</sup> with those that should  
be ours,

We might have met them dareful, beard to  
beard,

And beat them backward home.

[*A cry of women within.*

What is that noise?

*Sey.* It is the cry of women, my good lord.

[*Exit.*



Act V. Scene 4.

*Macb.* I have almost forgot the taste of  
fears:

The time has been, my senses would have  
cool'd 10

To hear a night-shriek, and my fell<sup>2</sup> of hair  
Would at a dismal treatise<sup>3</sup> rouse and stir

As life were in't: I have supp'd full with  
horrors;

Direness, familiar to my slaughterous thoughts,  
Cannot once start me.—

*Re-enter SEYTON.*

Wherefore was that cry?

*Sey.* The queen, my lord, is dead.

*Macb.* She should have died hereafter;

There would have been a time for such a word.—

To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,  
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day  
To the last syllable of recorded time; 21  
And all our yesterdays have lighted fools  
The way to dusty death.—Out, out, brief  
candle!

Life's but a walking shadow, a poor player,  
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage  
And then is heard no more: it is a tale  
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,  
Signifying nothing.

*Enter a Messenger.*

Thou com'st to use thy tongue; thy story  
quickly.

*Mess.* Gracious, my lord,  
I should report that which I saw I saw,  
But know not how to do it.

30

1 Forc'd, reinforced. 2 Fell, skin. 3 Treatise, story.

*Macb.* Well, say, sir.  
*Mess.* As I did stand my watch upon the hill,  
 I look'd toward Birnam, and anon, methought,  
 The wood began to move.

*Macb.* Liar and slave!  
*Mess.* Let me endure your wrath, if 't be not  
 so:

Within this three mile may you see it coming;  
 I say, a moving grove.

*Macb.* If thou speak'st false,  
 Upon the next tree shalt thou hang alive,  
 Till famine cling<sup>1</sup> thee: if thy speech be sooth,  
 I care not if thou dost for me as much.— 41  
 I pull in resolution; and begin  
 To doubt the equivocation of the fiend  
 That lies like truth: "Fear not, till Birnam  
 wood

Do come to Dunsinane;"—and now a wood  
 Comest toward Dunsinane.—Arm, arm, and out!  
 If this which he avouches does appear,  
 There is nor flying hence nor tarrying here.  
 I 'gin to be a-weary of the sun,  
 And wish the estate<sup>2</sup> o' the world were now  
 undone. 50

Ring the alarum-bell!—Blow, wind! come,  
 wrack!

At least we'll die with harness on our back.  
 [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI. *The same. A plain before the  
 castle.*

*Enter, with drum and colours, MALCOLM, old  
 SIWARD, MACDUFF, &c., and their Army  
 with banners.*

*Mal.* Now near enough; your leavy screens  
 throw down,  
 And show like those you are.—You, worthy  
 uncle,

Shall, with my cousin, your right-noble son,  
 Lead our first battle: worthy Macduff and we  
 Shall take upon's what else remains to do,  
 According to our order.

*Sir.* Fare you well.  
 Do we not find the tyrant's power to-night,  
 Let us be beaten, if we cannot fight.

*Macd.* Make all our trumpets speak; give  
 them all breath, 9

Those clamorous harbingers of blood and  
 death. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII. *The same. Another part of the  
 plain.*

*Alarums. Enter MACBETH.*

*Macb.* They have tied me to a stake; I can-  
 not fly,  
 But, bear-like, I must fight the course. What 's  
 he  
 That was not born of woman? Such a one  
 Am I to fear, or none.

[*Enter young SIWARD.*]

*Y. Sir.* What is thy name?

*Macb.* Thou'lt be afraid to hear it.

*Y. Sir.* No; though thou call'st thyself a  
 hotter name

Than any is in hell.

*Macb.* My name's Macbeth.

*Y. Sir.* The devil himself could not pro-  
 nounce a title

More hateful to mine ear.

*Macb.* No, nor more fearful.

*Y. Sir.* Thou liest, abhorred tyrant; with  
 my sword 10

I'll prove the lie thou speak'st.

[*They fight, and young Siward is slain.*]

*Macb.* Thou wast born of woman.  
 But swords I smile at, weapons laugh to scorn,  
 Brandish'd by man that's of a woman born.]  
 [*Exit.*]

*Alarums. Enter MACDUFF.*

*Macd.* That way the noise is. Tyrant, show  
 thy face!

If thou be'st slain and with no stroke of mine,  
 My wife and children's ghosts will haunt me still.  
 I cannot strike at wretched kerns, whose arms  
 Are hir'd to bear their staves: either<sup>3</sup> thou,  
 Macbeth,

Or else my sword, with an unbatter'd edge,  
 I sheathe again undeeded.<sup>4</sup>—[*There thou*  
 shouldst be; 20

By this great clatter, one of greatest note  
 Scems bruidel.] Let me find him, fortune!  
 And more I beg not. [*Exit. Alarums.*]

<sup>3</sup> Either, pronounced as a monosyllable.

<sup>4</sup> Undeeded, i.e. having done nothing.

<sup>1</sup> Cling, shrink, shrivel.

<sup>2</sup> Estate, state, order.

of blood and  
[*Exeunt.*

other part of the

MACBETH.

o a stake; I can-

e course. What's

? Such a one

WARD.

! afraid to hear it.  
call'st thyself a

ne's Macbeth.  
if could not pro-

nor more fearful.  
rred tyrant; with  
10

st.  
g Siward is slain.  
st born of woman.  
ons laugh to scorn,  
f a woman born.]  
[*Exit.*

MACDUFF.

is. Tyrant, show

no stroke of mine,  
swill haunt mestill.  
kerns, whose arms  
aves; either<sup>3</sup> thou,

unbatter'd edge,  
ed.<sup>4</sup>—[There thou  
20/

of greatest note  
find him, fortune!  
[*Exit. Alarums.*

a monosyllabic.  
lone nothing.

*Enter MALCOLM and old SIWARD.*

*Sir.* This way, my lord; the castle's gently  
render'd:

The tyrant's people on both sides do fight;  
The noble thanes do bravely in the war;

The day almost itself professes yours,  
And little is to do.

*Mal.* We have met with foes  
That strike beside us.

*Sir.* Enter, sir, the castle.  
[*Exeunt. Alarums.*



*Macd.*

Turn, hell-hound, turn!—(Act v. 8. 3.)

[SCENE VIII. *The same. Another part of the plain.*]

*Re-enter MACBETH.*

*Macb.* Why should I play the Roman fool,  
and die  
On mine own sword? whiles I see lives, the  
gashes  
Do better upon them.

*Enter MACDUFF.*

*Macd.* Turn, hell-hound, turn!  
*Macb.* Of all men else I have avoided thee:  
But get thee back; my soul is too much charg'd  
With blood of thine already.

*Macd.*

I have no words;

My voice is in my sword; thou bloodier villain  
Than terms can give thee out! [*They fight.*

*Macb.* Thou lovest labour:  
As easy mayst thou the intrenchant air  
With thy keen sword impress, as make me bleed:  
Let fall thy blade on vulnerable crests; 11  
I bear a charmed life, which must not yield  
To one of woman born.

*Macd.* Despair thy charm;  
And let the angel whom thou still hast serv'd  
Tell thee, Macduff was from his mother's womb  
Untimely ripp'd.

*Macb.* Accurs'd be that tongue that tells me  
so,

For it hath cow'd my better part of man!  
And be these juggling fiends no more believ'd,

That palter with us in a double sense; 20  
That keep the word of promise to our ear,  
And break it to our hope!—I will not fight  
with thee.

*Macd.* Then yield thee, coward,  
And live to be the show and gaze o' the time:  
We'll have thee, as our rarer monsters are,

Painted upon a pole, and underwrit  
"Here may you see the tyrant."

*Macb.* I will not yield,  
To kiss the ground before young Malcolm's  
feet,  
And to be baited with the rabble's curse. 20  
Though Birnam wood be come to Dunsinane,



All. Hail, King of Scotland!—(Act v. 8. 59.)

And thou oppos'd, being of no woman born,  
Yet I will try the last:—before my body  
I throw my warlike shield:—lay on, Macduff;  
And damn'd be him that first cries "Hold,  
enough!"

[*They fight. Macbeth is slain. [Macduff drags his body off.]*

[*Retreat. Flourish.*] Enter, with drum and  
colours, MALCOLM, old SIWARD, ROSS,  
LENNOX, ANGUS, CAITHNESS, MENTEITH,  
and Soldiers.

[*Mal.* I would the friends we miss were safe  
arriv'd.

*Siv.* Some must go off: and yet, by these  
I see,

So great a day as this is cheaply bought.

*Mal.* Macduff is missing, and your noble  
son.

*Ross.* Your son, my lord, has paid a soldier's  
debt:

He only liv'd but till he was a man; 40  
The which no sooner had his prowess con-  
firm'd

In the unshrinking station where he fought,  
But like a man he died.

*Siv.* Then he is dead?

*Ross.* Ay, and brought off the field: your  
cause of sorrow

Must not be measur'd by his worth, for then  
It hath no end.

*Siv.* Had he his hurts before?

*Ross.* Ay, on the front.

*Siv.* Why then, God's soldier be he!

erwrit  
will not yield,  
young Malcolm's  
ble's curse. 29  
e to Dunsinane,



, and your noble?  
as paid a soldier's  
us a man; 40  
his prowess con-  
where he fought,  
Then he is dead?  
off the field: your  
his worth, for then  
is hurts before?  
God's soldier be he!

'Had I as many sons as I have hairs,  
I would not wish them to a fairer death: 40  
And so his knell is knoll'd.

*Mal.* He's worth more sorrow,  
And that I'll spend for him.

*Siv.* He's worth no more:  
They say he parted well and paid his score:  
And so, God be with him! Here comes newer  
comfort.

*Re-enter MACDUFF, with MACBETH's head  
on a pole.]*

*Macd.* Hail, king! for so thou art: [behold,  
where stands  
The usurper's cursed head: the time is free:  
I see thee compass'd with thy kingdom's pearl,  
That speak my salutation in their minds;  
Whose voices I desire aloud with mine:  
Hail, King of Scotland! ]

*All.* Hail, King of Scotland! [*Flourish.*  
VOL. V.

[*Mal.* We shall not spend a large expense  
of time 60

Before we reckon with your several loves,  
And make us even with you. My thanes and  
kinsmen,

Henceforth be ails, the first that ever Scotland  
In such an honour nam'd. What's more  
to do,

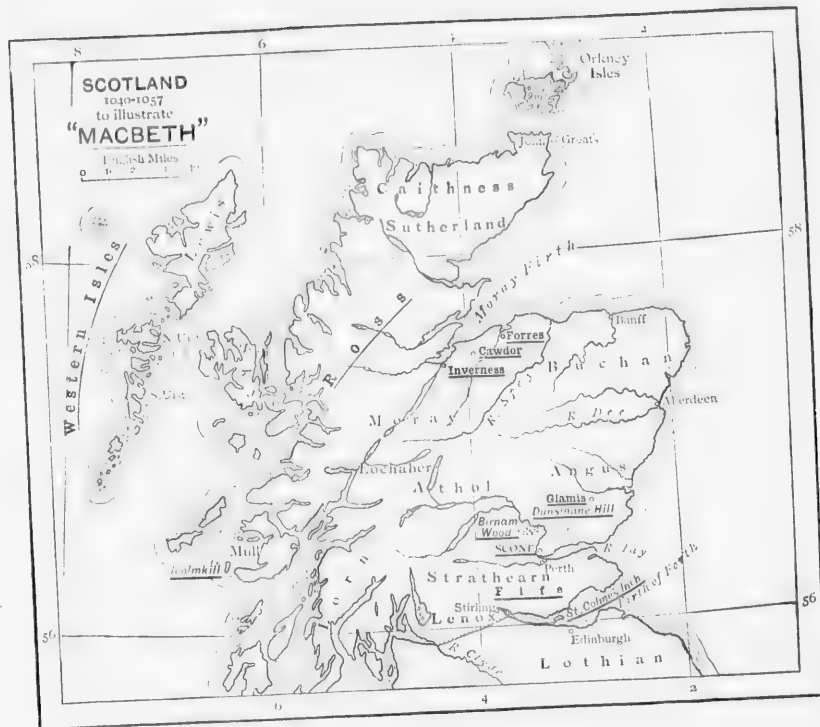
Which would be planted newly with the time,  
As calling home our exil'd friends abroad  
That fled the snares of watchful tyranny,  
Producing forth the cruel ministers 65

Of this dead butcher and his fiend-like queen,  
Who, as't is thought, by self and violent hands,  
Took off her life; this, and what needful else  
That calls upon us, by the grace of Grace,

We will perform in measure, time, and place:  
So, thanks to all at once and to each one,  
Whom we invite to see us crown'd at Scone.

[*Flourish. Exeunt.*]  
-101 138





## NOTES TO MACBETH.

### ACT I. SCENE 1.

1. Line 1: *When shall we three meet again.*—Ff. have a note of interrogation after again. The punctuation of the text is due to Hammer, who rightly saw that question has regard to the time, not to the season. the witches' next meeting

2. Line 3: *hurlyburly.*—Cotgrave has "*Grabuge*: f. a great coyle, stirre, garboyle, turmoyle, hurlyburly." Henderson (Var. Ed. vol. xi. p. 11) quotes Peacham's Garden of Eloquence, 1577: "*Onomatopœia*, when we invent, devise, fayne, and make a name intimating the sound of that it signifieth, as *hurlyburly* for an uprore and tumultuous stirre." Shakespeare uses the word as an adjective in *I. Henry IV.* v. 1. 78. Compare Marlowe and Nash, *Dido Queen of Carthage* (ed. Dyce, p. 265):

I think it was the Devil's revelling night,  
There was such *hurly burly* in the heavens.

### 3. Lines 8, 9:

First Witch. *I come, Graymalkin!*

Sec. Witch. *Paddock calls.*

Compare *Hamlet*, iii. 4. 190: "*a paddock, a bat, a gib.*" Herrick has the word in "*Another Grace for a Child*" in *Noble Numbers*:

Heaving up my either hand,  
Cold as *f.paddock* though they be.

—Works, ed. Grosart, vol. iii. pp. 158, 159.

The Clarendon Press edd. say that in Cumberland toad-stools are still called *paddock-stools*. The word is the diminutive of *pad*, the Anglo-Saxon for a toad. Cats and *todes* are among the principal attendants on witches; for, as Scot says in the *Discoverie of Witchcraft* (p. 8): "*Some say they can keepe divels and spirits in the likeness of todes and cats;*" and again (p. 163): "*But among the innumerable number of the portentous beasts, fowles, serpent,* and other creatures, *the tode* is the most excel-

lent object, whose ouglie deformitie signifieth sweete and amiable fortune: in respect whereof some superstitious witches preserve *todes* for their familiars. And some one of good credit (whom I could name) having converted the witches themselves, hath starved diverse of their divels, which they kept in boxes in the likeness of *todes*."

The cats, it seems on the indisputable authority of Bodin, are witches in disguise, though "While witches are turned into cats," observes Scot, "he allegeth no reason, and therefore (to helpe him forth with that paraphrase) I saie, that witches are curst queanes, and manie times scratch one another, or their neighbours by the faces; and therefore perchance are turned into cats. But I have put twentie of these witchmongers to silence with this one question; to wit, Whether a witch that can turne a woman into a cat, &c. can also turne a cat into a woman?" (Reprint, Nicholson, 1886, pp. 73, 74).

The arrangement of lines in the text is that of Hunter's conjecture. Ff. read: "All. Padock calls anon: faire is foul," &c.

## ACT I. SCENE 2.

4. Line 6: the *broil*.—*Broil* is not unfrequently used by Shakespeare as almost a synonym for war or battle. Compare Othello, i. 3. 86, 87:

And little of this great world can I speak,  
More than pertains to feats of *broil* and battle.

5. Line 9: And *choke* their art.—The Clarendon Press edd. paraphrase, "draw each other by rendering their skill in swimming useless;" and compare Mark v. 13, where *choke* is used of suffocation by water: "The herd ran violently down a steep place into the sea . . . and were *choked* in the sea."—*Macdonwald*, the reading of F. 1, is in the later Ff. *Macdonnel*. Holinshed spells it *Macdonwald*.

6. Line 13: *kerns* and *gallowglasses*.—"Gallowglasses, equites triarii qui securibus utuntur acutissimis. *Kerns* sunt pedites qui jaculis utuntur."—Coke, 4 Inst. 358 (ap. Furness, p. 290). See Richard II. ii. 1. 159: "rug-headed *kerns*," and note 127. Furness, in his New Variorum ed. pp. 9, 10, quotes detailed accounts of both varieties of Irish foot-soldiers.

7. Line 14: And *fortune*, on I is damned *quarrel* smiling.—Ff. print *damned quarry*, which has been taken to mean "doomed prey," i.e. Macdonwald's army. But the word *quarrel*, which certainly gives a better sense, is used by Holinshed in the very passage of which Shakespeare is here making use: "for out of the Western Isles there came vnto him a great multitude of people, offering themselves to assist him in that rebellious *quarrel*, and out of Ireland in hope of the spoile came no small number of *Kernes* and *Gallowglasses*."

8. Lines 20-23:

*Till he fac'd the slave;*  
*And ne'er shook hands, nor bade farewell to him,*  
*Till he unscam'd him from the nave to the chaps,*  
*And fix'd his head upon our battlements.*

The first two lines are printed and punctuated thus in F. 1:

*Till he fac'd the Slaue:*  
*Wha he ne'er shooke hands, nor bad farwell to him*

The simple emendation adopted in our text is that of

Capell. Most commentators have suspected that this passage is corrupt, or that something is omitted. The difficulty is not as to making the *which* refer to a person, for that is common enough in Shakespeare; but, as the Clarendon edd. rightly observe, "As the text stands, the meaning is, Macdonwald did not take leave of, nor bid farewell to, his antagonist till Macbeth had slain him." Certainly, if we follow the reading of Ff., *which* must refer to the *slave*, that is to the rebel Macdonwald; but it is quite clear that it should refer to Macbeth, for it would be very awkward were we to suppose line 21 to refer to Macdonwald, as the *he* in the next line, 22, must undoubtedly refer to Macbeth. The three first Folios all agree in the punctuation of the passage and in the text; but F. 4 reads *never* for *ne'er* and *bid* for *bad*, neither of which variations can be said to be improvements. It will be observed that (in F.) line 21 commences with *Which*, as does line 18 above; also that the imperfect line 20 and the perfect line 22 both begin with *Till he*. It is therefore quite possible that the copyist's eye might have caught the *which* in line 18; and that some portion of line 20 may be missing, as we should have expected "Until he fac'd the slave," instead of "Till he fac'd the slave;" but this may be an instance of the omission of the first syllable at the beginning of a line. (See Measure for Measure, note 77.) On the other hand, there is this to be said for the reading of Ff., that the "bleeding *Captaine*," as he is called—rightly changed to *Sergeant* by most modern editors (see line 3 above)—having been severely wounded, would be naturally short of breath; and the imperfect line 20 having, as it has, a colon at the end, may have been meant by the author to signify that the speaker paused from exhaustion, and then resuming his story, but forgetting how he had begun his last sentence, commenced the next one with *which*, intending to refer to Macbeth and not to the *slave* or rebel Macdonwald.—F. A. M.

9. Line 22: *Till he unscam'd him from the NAVE to the chaps*.—*Nave* for "navel" has not been met with except in this passage. The curious character of the stroke has exercised the minds of the commentators. Steevens, however, quotes a closely parallel passage from Marlowe's Dido Queen of Carthage, ii. 1:

Then from the navel to the throat at once  
He ript old Priam. —Works, p. 258.

10. Line 26: *Shiprecking storms and direful thunders* BREAK.—The word *break* is added from F. 2. In F. 1 the line ends at *thunders*.

11. Line 34: *captains*.—This should probably be pronounced *captains*, as in III. Henry VI. iv. 7. 30. (See note 274 to that play.) The arrangement in the text is Pope's. Ff. print the lines as prose.

12. Line 38: *So they doubly redoubled strokes upon the foe*.—This is the reading of Ff., and it is preferable, I think, to any of the changes which have been made or suggested—as putting *So they* in a separate line, or coupling them with the line before. *Doubly redoubled* occurs also in Richard II. i. 3. 80-82:

And let thy frowns, doubly redoubled,  
Fall like amazing thunder on the repine  
Of thy adverse pernicious enemy.

13. Line 40: *memorize*.—Compare Henry VIII. iii. 2. 50-52:

from her  
Will fall some blessing to this land, which shall  
In it be *memorized*.

14. Line 45: *thane*.—The Anglo-Saxon title of *thane* denoted a rank midway between earl and ealdorman. The word is used by Shakespeare only in this play, where it seems to be equivalent to earl. The stage-direction of the Ft. is *Enter Ross and Angus*; but as Angus neither speaks nor is spoken to in the scene, his name was omitted by Capell and most succeeding editors.

15. Lines 49, 50:

*Where the Norwegian banners flout the sky  
And fan our people cold.*

Compare John, v. 1. 72:

Mocking the air with colours idly spread.

The meaning here is evidently that the Norwegian banners insult the sky in their pride, and chill the Scottish host with fear. The lines are only conjecturally arranged, and here, as elsewhere, the text is probably corrupted.

16. Line 54: *Bellona's bridegroom, tapp'd in proof*; i.e. clad in armour of proof. Compare Richard II. i. 3. 73:

Add *proof* unto mine armour with thy prayers;  
and see below note 68. Bellona's bridegroom is not, as Stevens seems to think, *Mars* but *Macbeth*.

17. Line 58: *Point against point rebellious, arm 'gainst arm*.—This punctuation is Theobald's, and is generally adopted in preference to that of the Ft., which read:

Point against Point, rebellious Arme 'gainst Arme.

Ross would not be likely to speak of the arms of Macbeth's soldiers, who were fighting for the king, as *rebellious*.

18. Line 57: *Curbing his LA. ISH spirit*.—Compare II. Henry IV. iv. 4. 62-64:

For when his headstrong riot hath no curb,  
When rage and hot blood are his counsellors,  
When means and *lawish* manners meet together.

19. Line 59: *Steno*.—"There is near Forres a remarkable monument with Runic inscriptions, popularly called 'Sweno's Stone,' and supposed to commemorate the defeat of the Norwegians" (Charendon Press edd.).

#### ACT I. SCENE 3.

Holinshead's narrative of the meeting of Macbeth and Banquo with the witches is as follows: "Shortly after happened a straunge and vncouth wonder, whiche afterwards was the cause of much trouble in the realme of Scotlande as ye shall after heare. It fortuned as Makbeth & Banquo iourneyed towardes Forres, where the king as then lay, they went sporting by the way together without other companie, saue only themselves, passing through the woodes and fieldes, when sodenly in the middes of a haunde,<sup>1</sup> there met them .iij. women in straunge & ferly<sup>2</sup> apparell, resembling creatures of an elder worlde, whom when they attentively behelde, wondering much at the sight. The first of them spake & sayde: All hayle Mak-

beth Thane of Glamis (for he had lately entred into that dignitie and office by the death of his father Synel.) The .ij. of them said: Hayle Makbeth Thane of Cawder: but the third sayde: All Hayle Makbeth that hereafter shall be king of Scotland.

"Then Banquo, what maner of women (saith he) are you, that seeme so litle fauourable vnto me, where as to my fellow here, besides highe offices, yee assigne also the kingdome, appointyng forth nothing for me at all? Yea sayth the firste of them, wee promise greater benefites vnto thee, than vnto him, for he shall reygne in deede, but with an vnluckie ende: neyther shall he leaue any issue behinde him to succee in his place, where<sup>3</sup> contrarily thou in deede shalt not reygne at all, but of thee those shall be borne whiche shall gouerne the Scottishe kingdome by long order of continuall descent. Herewith the foresayde women vanished immediatly out of their sight. This was reputed at the first but some vayne fantastick illusion by Makbeth and Banquo, in so muche that Banquo would call Makbeth in ieste kyng of Scotland, and Makbeth againe would call him in sporte likewise, the father of many kings. But afterwards the common opinion was, that these women were eyther the weird sisters, that is (as ye would say) y<sup>e</sup> Goddesses of destinie, or els some Nymphes or Feiries, endewed with knowledge of prophesie by their Nicromantick science, because every thing came to passe as they had spoken.

"Fo<sup>r</sup> shortly after, the Thane of Cawder being condemned at Forres of treason against the king committed, his landes, liuings and offices were giuen of the kings liberalitie vnto Makbeth.

"The same night after, at supper Banquo fested with him and sayde, now Makbeth thou hast obtained those things which the two former sisters prophesied, there remayneth onely for thee to purchase<sup>4</sup> that which the third sayd should come to passe.

"Wherevpon Makbeth resoluing the thing in his minde, began even then to deuise howe he mighte attayne to the kingdome: but yet hee thought with himselfe that he must tary a time, whiche shoulde aduance him thereto (by the diuine prouidence) as it had come to passe in his former preferment" (Reprint, vol. v. pp. 298, 299).

20. Line 6: "*AROUND thee, witch!*" the RUMP-FED RONTON cries.—The phrase *around thee* is used by Shakespeare in Lear, iii. 4. 129: *around thee, witch, around thee!* In both passages it must have the same meaning. The etymology of the word may be doubtful, but not the signification. All the commentators quote Ray's Glossary.<sup>5</sup> "*Rynt ye; by your leave, stand handsomly. As Rynt you Witche, quoth Besse Locket to her Mother, Proverb, Cheshire.*" Nares (*sub voce*) says: "A lady well acquainted with the dialect of Cheshire, informed me that it is still in use there. For example, if the cow presses too close to the maid who is milking her, she will give the animal a push, saying at the same time, '*Roint thee!*'" Halliwell (Provincial and

<sup>3</sup> Whereas.

<sup>4</sup> Acquire.

<sup>5</sup> Commonly so called. The title is "A Collection of English Words, Not generally used, with their Significations and Original, in two Alphabetical Catalogues," &c. The twofold division is into words used in the Northern and Southern counties. *Rynt* is among the Northern words.

ely entred into that  
father Syne). The  
ane of Cawder; but  
that hereafter shall

women (saith he) are  
into me, where as to  
ye assigne also the  
for me at all? Yes  
ise greater benefites  
all reygne in deede,  
shall he leave any  
s place, where<sup>s</sup> come  
at all, but of thee  
uerne the Scottishe  
all discent. Herewith  
medietly out of theyr  
but some wayne fan-  
banquo, in so muche  
in iesto kyng of Scot-  
all him in sporte like-  
t afterwards the comen-  
were eyther the  
say) ye Goddesses of  
Feries, endowed with  
eromanticall science,  
as they had spoken.  
of Cawder being con-  
at the king committed,  
re given of the kings

er Banquo fested with  
a haste obtayned those  
sters prophesied, there  
chase<sup>d</sup> that which the

g the thing in his minde,  
he mighte attayne to the  
with himselfe that he  
e aduance him thereto  
and come to passe in his  
d. v. pp. 268, 269).

"THE RUMP-FED RONTON  
used by Shakespeare in  
h, *aroint thee!* In both  
meaning. The etymology  
not the signification. All  
lossary.<sup>5</sup> "*Rynt ye;* by  
as *Rynt you Witch*, quoth  
overh, Cheshire." Nares  
quainted with the dialect  
it is still in use there.  
too close to the maid who  
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A Collection of English Words,  
fications and Original, in two  
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counties. *Rynt* is among the

Archiele Dict. *sub voce*) says a more plausible derivation is from "the Latin *averuncus*, the participle of which may have been formed into *aroint*, in the same way that *punctum* has become *point*; *junctum*, *joint*." Andrews defines *averuncus* as "A very ancient word, peculiar to the lang. of religion: *To avert, hinder, remove*;" quoting, among other instances, Cicero's Letters to Atticus 9, 2. A: "*quorum (prodigiorum) averuncandorum causa supplicaciones senatus decrevit*." The word is most probably the same as *aroint* found on an old drawing of Christ's visit to Hell (commonly called "the harrowing of hell"), the words "Out out *aroint*," being addressed to our Lord by Satan.

As to *rump-fed* the meaning of this epithet has always presented great difficulties to the commentators. I cannot think that it means "fed on the best part of the meat." Stevens makes out a good case for believing that the *rump* was included with the kidneys, &c., amongst the perquisites of the kitchen (see Var. Ed. vol. xi. pp. 30, 31); and therefore *rump-fed* would be equivalent to "fed on scraps, or offal," or perhaps to "grossly fed." Taking *ronjon* to mean, as it undoubtedly does, "a mangy or scabby person" (from the French *vogneau*), *rump-fed* (in that sense) would be a very appropriate epithet; but then people, when they are using terms of abuse, are not always very particular as to their appropriateness. Nares is very decided in favour of taking *rump-fed* as meaning simply "fat-rumped," and Schmidt agrees with him. Dyce favours the meaning of "nut-fed;" he quotes from Kilian's Dict. "*Rompe. Nux myristica villor, cassia, inanis*." It is worth mentioning, in connection with this word, that I came across a very curious expression in an old book called the *Fardle of Facions*, published at London in 1555, and reprinted by Goldsmid in the Bookworms' Garner (Edinburgh, 1888). In the 8th chapter, where the author is describing the manners of the people of Ynde, he says: "Thei haue many wiues. . . . Some to serve them as their vndrel ynges, and some for pleasure and 'issue. Whiche male neuerthelesse vse *bottoks banquetyn*g abroad (for any lawe or custome there is to restraine them) excepte their housebandes by fine force, can compelle them to kepe close" (vol. iii. p. 67). If the forcible expression "*butock-banqueting*" had any vulgar synonym, the meaning of *rump-fed* would not be very far to seek; and perhaps, considering the moral character rightly or wrongly attributed to most sailors' wives, would not be an inappropriate epithet of abuse.—F. A. M.

21. Line 7: *master o' the TIGER*.—Compare Twelfth Night, v. 1. 65:

And this is he that did the *Tiger* board.

The Clarendon Press edd. give several references to ships of that name in contemporary documents.

22. Line 8: *But in a STEVE I'll thither sail*.—Stevens quotes an instance of witches going to sea in a sieve from a pamphlet entitled *News from Scotland: Declaring the damnable Life of Doctor Flan, a notable Sorcerer who was burned at Edinbrough in Januarie last, 1591; &c.*: "all they together went by sea, each one in a riddle or sieve." Scot, in his Discoverie of Witchcraft, tells us that some affirm of witches that "they can go in and out at awger

holes, & saile in an egge shell, a cockle or muscle shell, through and under the tempestuous seas" (Reprint, 1886, p. 8).

23. Line 9: *And, like a rat without a tail*.—Stevens says "that though a witch could assume the form of any animal she pleased, the tail would still be wanting" (Var. Ed. vol. xi. p. 32). He then goes on to state "the reasons given by some of the old writers." I cannot find anything on this subject in Reginald Scot's Discoverie of Witchcraft, though he has a great deal to say about the transformation of witches (book v.). In Thinelton Dyer's Folk Lore of Shakespeare (p. 30) the author says: "In German legends and traditions, we find frequent notice of witches, assuming the form of a cat, and displaying their fiendish character in certain diabolical acts. It was, however, the absence of the tail that only too often was the cause of the witch being detected in her disguised form." That horrible creature of superstition, the were-wolf, or human being changed into a wolf, was distinguished by having no tail. The most usual form for a witch to take was that of a cat, or wolf, or mouse, or goat, sometimes of a hare, not very often of a rat; though rats have always been looked upon as uncanny creatures and connected, more or less, with the devil. The only historical demon that I remember is that one in Dickens's amusing article *Nurses' Stories*, in The Uncommercial Traveller. How that diabolical animal persecuted the unfortunate Chips will be remembered by readers of that amusing work. Capell suggests another explanation of *without a tail*, that, as tails are the rudders of such animals as the water-rat, the witch means she could do without a rudder as well as sail in a sieve.—F. A. M.

24. Line 15: *And the very ports they BLOW; i.e. blow upon*. Compare Love's Labour's Lost, iv. 3. 109:

Air, quoth he, thy cheeks may blow.

Pope changes *ports* into *points*.

25. Line 20: *PENT-HOUSE lid*.—Malone compares Dekker. The Gull's Hornbook, ch. iii.: "The two eyes are the glasse windowes at which light disperses itself into every roome, having goodly *penthouses* of hair to overshadow them" (Reprint, 1812, pp. 78, 79).

26. Lines 22, 23:

Wearie se'nnights nine times nine  
Shall he dwindle, peak, and pine.

Few of the enchantments of witchcraft are more popularly known than that which consisted in placing a waxen image before a fire; as the wax melted, the body of the victim wasted away. See Two Gentlemen, note 53; Much Ado, note 107. Compare Webster, Duchess of Malfy, iv. 1. vol. i. pp. 262, 262. The immediate suggestion for these lines was probably the passage in Holinshed telling of the bewitching of King Duff.

27. Line 32: *The WEIRD sisters*.—The FF. have *weyward*, which Theobald changed to *weird*. Holinshed, in telling the story of Macbeth's encounter, gives some account of "these women," which we have quoted in the note at the beginning of this scene. The word *weird* comes from the Anglo-Saxon *wyrd*, fate.

28. Line 30: *Forres*.—*Ff.* have *Soria*. Hollinshed tells us that Macbeth and Banquo were journeying "toward *Forres*, where the King then lay."

29. Line 40: *your BEARDS*.—*Beards*, it seems, were supposed to belong to witches. Staunton compares Beaumont and Fletcher, *Honest Man's Fortune*, II. 1:

And the women that  
Come to us, for disguises must wear *beards*;  
And that's, they say, a token of a witch.  
—Works, vol. II. p. 479.

(Compare Dekker, *Honest Whore*, I. Part I. iv. 1: "Some women have *BEARDS*; marry, they are half-witches" (Works, vol. II. p. 59).

30. Lines 48-50: This triple prophecy is taken almost word for word from Hollinshed. See extract at the beginning of this scene.

31. Line 56: *Of noble HAVING*.—Compare *Twelfth Night*, III. 4. 379: "my *having* is not much;" and *Merry Wives*, III. 2. 73: "The gentleman is of no *having*."

32. Line 71: *By SINEL's death I know I am thane of Glamis*.—Hollinshed gives the name of Macbeth's father as *Sinuel*. It is otherwise given as *Finleg*, or *Finlay*, and *Sinone*; and in Fordun's *Scotichronicon*, bk. IV. c. 44 (quoted by the Clarendon Press edd.) Macbeth is called "Machabeus filius Finele."

33. Line 81: *corporal*.—Shakespeare uses *corporal* in several places, never "corporeal." "Incorporal" occurs in *Hamlet*, III. 4. 118; see note on that passage.

34. Lines 84, 85:  
*Or have we eaten on the INSANE ROOT  
That takes the reason prisoner?*

The *insane root*, or root producing insanity, may mean hemlock, henbane, or some other herb. Steevens quotes Greene's *Never Too Late*, 1616: "You have eaten of the roots of hemlock, that makes men's eyes conceit strange objects;" and Douce cites *Batman Upon Bartholome de Proprietatibus Rerum*, lib. xvii. ch. 87: *Henbane* . . . is called *Iwana*, mad, for the use thereof is perilous; for if it be eate or dronke, it breedeth madness, or slow lykenesse of sleepe. Therefore this herbe is called commonly *Mirtilidion*, for it taketh away wit and reason."

35. Line 90: *Nothing AFEARD*.—*Afeard*, now a vulgarism of constant occurrence among the lower classes, was formerly as legitimate a word as *afraid*. See I. 7. 30, and v. 1. 42, below. Coles, in his *Latin Dictionary*, renders *afeard* by "*pavidus, timidus*."

36. Lines 97, 98:  
*As thick as HAIL*

CAME *post* with *post*.  
*Ff.* have  
as thick as *Tale*  
Can *post* with *post*.

The reading in the text, now generally accepted, is Rowe's emendation. *As thick as tale* has not been without its

1 This play, on the authority of Henlowe, was the joint work of Dekker and Middleton, and will be found in Dyce's *Middleton's Works*, vol. III., where it is divided into acts and scenes. In the edition of Dekker's works it is not so divided.

defenders, who consider *thick* to mean fast, and *tail* to be used in the sense of "the *tail* of bricks," *Exodus* v. 18, and the expression thus to mean that the men arrived as fast as they could be told. The expression seems very awkward, and is most unlikely to have been used.

37. Line 106: *In which ADDITION, hail*.—*Addition* is a technical term for *title*. See *Troilus and Cressida*, note 28.

38. Line 112: *line*.—Compare I. Henry IV. II. 3. 86: "To *line* his enterprise;" and Henry V. II. 4. 7:

To *line* and new repair our towns of war.

39. Line 120: *trusted HOME*.—Compare *Cymbeline*, IV. 2. 328: "That confirms it *home*;" Measure for Measure, IV. 3. 148; *All's Well*, v. 3. 4; *Tempest*, v. 1. 71.

40. Line 135: *Whose horrid image doth unfix my hair*.—Compare II. Henry VI. III. 2. 318:

Mine hair be *fix'd* on end, as one distract;

and *Hamlet*, III. 4. 121, 122:

Your *bedded* hair, like life in excrements,  
Starts up and stands on end.

41. Line 136: *my SEATED heart*.—Compare Milton, *Paradise Lost*, VI. 444:

From their foundations loosening to and fro  
They pluck'd the *seated* hills.

42. Line 137: *Present FEARS*; i.e. objects of fear, as in *Midsummer Night's Dream*, v. 1. 21, 22:

Or in the night, imagining some fear,  
How easy is a bush suppos'd a bear!

43. Line 140: *my SINGLE state of man*.—"Macbeth means his *simple* condition of *human nature*" (Singer). "Single" here bears the sense of *weak*; my feeble government (or *body politic*) of man" (Staunton). "Man is compared to a kingdom or state, which may be described as *single*, when all faculties are at one, or act in unison, undistracted by conflicting emotions" (Clarendon Press edd.). Compare *Julius Caesar*, II. 1. 63-69.—*Function*, later in this line, means "the active faculties." Compare *Othello*, II. 3. 354.

44. Line 147: *Time and the hour runs through the roughest day*.—*Time and the hour* seems to be a proverbial expression, meaning *Time and opportunity*. Dyce quotes Michelangelo, *Sonnet xix*:

Ferminsi in un momento il tempo e l'ore.

45. Line 148: *Worthy Macbeth, we stay upon your leisure*.—Compare *All's Well*, III. 5. 48:

I thank you, and will stay upon your leisure.

46. Line 149: *Give me your favour*.—Compare *Tempest*, IV. 1. 204:

Good my lord, give me thy favour still.

#### ACT I. SCENE 4.

47. Line 1: *Are*.—This is the reading of F. 2. F. 1 has *Or*.

48. Lines 20, 27:

Which do but what they should by doing every thing  
SAFE toward your love and honour.

*Safe*, as the Clarendon Press edd. note, is still used provincially for "sure, certain." Compare such a phrase as

ACT I. Scene 4.

fast, and *late* to be  
cks." Exodus v. 18,  
the men arrived as  
pression seems very  
e been used.

hall.—Addition is a  
and Cresida, note 28.

ry IV. li. 3. 86: "To  
4. 7:

ens of war.

pare Cymbeline, iv.  
easure for Measure,  
st. v. 1. 71.

*doth unfix my hair.*

do distract;

acrements,

Compare Milton, Para-

g to and fro

objects of fear, as in  
1, 22:

some fear,  
'd a bear:

of man,—“Macbeth  
man nature” (Singer).  
weak; my feeble govern-  
(Staunton). “Man is  
which may be described  
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portunity. Dyce quotes

tempo e core.

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SE 4.

ading of F. 2. F. 1 has Or.

ld by doing every thing  
honour.

d, note, is still used pro-  
ompare such a phrase as

ACT I. Scene 4.

“He’s *safe* to do that.” Schmidt queries: “Everything that is sure to show you love and honour? Or everything consistent with the love and honour we bear you? An expression undoubtedly strained and obscure on purpose.”

49. Lines 37-39:

*We will establish our estate upon  
Our eldest, Malcolm; whom we name hereafter  
The Prince of Cumberland.*

This enactment of Duncan, which of course destroyed Macbeth’s chance of succession, is given in Holinshed, who also notes its effect upon the mind and plans of Macbeth. “But shortly after it chanced that king Duncan having two sonnes by his wife which was the daughter of Syward Earle of Northumberland, he made the elder of them cleped Malcolme prince of Cumberlande, as it were thereby to appoint him his successor in the kingdome, immediately after his decesse.

“Macbeth sore troubled herewith, for that he sawe by this meanes his hope sore hindered, (where<sup>2</sup> by the olde lawes of the realme, the ordinance was, that if he that shoulde succede were not of able age to take the charge vpon himselfe, he that was nexte of blood vnto him, shoulde be admitted) he beganne to take counsell howe he might vsurpe the kingdome by force, hauing a iuste quarell so to do (as he tooke the mater,) for that Duncan did what in him lay to defraude him of all manner of title and clayme, whiche hee mighte in tyme to come, pretende vnto the crowne” (Reprint, vol. v. p. 269).

50. Line 45: *I’ll be myself the HARBINGER.*—*Harbinger* is used here in the technical sense, not merely with the general meaning of forerunner. The *harbinger*, say the Clarendon Press edd., was “an officer of the royal household, whose duty it was to ride in advance of the king and procure lodgings for him and his attendants on their arrival at any place.”

ACT I. SCENE 5.

51. Line 6: *messengers*; i.e. messengers.—The word is used again by Shakespeare in *Antony and Cleopatra*, li. 2. 72-74:

*you*  
Did pocket up my letters, and with taunts  
Did gibe my *messies* out of audience.

*All hail’d.* Florio translates *salutare*, “to salute, to greet, to *athale*.”

52. Lines 23-26:

*thou’dst have, great Glamis,  
That which cries “Thus thou must do, if thou have it;”  
And that which rather thou dost fear to do  
Than wishest should be undone.*

In F. 1 this passage is printed thus:

Thou’dst haue, great Glamis, that which cries,  
Thus thou must doe, if thou haue it;  
And that which rather thou do’st feare to doe,  
Then wishest should be undone

Modern editors print the passage after *cries* in inverted commas, or in italics, partly or wholly; some putting the second quotation mark after *have it*, and some at the end of the sentence after *undone*. It is very difficult to de-

1 Called.

2 Whereas.

NOTES TO MACBETH.

ACT I. Scene 5

cide which is the better arrangement of these two. The first *That which* must refer to the crown, which is supposed to say to Macbeth: “*Thus thou must do, if thou wouldst have me.*” Johnson, who is followed by some editors, altered it to *me*. If the whole passage is included in inverted commas, then the second *that which* must be governed by the *do* in the line above.

As to the phrase *if thou have it*, we should doubtless rather expect “*if thou would’st have it*,” but Shakespeare might well seek to avoid too many *woulds* and *shoulds* in the sentence; and, taking *if thou have it* to equal “*if thou art to have it*,” the omission of the auxiliary verb adds to the force of the passage; the use of the present tense makes more real the fact of possession, anticipating, as it were, the steps that are to lead to it. If we are to suppose lines 25, 26 to be Lady Macbeth’s own comment, and not part of the supposed cry of the half-personified crown, then the meaning of them will be clear, namely, “*What thou must do to attain thy end is that which rather thou dost fear to do*,” &c., and perhaps the simplest emendation which has been proposed is “*And that’s what*” instead of *And that which*. It seems better, on the whole, not to include lines 25, 26 between inverted commas. Indeed the Folio is perhaps right in printing the passage without any at all, and with no italics; as the personification of the crown is so imperfectly carried out. Very probably there may have been some corruption in the text through the occurrence of the two words *That which* close together. By a very slight alteration we might make the passage perfectly clear, if we read:

Thus thou must do if thou have it  
An act which rather thou dost fear to do, &c. —F. A. M.

53. Lines 20, 27:

*Hie thee hither,  
That I may pour my spirits in thine ear.*

Compare Holinshed: “The woordes of the three weird sisters also, (of whome before ye have heard) greatly encouraged him herevnto, but specially his wife lay sore vpon him to attempt the thing, as she that was very ambitious brenning in vnquenchabl desire to beare the name of a Queene” (vol. v. p. 260).

54. Line 30: *fate* and *METAPHYSICAL aid*.—The word *metaphysical*, used by Shakespeare only here, means supernatural. Minsheu has “*Metafisica*, things supernatural, the *metaphisickes*.” S. Walker quotes Ford, *The Broken Heart*, i. iii. (ed. Dyce, vol. i. 233):

The *metaphysics* are but speculations  
Of the celestial bodies.

55. Line 34: *Would have INFORM’D*.—*Inform’d* is here used absolutely; or perhaps we should rather say elliptically, *me* being understood. In li. 1. 48 below *informs* is used absolutely, but in a somewhat different sense, in Macbeth’s soliloquy, where it means “takes form.” The Clarendon Press edd. seem to think that the sense of the word in the two passages is the same. The word *inform* is used without object of the person in Richard II. li. 1. 242, and *Coriolanus*, i. 6. 42.

56. Line 43: *top-full*.—*Top-full*, full to the brim, is used by Shakespeare again in *King John*, iii. 4. 180:

Now that their souls are *topfull* of offence.

57. Line 45: *Stop up the access and passage to REMORSE.*—*Remorse* here means compunction, pity, not the "ayen-bite of inwyt." The meaning is very frequent in Shakespeare. Compare Measure for Measure, v. 1. 100.

My sisterly remorse confutes you with her tears.

58. Line 49: *The effect and IT.*—So F. 3; F. 1, F. 2 have *hit*.

59. Line 50: *SIGHTLESS substances.*—Compare Measure for Measure, iii. 1. 124.

To be invisible in the viewless winds

i.e. the invisible winds, as here is meant the invisible forms.

60. Line 54: *Nor heaven peep through the BLANKET of the dark.*—Stevens quotes Drayton, Mortimeriad, 1590: "The sudden night in mistie foggie is wrapp'd";

which appears in the later version in the Barons Wars, bk. iii. l. 129.

The night had her black curtains spread.

C. M. Ingleby (Notes and Queries, 1858, vii. 546) very aptly quotes the well known passage in Sæter Resartus (bk. i. ch. iii.). "Oh, under that hideous coverlet of vapours," &c.; and see later, "Such work goes on under that smoke-counterpane!"

61. Line 58: *This ignorant present, and I feel now.*—Perhaps a word has dropped out. Pope read *present* time, and Hunter suggested *c'en now*.

62. Lines 64, 65: *to beguile the time,  
Look like the time.*

The Clarendon Press add. quote Richard III. v. 3. 91, 92: "I, as I may,—that which I would I cannot,—With best advantage will deceive the time."

i.e. delude observers. Stevens quotes Daniel, Civil Wars, bk. viii. l. 700.

He draws a Trauerse 'twixt his greivances:  
Looks like the time; his eye made not report  
Of what he felt within

## ACT I. SCENE 6.

63. Line 4: *The temple-haunting MARTLET.*—This is Rowe's emendation of the *Barlet* of Ff. Compare Merchant of Venice, ii. 9. 28, 29:

like the martlet,  
Builds in the weather on the outward wall.

Hunter quotes Brailhwaite's Survey of History, 1638: "As the martin will not build but in fair houses, so this man will not live but in the ruins of honour." See Merchant of Venice, note 100.

64. Line 5: *mansionry.*—Ff. have *manwonry*, which Theobald changed to *mansionry*, a word which is not found elsewhere.

65. Line 9: *Where they most breed and haunt.*—Most is Rowe's correction of the *must* of Ff.

66. Line 13: *God 'ild.*—God 'ild, a common contraction of *God yield* (i.e. reward), is used by Shakespeare in As You Like It, iii. 3. 70: "God 'ild you for your last company;" again in v. 4. 56: "God 'ild you, sir;" and in Hamlet, iv. 5. 41. In Antony and Cleopatra, iv. 2. 33, it is used

in its uncontracted form: "the gods yield you for't." Stevens quotes a similar use of the expression in the metrical romance of Guy of Warwick. It was often spelt *God dild*, as in Sir John Oldcastle, *passim*. See quotations in Nares, *sub voce*.

67. Line 16: *poor and SINGLE business.*—Compare Tempest, i. 2. 432: "A single thing, as I am."

68. Line 22: *To be his PURVEYOR.*—The Clarendon Press add. quote Colgrave: "*Pourveyour*: m. a provider, a purveyor," and add: "He was sent before to provide food for the king and suite as the harbinger provided lodging."

69. Line 23: *help.*—Compare Richard II. v. 5. 62.

70. Line 26: *in compt.*—This is the usual reading for the passage in Timon of Athens, ii. 1. 35, which the Ff. obviously distort. *Compt* is used in All's Well, v. 8. 87, and Othello, v. 2. 273.

## ACT I. SCENE 7.

71. Stage-direction: *Enter . . . a Seiver.*—Boyer, in his French Dictionary, has "*Seiver*. A Gentleman *Seiver* (or Carver), *Un Ecuyer tranchant*." The name was generally applied to the head servant who directed the placing of the dishes on the table. The office at court (perhaps equivalent to cup-bearer) was anything but a mean one. Thomas Carow is described on the title-page of his poems as *Seiver* to Charles I. The word is variously derived from *essayer* and *escuyer*.

72. Lines 1-3:  
*If it were done when 't is done, then 't were well.  
'T were done quickly if th' assassination  
Could trammel up the consequence.*

In F. 1 the passage is punctuated thus:

If it were done, when tis done, then 't were well.  
It were done quickly: If th' Assassination  
Could trammel up the consequence.

This passage has caused much discussion. We may reject at once the unnecessarily commonplace interpretation of the first part of the speech "If it should be done at all when I do it, it would be well to do it quickly." There can be no doubt that the first *done* here has the sense which it often has in Shakespeare of "finished," "ended once for all." We here follow Grant White and an anonymous writer in the Boston Review, quoted by Furness (Appendix to vol. on Macbeth, pp. 441-443), in putting a full stop after *well* and joining *It were done quickly* to the next sentence. Kemble (ed. 1863) read the passage thus; and so does Mr. Irving. The only point on which I am doubtful is whether *It were done quickly* should form part of the same sentence as the rest of line 3 and the following one (line 4). Let us look at the passage in F. 1 and see whether the punctuation there will help us. It certainly seems to me that it is difficult to get over the fact of the colon after *quickly*, and of *If* being printed with a capital letter. Both these facts seem to leave no doubt that the author's intention was that there should be a decided pause after *quickly*; and I would venture to suggest that the passage should be read thus:

If it were done when 't is done, then 't were well:  
It were done quickly: if the assassination



yield you for't"  
expression in the  
It was often spelt  
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—Compare Tem-

the Clarendon Press  
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to provide food  
provided lodging."

II. v. 5. 62.

usual reading for  
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All's Well, v. 3. 87.

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then 't were well:  
assination

the speaker pausing slightly after the first *done* (I take it that the comma in F. 1 is meant to indicate this); the next sentence *It were done quickly* stands by itself, and is equivalent to "In that case I should do it quickly, without hesitation." This arrangement seems to me, while not disregarding the punctuation of the Folio, at the same time to preserve what I may call the meditative aspect of the speech, which is somewhat lessened by running the words *It were done quickly* into either the sentence before or the sentence after it.—F. A. M.

73. Lines 6, 7:

*But here, upon this bank and SHOAL of time,  
We'd JUMP the life to come*

*Shoal* is Theobald's emendation; F1 read *schode*. *Jump* means hazard, as in *Cymbeline*, v. 4. 189: "*Jump* the after inquiry on your own peril." See also *Coriolanus*, III. 1. 154. *Jump* is sometimes used (like *skip*) for pass over without notice; so here, "We would pass over (and so risk) the thought of the future life."

74. Line 11: *ingredients*.—"The Folios, both here and in v. 1. 34, have *ingredience*, and it is not unlikely that Shakespeare so wrote the word, using it in the sense of 'compound,' 'mixture' " (Clarendon Press ed.).

75. Lines 22, 23:

*heaven's CHERUBIN hover'd  
Upon the SIGHTLESS couriers of the air.*

Malone quotes the Prayer-Book Version of Psalm xlviii. 10: "He rode upon the cherubims and did fly: he came flying upon the wings of the wind." Many critics for Mr. Jennings in reading *cherubin*. *Sightless*, as in l. 6. 50 means invisible.

76. Line 25: *That tears shall drown the sand* compare Troilus and Cressida, iv. 4. 55:

*Where are my tears? rain, to lay this wing*

77. Lines 27, 28:

*Vaulting ambition, which o'erleaps itself,  
And falls on the other.*

In Furness' New Variorum Ed. may be read two or three pages (pp. 73-75) of contradictory comment on this passage. Hamner's addition of *side* makes decidedly easier sense and metre alike in the most perplexing part of the puzzle. But I am inclined to think that Stevens is right in holding that Shakespeare, having used the word *sides* two lines above, would not have written *side* here. I think, too, that *side* was meant to be understood, and that Macbeth is supposed to connect the word he has just used with the word he now has in his mind. The break in the metre comes very naturally at the entrance of Lady Macbeth.

78. Lines 35, 36:

*Was the hope drunk*

*Wherein you dress'd yourself? hath it slept since?*

Compare King John, iv. 2. 116, 117:

*O, where hath our intelligence been drunk?  
Where hath it slept?*

79. Line 45: *Like the poor cat i' th' adage*.—"Catus amat pisces, sed non vult tingere plantas;" or, as Heywood gives it (Proverbs, 15:62): "The cat would eat fysh, and would not wet her feete."

80. Lines 46, 47:

*I dare do all that may become a man;  
Who dares, no more is man.*

F1 read "*no more*," the emendation, as sure a one as was ever made, is due to Rowe. Compare Measure for Measure, II. 4. 134, 135.

Be that you are,

That is, a woman, if you be more, you are more.

81. Line 47: *What HEART was't, then, &c.*—The Collier MS.'s emendation, *heart*, for the admirably appropriate *beast* of the F1, is surely one of the unhappiest efforts of the respected Corrector. Macbeth has just said that one who would do more than becomes a man is none. "What *heart* was't then," retorts his wife, "that broke the enterprise to me?"

82. Line 59:

Macb.

*If we should fail—*

Lady M.

WE FAIL.

These two words of Lady Macbeth *We fail* are capable, as Mrs. Siddons showed, of three separate and distinct interpretations. In F. 1 there is a note of interrogation after *We fail*, in which case the actress can only speak the words as if scornfully asking the question; or, putting a note of exclamation after the words, she may then treat them as a contemptuous interjection; or with simply a full stop after *fail*—which is, perhaps, the preferable reading,—the words will mean "*We fail*, and there's an end of it." Some commentators object to Lady Macbeth admitting even the possibility of failure in the then unsettled state of her husband's resolution. But the admission is instantly qualified:

*But screw your courage to the sticking-place,  
And we'll not fail.*

her meaning being, "You are not alone in this business; you and I are to carry it out. I am not afraid of doing my part; it is for you to screw *your* courage up to the same point of resolution as mine, and failure is impossible." Admitting this interpretation, Lady Macbeth should emphasize *your*. She might, if she prefers to speak the words *We fail* as a contemptuous exclamation, also emphasize *We*; giving thereby to the words the meaning "You forget I am with you; alone you might fail, but together we cannot fail."—F. A. M.

83. Line 60: *But screw your courage to the STICKING-PLACE*.—A metaphor perhaps taken "from the screwing-up the chords of string-instruments to their proper degree of tension, when the peg remains fast in its *sticking-place*, i.e. in the place from which it is not to move" (Steevens). Compare Twelfth Night, v. 1. 125, 126:

*And that I partly know the instrument  
That screws me from my true place in your favour;*

and see also *Coriolanus*, i. 8. 11, and *Troilus and Cressida*, III. 3. 22-25.

84. Line 64: *wassail*.—*Wassail* comes from the Anglo-Saxon *was hael* "be of health." Singer quotes Bullokar's Expositor, 1616: "*Wassail*, a term usual heretofore for quaffing and carousing."

85. Line 64: *convince*; i.e. the Latin *convincere*, to overpower, as in iv. 3. 142 below.

86. Line 67: *linbeck*.—This is a corrupt form of the word *alembic*, a still. The Clarendon Press edd. quote Fairfax, Tasso, bk. iv. st. 75:

This streaming nectar fell,  
'Still'd through the *linbeck* of her diamond eyes.

87. Line 72: *quell*.—This word, meaning murder, is not met with elsewhere, though *man-queller* is used in II. Henry IV. ii. 1. 58. *Quell* and *kill* are both from the same root, the Anglo-Saxon *cwellan*. Nares quotes two examples of *quell* as a verb, in which form it was more common.

88. Lines 80, 81:

*I am settled, and bend up  
Each corporal agent to this terrible feat.*

The metaphor in *bend up* is from the stringing of a bow. The same figure is used in Henry V. iii. 1. 16, 17:

Hold hard the breath and *bend up* every spirit  
To his full height.

### ACT II. SCENE 1.

89. Line 5: *Their candles are all out*.—So in Romeo and Juliet, iii. 5. 9: "Night's candles are burnt out." Shakespeare also compares the stars to *candles* in the Merchant of Venice, v. 1. 220:

For, by these blessed *candles* of the night;  
and Sonnet xxi. 12:  
As those gold *candles* fix'd in heaven's air.

90. Line 14: *Sent forth great largesse to your OFFICES*.—Rowe took *offices* to be a misprint for *officers*, and he has been followed by many editors. Steevens, however, seems to have been right in saying that "*Offices* are the rooms appropriated to servants and culinary purposes." Compare Richard II. 1. 2. 69, and see note 56 of that play.

91. Lines 15-17:

*This diamond he greets your wife withal,  
By the name of most kind hostess; and SHUT UP  
In measureless content.*

In FF. the passage is printed thus:

This Diamond he greets your Wife withal,  
By the name of most kind Hostesse,  
And shut up in measurelesse content.

Macbeth's first words in the following speech, *Being unprepared*, form a broken line by themselves. I much prefer the arrangement of the Folio, and do not know what induced commentators at first to meddle with it at all. The difficulty here is as to the exact meaning of *and shut up*. Some hold that it means "and concluded," i.e. the message; examples of the use of the word in this sense are plentiful, e.g. in Spenser's Fairy Queen, bk. iv. c. ix. st. 15: "*shut up* all in friendly love." Others take it to mean that the king, as Boswell expresses it, was "*enclosed in content*;" and he quotes a passage from Barrow's Sermons, 1683 (vol. ii. p. 231): "Hence is a man *shut up* in an irksome bondage of spirit." Line 17, as it stands in F. 1.

And *shut up* in measureless content,

wants a syllable, which F. 2 supplied by printing "And shut it up;" explained thus by Hunter: "Undo, stupidly"

*shut up* "the jewel in its case." This is practical, but scarcely poetical. If the missing syllable is to be supplied at all and it is really needless to instance omissions by Shakespeare of the auxiliary verb.—I would propose "*And is shut up*," taking Boswell's explanation of the words. We must remember that Duncan has retired to rest, and the sentence is really equivalent to "has retired to rest immeasurably contented with his reception."—F. A. M.

92. Line 25: *If you shall cleave to my consent*.—Schmidt takes *consent* here to mean "vote, voice, counsel;" Steevens takes it (more reasonably, as I think) in the force of the Latin *consensus*, or agreement together in a party, quoting II. Henry IV. v. 1. 78: "they flock together in *consent* (i.e. in a party), like so many wild geese." Taking *consent* in this sense, the meaning of the passage would be: "If you adhere to my party, your doing so shall make honour for you when the result is attained." See Furness, New Variorum, pp. 87, 88, for enough conjectures and contradictory explanations.

93. Line 46: *And on thy blade and dudgeon gouts of blood*.—The *dudgeon* means the handle of a dagger. The word was used of handles made of box. Gerarde, Herball, 1597, p. 1225, says: "Turners and cutlers, if I mistake not the matter, do call this woode [the root of the box-tree] *dudgeon*, whence they make *dudgeon* hafted daggers." The Clarendon Press edd. quote Cotgrave: "*Dague à voeltes*. A Scottish dagger; or *Dudgeon* haft dagger." [ *Gout*, the anglicized form of Fr. *goutte*, is only used by Shakespeare in this passage in its original sense; but *gout*, the disease, which occurs four or five times in Shakespeare, is supposed to be the same word (see Skent sub *Gout*).—F. A. M.]

94. Line 53: *ALARUM'D* by his sentinel, the wolf. — *Alarum* is again used as a verb in Lear, ii. 1. 55. "*Alarum*" is formed from the French *alarma*, Italian *alarma*, a new syllable being introduced between the two liquids. The original word was doubtless Italian, *all' arme*" (Clarendon Press edd.).

95. Line 55: *With Tarquin's ravishing STRIDES*.—FF read *sides*. The very happy emendation in the text, followed by most editors, is Pope's. It has been baselessly objected that neither a ravisher nor a ghost would advance by *strides*, which, says Knight, "does not convey the notion of stealthy and silent movement." But the word is used in just this sense in Richard II. 1. 3. 268; and in The Rape of Lucrece, line 305, Shakespeare had already described Tarquin as *stalking* into the chamber. Grant White well says, "Pope's emendation will seem very happy to every cautious person who has stepped through a sick chamber, or any apartment in which there were sleepers whom he did not wish to awaken, and who remembers how he did it."

96. Line 56: *Thou SURE and firm-set earth*.—*Sure* was first introduced into the text by Capell, upon the conjecture of Pope. F. 1 has *severe*. *Sure* might very likely, as Collier observes, have been written in the MS. *severe*, which offers itself easily to a misprint.

97. Line 57: *Hear not my steps, which way they walk*.—This reading is Rowe's; FF. have "which they may walk."

is practical, but is to be supplied by the omission of the words, "And on of the words, tired to rest, and as retired to rest tion."—F. A. M.

my consent—vote, voice, count, as I think) in the pent together in a they flock together wild geese." Taking of the passage erty, your doing so result is attained." s, for enough con-

DUDGEON GOUTS of of a dagger. The ox. Gerarde, Her- d cutlers, if I mis- (the root of the ke *dudgeon* hafted d, quote Cotgrave: r; or *Dudgeon* haft of Fr. *goutte*, is only in its original sense: four or five times in same word (see Skeat

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which WAY THEY walk "which they may walk."

98. Line 58: *The very stones prate*.—An allusion, probably, to Luke xix. 40: "the stones would immediately cry out." [The whole of this magnificent soliloquy is a capital instance of the way in which Shakespeare expresses his stage-directions in the words of his text. The actor here needs no marginal notes; he finds every movement set down in the words which he speaks. One sees the murderer abruptly arrested on his way to the chamber, where his victim lies asleep, by the phantom dagger; one sees him following it with his eyes, which are riveted on it with a questioning but horror-stricken stare, then he endeavours to shut out the vision with his hands, and it vanishes; then he begins again to move amidst the appropriate howls of the wolves heard from the not far distant forest. His legs almost refuse to carry him; with noiseless footfall, with stealthy half-reluctant strides, he creeps to the door of the fatal chamber, whence he is to return a blood-stained murderer.—F. A. M.]

## ACT II. SCENE 2.

The narrative of Duncan's murder in Holinshed is very brief, as follows: "At length therefore communicating his purposed intent with his trustie frends whom Banquo was the chiefest, vpon confidence of theyr promised ayde, he slew the king at Enuernes, (or as some say at Botgossuane,) in the .viij. yeare of his reygne" (vol. v. p. 269). Some of the details of the murder, however, are taken from Holinshed's account, a little previously, of the murder of King Duffe by Donwald. This Donwald was captain of the castle of Fores, where the king "was accustomed to lie most commonly" when he was "in that countrie." Some relations of his having been implicated in a rebellion, Donwald "made earnest labour and suite to the king to haue begged theyr pardon, but hauing a playne deniall, he conceyued suche an inward malice towards the king, (though he shewed it not outwardly at the firste) that the same continued still boyling in his stomake, and ceased not, till through setting on of his wife and in reuenge of such vnthankfulnesse, he founde means to murder the king within the foresayd Castell of Fores" (vol. v. p. 234). "Donwalde thus being the more kindled in wrath by the wordes of his wife, determined to follow hyr aduise in the execution of so haynous an acte. Wherevpon deuising with himselfe for a while, whiche way he might best accomplishe his cursed intention, at length he gate oportunitie and sped his purpose as followeth. It chaunced, that the king vpon the day before he purposed to departe forth of the Castell, was long in his oratorie at his prayers, and there continued till it was late in the night, at the last comming forth he called suche afore him, as had faithfully serued him in pursuite and apprehention of the rebelles, and giuing them hartlie thanks, he bestowed sundry honorable giftes amongst them, of the which number Donwald was one, as he that had bene euer accepted a moste faithfull seruaunt to the king. At length hauing talked with them a long time, he got him into his pryue chamber, only with two of his chamberlaynes, who hauing brought him to bedde came forth againe, and then fell to banqueting with Donewald and his wife, who had prepared diuers delicate dishes, and

## NOTES TO MACBETH.

sundry sorts of drinke for theyr arere supper<sup>1</sup> or collation, whereat they sat vp so long, till they had charged theyr stomakes with suche full gorges, that theyr heades were no sooner got to the pyllow, but a sleepe they were so fast, that a man might haue remoued the chamber ouer them, rather than to haue awaked them out of theyr drunken sleepe. Then Donewalde though he abhorred the acte greatly in his harte, yet through instigation of his wife, he called foure of his seruants vnto him (whom he had made priue to his wicked intent before, and framed to his purpose with large giftes) and now declaring vnto them, after what sorte they should worke the feate, they gladly obeyed his instructions, and speedely going about the murder, they enter the chamber (in which the king lay) a litle before cockes crow, where they secretly cut his throte as he lay sleeping, without any busking<sup>2</sup> at all" (*ut supra*, pp. 234, 235). Then, after describing the precautions taken to throw off the scent of the murder, the narrative continues: "Donewalde aboute the time that the murder was a doing, got him amongst them that kepte the watch, and so continued in companie with them at the residue of the night. But in the morning when the noyse was reysed in the kings chamber how the king was slaine, his body conueyed away, and the bed all berayed<sup>3</sup> with bloud, he with the watche ran thither as though he had known nothing of the mater, and breaking into the chamber, and finding cakes of bloud in the bed & on the floore about the sides of it, he forthwith slew the chamberlaynes, as giltye of that haynous murder, and then like a madde man running to and fro, hee ransacked euery corner within the castell, as though it had bene to haue seene if he might haue founde either the body or any of y<sup>e</sup> murderers hid in any pryue place: but at length comming to the posterne gate, & finding it open, he burdened the chamberlaines whom he had slaine with al the fault, they hauing the keyes of the gates committed to their keeping al the night, and therefore it could not be otherwise (sayd he) but that they were of counsil in the committing of that moste detestable murder. Finally suche was his ouer earnest diligence in the inquisition and triall of the offendours herein, that some of the Lordes began to mislike the mater, and to smell forth shrewed tokens, that he shoulde not be altogether cleare himselfe: but for so much as they were in that countrie, where hee had the whole rule, what by reason of his frendes and authoritie together, they doubted to vtter what they thought till time and place shoulde better serue therevnto, and herevpon got them away euery man to his home" (*ut supra*, p. 235).

99. Lines 3, 4:

*the fatal BELLMAN,**Which gives the sternest good-night.*

The Clarendon Press edd. compare Webster, *The Duchess of Malfy*, iv. 2-4:

I am the common *bellman*,

That usually is sent to condemn'd persons

The night before they suffer.

100. Line 6: *I have drugg'd their POSSETS*.—Malone quotes Randle Holmes, Academy of Armoury, 1688, bk.

<sup>1</sup> Literally, an after-supper; a late meal after the usual supper.

<sup>2</sup> Bustling.

<sup>3</sup> Smeared.

iii. p. 84: "*Posset* is hot milk poured on ale or sack, having sugar, grated biscuit, and eggs, with other ingredients boiled in it, which goes all to a curd." It was customary to take a *posset* immediately before going to bed. There is an allusion to it in ii. i. 31.

101. Line 16: I HEARD THE OWL SCREAM and the crickets cry. Compare Ovid, *Metamorphoses*, x. 452, 453, where, just as the fated woman is entering the abhorred chamber,

ter othen  
Funereus tu' letali aranea fecit;

thus translated by Sandys:

The funereal cry thrice rent  
The ayre with ominous croakings.  
—Edm. 1614, p. 37.

George Meredith, in *Margaret's Bridal-Eve*, Part IV., has a wonderfully effective use of the same figure, when the bride is going to tell her bridegroom the secret of her shame:

She heard from the woods the howling owl.  
—Modern Love, &c., 1892, p. 14.

102. Lines 35, 36:

Methought I heard a voice cry "Sleep no more!  
Macbeth does murder sleep,"—the innocent sleep, &c.

This arrangement is Johnson's, and seems greatly preferable to that of Hamner, who gave all the lines from "sleep" down to "feast" to the voice.

103. Line 37: *Sleep that knits up the ravel'd SLEAVE of care*.—Ff. print *sleeve*, which was probably intended to mean the same as *sleeve*. The word means the soft, raw, untwisted silk; it is sometimes known as floss-silk. The Clarendon Press edd. quote Florio: "*Bavella*, any kind of *sleeve* or raw silke."

104. Lines 56, 57:

I'LL GILD the faces of the grooms withal;  
For it must seem their GUILT.

*Gild* was often employed to represent smearing with blood. Compare ii. 3. 118: "*golden blood*;" and King John, ii. 1. 316. A similar pun on *guilt* and *gilt* occurs in ii. Henry IV. iv. 5. 129:

England shall double *gild* his treble *guilt*.

105. Lines 62, 63:

The multitudinous seas incarnadine,  
Making the green one red.

*Incarnadine* (from the Italian *incarnadino*, flesh colour) is used here in the sense of to dye red; the only example of the word as a verb up to the time of Shakespeare. Carew uses it in his *Obsequies* to the Lady Anne Hay, but no doubt with Shakespeare in mind. In the first three Ff. the second line is printed: *Making the Greene one, Red.*, a slight and obvious printers' error in punctuation which some editors have actually had the incredible denseness to defend and even adopt! The three and more pages on these two lines in the Variorum Shakespeare are, so far as I know, quite the most amusing reading in any of those volumes. Whether waters might admit of discoloration; whether the allusion was not rather to the fishes, whose hue, however, "could suffer no change from the tinct of blood;" corrective remarks concerning some "ingenious author" who had suggested that "*Making the green-one red*" might really be the

right reading—a construction quite "unexampled;" these, and other such divagations of the learned fancy, will be found in these exhilarating pages. [It is evident, from the use of the capital letters to both *Greene* and *Red* in Ff., that the interpretation given above is the right one.—F. A. M.]

## ACT II. SCENE 3.

106. Lines 1-47.—The authenticity of this scene, from lines 1-47, the one humorous passage in the play, has been vigorously denied and vigorously upheld. Coleridge (*Notes and Lectures upon Shakespeare*, 1849, vol. i. p. 249) says: "This low soliloquy of the Porter, and his few speeches afterwards, I believe to have been written for the mob by some other hand, perhaps with Shakespeare's consent; and that, finding it take, he, with the remaining ink of a pen otherwise employed, just interpolated the words, 'I'll devil-porter it no further: I had thought to have let-in some of all professions, that go the primrose way to the everlasting bonfire.' Of the rest not one syllable has the ever-present being of Shakespeare."

Against this emphatic declaration of a great poet may be set the emphatic declaration, on the opposite side, of another great poet—Mr. Browning, who, in a letter printed in the New Shakspeare Society's Transactions, affirms his belief that the passage must have come from the hand of Shakespeare. For my part, I can see no particular reason to doubt that it is Shakespeare's, while I entirely fail to see that it is a very brilliant specimen of his humour, or at all above the capacity of Middleton, to whom some would assign it. In comparison with the Grave-digger's scene in Hamlet, to which the enthusiastic advocates of the Porter's scene would compare it, the humour here is, to my mind at least, of very middling quality. But I am far from being able to see that "not one syllable has the ever-present being of Shakespeare." On the contrary, I think it is a roughly-written passage introduced by Shakespeare partly for the sake of dramatic contrast, partly to provide a part for the comic actor or low comedian, the clown. [After again seelag the play acted, it is evident that some such scene is necessary here in order to give time for Macbeth and Lady Macbeth to get rid of all traces of the murder from their hands, and for the former to recover his self-possession. Davenant, who makes Macduff and Lady Macduff both guests of Macbeth at this time, introduces a short scene between Lennox and Macduff, in which occur the following exquisite lines:

*Macd.* Rising this morning early, I went to look out of my Window, and I could scarce see farther than my breath; The darkness of the night brought but few objects To our eyes, but many to our ears.

—Davenant's Works, vol. v. p. 340.

This is "po'try" with a vengeance! I think most persons will prefer the Porter's prose, coarse though it be.—F. A. M.]

107. Line 2: *he should have OLD turning the key*.—Compare Merchant of Venice, iv. 2. 15: "We shall have old swearing," for a similar use of *old* as an emphatic expletive. In Arden of Feversham, ii. 2. p. 34 (Bullen's reprint) we have "For here will be *old* flitching when the presse comes fourth of *Piquins*."

exampled;" these, and fancy, will be evident, from the and *Red* in Pl., the right one,—

this scene, from in the play, has upheld. Coleridge e, 1849, vol. 1. p. orter, and his few e been written for with Shakespeare's with the remaining t interpolated the t I had thought to at go the primrose e rest not one syl-akespeare."

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108. Line 5: *Here's a farmer that hang'd himself on the expectation of plenty.*—Malone compares Hall, Satires, iv. 6-8:

Ech muck-worme will be riche with lawlesse gaîne,  
Altho he smother vii mowes of seven yeares graime,  
And hang'd himself when corne grows cheap again.

109. Line 10: *a French hose.*—Stubbes, in his *Anatomic of Abuses*, thus describes the *French hose*: "The *frenche-hose* are of two diuers makings, for the common *frenche-hose* (as they list to call them) containeth length, breadth, and sidenes sufficient, and is made very rounde. The other containeth neither length, breadth nor sidenes (being not past a quarter of a yarde side), whereof some be pained, cut and drawne out with costly ornamentes, with Canions annexed reaching down beneath their knees" (New Shak. Soc. Reprint, p. 56). Shakespeare refers to *French hose* in *Henry V.* iii. 7. 56; and in *The Merchant of Venice*, i. 2. 80, Portia says: "I think he bought . . . his round hose in France."

110. Lines 21, 22: *the primrose way to the everlasting bonfire.*—Compare *Hamlet*, i. 3. 50: "the *primrose path* of dalliance;" and *All's Well*, iv. 5. 57: "they'll be for the *flowery way* that leads to the broad gate and the great fire."

111. Line 27: *the second cock.*—See *Romeo and Juliet*, iv. 4. 3, 4:

the second cock hath crow'd,  
The curfew-bell hath rung, 't is three o'clock.

112. Line 63: *combustion.*—Compare *Henry VIII.* v. 4. 51: "kindling such a *combustion* in the state." Cotgrave has "*Combustion*: f. A combustion, burning, or consuming with fire; also, a tumult; and hence *Entrer en combustion avec*. To make a stirre, to raise an uproare, to keepe an old coyle against."

113. Lines 72-74:

Most sacrilegious murder hath broke ope  
The Lord's anointed temple, and stole thence  
The life o' the building!

"There is a confusion of metaphor here. Reference is made in the same clause to 1 Samuel xxiv. 10, 'I will not put forth mine hand against my lord, for he is the *Lord's anointed*;' and to 2 Corinthians vi. 16, 'For ye are the temple of the living God'." (Clarendon Press edd.)

114. Line 81: *Shake off this downy sleep, death's counterfeit.*—Compare *Midsummer Night's Dream*, iii. 2. 364: "death-counterfeiting sleep."

115. Line 85: *Ring the bell.*—Theobald considered this to be a mere stage-direction that had crept into the text from the prompter's book; and a number of very respectable editors have followed him in omitting it. But it seems to me that the reiteration of the order is a very natural one, and the break in the metre not more serious than many others in the play.

116. Lines 96, 97:

Had I but died an hour before this chance,  
I had liv'd a blessed time.

Compare *Winter's Tale*, iv. 4. 472, 473:

If I might die within this hour, I have liv'd  
To die when I desire

## NOTES TO MACBETH.

117. Line 107: *Their hands and faces were all badg'd with blood.*—Compare *II. Henry VI.* iii. 2. 200: "murder's crimson badge."

118. Line 118: *His silver skin lac'd with his golden blood.*—See note 104 above for the likening of *blood* to *gold* (compare the *red gold* of old ballads). Johnson was certainly right in taking these curiously artificial metaphors as intended to convey a sense of Macbeth's dissimulation—"the studied language of hypocrisy."

119. Lines 121, 122:

their daggers

UNMANNERLY BREECH'D with gore.

Farmer quotes from the 6th Dialogue of Erondelle's *French Garden*, 1605: "Boy, go fetch your master's silver-hatched daggers, you have not brushed their breeches, bring the brushes," &c. Douce, on the other side, perhaps preferably, takes the more familiar *breeches* to be meant, and that "the expression, though in itself something unmannerly, simply means covered as with breeches." The Clarendon Press edd. compare *Twelfth Night*, iii. 4. 274: "strip your sword stark naked."

120. Lines 127, 128:

What should be spoken here, where our fate,  
Hid in AN AUGER-HOLE, may rush, and seize us?

Scot, *Discoverie of Witchcraft*, speaking of the pretended powers of witches, mentions among other difficult feats, "They can go in and out at *auger holes*" (book i. chap. 4. Reprint, p. 8). The meaning here is that our fate may be concealed in the smallest hole or cranny.

## ACT II. SCENE 4.

With the portents described in this scene compare Holinshed's description of those which followed the murder of King Duff: "For the space of .vi. moneths together after this haynous murder thus committed, there appeared no sunne by day, nor Moone by night in any parte of the realme, but still was the skie conered with continual cloudes, and sometimes such outrageous windes arose with lightnings and tempestes, that the people were in great feare of present destruction" (vol. v. p. 235). And again further on: "Monstrous sightes also that were seene within the Scottishe kingdome that yeare were these, horses in Lothian being of singular beautie and swiftnesse, did eate their owne flesh, & would in no wise taste any other meate. In Angus there was a gentlewoman brought forth a child without eyes, nose, hande, or foote. There was a Sparliuoke also strangled by an Owle" (*ut supra*, p. 237).

121. Line 7: *And yet dark night strangles the TRAVELLING lamp.*—F. 1, F. 2 have *travailing*, F. 3, F. 4 *travelling*, as most editors now print. It is possible there may be an allusion to both meanings—"struggling with difficulty onward." What are now two distinct words of different spelling were formerly used interchangeably, as were, e.g. "metal" and "mettle."

122. Line 8: *Is't night's PREDOMINANCE.*—*Predominance* is an astrological term, referring to the planets whose power is at its height. Compare *Lear*, i. 2. 134.

123. Line 12: *A falcon, TOWERING in her pride of PLACE.*  
Both *towering* and *place* are technical terms in falconry.  
*Place* means "the greatest elevation which a bird of prey attains in its flight" (Gifford). Compare Massinger, *The Guardian*, I. 1:

Then, for an evening flight,  
A tiercel gently, which I call my master,  
As he were sent a messenger to the moon,  
In such a feather, as he seems to say,  
Sonne, or see me not! the partridge spring.  
He makes his stop. —*Works*, p. 402, v. 4, l. 1

124. Line 28: *ravin up* — "Ravin down" is used in the same sense in *Measure for Measure*, I. 2. 133. See note on that passage.

125. Lines 31, 32:

*He is already nam'd, and gone to SCONE  
To be invested.*

*Scone* was called the Royal City of *Scone* or *Scon* as early as the first decade of the tenth century after Christ. It was situated a little distance to the north of the town of Perth, and is now called Old Scone; New Scone being a little to the S.E. of it, nearer Perth. The Stone of Destiny was transferred to Scone, from Dunstaffnage in Argyshire, by Kenneth Macalpine, soon after the foundation of an abbey there in 838. Many of the Scottish kings were crowned on this stone; till Edward I., having conquered Balliol, removed it to Westminster. In a separate stipulation, at the time of the Treaty of Northampton, the stone was to be restored to Scotland; but the restoration was never carried out. Sir Walter Scott tells us that it was originally brought from Ireland by "Fergus the son of Eric, who led the Dalriads to the shores of Argyshire." It was used at the coronation of the present Queen, the chair of Edward the Confessor being placed upon it; and it is said that at that ceremony some small fragments of the stone were broken off. Charles II. was crowned at Scone, as a compliment perhaps to the Scotch, January 1st, 1651. This was after the defeat of the Scotch Cavaliers by Cromwell at Dunbar, but before the more decisive battle of Worcester. — F. A. M.

126. Line 33: *Colme-kill*. — The meaning of this word (according to Jamieson's *Dict. sub voce*) is the cell or chapel of St. Columba or Colum, who landed on this little island (better known as Iona) in the year 563, in order to preach Christianity. The ruins of the cathedral and monastery which were built on the island may still be seen. All the Scottish kings, from Kenneth III. to Macbeth inclusive, i.e. from 973 to 1049, were buried at *Colme-kill*. "To the Highlanders of the present day Iona is known as 'Innisman-Druidineach' or the Island of the Druids — as 'Ii-cholum-chille,' or the Island of Colum, of the Cell, or Cemetery, whence the English word Icolmkill is derived" (New Statistical Account of Scotland, 1845, vol. vii. p. 313). — F. A. M.

## ACT III. SCENE I.

The murder of Banquo, plotted in this scene and the next, and carried out in scene 3, is thus told in Holinshed: "These and the like commendable lawes, Makbeth caused to be put as then in vsu, governing the realme for the space of tenne yeares in equall iustice. But this was but

a counterfayte zeale of equitie shewed by him, partly against his naturall inclination to purchase thereby the fauour of the people. Shortly after, he beganne to shewe what he was, in steede of equitie practising crueltie. For the prick of conscience (as it chanced) euer in tyrantes, and suche as attayne to any estate by vnrighteous meanes) caused him euer to feare, least he should be serued of the same cuppe, as he had ministred to his predecessour. The wordes also of the three weird sisters, wold not out of his mind, which as they promised him the kingdom, so lykewise did they promise it at the same time, vnto the posteritie of Banquho. He willed therefore the same Banquho with his sonne named Fleance, to come to a supper that he had prepared for them, which was in deede, as he had deuised, present death at the handes of certaine murthurers, whome he hyred to execute that deede, appoynting them to meete with the same Banquho and his sonne without the palayce, as they returned to theyr lodgings, and there to slaen them, so that he woulde not haue his house slaundered, but that in time to come he might cleare himselfe, if any thing were layde to his charge vpon any suspicion that might arise

"It chanced yet, by the benefite of the darke night, that though the father were slaine, the son yet by the helpe of almightie God reseruing him to better fortune, escaped that danger: and afterwarde hauing some lucking (by the admonition of some frendes which he had in the court,) howe his life was sought no lesse then his fathers, who was slayne not by chauce medley (as by the handling of the mater Makbeth woulde haue had it to appeare,) but euen vpon a prepenesd deuise, wherevpon to auoyde further perill he fledde into Wales" (Reprint, vol. v. p. 271).

127. Line 10: *Sennet sounded*. — The Fl. print *senit*. The word was variously spelt, and of frequent occurrence, in the stage-directions of old plays. See III. Henry VI. note 66.

128. Line 13: *And ALL-THING unbecoming*. — "The adjectives *all*, *each*, *both*, *every*, *other*, are sometimes interchanged, and used as pronouns in a manner different from modern usage. In this instance 'all' is used for *every*" (Abbott, *Sh. Grammar*, § 12). Elwin quotes the Hymn in the Compline from Henry the Eighth's Primer:

O Lorde, the maker of *all-thing*,  
We pray the nowe in the evening.

129. Lines 41–44:

*Let every man be master of his time  
Till seven at night; to wake society  
The sweeter welcome, we will keep ourself  
Till supper-time.*

The punctuation in the text is Theobald's, and seems very preferable to that of the Fl., which place a comma after *night* and a colon after *welcome*.

130. Lines 55–57:

*and under him  
My Genius is rebuk'd, as, it is said,  
Mark Antony's was by Cesar.*

1 Preconceived, predetermined.



by him, partly  
hence thereby  
hegamme to shew  
ing crucitie. For  
ouer in tyrantes,  
ightious meenes)  
uld be serued of  
his predecessour.  
sisters, wold not  
ed him the king-  
at the same time,  
alled therefore the  
leance, to come  
em, which was in  
at the handes of  
to execute that  
the same Banquo  
they returned to  
so that he woulde  
ed in time to come  
were layde to his  
rise  
f the darke night,  
he son yet by the  
to better fortune,  
hauding some ink-  
s which he had in  
no lesse then his  
medley (as by the  
haued had it to ap-  
neuse, wherevpon to  
ales" (Reprint, vol.

he ff. print sent.  
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See III. Henry VI.

coming.—"The ad-  
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inner different from  
' is used for every"  
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united.

Compare Antony and Cleopatra, II. 3. 15-22:

Therefore, O Antony, stay not by his side:  
Thy demon, that's thy spirit which keeps thee, is  
Noble, courageous, high, unmatchable;  
Where Caesar's is not; but near him thy angel  
Becomes a fear, as being overpowered.

This is closely copied from North's Plutarch (ed. 1631, p. 926, lines 8-10).

131. Line 63: *Thence to be wrench'd WITH an unlineal hand.*—Compare Winter's Tale, v. 2. 68: "He was torn to pieces with a bear." Compare note 130 below.

132. Line 65: *fil'd.*—This word, meaning *defiled*, of which it is apparently an abbreviation, is not used elsewhere by Shakespeare. Compare Spenser, Faerie Queene, iii. 1. 62:

She lightly leapt out of her *fil'd* bedd.

133. Line 70: *To make them kings, the SEED of Banquo king!*—*Ff.* have *seedes*, which some editors adopt. Very many more agree in taking the plural to be a mere error of the press. No similar example has been adduced, except a few confessedly problematical ones from plays whose text is anything but dependable.

134. Line 72: *And champion me to th' UTTERANCE!*—This is, fight with me *à l'outrance*. Cotgrave has "*Combattre à outrance*. To fight at sharpe, to fight it out, or to the uttermost; not to spare one another in fighting." The word *utterance* is used again, in the same sense, by Shakespeare in Cymbeline, iii. 1. 73.

135. Line 81: *How you were BORNE IN HAND.*—See Taming of the Shrew, note 146; Measure for Measure, note 46. Compare also Hamlet, ii. 2. 65-67:

whereat griev'd,  
That so his sickness, age, and impotence,  
Was falsely borne in hand.

136. Line 88: *Are you so GOSPEL'D.*—Probably an allusion to the precept in the gospel, "Pray for them which despitefully use you and persecute you." (Matt. v. 44).

137. Line 110: *HAVE so INCENS'D.*—*Ff.* print *hath*; the reading is Rowe's.

138. Line 116: *distance.*—This word is not elsewhere used by Shakespeare in the sense it here has, "hostility," "antagonism as of opposing enemies." The Clarendon Press edd. give an instance of it in Bacon, Essays, xv. 62: "setting them at *distance*, or at least distrust among themselves." Coles, Latin Dictionary, has "*Distance* [discord], *dissidium*, *discordia*."

139. Lines 129-131:  
*I will advise you where to plant yourselves,  
Acquaint you, WITH A PERFECT SPY, O' THE TIME.  
The moment on't.*

We have adopted a very simple emendation, first suggested by Johnson, of *a for the*, and the punctuation of Collier as said to be given by the Old Corrector. This passage has been made the subject of much discussion by the commentators, but the meaning of it seems to be clear. The difficulty, supposed or real, lies in line 130; but if we take *with* to mean "by," "by means of," as it frequently does in Shakespeare (see line 63 above, and note 131), it is plain that Macbeth refers to his intention

to acquaint the two Murderers, by means of one who may be trusted to watch Banquo closely, *of the time* when to commit the murder; and this interpretation is fully borne out by a passage in the third scene of this act. When the Three Murderers enter, it is evident that the first distrusts the man who has joined them, for he asks, "But who did bid thee join with us?" to which the Second Murderer answers:

He needs not our mistrust; since he delivers  
Our offices, and what we have to do,  
To the direction just.

This passage evidently means that the Third Murderer has brought them exactly the *direction*, which Macbeth promised to send them *by the perfect spy, o' the time*. The alteration of *the* to *a* makes the meaning clearer, though it is possible the right reading may be "By the *perfect'st* spy." Compare above, in the letter from her husband read by Lady Macbeth: "I have learn'd by the *perfect'st* report."

Steevens proposed to put a full stop after line 129, and to take *Acquaint you* as = "Acquaint yourselves," and the *perfect spy o' the time* as = "the exact time, the time most favourable to your purposes," which they were to *spy* out. Undoubtedly *you* is frequently used for *yourselves*, but, on the whole, I think the interpretation given above is the preferable one.—F. A. M.

140. Line 134: *To leave no REUS nor botches in the work.*—Compare Richard II. iii. 4. 4, and note 242.

# ACT III. SCENE 2.

141. Line 13: *We have SCOTCH'd the snake, not kill'd it!*—*Scotch'd* is Theobald's almost universally-accepted emendation of *Ff.*'s *scorch'd*. *Scotch'd* occurs again in Coriolanus, iv. 5. 198: "he *scotch'd* him and notch'd him like a carbonado." *Scotches* occurs in Antony and Cleopatra, iv. 7. 10, as a substantive of similar meaning to the verb, which means "to cut slightly."

142. Lines 19, 20:  
*better to be with the dead,  
Whom we, to gain our PEACE, have sent to peace.*

This is the reading of F. 1; F. 2, F. 3, F. 4, with a large proportion of modern editors, *print place*; to my mind a much less impressive and a much less Shakespearean word. [There is no doubt much to be said in favour of the correction made by F. 2, obvious as it is, and perhaps suspiciously simple. Macbeth did not murder Duncan to gain *peace*, but to gain the throne. If this sentence referred to the murder of Banquo, *peace* would be the more appropriate word. For the use of *place* in the sense of a high dignity, we may compare Measure for Measure, ii. 4. 92:

Whose credit with the Judge, or own great place,

Mr. Irving, it may be mentioned, retains in his acting-edition the reading of F. 1; in favour of which reading it may be said that Macbeth was not only thinking of the murder of Duncan, but also of the two grooms whom he had killed in order to secure his own safety.—F. A. M.]

143. Lines 26-28.—F. 1 prints these lines as in our text, except that in line 28 it has *among* instead of *'mong*, the



latter being the correction of F. 2, which, however, in line 29 unnecessarily introduces the word *still*, reading:

Let your remembrance *still* apply to Banquo

There is no need for the insertion of this word, as *remembrance* was, in Shakespeare's time, often pronounced as a quadrisyllable. Steevens, in his edition, 1793, who is followed by the Cambridge edd. and others, divided the two imperfect lines (31, 32) thus:

Unsafe the while, that we  
Must have our honours in these flattering streams.

Malone arranges the passage thus:

Lady M. Come on; gentle my lord,  
Sleek o'er your rugged looks; be bright and jovial  
Among your guests to-night.

Mac. So shall I, love;  
And so, I pray, be you: let your remembrance  
Apply to Banquo; present him eminence, both  
With eye and tongue; unsifted the while, that we  
Must have our honours in these flattering streams.

Steevens thought that something had been omitted from the text after the words *Unsafe the while*, and suggested that Shakespeare might have written:

Unsafe the while it is for us, that we.

I would suggest that *while* was intended to be connected closely with the words *that we*, and that line 31 in Ff. should have read something like this:

Unsafe, alas! we rest the while that we,

or

Unsafe we needs must rest the while that we;

the meaning being, not that Macbeth and his wife were unsafe *because* they had to flatter Banquo, but that they were unsafe in spite of their *stopping* to that; and therefore there was a stronger motive for his removal; as while he lived, flatter him as they might, they could never be safe. —F. A. M.

144. Line 38: *But in them nature's copy's not eterne*. — This is very likely an allusion to legal phraseology, though some have supposed *nature's copy* to mean man, formed in the image of God. Cowell, in his Interpreter, has "Copie hold (*tenura per copiam rotuli curiae*) is a tenure, for the which the tenent hath nothing to shew, but the copie of the Rolls made by the Steward of his Lord's court. . . . some copyhold is fineable, and some certaine: that which is fineable, the lord taketh at his pleasure" (First Edn. (1607) *sub voce*). The word *eterne*, for eternal, is only used by Shakespeare here, and in Hamlet, ii. 2. 512.

145. Line 42: *The shard-borne beetle*. — F. 3, F. 4 print *shard-borne*, which some suppose to mean horn among shards, or in dung. But in one or two places Shakespeare has linked *shard* with *beetle* in a way that leaves no doubt as to the meaning—the scaly wings of the beetle. Compare Antony and Cleopatra, iii. 2. 20:

They are his shards, and he their beetle;

and Cymbeline, iii. 3. 20: "The sharded beetle." [The scientific name for the wing-cases is *elytra*; anyone, who has observed beetles, knows the startling effect when these hard *elytra* are suddenly opened, and the membranous underwings (which in some beetles are very large in proportion to their body) are suddenly unfolded, and the insect, that was just now walking or running, is borne away in rapid flight. The *shards* or *elytra* remain im-

movable during flight, but probably help to buoy up the insect while on the wing. —F. A. M.]

146. Lines 46, 47:

Come, SEELING night,

Scarf up the tender eye of pitiful day.

*Seel* is a term in falconry, meaning to sew up the eyes of a hawk. Compare Othello, i. 3. 270; iii. 3. 210; and Antony and Cleopatra, iii. 13. 112. Cotgrave has "*Siller les yeux*. To seele, or sow vp, the eye-lids, (& thence also), to hoodwinke, blind, keepe in darknesse, deprive of sight."

147. Lines 50, 51:

Light thickens, and the crow

Makes wing to the ROOKY wood

*Rooky* may be meant for "frequented by rooks" (which to me seems rather the preferable interpretation, so far as sense is concerned), or for "dusky, gloomy," or "foggy." The Clarendon Press edd. cite the Promptorium Parvulorum: "*Roky*, or *mysty*. Nebulosus." (*Rooky* is given in Grose's Provincial Glossary as "*misty*" and in Bailey as "*musty*;" both authorities state it to be a North-country word. It is given in Brockett, but not in the Yorkshire, Westmoreland, or Tyneside Glossaries; and I have always heard *rook*, not *rook* or *rook*, used for "smoke" in the North. Steevens proposes to read "makes wing to rook t' the wood," and quotes III. Henry VI. v. 6. 47:

The raven rook'd her on the chimney's top

(see note 333 of that play). Chaucer uses *rouke* and *ruking* in the sense of "to be close," and Gower in the Confessio Amantis, bk. iv., has, speaking figuratively of the priests or monks:

And now they *ruken* in her me.

And resten as hem liketh best.

—Works, vol. ii. p. 57, edn. 1857.

*Rooky wood* may mean here the wood into which the crow went to rook or roost. —F. A. M.]

### ACT III. SCENE 3.

148. Line 6: *Now spurs the LATED traveller apace*. *Lated*, for belated, occurs again in Antony and Cleopatra, iii. 11. 3.

### ACT III. SCENE 4.

149. Line 5: *Our hostess keeps her STATE*. — The *state* was a chair of state, placed on a raised platform at the head of the table, and covered with a canopy. Cotgrave has "*Dais*, or *Daiz*. A cloth of Estate, Canopie, or Heaven, that stands over the heads of Princes thrones also, the whole *State*, or seat of Estate." Compare Coriolanus, v. 4. 22; Twelfth Night, ii. 5. 50; and I. Henry IV. ii. 4. 415.

150. Line 6: *We will REQUIRE her welcome*. — *Require*, here, as in some other places in Shakespeare, means simply "ask," not "demand." Compare Antony and Cleopatra, iii. 12. 12.

151. Line 14: *'Tis better thee without than he within*. — The grammar of this line is faulty, however we take it; but the meaning is either "It is better outside thee than inside him," or "It is better for his blood to be on thy face than for him to be within."

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152. Line 24: *cabin'd, cribb'd*.—Cabin as a verb occurs in Titus Andronicus, iv. 2. 170: "And cabin in a cave." *Crib*, in the present sense, is not known to occur anywhere but in this passage.

153. Line 27: *With twenty TRENCHED gashes on his head*. Compare Arden of Feversham, iii. 1. (ed. Bullen, p. 42):  
And *Morbies* name, a scandale unto mine,  
Is deeply *trenched* in my blushing brow.

154. Line 32: *We'll hear ourselves again*.—Punctuated as in the text (the punctuation of the Ff.) the meaning may be taken to be, We'll talk with one another again. *Ourselves again* has been understood as the ablative absolute, "when we are ourselves again;" and Dyce rendered the sense certainly easier, but perhaps not better, by punctuating, *We'll hear, ourselves, again*.

155. Line 41: *Were the GRAC'D person of our Banquo present*.—Compare Lear, i. 4. 267, where *graced* is used, as here, in the sense of "gracious."

156. Line 55: *upon a thought*.—Compare I. Henry IV. ii. 4. 241: "and with a thought seven of the eleven I paid;" i.e. as quick as thought.

157. Line 63: *O, these FLAWS and starts*.—Compare Hamlet, v. 1. 230, and see note on that passage.

158. Line 76: *Ere humane statue purg'd the gentle weal*.—Ff. read *humane*, which in Shakespeare's time was often spelt *human*. The latter is Theobald's reading, and seems preferable. "*Gentle*," say the Clarendon Press edd., "is to be taken prophetically. 'Ere humane statue purged the common weal and made it gentle.'"

159. Line 78: *the time has been*.—F. 1 prints *times* has, which the later Ff. correct into *times have*, a reading less easily explained as a printer's error, and not so good in sense.

160. Line 84: *Your noble friends do LACK you*.—Compare As You Like It, iv. 1. 182: "I cannot lack thee two hours."

161. Line 95: *Thou hast no SPECULATION in those eyes*.—Compare Troilus and Cressida, iii. 3. 109. Singer quotes Bullokar, Expositor, 1616: "*Speculation*, the inward knowledge, or beholding of a thing."

162. Line 101: *the Hyrcan tiger*.—Compare III. Henry VI. i. 4. 155: "tigers of Hyrcania;" and Hamlet, ii. 2. 472: "the Hyrcanian beast." See Merchant of Venice, note 176.

163. Lines 105, 106:

*If trembling I INHABIT, then protest me  
The BABY of a girl*

This is one of the many difficult passages in the text of Macbeth, perhaps the most difficult. Is *inhabit* a printer's or copyist's error or not; and if not, what does it mean? Many emendations have been proposed, the most generally accepted of which is "If trembling I *inhibit* thee," the meaning of which is, I suppose, "If trembling with fear I bid thee avant, or fear to encounter thee." Shakespeare uses *inhibited* twice in the sense of "forbidden," in All's Well, i. 1. 157, and Othello, i. 2. 79. But if this emendation be right, the word would have something of its legal sense here, much the same as that in which the noun *inhibition* is used in the well-known passage in

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Hamlet, ii. 2. 346. One would certainly have expected this very slight alteration (*inhibit* thee) to have been made in the text by one of the later Folios, if the line had ever been spoken thus; but it looks here very much as if Shakespeare had used a very unusual word—or rather expression—purposely; and that we must search for its meaning, if any, in the context. Macbeth has already said to the spectre of Banquo (lines 100, 101):

Approach thou like the rugged Russian bear,  
The arm'd rhinoceros, or the Hyrcan tiger;

and it is possible that the wild beasts suggested the kindred idea of the desert inhabited by none but wild beasts; and that the meaning may be "If trembling I *inhabit*," i.e. "keep in my cave or hiding place, instead of coming out into the open to meet you." Schmidt plausibly explains *inhabit* as "to put on a habit," but he produces no instance of the use of the word in that sense. In that case *trembling* is the accusative, and the meaning is "If I then put on the habit of fear." It is scarcely necessary to go into any of the other emendations proposed. The only question is whether we should adopt the punctuation of F. 1:

*If trembling I inhabit then, protest me  
The Baby of a Girl.*

Taking *inhabit* to have something of the sense we have assigned to it above, and to be used absolutely, we prefer the punctuation of F. 2, F. 3, F. 4, which has the comma after *inhabit* and not after *then*. I can find no instance of *exhibit* being used as in modern times—"to show" with regard to a feeling such as anger, fear, &c.; otherwise one might venture on the emendation "If trembling I *exhibit*," which I find has been previously proposed by A. Hunter, and before him by Robinson, in The Gentleman's Magazine in 1769 (vol. lix. p. 1201).—F. A. M.

*The BABY of a girl*; i.e. a girl's doll; or perhaps it should be taken literally. For the former sense see Cotgrave under *Poupée* and its derivatives, and especially "*Poupetier*. A babe-maker, or puppet-maker."

164. Line 111: *And OVERCOME us like a summer's cloud*.—*Overcome* is used in the sense of "come over," "overshadow." Compare Spenser, Faerie Queene, iii. 7. 4:  
All cover'd with thick woodes that quite it *overcame*.

165. Lines 115, 116:

*And keep the natural ruby of your cheeks,  
When mine is blanch'd with fear.*

Malone and many subsequent editors change *is* to *are*, taking the word to apply to *cheeks*. But it may just as well relate to the *natural ruby*, i.e. the colour, of the cheeks.

166. Line 122: *It will have blood; they say blood will have blood*.—Ff. print:

It will have blood they say:  
Blood I will have blood.

The pointing in the text was first introduced by Whalley. A few editors follow the Ff.; but Johnson (Miscellaneous Observations on Macbeth) is probably right in his interpretation: "Macbeth justly infers that the death of Duncan cannot go unpunished, 'It will have blood!' then after a short pause declares it as the general observation of mankind, that murderers cannot escape." I cannot

help feeling, however, that, to the ear at least, the reading of the FF. is more harmonious and more impressive.

167. Line 123: *Stones have been known to move, and trees to speak.*—Mr. Paton (in *Notes and Queries*, Nov. 6, 1800) suggested that there was an allusion, in the first clause of this line, to the rocking-stones (one of which was near Glamis Castle), by which it was thought that the Druids tried persons suspected of crimes. In the *trees* that *speak* we have, perhaps, an allusion to the story in Virgil of the bleeding tree which revealed to Æneas the murder of Polydorus (*Æneid*, bk. iii. ll. 22–48).

168. Line 124: *Augurs and understood relations; i.e. soothsayings and knowledge of the secret links of things.* *Augurs* is spelt *Augures* in FF. Florio, 1598, has "*Augurio*, an *augure*, a soothsaying, . . . a wishing of good hap, a forboding."

169. Line 140: *scann'd.*—This word is used, as here, for carefully examined into, in Hamlet, iii. 3. 75: "That would be *scann'd*."

170. Line 144: *in deed.* FF. have *indeed*, as one word. The rectification was made by Theobald.

## ACT III. SCENE 5.

171. Stage-direction. "Enter the three Witches, meeting Hecate."—Hecate, the "infernal" name of Diana in Roman mythology, was, in the middle ages, generally supposed to be the goddess or mistress of witches. In Scot's *Discoverie of Witchcraft* (Booke 3, Chap. xvi.), we read that "Certaine generall counceils, by their decrees, have condemned the confusions and erroneous credulitie of witches, to be vaine, fantasticall and fabulous . . . to wit; their night walkings and meetings with *Herodias*, and the *Pagan* gods; &c. . . . The words of the counceill are these; It may not be omitted, that certaine wicked women following sathans provocations, being seduced by the illusion of diuels, beleeeve and professe, that in the night times they ride abroad with *Diana*, the goddesse of the *Pagans*, or else with *Herodias*, with an innumerable multitude, upon certaine beasts, and passe over manie countries and nations, in the silence of the night, and doo whatsoeuer those fairies or ladies command, &c." (Reprint, p. 51).

172. Line 1: *Why, how now, HECATE!* you look *ANGERLY.*—*Hecate* is spelt in F. 1, F. 2 *Hecat*, as, of course, it must be pronounced.<sup>1</sup> The name is always so accented in Shakespeare. In I. Henry VI. iii. 2. 64 it is, however, a trisyllable. It is used as a dissyllable in Ben Jonson's *Sad Shepherd*, ii. 3, and in Milton's *Comus*. *Angerly*, for angrily, is used in two other passages: *Two Gent. of Verona*, i. 2. 62, and *King John*, iv. 1. 82.

173. Lines 23, 24:

*Upon the corner of the moon  
There hangs a vaporous drop profound.*

"This *vaporous drop*," says Stevens, "seems to have been meant for the same as the *virius lunare* of the an-

cient, being a foam which the moon was supposed to shed on particular herbs or other objects when strongly solicited by enchantment. Lucan introduces *Erichon* using it (*Pharasin*, vi. 666):

*Et virius large lunare ministrat."*

174. Line 33: Stage-direction. Music and song within. "*Come away, come away.*" This is substantially Capell's stage-direction. FF. have *Music and a song*. After line 35 is a second stage-direction: *Sing within. Come away, come away, &c.*

The words sung here in Mr. Irving's stage version are as follows:

Come away come away  
Hecate, Hecate, come away!  
Over woods, high rocks, and mountains,  
Over seas, our mistress' fountains;  
Over steeples, towers and turrets,  
We fly by night, amongst troops of spirits:  
No ring of bells to our ear sounds,  
No howls of wolves, no yelp of hounds.  
No ring of bells, &c.

They are, however, transferred to the end of act iv. scene 1. These words are taken from a scene in Middleton's *Witch* (act iii. scene 3) transferred bodily by Davenant into his hideous deformation of Shakespeare's play. It shows what a false estimate of Davenant his contemporaries must have had, since they seem to have believed that he could have written the last eight lines of this song, which are infinitely superior to any of the desperately prosy rubbish he has introduced into his version of *Macbeth*. It is doubtful whether the song, indicated in the stage-direction of the Folio, included much more than the first five lines of the song given in Middleton's *Witch*:

Come away, come away,  
Hecate, Hecate, come away!  
*Hec.* I come, I come, I come, I come,  
With all the speed I may,  
With all the speed I may.

—Works (Dyce's edn.), vol. iii. p. 303.

Whether Middleton wrote the lines beginning *Over woods, high rocks, &c.*, himself, of course we do not know. One very good emendation is introduced by Davenant, either of his own invention or from the copy of the MS. to which he had access,<sup>2</sup> and that is in the fifth line of the song as given above, which in Middleton runs

*Over steep towers and turrets*

instead of

*Over steeples, towers, and turrets.*

Dyce, in his edition of Middleton, vol. iii. p. 304, says that he suspects that that was the true reading, and refers to what Hecate says above in *The Witch*, act i. scene 2 (p. 200):

In moonlight nights, on *steep* <sup>le</sup> *steeples*.

—F. A. M.

## ACT III. SCENE 6.

175. Line 8: *Who cannot want the thought.*—This double negative was sanctioned by the usage of Shakespeare's time, and seems in his own case to have been particularly seductive. Compare *Winter's Tale*, iii. 2. 55, &c.

<sup>2</sup> It is "*Over steeples*" in the music to the *Witch* mentioned in the Introduction.

<sup>1</sup> In the music to Middleton's *Witch*, mentioned in the Introduction, it is written *Hecet*.—F. A. M.

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176. Lines 21, 22:  
and 'cause he fail'd  
His presence at the tyrant's feast.

Compare Lear, ii. 4. 143, 144:

I cannot think my sister in the least  
Would *fail* her obligation.

*Tyrant* is perhaps used here, as in III. Henry VI. iii. 3.  
60-72, for usurper, the original meaning of the Greek  
word.

177. Line 58: *Hath so EXASPERATE the king*.—Compare  
Troilus and Cressida, v. 1. 34: "why art thou, then, *exas-  
perate*!" And see instances of the truncated participle  
in similar words, such as *dedicate* (Measure for Measure,  
ii. 2. 154), &c. Fl. read *their king*; the correction is Hammer's.

178. Line 41: *The CLOUDY messenger*.—Compare I. Henry  
IV. iii. 2. 82, 83:  
Such aspect  
As *cloudy* men use to their adversaries.

179. Lines 48, 49:  
*this our suffering country  
Under a hand accus'd.*

Compare similar constructions in, for example, Richard  
II. iii. 2. 8:

As a long-parted mother with her child;

Othello, v. 2. 4:  
Nor scar that whiter skin of hers than snow.

# ACT IV. SCENE 1.

180. Line 1: *Thrice the BRINDED cat hath mew'd*.—Cole,  
Latin Dictionary, has "*Brinded, variegatus*." The more  
familiar form of the word is "brindled."

181. Line 3: *Harpier*.—This may be a misprint for  
*Harpy* (as Stevens considered), or it may be meant as  
another form of the same word.

182. Line 6: *Toad, that under cold stone*.—Various at-  
tempts have been made, all as bad as possible, to render  
this line syllabically equal with its fellows. It is quite  
rhythmical as it stands. *Cold* and *stone* must, of course,  
each be pronounced slowly and with emphasis. Similar  
accentuations for effect will be found, in one form or  
another, in most poets who have paid much attention to  
the niceties of versification. The most remarkable in-  
stance I recollect of deliberate interference with natural  
accent is in a line in one of Tennyson's later Idylls of the  
King, Pelleas and Ettarre, which has to be read thus:

And | the sword | of the tour- | ney across | her throat.  
—Works, ed. 1879, p. 495.

[In Davenant, this and the next line are printed:

Toad *which* under *moazy* stone  
Has days and nights lain thirty-one;

an arrangement which disturbs entirely the metre Shake-  
speare had chosen. Charles Kean, in his version, adopted  
the very cacophonous emendation:

Toad that under *coldest* stone;

and so it is generally printed in all acting versions. In  
Mr. Irving's version he follows Rowe:

Toad that under *the* cold stone.

But, in this case, *the*, which, according to the rhythm,

would be accented, must be joined to the *under* preced-  
ing it, and so form a dactyl. Even this, perhaps the least  
objectionable of all the emendations, makes the line, to  
some extent, weaker; and the only reason for its adoption  
in the acting version is that it is very desirable, on the  
stage, to avoid anything which compels the actor or actress  
to pronounce the vowel as if it were a double sound, such  
as *co-old* for *cold*.—F. A. M.]

183. Line 8: *Sweeter'd venom*.—Stevens quotes an old  
translation of Boccaccio's Novels, 1020, "an huge and  
mighty toad even *weltering* (as it were) in a hole full of  
poison." As for the question of the venom rightly or  
wrongly attributed to the toad, see note 202 to Richard II.

184. Line 16: *Adder's fork*.—See note 203 to Richard II.

185. Line 17: *howlet's wing*.—Pope, who altered every-  
thing, altered *howlet* to *owlet*. But *howlet* was the spell-  
ing of Shakespeare's time. Coles (Lat. Dict.) has "*Howlet*,  
*bubo*;" and Colgrave, "*Huette*. An *Howlet*, or the little  
Horne-Owle."

186. Line 23: *Witches' mummy*.—*Mummy* was formerly  
used as a medicine. Compare Webster, The White Devil,  
i. 11. 12:

Your followers  
Have swallowed you like *mummies*, and, being sick  
With such unnatural and horrid physic,  
Vomit you up the kennel.

Sir Thomas Browne, Hydrilataphia, v., says: "The Egyp-  
tian *mummies* which Cambyases spared, avarice now con-  
sumeth. *Mummy* is become merchandize, Mizraim cures  
wounds, and Pharaoh is sold for balsams."

187. Line 24: *ravin'd*, i.e. glutted with prey. Compare  
Phineas Fletcher's Locusta, 1027, c. iii. st. 18:

Whom that Greeke leopard no sooner sp'ile,  
But slue, devour'd, and fill'd his empty maw;  
But with the *raven'd* prey his bowells broke;  
So into fowle divides his brazen yoke.

See *ravin up*, ii. 4. 28 above; *ravin down*, Measure for  
Measure, 1. 2. 133; and *ravin* (as an adjective) in All's  
Well, iii. 2. 120.

188. Line 28: *silver'd*.—Boyer (French Dictionary) has  
"To silver, verb. act. (or cut into silvers) *Couper en  
tranches*." The verb is used again in Lear, iv. 2. 34, and  
the noun in Hamlet, iv. 7. 174.

189. Line 32: *slab*.—Boyer has *slabby* ("plashy, full of  
Dirt"). *Slab* seems to be used here for slimy. The word,  
as an adjective, is not found elsewhere.

190. Line 34: *ingredients*.—The Fl. have *ingredience*.  
The correction is Rowe's.

191. Line 38: Stage-direction. Enter Hecate.—This  
stage-direction is Ritson's. The Fl. have "Enter Hecate,  
and the other three witches." As the other three witches  
were already on the stage it is difficult to see how  
they can now enter. Dyce gives examples of similarly-  
worded stage-directions from Cowley's Cutter of Coleman  
Street.

192. Line 43: Stage-direction. Music and a song: "*Black  
spirits*," &c.—As is pretty generally known, the stage-  
direction indicates the introduction of the song begin-

# NOTES TO MACBETH.

ACT IV. Scene 1.

ACT IV. Scene 1.

ning "Black spirits and white," also introduced into Middleton's play of *The Witch*, and by Davenant in his version of *Macbeth*, in the preparation of which he must have had access to a MS. or printed copy of Middleton's play. No publication of *The Witch* is, however, known to have taken place before the year 1778; but many commentators have held that Shakespeare borrowed from Middleton, and not Middleton from Shakespeare. But there is really not a tittle of evidence to support the former conjecture; while every probability is in favour of the more natural supposition that Middleton was the borrower. It must be said, in justice to both dramatists, that their treatment of the witch, in their two respective plays differs quite as much as the two plays themselves, which is saying a great deal. In his *Notings*, appended to his admirable edition of *Macbeth*, Dr. Brinsley Nicholson argues, with great force, that Middleton's *Witch* must have been written after Shakespeare's *Macbeth*. As for the songs, he shows that *Black Spirits* and *White* was really only an adaptation of some rhymes quoted by Scot in his xxxiii. chapter, which treats of Witches and Devils, in which, when talking of a little book published by "W. W." on the Witches of St. Ouse in Essex, he says: "now *Brian Duncies* he spirits and shies spirits, Tittle and Tiffin, Suckin and Pidgin, Liard and Robin, &c.; his *white spirits* and *blacke spirits*, *gins* and *red spirits*, *divell* tode and *divell* lumb, *divels* and *divels* dam, &c." (p. 456). Scot wrote in 1584. And on turning to Middleton's *Witch*, act v. scene 2, we find that the song (of which the first line is given in the first Folio of Shakespeare) runs thus:

Black spirits and white, red spirits and grey,  
Mingle, mingle, mingle, you that mingle may!  
Fitty, Lullin,  
Keep it still in;  
Firedrake, Puckey  
Make it lucky;  
Liard, Robin,  
You must hold.

Round, around, around, about, about!  
All ill come running in, all good keep out.

It is evident from this that Middleton took the substance of this song from Scot; and, as Dr. Brinsley Nicholson says, these rhymes are neither Shakespeare's nor Middleton's.—F. A. M.

193. Line 55: *Though bladed corn be lodg'd*.—There are a number of references to the fancy of witches for transferring corn from one place to another in Scot's *Discoverie of Witchcraft*. The nearest parallel with the words in the text is in chap. 4. "And first *Ovid* affirmeth, that they can raise and suppress lightning, and thunder, raine and halle, clouds and winds, tempests and quakes. Others do write, that they can pull downe the moone and the starres. Some write that with wishing they can send needles into the livers of their enemies. Some that they can *transfere corn* in the blade from one place to another" (Reprint, p. 11). For *lodged* = "beaten down by the wind," compare Richard II. iii. 3. 162, and II. Henry VI. iii. 2. 170:  
Take to the summer's corn by tempest *lodged*;

and see note 190 in the latter play.

194. Line 59: *germaine*.—F. 1, F. 2 have *germaine*; F. 3, F. 4 *germaine*, Pope read *germaine*; Thesaurus *germaine*, and the Cambridge editors *germaine*. The same word, *germaine* and *germaine* in the originals, occurs in similar connection and sense in *Lear*, iii. 2. 8, which makes it very unlikely that the reading of F. 1 is right, or that it means, as Pope supposed, "relations or kindred elements."

195. Line 68.—"The armed head, represents symbolically Macbeth's head cut off and brought to Malcolm by Macduff, the bloody child, is Macduff untimely ripped from his mother's womb. The child with a crown on his head, and a bough in his hand, is the royal Malcolm; ordered his soldiers to hew them down a bough and set it before them to Dunshane" (Upton, *Critical Observations* on Shakespeare, First Edn. 1740, p. 53).

196. Lines 80, 81: none of woman born  
Shall harm Macbeth.

This prophecy, together with the one contained in lines 92-94 below

At least shall never vanquish'd be until  
I to high Dunshane hill  
Shall come against him—

may be found in Holinshed: "a certelne witch, whome hee had in great trust, had told that he should neuer be slaine with man borne of anie woman, nor vanquished till the wood of Bernane came to the castell of Dunshane" (Reprint, vol. v. p. 274).

197. Line 96: *bodemonts*.—This word is only used by Shakespeare in one other passage, in *Troilus* and *Cressida*, v. 3. 79, 80:

This foolish, dreaming, superstitious girl  
Makes all these *bodemonts*.

198. Line 97: *Rebellion's head rise never*.—The Ff. have *Rebellions dead*. The reading in the text is Hammer's, said to be from a conjecture of Theobald's. [On referring to Theobald's *Shakespeare Restored* (First Edn. 1726) I find that he gives "*Rebellions head rise never*," adding in a foot-note "*or Rebellion's head*" (Appendix, p. 187). We have followed Theobald in omitting any comma after *head*; nearly all the editors insert one, although it changes the construction if not the sense of the emendation.—F. A. M.

199. Line 111: A show of eight Kings.—Holinshed gives (vol. v. pp. 272, 273) a long account of how Banquo's descendants became ultimate kings of Scotland. Fleance, after his escape from the murderers of his father, took refuge in Wales with the prince of that country, by whose daughter he became the father of a natural son, Walter, who subsequently came to Scotland, and having distinguished himself very much, was made Lord Steward of the realm, and so took the name of *Steward* (which afterwards became *Stewart* or *Stuart*). His great-grand-son was also named Walter, had a son John, who married the heiress of Boar's. This John was killed at Falkirk, leaving a son, also called Walter, who married Margerie Bruce, daughter of Robert Bruce, by whom he had a son, who succeeded to the throne as King Robert the Second. He was the first of the eight kings, the next

ACT IV. Scene 1.

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se never.—The Ff. have the text is Hamner's, Cobald's. [On referring red (First Edn. 1726) I find rise never." adding in (Appendix, p. 87) We tting any comma after insert one, although it the sense of the emenda-

Kings.—Holinshed gives ant of how Banquo's de- as of Scotland. Plence, rers of his father, took of the country, by whose of a natural son, Walter, land, and having distin- made Lord Steward of e of Steward (which aff- r-arts). His great-grand and a son John, who mar- This John was killed at lled Walter, who married Robert Bruce, by whom he he throne as King I. bert of the eight kings, the next

being Robert III. and the last James the Sixth of Scotland and First of England; and it is the latter that shows a glass to Macbeth, and not Banquo, as it says in the stage-direction of F. 1. Marie Stuart is omitted, for any allusion to that ill-fated queen would have been no less unpleasant to her son than it would have been to her late "dear friend and cousin," Queen Elizabeth. It is rather curious to think what Macbeth might have seen in the glass, had Shakespeare been endowed with any prophetic powers. Could it have shown Macbeth the ultimate fate of the Steward or Stuart family, he might have been consoled by the reflection that in Banquo's case, as in his own, "royal honours" proved not to be an unmitigated blessing. F. A. M.

200. Line 110: *And yet the eighth appears, who bears a glass*.—Compare *Mensure* for *Mensure*, II. 2. 95, and see note 78.

201. Line 123: *For the blood-bolter'd Banquo smiles upon me*.—Steevens and Malone both say that *bolter'd* is a word well known in Warwickshire, meaning to besmear, befoul. Compare Arden of Feversham, III. 1. p. 44 (ed. Bullen):

Me thinks I see them with their *bolter'd* haire,  
Staring and grinning in thy gentle face;

where *bolter'd* apparently means, as *bolter'd* here, "matted with sweat or blood." Steevens quotes Holland's *Pliny*, xii. 17, where, speaking of a goat's beard, he says: "Now by reason of dust getting among, it *boltereth* and clutthereth into knobs and balls."

202. Line 155: *But no more sights*! Collier, on the authority of his MS. Corrector, altered *sights* to *flights*, a very intelligible error of typography, but no improvement, that I can see, to the sense of the passage. It is any wonder that Macbeth has had enough of *sights* for the present?

## ACT IV. SCENE 2.

203. Line 9: *the poor wren*.—Harting (Ornithology of Shakespeare, p. 143) says: "There are three statements here which are likely to be criticised by the ornithologist. First, that the wren is the smallest of birds, which is evidently an oversight. Secondly, that the wren has sufficient courage to fight against a bird of prey in defence of its young, which is doubtful. Thirdly, that the owl will take young birds from the nest."

[I think that Mr. Harting is a little hypercritical here. The common wren, *Troglodytes vulgaris*, is indeed not only the smallest of British birds, for the golden-crested *Regulus*—otherwise called the golden-crested wren, smaller. Mr. Hall gives as the length of the common wren four inches and as the length of the golden-crested *Regulus* three inches and a half. The smallest of the tits is slightly larger than the wren.

The little wren is very bold and very familiar; but it is the common blue tit or Billy Biter, as the small boys call him, which is most especially vigorous in the defence of its nest. As to the accusation against the barn-door owl of taking young birds from the nest, Mr. Harting gives, on pp. 91-94, a most interesting summary of the evidence for and against the accused. It must be confessed that the circumstantial evidence is rather against the owl; though

he has found a vigorous defender in the late Charles Waterton. The wren has been the small centre of many traditions. For some unknown reason Jenny Wren was married to Cock Robin; and I believe, with due deference to the translator, that the *Zaunkönig* (hedge-king) of the Tale, numbered 102 and 171 respectively, in Grimm's collection (see Margaret Hunt's Translation of Household Tales, vol. II.) was intended to be the common wren, to be seen in every hedgerow, and not the willow-wren, or willow-warbler, a member of the family of the Sylviadæ, and no relation to our friend Jenny.—F. A. M.]

204. Lines 19-22:

*when we hold rumour  
From what we fear, yet know not what we fear,  
But float upon a wild and violent sea  
Each way and more.*

This is one of the many obscure and difficult passages in this play which one scarcely knows how to treat; for one cannot make them clear and intelligible without such a radical alteration of the text, as the most cautious commentator may fear to perpetrate. It is much safer to retain the text of the Folio, in spite of its apparent obscurity, if by the aid of that text we can make any sense of the passage in question. Ross is trying to excuse to Lady Macbeth the apparent cowardice of her husband in flying from his country, and leaving her and her children to the mercy of Macbeth. He says:

But cruel are the times, when we are traitors,  
And do not know ourselves;

the meaning of which is generally taken to be "When we are traitors and do not know ourselves to be traitors;" in which case we should have expected that the text would have been, as Hamner printed it, "and know't ourselves." It may be that the meaning of these words is "When we are,"—that is to say, "act as if we were—traitors, and do not know ourselves, i.e. the exact motive or effect of our own actions." This meaning seems to coincide with what follows. He continues "*when we hold rumour that is to say 'entertain or believe rumour, from what we fear, i.e. 'interpreting it by the aid of our fears,' or 'giving it the shape of our fears,' yet know not what we fear, but float upon a wild and violent sea;* being tossed up and down and driven *each way* without any control over our own movements." The words *each way* and *more* are those in which the chief difficulty lies. Shakespeare never uses *more* as a substantive, but always as a verb; and, if we understand it here as equivalent to "move up and down with the chopping action of the waves," it makes very good sense. However elliptical the expression may appear, we have a similar use of the verb in Cymbeline, III. 1. 26-29:

and his sleeping

Poor ignorant baubles!—on our terrible seas,  
Like egg-shells mov'd upon their surges, crack'd  
As easily 'gainst our rocks

Ross's meaning may be thus paraphrased: "The times are cruel when such is the uncertainty and agitation of men's minds, that they play the part of traitors to their own duties, and lose the power of perceiving the of their own action—or, 'when they are set down as traitors to their ruler, without consciousness of having done anything to deserve it—such times, when the



minds of men are full of a vague fear, and every idle rumour takes its shape from these fears, they feel certain of nothing; they have no sense of security in anything, but are like persons tossed about on the waves of a stormy sea, driven this way and that at the caprice of the billows."

—F. A. M.

205. Line 34: *Poor bird! thou'dst never fear the net nor lime*.—F. 2, F. 3, F. 4 read *line*. Doubtless a misprint, which only two editors, singularly enough, seem to have adopted into their text, Pope and Capell.

206. Line 50: *Now, God help thee, poor MONKEY!*—*Monkey* is not elsewhere used by Shakespeare as a term of endearment; but *aj* is thus used in two places, II. Henry IV. ii. 4, 234, and Romeo and Juliet, ii. 1, 16.

207. Line 83: *Thou liest, thou SHAG-HAIR'D villain!*—Ff. print *shag-ear'd*. The reading here, and generally, adopted is Stevens' conjecture, first used by Dyce. The expression is quite common in the dramatists of the period. Compare II. Henry VI. iii. 1, 367: "Like a *shag-hair'd* crafty kern." *Shag-hair'd* occurs twice as a term of descriptive abuse in Cyril Tourneur's *Atheist's Tragedy*, ii. 7 (Mermaid ed. p. 284): "In the meantime comes a *shag-haired* dog by;" and v. 2 (p. 355): "Down, you *shag-haired* cur" (spoken by D'Amville to the headman).

208. Line 83: *you egg!*—Compare *pigeon-egg*, Love's Labour's Lost, v. 1, 78, and *flack-egg*, Troilus and Cressida, v. 1, 41.

## ACT IV. SCENE 3.

This scene (down to line 139) follows Holinshed very closely, in many parts almost textually. It is indeed so close a transcript that it is unnecessary to give the prose at length. Perhaps the fact that Shakespeare has here merely turned prose into verse is the reason why the scene is (to my thinking, at least) so tame and artificial compared with the rest of the play. I can never feel that this interview between Malcolm and Macduff (of course I refer to the first 139 lines) has been treated by Shakespeare in a really convincing way; long before I was aware of its authority in Holinshed, I always felt as if I were reading a narrative, not overhearing a conversation. I think Shakespeare must have written it out of a sense of duty, or of historical fidelity, and that having no interest in it himself he was content to copy tamely. The incomparable latter part of the scene has no basis in Holinshed beyond the barest statement that "Macbeth most cruelly caused the wife and children of Macduffe, with all whom he found in that castle, to be slain."

209. Line 4: *birthdom*.—This word is spelt *birthdome* in the Ff. It means of course "birthright," and is formed by analogy with the numerous English words ending in "-dom," such as "kingdom," or the word used in l. 5, 71 above, "masterdom."

210. Line 15: *deserve*.—Ff. have *discerne*. Theobald altered this to *deserve*, which has been generally accepted.

211. Lines 19, 20:

*A good and virtuous nature may RECOIL  
In an imperial charge.*

422

*Recoil* is used in the same slightly irregular sense ("give way under," "swerve") in v. 2, 23 below, and in Cymbeline, l. 6, 129. "Perhaps," say the Clarendon Press ed., "Shakespeare had in mind the recoil of a gun, which suggested the use of the word 'charge,' though with a different signification."

212. Line 34: *afear'd*.—F. 1, F. 2 have *afear'd*, F. 3 *afear'd*, F. 4 *afear'd*. The spelling in the text was adopted by Stevens after Heath's conjecture. *Afear* is a legal term meaning to assess, estimate, and also to confirm. We find in Cowell's Interpreter: "*Afears* may probably be thought to proceed from the french (*afertores*, *alias* *afidati*) *afier* (i.e. *confirmare*, *affirmare*). It signifieth in our common law those that be appointed in Court-leets, &c. upon oath to mulct such as have committed faults arbitrarily punishable, and have no expresse penalty set downe by statute" (edn. 1607, C. 1). Boyer (Fr. Dict.) has "To *Afear*, v. n. (a Term used in the Exchequer, that is, to confirm by oath)."

213. Line 59: *Sudden*.—Compare II. Henry IV. iv. 4

34, 35:

*A*, humorous as winter, and  
As flaws congealed in the spring of day.

214. Line 71: *CONVEY your pleasures in a spacious plenty*.—*Convey* is once or twice used by Shakespeare with the meaning of "conduct," "manage secretly," as in Lear, i. 2, 100: "I will seek him, sir, presently; *convey* the business as I shall find means, and acquaint you withal."

215. Line 86: *summer-seeming*.—Various needless attempts have been made to amend this epithet, which requires no amendment. *Just* is compared to the brief and passing heat of summer; avarice takes deeper root, and has no date or intermission. Compare Donne's Love is Alchemy:

So, lovers dream a rich and long delight,  
But gett a *Winter-seeming* Summer's melt  
—Poems (Grosart's edn.), vol. 1, p. 199.

216. Line 89: *folianna*; i.e. plenty, used generally in the singular = harvest. Shakespeare employs it again in The Tempest, iv. 1, 110, 111:

Earth's increase, *folianna* plenty,  
Barns and garner never empty.

217. Line 108: *And does BLASPHEME his breed*.—Boyer, in his French Dictionary, has "To *Blaspheme*, to speak Evil of;" and Bacon, Advancement of Learning, l. 2, § 9, speaks of "*blasphemy* against learning."

218. Line 111: *Died every day she liv'd*.—This is probably derived from 1 Cor. xv. 31: "I die daily." [Note that in F. 1 *liv'd* is printed thus, and not *lied* as Dyce prints it. This is one of those minutiae of rhythm concerning which the Folio is generally trustworthy. Shakespeare could never have meant the final *ed* of *lied* to be pronounced here. The defective metre is supplied naturally by the speaker's pausing before he says *Fare thee well*.—F. A. M.]

219. Line 113: *HAVE banish'd me*.—Ff. print *hath*. The correction or modernization is Rowe's.

220. Line 118: *trains*; i.e. devices. Boyer (Fr. Dict.) has "Train (a trap or wheedle), *Enduches*, *pieges*, *amorce*,



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*Embraches*, *piege*, *amorce*,

*ruue, l'atrapoie*." The word is derived from the French  
*Traine*, "a plot, practise, conspiencie, deuisse" (Cotgrave).  
It is only used as a noun in the present passage, but it  
occurs as a verb in Comely of Errors, III. 2. 46, &c.

221. Line 133: *before thy here-approach*—F. 1 has *they*  
*for thy*. With *here-approach* compare *my here-remain*,  
line 148 below.

222. Line 134: *Old Seward*.—This famous warrior was,  
undoubtedly, a historical personage, although a great deal  
of tradition surrounds his origin. His grandfather was  
said to be a bear, not in a figurative but in a literal sense.  
According to Palgrave, referred to by French, Seward en-  
countered this fable as tending to enhance his fame. He  
was a successful general under Hardekanute, and after-  
wards under Edward the Confessor, when he defeated the  
rebel Earl Godwin and his sons. He was the uncle of  
Malcolm, and partly for that reason was selected to help  
that young prince in his effort to regain the throne which  
Macbeth had usurped. Seward's eldest son Osburne (the  
*young Seward* of this play) was killed in the action be-  
fore Macbeth's castle. Earl Seward's wife was Efreia,  
daughter of Alfred. By her he left a son Walthow, who  
was beheaded by William the Conqueror, much to the  
sorrow of the English people, and was subsequently  
canonized as Saint Waldeve. One of Walthow's daughters,  
Maud, married Prince David, youngest son of Malcolm  
Canmore, and two of their grandchildren became kings  
of Scotland as Malcolm IV. and William the Lion, while  
the third grandson, David (the Kenneth of Sir Walter  
Scott's *Talisman*), had two daughters, from whom sprang  
Balliol and Bruce: so that, as French justly observes, the  
*warlike Seward* had as good a claim as Banquo "to be  
called the ancestor of kings."—F. A. M.

223. Line 135: *Already at a point*.—Rowe prints *all*  
*ready* in two words. *At a point* means prepared. The  
Clarendon Press edd. quote an instance from Foxe's *Acts*  
and *Monuments*, ed. 1570, p. 2092: "The Register there  
sitting by, beyng weery, belyke, of tarrying, or els per-  
ceauing the constant Martyrs to be *at a point*, called  
vpon the chauncelour in hast to rid them out of the way  
and make an end." Florio has: "*Esere in punto*, to be  
in a readinesse, to be *at a point*."

224. Lines 136, 137:

*the chance of goodness*  
*Be like our warranted quarrel.*

"Chance of goodness is equivalent to 'successful issue,'  
and like is also to be understood in connection with it:  
may the issue correspond in goodness to our good,  
righteous cause. 'Chance of goodness' forms one idea  
like 'time of scorn,' Othello, iv. 2. 54" (Dellius). The  
Clarendon Press edd. take the meaning to be "May the  
chance of success be as certain as the justice of our  
quarrel."

225. Lines 142, 143:

*their malady convinces*  
*The great ASSAY of art.*

*Convinces* is used here, as in l. 7. 84, in the sense of "over-  
powers." Compare Cymbeline, l. 4. 103, 104: "Your Italy  
contains none so accomplish'd a courtier to *convince* the

honour of my mistress." As for *assay*, Furness quotes  
Cotgrave: "*Preuve: l. A proufe, tryall, essay, experiment.*  
*experience*."

226. Line 146: *'Tis call'd THE EVIL*.—This passage  
about touching for the evil, that is to say, scrofula or  
the king's evil, as it was commonly called, is supposed  
to have been inserted out of compliment to James I.  
Edward the Confessor was the first king who was said to  
have had this power, as Shakespeare might have learned  
from Hollinshed's *Chronicles*, in the Eighth Book of the  
History of England, where we are told: "He used to  
helpe those that were vexed with the disease, commonlie  
called the *king's euill*, and left that vertue as it were a  
portion of inheritance vnto his successors the kings of  
this realme" (vol. i. p. 764). Many of the subsequent kings  
of England claimed and exercised this power. Andrew  
Borde, who wrote in the time of Henry VIII., mentions  
it: "The kinges of England by the power that god hath  
gyuen to this, doth make sicke mō whole of a syknesse  
called the *kynges euill*" (Reprint, C. l. r). The same  
miraculous power was claimed for the kings of France.  
James I. was fond of exercising this supposed power, and  
so was his son. Charles II. touched for the king's evil  
when in exile, and also after the Restoration. In his  
case the virtue of his touch must have been certainly  
inherited from some very remote ancestor. Everyone  
who has read Boswell's *Life of Johnson* will remember  
that the great doctor recollected being taken, "when but  
thirty months old," to be touched by Queen Anne in 1712.  
This touch, however, was without any effect (Boswell's  
*Life*, ed. 1874, vol. i. p. 45). It was also the custom to  
hang some gold coin about the sufferer's neck (see below,  
line 153); but this additional consolation was certainly  
not administered by Edward the Confessor. When  
Charles II. touched in exile, from motives of economy he  
dispensed with the coin; but when he came to the throne,  
a special medal was struck called a *touch-piece*. The  
Clarendon Press edn. tell us that the identical *touch-piece*,  
hung round the neck of Samuel Johnson by Queen Anne,  
has been preserved in the British Museum.—F. A. M.

227. Line 168: *Where sighs and groans and shrieks that*  
*RENT the air*.—*Rent*, the reading of the Fl., was an alter-  
native form of *rend*. It does not seem worth while to  
modernize it. This form occurs in Shakespeare in five  
other places, viz. in *Midsum. Night's Dream*, III. 2. 215;  
III. Henry VI. III. 2. 175; Richard III. l. 2. 120 (where the  
Qq. have *rend*); and in *Titus Andronicus*, III. 1. 261, and  
*Lover's Complaint*, 55, both works of doubtful authen-  
ticity.

228. Lines 169, 170:

*where violent sorrow seems*  
*A MODERN ECSTASY.*

*Modern* is used in a number of places in the sense of trite  
and commonplace. Compare *As You Like It*, II. 7. 156:  
"Full of wise saws and *modern* instances."

*Ecstasy* was used for any commotion of mind, pleasur-  
able or the reverse. Compare III. 2. 22 above. In *Ham-  
let*, III. 1. 163, in Ophelia's beautiful speech, and elsewhere,  
it is used for "madness."

229. Lines 176, 177:

Macd.

Ross. *Why, well**How does my wife?*

Compare Antony and Cleopatra, II. 5. 31-33:

*Met.* First, madam, he is well.*Cleo.*But, sirrah, mark, *we have**To say the dead are well.*

Why, there's more gold.

230. Line 195: *Where hearing should not LATCH them.*—Furness (New Var. Ed. p. 247) quotes Wedgewood's Dictionary: "*Latch*. To catch. Anglo-saxon, *læccan*, *gelæccan*, to catch, to seize; Gael, *glac*, catch." Compare Sonnet, cxlii. 5, 6:

For it no form delivers to the heart  
Of hard, of flower, or shape, which it doth *latch*.

also *Midsummer Night's Dream*, iii. 2. 36, and see note 175 of that play.

231. Line 196: *a fee-grief*; i.e. a grief that has a single owner. "It must, I think, be allowed that the attorney has been guilty of a flat trespass on the poet" (Steevens) Compare *Troilus and Cressida*, iii. 2. 54: "a kiss in *fee-farm*."

232. Line 210: *Whispers the o'er-fraught heart.*—"Whispers is often used without a preposition before a personal object. Barely as here, or in *Much Ado*, iii. 1. 4 [*Whisper her ear*]" (Abbott, *Sh. Grammar*, § 200).

233. Line 235: *This TUNE goes manly.*—All the Folios have *time*, which seems to be a manifest misprint; in fact, one so very obvious that, for that very reason, it may have escaped correction. It is quite clear how very easily the two words may be mistaken for one another. The emendation was first made by Rowe, and is followed by most editors; and, as Malone remarks, it is supported by a previous passage in the same play, i. 3. 88: "To the self-same *tune* and words." Gifford in one of his wonderful "how-wow" notes to *The Roman Actor* of Massinger, act ii. scene 1, sneers at this emendation, and says: "*Time*, however, was the more ancient and common term: nor was it till long after the age of Massinger, that the use of it, in the sense of harmony, was entirely superseded by that of *tune*" (ed. 1805, p. 356). Unfortunately for this extremely cocksure statement, there is no proof that *tune* was ever used for *tune* at all. If Gifford had said that *tone* and *tune* were the same words, there would have been some sense in it; but no two words can well be more distinct in their meaning than *time* and *tune*; the former always referring to the measure or rhythm of music, and the latter to the air or melody. There is one well-known passage in *Hamlet*, iii. 1. 166:

Like sweet bells jangled out of *tune* and harsh,

where the same misprint occurs—at least in Qq., for Ft. have *tune*—and where the reading may be doubtful; but that of the Ft. is generally preferred.—F. A. M.

234. Line 239: PUT ON their instruments.—For this use of *put* on compare *Hamlet*, iv. 7. 132:

We'll *put* on those shall praise your excellency.

I am Sir Oracle,

And when I *put* on my hops, let no dog bark!"

Macbeth. *F. A. M.*

Schmidt, in both places, explains the phrase as—"set to work."

## ACT V. SCENE 1.

235. Line 4: *Since his majesty WENT INTO THE FIELD.*—Steevens considered this statement to be an oversight on the part of Shakespeare. "He forgot that he had shut up Macbeth in Dunsinane, and surrounded him with besiegers." But we may well suppose that Macbeth had taken the field before he was compelled to retreat into his castle. Ross, in the preceding scene, had said that he had seen "the tyrant's power afoot." Macbeth was not yet aware of the advance of the English auxiliaries.

236. Line 29: *Ay, but their sense ARE shut.*—This is the reading of Ft. and it is strongly supported, I think, by a passage in Sonnet cxlii. 10, 11:

that my adder's sense  
To critic and to flatterer stopped are.

Abbott points out in his *Shakespearean Grammar* (sec. 471) that: "The plural and possessive cases of nouns in which the singular ends in *s*, *se*, *ss*, *ce*, and *ge*, are frequently written, and still more frequently pronounced, without the additional syllable" (p. 356). *Horse* is frequently used for the plural; compare ii. 4. 14 above:

And Duncan's *horses*—a thing most strange and certain—

where *horses* should be pronounced if not written *horse*; and compare Antony and Cleopatra, iii. 7. 8, 9:

If we should serve with *horse* and mares together,  
The *horse* were merely lost.

A good reason for not adopting what was originally Davenant's alteration of "sense is shut," is because we thus avoid the very cacophonous conjunction of sibilants.

F. A. M.

237. Line 40: *Hell is murky.*—Steevens printed this sentence with a note of exclamation, and says: "She certainly imagines herself here talking to Macbeth, who (she supposes) had just said, *Hell is murky*, (i.e. hell is a dismal place to go to in consequence of such a deed,) and repents his words in contempt of his cowardice." I believe this to be the completest misapprehension of the spirit of the passage. The words bubble up from a conscience never so much at ease as she tries to suppose, and they come, in this unconscious self-revelation, with the most poignant effect between words that are resolute ("why, then 'tis time to do 't") and words that are contemptuous of irresolution in another ("Fie, my lord, fie! a soldier, and afeard?"). This little sentence, though it passes and is forgotten, is said with an accent and shudder of the deepest conviction.

238. Line 84: *Remove from her the means of all ANNOY-ANCE.*—*Annoyance*, in the sense of "injury" (here, *means of annoyance*—means of suicide), occurs several times in Shakespeare. Compare *Richard II.* iii. 2. 15, 16:

And heavy-gaited tons, lie in their way,  
Doing *annoyance* to the treacherous feet.

239. Line 86: *My mind she has MATED, and amaz'd my sight.*—*Mated*, in the sense of confounded, confused, occurs several times in Shakespeare. See *Comedy of Errors*, notes 82 and 137.

phrase as—"set to

INTO THE FIELD.--  
be an oversight on  
that he had shut  
anded him with be-  
that Macbeth had  
lled to retreat into  
me, had said that he  
Macbeth was not  
ish auxiliaries.

RE shut.—This is the  
ported, I think, by a

sense  
oped are.

rean Grammar (see.  
ve cases of nouns in  
ce, and *ge*, are fre-  
quently pronounced,  
350). *Horse* is fre-  
quently pronounced  
re ii. 4. 14 above:  
range and certain—

if not written *horse*;  
ii. 7. 8, 9:  
mares together,

what was originally  
shut," is because we  
junction of sibilants.

Stevens printed this  
n, and says: "She cer-  
to Macbeth, who (she  
turky, (i.e. hell is a dis-  
of such a deed,) and re-  
cower-lee." I believe  
rehabson of the spirit  
up from a conscience  
s to suppose, and they  
elation, with the most  
at are resolute ("why,  
is that are conter-pta-  
Pie, my lord, flie a sol-  
tence, though it passes  
necent and shudder of

the means of all ANNOY-  
ing "injury" (here, *means*  
occurs several times in  
ii. iii. 2. 15, 16:  
in their way,  
acherous feet.

MATRU, and amaz'd my  
unfounded, confused, oc-  
See Comedy of Errors,

ACT V. SCENE 2.

240. Line 6: *the MORTIFIED man*.—This has generally  
been understood to mean the man who has "mortified  
the flesh," the ascetic; compare *Love's Labour's Lost*, i.  
1. 28:

My loving lord, Dumain is *mortified*.

The Clarendon Press edd. suggest that *mortified* should  
be taken in its literal sense of dead; as in Erasmus on the  
 Creed, Eng. tr. fol. 81a: "Christ was *mortified* and killed  
in dede as touchynge to his fleshe; but was quickened in  
spirite.

241. Line 10: *And many UNROUGH youths*.—Fr. spell  
the word *unruffe*. It is not elsewhere used by Shake-  
speare, though *rough* in the opposite sense occurs in *The*  
*Tempest*, ii. 1. 240, 250:

Till new-born chins

Be *rough* and razorable.

242. Lines 15, 16:

*He cannot buckle his distemper'd cause  
Within the belt of rule.*

Compare for the obese metaphor *Troilus and Cressida*, ii.  
2. 30-32:

And *buckle* in a waist most fathomless  
With *s*cars and inches so diminutive  
As fears and reasons.

S. Walker suggested that for *cause* we should read *course*,  
and his hint was taken by Singer, Dyce, Collier, and Hud-  
son. The change is, to say the least, quite unnecessary.  
*Cause*, symbolized as a *distemper'd* or disordered body,  
stands for the party belonging to Macbeth. The com-  
parison is one often employed by Shakespeare.

243. Line 23: *His PESTER'D senses*.—*Pester* was not in  
Shakespeare's time quite so undignified a term as it is  
now, and it occurs several times, very seriously, in the  
sense of "annoy," "hamp." Compare *Hamlet*, i. 2. 22:  
"to *pester* us with message."

244. Lines 27, 28:

*Meet we the MEDICINE of the sickly weal,  
And with HIM, &c.*

It is evident from the *him* of the second line that *medi-*  
*cine*, whether literally or figuratively, is meant rather for  
the physician (Fr. *médecin*) than for the physie. Florio  
has: "*Medico*: a *medicine*, a phisition, a leach;" but this  
sense was not usual. Compare *All's Well*, ii. 1. 75, and  
*Winter's Tale*, iv. 4. 508, where *medicine* is used some-  
what, though more playfully, in the same sense.

245. Line 30: *To DEW the sovereign flower*.—*Dew* as a  
verb occurs in *II. Henry VI.* iii. 2. 340: "*dew* it with my  
mournful tears."

ACT V. SCENE 3.

246. Line 3: *I cannot TAINT with fear*.—*Taint* as an in-  
transitive verb is only used by Shakespeare here and in  
*Twelfth Night*, iii. 4. 145: "lest the device take air and  
*taint*."

247. Line 8: *the English epicures*.—Compare Hollin-  
shed: "For manie of the people abhorring the riotous  
manners and superfluous gormandizing brought in among  
them by the *Englyshemen*, were willing inough to re-

ceive this Donald for their king, trusting (because he  
had bene brought up in the Isles, with old customes and  
manners of their ancient nation, without tast of the *Eng-  
lish* *likorous delicats*) they should by his severe order in  
gouvernement recouer againe the former temperance of  
their old progenitors" (Reprint, vol. v. p. 284).

248. Line 10: *Shall never SAG with doubt*.—*Sag* is still  
used in some provincial dialects, as it is currently in  
America, for "droop," "give way," "become overloaded."  
Halliwell quotes Pierce Pennilesse, 1592: "Sir Rowland  
Russetcoat their dad, goes *sagging* every day in his round  
gaseoynes of white cotton." The word often occurs in  
Walt Whitman. Compare "Out of the Cradle endlessly  
rocking" (Leaves of Grass, 1884, p. 200):

The yellow half-moon enlarged, *sagging* down, drooping, the face  
of the sea almost touching.

249. Line 11: *loon*.—This Scotch word is used only here,  
very appropriately in a drama whose scene is Scotland.  
*Loon*, however, which is practically the same word, oc-  
curs in *Othello*, ii. 3. 95, and *Pericles*, iv. 6. 13.

250. Line 15: *patch*.—It has generally been said that  
*Patch* was the name of the fool who belonged to Cardinal  
Wolsey; but it appears that it was rather a nickname  
given to the household fool before Wolsey's time; and that  
it may have been so used, either as an allusion to their  
dress of coloured *patches*, or it may have been connected  
with the Italian *pazzo*, which Florio explains as "a fool,"  
also "foolish." Douce in his Illustrations of Shakespeare  
(pp. 158, 159) gives a long and interesting note on this  
subject.—F. A. M.

251. Line 16: *those LINEN cheeks of thine*.—Compare  
*Henry V.* ii. 2. 73, 74:

Look ye, how they change!

Their cheeks are *paler*.

252. Lines 20, 21:

*this push*

*Will CHEER me ever, or DIS-EASE me now.*

This passage has been a famous battle-ground for com-  
mentators. Dyce adopted the curious conjecture of  
Bishop Percy:

*Will chair me ever or disseat me now.*

F. 1 has *dis eate*, but the three other Folios all read *disease*.  
First, with regard to *chair*: although *chair* is used fre-  
quently in Shakespeare for the "chair of state," the  
"throne," for instance in *II. Henry IV.* iv. 5. 95, where  
the king, addressing his son, says:

Dost thou so hunger for mine empty *chair*!

and in several other passages in the historical plays,  
yet it is never misspelt *cheere*. F. 1, F. 2 have, in the  
passage in our text, *cheere*; F. 3, F. 4 *cheer*, and I think  
that it has been most clearly proved by Mr. Ellis in his  
communication to the Athenæum of January 25, 1893,  
and quoted at length by Furness (pp. 267, 268), that it is  
quite impossible to regard *cheere* or *cheer* as a phonetic  
spelling of *chair*. I find that amongst the quotations  
given under *chair*, in Richardson's Dictionary, from old  
writers before the time of Shakespeare, it is spelt vari-  
ously *chare*, *chaire*, *chaiere* (once in Wicliff), *chayere* (once  
in Gower, while he spells the word *chare* in another  
passage), and, finally, *chayre* (in Sir T. Elyot's *Governour*).

I have examined the passages in which it occurs in F. 1, in the sense of a throne, where it seems invariably to be spelt *chayre*, or *chaire*.

As to adopting the reading *diseat* I think that the authority of F. 1 is quite insufficient, for it is much more probable that *diseat* was a misprint for *dis-ease* than that it was meant to represent *dis-seat*, a word which seems only to be used in *The Two Noble Kinsmen*, act v. scene 4 (I take the quotation from my own copy of the Quarto, 1634); speaking of a horse Pirithous says (p. 87):

seekes all foule meanes  
Of boystrous and rough ladrie, to *dis-seate*  
His Lord.

And it will be observed that *dis-seat* is printed there with the two *ss*, as we should certainly expect to find it in F. 1, in this passage, if that were the true reading. If *dis-eat* were a misprint, is it not more probable that the syllable *eat* is a mistake for *ease*, rather than for *seat*? So far, as regards the literal and etymological aspect of this question. Next as to the sense. Is not the antithesis of *cheer* and *dis-ease* quite as complete, and more poetic than that of *chair* and *dis-seat*? We have a passage in *Hamlet* which almost seems to guide us in deciding on the reading here (iii. 2. 174):

you are so sick of late,  
So far from *cheer* and from your former state.

The word *dis-ease* is an extremely characteristic one. It occurs frequently in old writers, and especially in the earlier versions of the Bible, where it means "to grieve," "to render uneasy or unhappy;" and surely if we accept it here in its double sense, that is to say in its older one, already mentioned, and in the general sense "to render sick or diseased," is it not a most forcible word? Does not the reading which we have adopted in common with Mr. Furness—who, I believe, was the first to print the verb *dis-ease* with the hyphen, thereby reconciling the reading of F. 1 and F. 2—is not this reading much more in accordance with the whole sentiment of the passage? Macbeth is not thinking of the throne, of his royal honours; what weighs upon his mind throughout this scene is his unhappy friendless position, old age is before him, but none of its consolations. Just two lines above he has said "I am sick at heart." His mind is *diseased* (see line 40 below); and he goes on to ask the doctor if he could not find the *disease* of his land (line 51), could purge out the enemies who are thronging against him; then he would applaud him "to the very echo." The idea of sickness and disease seems present in his thoughts throughout this scene. As to adopting the course taken by the Cambridge edd. and others, that is to say of retaining *cheer* and of altering the *dis-eat* of F. 1 into the prosaic *diseat*, that seems to me a course which is almost indefensible upon any grounds whatever; for it sacrifices the beauty of the passage without even having the merit of retaining the exact reading of the earliest text that has come down to us. For if *dis-eat*, in its double and pregnant sense, is not to be adopted, surely *dis-ease*—to dispossess, a word which is a thoroughly old English word and used by Spenser, Hall, Holland, and Drayton, would be preferable. As to *push* there is no real difficulty; this word being used frequently by Shakespeare, in a figurative sense, of a sudden violent attack.—F. A. M.

253. Lines 22, 23:

my WAY OF LIFE  
Is fall'n into the year, the yellow leaf.

Steevens (after Johnson's conjecture) read *May of life* which yields an excellent sense, literally more exact than the Ft. reading, which yet seems to me entirely natural and probable. Compare Pericles, i. 1. 54: "ready for the way of life or death;" and Massinger, *The Roman Actor*,

If that when I was mistress of myself  
And in my way of youth, &c.

—Works (ed. Gifford), ii. 334.

I think, too, that "my way" has a much better sound than the too close alliteration of "my May."

254. Line 35: *SKIRK the country round*.—This word is used again, but intransitively, in Henry V. iv. 7. 68, 69:

we will come to them,

And make them *skirr* away.

Steevens quotes Beaumont and Fletcher, *Love's Cure*, or *The Martial Maid*, act ii. scene 2:

Whilst I, with this and this, well mounted, *skirr'd*  
A horse troop through and through.

—Works, ed. Dyce, vol. ix. p. 116.

[Simpson and other editors print *skirr'd*, but according to Dyce the first Folio of Beaumont and Fletcher reads *skurr'd*.—F. A. M.]

255. Line 39: *Cure her of that*.—So F. 2, F. 3, F. 4. F. 1 omits *her*.

256. Line 55: *What rhubarb, SENNA, or what purgative drug*.—F. 1 has *Cyme*; F. 2, F. 3 *Ceny*; F. 4 *senna*. "The F. 2," says Hunter, "correctly represents the pronunciation of the name of the drug now called *senna* in Shakespeare's time, and is still the pronunciation of it by the common people. Thus, in *The Treasury of Hidden Secrets*, 1627, 'Take the *Scene* of Alexandria one ounce.' &c. Cotgrave spells the word *sene* and *senné*, and explains it as "a little purgative shrub or plant." Dyce supposes the *Cyme* of F. 1 to be a misprint for *Cyne*, one of the ways of spelling *senna*.

## ACT V. SCENE 4.

257. Lines 4-7:

Let every soldier hew him down a bough,  
And bear't before him: thereby shall we shadow  
The numbers of our host, and make discovery  
Err in report of us.

Hollinshed says: "Malcome following hastily after Macbeth, came the night before the battaile unto Hyrnan wood, and when his armie had rested a while there to refreshe them, hee commaunded euery man to get a bough of some tree or other of that wood in his hand, as bigge as he might beare, and to march forth therewith in such wise, that on the next morow they might come closely and without sight in thys manner within viewe of hys enemies."

258. Lines 11, 12:

For where there is ADVANTAGE to be GIVEN,  
Both more and less have given him the revolt

So Ft. Many emendations have been proposed; perhaps Johnson's is the best and the simplest. He proposed to

read *May of life*  
 y more exact than  
 e entirely natural  
 54: "ready for the  
 The Roman Actor,

myself

(ed. Gifford), ii. 334.  
much better sound  
May."

*end.*—This word is  
ry V. iv. 7. 63, 64:  
ing to them,

cher. Love's Cure,

united, *scurr'd*

[Dyce, vol. ix, p. 136.

and Fletcher reads

F. 2, F. 3, F. 4, F. 1

A. or what purgative

nts the pronunciation  
na in Shakespeare's  
of it by the common  
Hidden Secrets, 1027,  
unce," &c. Cotgrave  
explains it as "a little  
supposes the *Cyme* of  
of the ways of spell-

1. 1.

at a bough,  
I shall be shadow  
make discovery

ing hastily after Mak-  
battaille unto Hyrnan  
rested a while there to  
euerie man to get a  
at wood in his hand, as  
march forth therewith in  
row they might come  
manner within views of

been proposed; perhaps simplest. He proposed to

read "where there is a vantage to be gone" in the sense of "to be off," "to depart," "to escape;" but there is surely no need for altering *advantage* to a *vantage* in this case; for, as Johnson pointed out, *advantage* is frequently used by Shakespeare = a favourable opportunity, e.g. in *Tempest*, III. 3. 12, 13:

Do not, for one repulse, forego the purpose  
That you resolv'd to effect.

Seb. The next advantage  
Will we take thoroughly.

In F. 1. the *given*, in both lines, is printed in the unaltered form, and it certainly seems as if the double ending were intended in line 11; and for that reason, if for no other, we would not alter the text in spite of the repetition of the word *given*, which may seem awkward, but is quite Shakespearean. The meaning may be "where there is to be, i.e. where there must necessarily be given the *advantage*, i.e. opportunity of desertion, the *more* and *less*, that is to say the greater and the less (= probably, "the officers and private soldiers"), revolt from Macbeth. Macduff goes on to say, "none remain with him but those who are obliged to," which thoroughly agrees with what Macbeth says himself, line 49, in the preceding scene: "the thaner flys from me;" and again in the next scene (lines 5, 6) he says:

Were they not forc'd (i.e. reinforced) with those that should be ours,  
We might have met them daresful, beard to beard.

If Macbeth had elected to give battle to the enemy outside his castle, he would have been compelled to afford an opportunity to those who were disaffected to desert to Malcolm's side.—*F. A. M.*

259. Line 21: *Towards which advance the war.* — Stevens has an interesting note on the irregular endings of many of the scenes in *Macbeth*. "It has been understood that local rhymes were introduced in plays in order to afford an actor the advantage of a more pointed exit, or to close a scene with additional force. Yet, whatever might be Shakespeare's motive for continuing such a practice, it may be observed that he often seems immediately to repent of it; and, in the tragedy before us, has repeatedly counteracted it by hemistichs which destroy the effect, and consequently defeat the supposed purpose of the antecedent couplets." Compare in the present play, besides the instance here, the end of i. 5; iii. 2; iii. 4; iv. 1; v. 3; v. 2.

## ACT V. SCENE 5.

From here to the end of the play Shakespeare follows, in outline, the narrative in Holinshed, which, to avoid chopping it up into small pieces, I give here: "On the morrow when Makbeth beheld them coming in this sort, hee first marueyled what the matter might, but in the end remembered himselfe, that the prophesie which he had hearde long before that time, of the coming of Byrrane wood to Dunsmynne Castell, was likely to bee now fulfilled. Neuerthelesse, he brought his men in order of battell, and exhorted them to doe valiantly, howbeit his enimies had scarcely cast from them their bowghes when Makbeth perceiving their numbers betook him streight to flight, whom Makduffe pursued with great hatred euen till he came vnto Lunfannin, where Makbeth perceiving that Makduffe was hard at his back, leapt beside his horse, saying, thou traytor, what meanest

If that thou shouldst thus in vaine follow me that am  
not appointed to be slayn by any creature that is borne  
of a woman, come on therefore, and recyue thy rewarde  
which thou hast deserued for thy paynes, and therewithall  
he lyfted vp his sworde thinking to haue slaine him.  
But Makduffe quickly anyoynd from his horse, ere he  
came at him, answered (with his naked sword in his  
hande) saying: it is true Makbeth, and now shall thine  
insatiable crueltie haue an ende, for I am euen he that  
thy wysards haue tolde of, who was neuer borne of  
my mother, but ripped out of hir wombe: therewithall  
he stept vnto him, & slue him in the place. Then cut-  
ting his heade from the shoulders, hee set it vpon a poll,  
and brought it vnto Malcolme. This was the end of  
Makbeth, after he had reigned .xviij. yeares ouer the  
Scottishmen" (vol. v. pp. 276, 277).

260. Lines 11-13:

my FELL OF HAIR  
Would at a dismal treatise rouse and stir  
As life were in't.

Coles, Latin Dictionary, has "*Fell* [skin], *pellis*." The word is used again in Lear, v. 3. 24: "flesh and *fell*." With these lines compare Hamlet, iii. 4. 121, 122:

Your bedded *haze*, like life in excrements,  
Starts up and stands on end.

261. Line 10: *To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow.*  
 "It is not impossible," says Halliwell, "that Shakespeare may here have recollected a remarkable engraving in Barclay's *Ship of Fools*, 1570, copied from that in the older Latin version of 1498:

They folowe the crows crye to their great sorowe,  
*Cras, cras, cras*, to-morrow we shall anende,  
 And if we mend not then, then shall we the next morowe,  
 Or els shortly after we shall no more offend;  
 Amende, mad foole, when God this grace doth sende.

262. Line 23: *dusty death*.—It is scarcely to be believed that commentators have seriously exercised themselves over this incomparably appropriate epithet, one unfortunate person conjecturing that we should read *dusky* for *dusty*, and other unfortunate persons finding it plausible and convincing.

263. Line 37: *Within this three mile.*—This is precisely what a working-man would say to-day; in Shakespeare's time such constructions were not the vulgarisms they now are. Compare I. Henry IV. iii. 3. 54: "this two and thirty years."

264. Line 30: *Upon the next tree* SHALT thou hang alive.  
E. I has *shall*.

265. Line 40: *Till famine CLING thee.*—Cling is from Anglo-Saxon *clingan*, to shrink up. Compare *Piers Ploughman*, 9010, 9011:

Or when thou cloudest for cold  
Or clearest for dry

*Cling*, in some districts, appears to have a similar meaning to the more familiar *clem* or *clam*, meaning pinched with cold or starved with hunger.

266. Line 42: *I pull in resolution*.—So Fl., with the meaning, evidently, of *pulling-in* a horse, checking. Johnson conjectured "*I pall in resolution*," and the Clarendon Press edd. suggest "*I pale in resolution*."

## ACT V. SCENE 6.

267. Line 1: *LEAVY* *screens*.—*Leavy* is Shakespeare's only form of the word now spelt *leafy*. It occurs again in *Much Ado*, ii. 3. 75 (rhyming with "heavy") and in *Pericles*, v. 1. 51. Coles (Lat. Dict.) has "*Leavy, frondusius*;" Boyer, "*Leavy, A. (or full of leaves) Feuillu, plein de feuilles*." Neither gives *Leafy*.

268. Line 4: *Lead our first BATTLE*.—*Battle* is used here, as in III. Henry VI. i. 1. 8; Henry V. iv. 3. 69; Julius Caesar, v. 1. 4, and v. 3. 108, for a division of an army. The old English word *bataille*, like the French *bataille*, had the secondary sense of battalion. Cotgrave has: "*Bataille: f. A battel, or fight between two Armies; also, a battell, or maine battell; the middle battallion, or squadron of an Army, wherein the Prince, or generall, most commonly marcheth; . . . any squadron, battallion, or part, thereof*."

## ACT V. SCENE 7.

269. Lines 1, 2:

*They have tied me to a stake; I cannot fly,  
But, bear-like, I must fight the course.*

*Course* was the technical name for a single onset of dogs at a bear-baiting. The word is used again in *Lear*, iii. 7. 54. Stevens quotes Brome, *The Antipodes*, 1638: "Also you shall see two ten-dog *courses* at the great bear."

270. Line 12: *But SWORDS I smile at, weapons laugh to scorn*.—Daniel conjectures that *swords* should be *words*, as in Henry V. iii. 2. 33: "a' breaks *words*, and keeps whole *weapons*."

271. Line 17: *kernes*.—See i. 2. 13. The word is here used in the general sense of boors, as in the passage quoted by Dyce from *The Tragedie of Claudius Tiberius Nero*, 1607, sig. C 3 verso:

And these rude Germaine *kernes* not yet subdued.

## ACT V. SCENE 8.

272. Line 9: *the INTRENCHANT air*.—The word *intrenchant* does not occur elsewhere in Shakespeare, *trenchant* only in *Timon of Athens*, iv. 3. 115. *Intrenchant*, which should properly mean "not cutting," is here used for "not to be cut," as in "the air, invulnerable," *Hamlet*, i. 1. 145; "the woundless air," *ib.* iv. 1. 44.

273. Line 13: *DESPAIR thy charm*.—Compare Ben Jonson's lines to Shakespeare, prefixed to the First Folio:

Shine forth, thou Starre of Poets, and with rage,  
Or influence, chide, or cheere the drooping stage;  
Which, since thy light from hence, hath mourn'd like night,  
And *despaire* day, but for thy volumes light.

274. Line 29: *That PALTER with us in a double sense*.—Compare Antony and Cleopatra, iii. 11. 61-68:

Now I must  
To the young man send humble treaties, dodge  
And *palter* in the shifts of lowliness.

Cotgrave has "*Harceler* . . . to haggle, hucke, hedge, or *pautler* long, in the buying of a commoditie." I copy this from the edition before me, that of 1650. The Clarendon Press ed., in quoting the passage, give it as "haggle.

hucke, dodge." I suppose *hedge* is a misprint that has crept in with the revision.

275. Line 34.—Stage-direction. After this line we have apparently two rather conflicting stage-directions in F. 1: *Exeunt fighting. Alarums, and Enter Fighting, and Macbeth slaine*. Then immediately *Retreat, and Flourish. Enter with Drumme and Colours, Malcolm, Seyceard, Rosse, Thanes, and Soldiers*, and below, after line 53: *Enter Macduffe, with Macbeths head*. It seems to me that unnecessary trouble has been made about this stage-direction. It is quite possible that, as the last scene was played in Shakespeare's time, Macduff and Macbeth, after one driving the other off the scene, returned fighting after a brief interval, when Macbeth was killed; and that after Macduff had killed him close to what we call the "wing" or "side entrance," he dragged the body off the stage; as he could not well pretend to cut off the head before the audience; Siward and the rest would appear upon the "upper stage," as they are supposed to have entered the castle before in the last scene, or rather, as it stands in the Folio, at the beginning of this scene, there being no eighth scene in the Folio. As the attack was made on Macbeth when in his castle, he must have been compelled by the besiegers to make a desperate sally; it is not likely that he got very far from the castle walls, and the fight between him and Macduff was supposed to take place on the ground in front of the castle. I really can see no reason to suppose, with the Clarendon editors, that Shakespeare's share of the play ended here, line 34; for if the slight episode of the death of Siward's son was Shakespeare's work, I think it is only natural that he should make those, on whose side he was fighting, take some notice of that brave young soldier's death.

—F. A. M.

276. Lines 30-53.—The incident of the death of young Siward is taken from Holinshed's History of England: "It is recorded also, that in the foresaid battaille, in which Earle Siward vanquished the Scottes, one of Siwardes sonnes chaunced to be slayne, whereof, though the father had good cause to be sorrowfull, yet when he heard that he dyed of a wound which he had receyued in fighting stoutly in the forepart of his body, and that with his face towards the enimie, hee greatly reioyced thereat, to heare that he died so manfully. But here is to be noted, y<sup>e</sup> not now, but a little before, (as Henry Hunt. saith,) y<sup>e</sup> Earle Siward, wente into Scotlande himselfe in person, hee sent his sonne with an army to conquer y<sup>e</sup> land, whose hap was ther to be slaine; and when his father heard y<sup>e</sup> newes, he demanded whether hee receiued the wound wherof he died, in y<sup>e</sup> fore parte of the body, or in the hinder part: and when it was tolde him y<sup>e</sup> hee receyued it in the foreparte, I reioyce (saith he) even with all my harte, for I would not wishe eyther to my sonne nor to my selfe, any other kind of death" (vol. i. p. 740).

277. Line 41: *The which no sooner had his TROWESS confirm'd*.—*Process* must be slurred over in pronunciation, so as to make it practically one syllable only. Walker (Shakespeare's Versification, p. 119) cites Greene, *Alphonso*, iii. 1 (ed. Dyce, ii. 27):

Whose *process* alone has been the only cause.



print that has

This line we have directions in F. 1: *Lighting, and Mac- and Flourish.* *colours, Seyward,* after line 53: seems to me that about this stage- about the last scene of the last scene of Macbeth, returned fight- was killed; and to what we call- ed the body off- to cut off the head- that would appear- supposed to have- ene, or rather, as- ing of this scene, o. As the attack- le, he must have- make a desperate- ar from the castle- Macduff was sup- port of the castle- with the Clarendon- e play ended here, death of Siward's- it is only natural- side he was fight- ing soldier's death.

the death of young- history of England:- resaid battalies, in- the Scotches, one of- ne, whereof, though- rowfull, yet when he- ch he had receyued- his body, and that- ce greatly rejoiced- fully. But here is- e before, (as Henry- into Scotlande him- with an army to com- be slaine; and when- aunded whether he- d, in y<sup>e</sup> fore parte of- d when it was tolde- e, I reioyce (with he)- e not wishe cyther to- ther kind of death"

ner had his PROWESS- ed over in pronounci- ly one syllable only- a, p. 110) cites Greene,

the only cause.

This line too, gives an example of such pleonasm as that in the preceding line of the text:

He only liv'd but till he was a man.

278. Lines 54, 55: *behold, where stands  
The usurper's cursed head.*

Holmshed says: "Then cutting his [Macbeth's] head from his shoulders, he [Macduff] set it vpon a pole, and brought it vnto Malcolme" (see above note at beginning of this scene). It is on the authority of this passage that Malone added the words "on a pole" to the stage-direction of the FF.

279. Line 56: *I see thee compass'd with thy kingdom's  
pearl.*—*Compass'd with a pearl* is a rather curious ex-

pression, but there is very likely an allusion, as the Clarendon Press edd. say, to the row of pearls that usually encircle a crown. *Pearl* is no doubt used here as a collective term. The word was a common synonym for "treasure," "ornament," as in Florio's Dedication to Lord Southampton of his *World of Words*: "Brave Earle, bright *Pearle* of *Pearles*."

280. Line 70: *by self and violent hands.*—Compare Richard II. iii. 2. 166:  
*infusing him with self and vain conceit.*

281. Line 72: *by the grace of Grace.*—Compare All's Well, ii. 1. 163: "The great'st Grace lending grace;" Two Gentlemen of Verona, iii. 1. 145, 146:

While I, their king, that hither them importune,  
Do curse the Grace that with such grace hath bless'd them.

## WORDS OCCURRING ONLY IN MACBETH.

NOTE.—The addition of sub. adj. verb, adv. in brackets immediately after a word indicates that the word is used as a substantive, adjective, verb, or adverb, only in the passage or passages cited.

The compound words marked with an asterisk (\*) are printed as two separate words in F. 1.

Act Sc. Line	Act Sc. Line	Act Sc. Line	Act Sc. Line
Affected..... iv. 3 34	Blood-boltered iv. 1 123	Cream-faced .. v. 3 11	Fillet <sup>19</sup> ..... iv. 1 12
Agitation <sup>1</sup> ..... v. 1 12	*Bloody-accepted iv. 3 104	Cribbed..... iii. 4 24	Firm-set..... iv. 1 56
Alir-drawn..... ii. 4 62	Boneless..... i. 7 57	Dareful..... v. 5 6	Fitful..... iii. 2 23
*Alarm-bell..... v. 5 51	Botches (sub.)... iii. 1 134	Defly..... iv. 1 68	Flighty..... iv. 1 145
All-hailed..... i. 5 7	Brainsickly..... ii. 2 40	Delinquents... iii. 6 12	Forbidden <sup>20</sup> ..... i. 3 21
All-thing..... iii. 1 13	Breeched <sup>8</sup> ..... ii. 3 122	Delinquentes... iii. 1 94	Forced <sup>21</sup> ..... v. 5 5
Assailable..... iii. 2 39	Brimed..... iv. 1 1	Devil-porter (verb) ii. 3 21	Franchised..... ii. 1 28
Assassination... i. 7 2	Battress..... i. 6 7	Directly <sup>14</sup> ..... v. 1 78	Frieze..... i. 6 6
*Anger-hole..... ii. 3 128	Champion (verb) iii. 1 72	Direness..... v. 5 14	Gashed..... ii. 3 119
Augurs <sup>2</sup> ..... iii. 4 124	Chaudron..... iv. 1 33	Distance <sup>15</sup> ..... iii. 1 116	Gaze <sup>22</sup> ..... v. 8 24
Authorized <sup>3</sup> ..... iii. 4 66	Cheaply..... v. 8 37	Ditch-delivered iv. 1 31	Gold-bound .. iv. 1 114
Avarice..... iv. 3 78, 84	Choppy..... i. 3 44	Downy <sup>16</sup> ..... ii. 3 81	Goose <sup>23</sup> ..... ii. 3 18
Avaricious..... iv. 3 58	Clamoured <sup>9</sup> ..... ii. 3 65	Drugged..... ii. 2 6	Gospelled..... iii. 1 88
Baby <sup>4</sup> ..... iii. 4 106	Clatter (sub.)... v. 7 21	Dudgeon..... ii. 1 46	Gouts..... ii. 1 46
Baby-brow..... iv. 1 88	Clear <sup>10</sup> (adv.)... i. 5 72	Earth-bound .. iv. 1 96	Graymalkin... i. 1 8
Badged (adj.)... iv. 3 107	Clearness <sup>11</sup> ..... iii. 1 133	*End-all..... i. 7 5	Gruel..... iv. 1 32
Bake <sup>5</sup> (intr.)... iv. 1 13	Cling <sup>12</sup> ..... v. 5 40	Entry..... ii. 2 96	Guardian <sup>24</sup> ..... ii. 4 35
Bank <sup>6</sup> ..... i. 7 6	Clistered (adj.) iii. 2 41	Equivocate (intr.) ii. 3 13	Gums <sup>25</sup> ..... i. 7 67
*Be-all..... i. 7 5	Compunctious. i. 5 46	Equivocate (tr.) ii. 3 39	Hailed <sup>26</sup> ..... iii. 1 60
Bear-like..... v. 7 2	Confineless..... iv. 3 55	Equivocator... ii. 3 10, 14, 35	
Bellman..... ii. 2 3	Conspirers..... iv. 1 91	Even-handed... i. 7 10	
Birthdom..... iv. 3 4	Copy <sup>13</sup> ..... iii. 2 38	Faith-breach .. v. 2 18	
Birth-strangled iv. 1 30	Cowed..... v. 8 18	Farrow..... iv. 1 65	
Blanched..... iii. 4 116		Fast <sup>17</sup> (adj.)... v. 1 9	
Blanket <sup>7</sup> ..... i. 5 54		Fee-grief..... iv. 3 106	
		Fenny..... iv. 1 12	
		Filed <sup>18</sup> ..... iii. 1 65	

1 = emotion; in Merchant of Venice (iii. 3. 5) used blunderingly for *capitulation*. 2 = auguries.

3 = accredited. Used in somewhat different sense in *Sonn.* xxxv. 6; *Lover's Complaint*, 164.

4 = a doll.

5 = to be hardened in heart.

6 = sandbank; used in other senses elsewhere.

7 Used figuratively = curtain; in its ordinary sense in four other passages.

8 = to shivel up; used twice in ordinary sense = to adhere to, in *Macbeth*, i. 2. 8, and *Henry VIII.* i. 1. 9.

9 = copyhold; used frequently elsewhere in other senses.

8 Used figuratively = sheathed; in the sense of to flog occurs in *Merry Wives*, iv. 1. 81, and *Taming of the Shrew*, iii. 1. 18.

9 = cried out; used in doubtful sense in *Winter's Tale*, iv. 4. 230.

10 = severely; used adverbially in other senses.

11 = spotlessness; = brightness, elsewhere.

12 = to shivel up; used twice in ordinary sense = to adhere to, in *Macbeth*, i. 2. 8, and *Henry VIII.* i. 1. 9.

13 = copyhold; used frequently elsewhere in other senses.

14 = immediately; used frequently elsewhere in other senses.

15 = alienation, antagonism; used frequently elsewhere in ordinary sense.

16 Used figuratively = soft.

17 = deep, sound; used frequently elsewhere in other senses.

18 = deliled; used elsewhere in other senses.

19 = a thin slice; = a band, *Lover's Complaint*, 33.

20 = cursed; this verb is used in many different senses elsewhere.

21 = reinforced; used very frequently elsewhere in a variety of senses.

22 = an object of interest, *Sonn.* v. 2; used frequently elsewhere = intent, regard.

23 = a tailor's smoothing-iron.

24 = that which keeps and guards.

25 Off the mouth; used in several passages = the *gout* of teeth; also rheum from the eyes, *Henry V.* iv. 2. 48.

26 = salted; = to pour down like hail, in three other passages.



# WORDS PECULIAR TO MACBETH.

	Act Sc. Line		Act Sc. Line		Act Sc. Line		Act Sc. Line
*Half-world...	ii. 1 49	Masterpiece...	ii. 3 71	Ravined (adj.)...	iv. 1 24	Sprites <sup>28</sup> .....	iv. 1 127
Heath <sup>1</sup> .....	( i. 1 6	Meek <sup>9</sup> .....	i. 7 17	Rawness <sup>18</sup> .....	iv. 3 26	Stableness.....	iv. 3 92
	( i. 3 77	Metaphysical...	i. 5 30	Receipt <sup>19</sup> .....	i. 7 66	Stanchless.....	iv. 3 78
Heat-oppressed	ii. 1 39	Milks <sup>10</sup> .....	i. 7 55	Resound <sup>20</sup> .....	iv. 3 6	Stealthy.....	ii. 1 54
Hedge-pig.....	iv. 1 2	Minutely (adj.)	v. 2 18	Rhinoceros.....	iii. 4 101	*Sticking-place	i. 7 69
Hell-broth.....	iv. 1 19	More-having...	iv. 3 81	Rhubarb.....	v. 3 55	Store-house.....	ii. 4 34
*Hell-gate.....	ii. 3 2	Mouth-honour...	v. 3 27	Roofed.....	iii. 4 40	Summer-seeming	iv. 3 86
Hell-kite.....	iv. 3 217	Multitudinous <sup>11</sup>	ii. 2 62	Rooky.....	iii. 2 51	Supplied <sup>29</sup> .....	i. 2 13
*Here-approach	iv. 3 133	Nave <sup>12</sup> .....	i. 2 22	Rouse <sup>21</sup> .....	( i. 2 53	Surcease (sub.)	i. 7 4
*Here-remain...	iv. 3 148	Navigation.....	iv. 1 54	Rubs <sup>22</sup> (sub.)...	( v. 5 12	Sweltered.....	iv. 1 8
Hermits <sup>2</sup> .....	i. 6 20	Night-shriek...	v. 5 11	Rump-fed.....	i. 3 6	Swoop (sub.)...	iv. 3 219
*High-placed...	iv. 1 98	Nose-painting...	ii. 3 31			Temple-haunting	i. 6 4
Housekeeper <sup>3</sup>	ii. 1 97	Nourisher.....	ii. 2 40	Sag.....	v. 3 10	Thick-coming...	v. 3 38
Howl <sup>4</sup> .....	ii. 1 54	Oblivious.....	v. 3 43	*Salt-sea (adj.)	iv. 1 24	Tie (sub.).....	iii. 1 17
Howlet.....	iv. 1 17	O'erfraught...	iv. 3 210	Savagely.....	iv. 3 265	Trains <sup>30</sup> .....	iv. 3 118
Hunter <sup>5</sup> .....	iii. 1 97	Olden.....	iii. 4 75	Scale <sup>23</sup> (sub.)	iv. 1 22	Trammel.....	i. 7 3
Hurlburly <sup>6</sup> (sub.)	i. 1 3	Overhold.....	iii. 5 3	Scream (verb.)	ii. 2 61	Trifled <sup>31</sup> .....	ii. 4 4
		Overhold.....	iii. 5 3	Screams (sub.)	ii. 3 16	Trumpet-tongued	i. 7 13
Ill-composed...	iv. 3 77	Overcome <sup>13</sup> ...	iii. 4 111	Sear (sub.).....	v. 3 23	Unaccompanied	i. 4 40
Illness.....	i. 5 21	Over-credulous	iv. 3 120	Seat <sup>24</sup> (sub.)...	i. 6 1	Unattended.....	ii. 2 69
Imaginations...	i. 3 138	Over-red (verb)	v. 3 14	Self-abuse.....	iii. 4 142	Unbattered.....	v. 7 19
Impedes.....	i. 5 29	Pale-hearted...	iv. 1 85	Self-comparisons	i. 2 55	Unbecoming...	iii. 1 13
Incarndine...	ii. 2 62	Pall <sup>14</sup> .....	i. 5 52	Senna.....	v. 3 55	Undeclared.....	v. 7 20
Indissoluble...	i. 1 18	Pauser (sub.)...	ii. 3 117	Settled <sup>25</sup> .....	i. 7 80	Underwrit.....	v. 8 26
Initiate.....	iii. 4 143	Peak <sup>15</sup> .....	i. 3 23	Shag-haired...	iv. 2 83	Unlinear.....	iii. 1 63
Interdiction...	iv. 3 107	Pent-house <sup>16</sup> ...	i. 3 20	Shard-borne...	iii. 2 42	Unmanned <sup>32</sup> ...	iii. 4 73
Interchantant...	v. 8 9	Pitfall.....	iv. 2 35	Shark (sub.)...	iv. 1 24	Unprovokes...	ii. 3 32
		Posters.....	i. 3 33	Shoughs.....	iii. 1 94	Unrough.....	v. 2 10
Jutty <sup>7</sup> (sub.)...	i. 6 6	Prattler.....	iv. 2 64	Sickly <sup>26</sup> (adv.)	iii. 1 107	Unseamed.....	i. 2 22
King-becoming	iv. 3 91	Procreant (adj.)	i. 6 8	Sightless <sup>27</sup> ...	( i. 5 50	Unsex.....	i. 5 42
		Prophet-like...	iii. 1 59	Skinny.....	i. 3 45	Unshrinking...	v. 8 42
Lamentings...	ii. 3 61	Provoker.....	ii. 3 27	Slab (adj.).....	iv. 1 32	Unspeaking...	iv. 3 123
Limbeck <sup>8</sup> .....	i. 7 67	Purgative.....	v. 3 55	Slaughterous...	v. 5 14	Untitled.....	iv. 3 104
*Lion-mettled...	iv. 1 90	Purge (sub.)...	v. 2 28	Sleave.....	ii. 2 37	Unwiped.....	ii. 3 108
Loon.....	v. 3 11	Purveyor.....	i. 6 22	Sleek (verb.)...	iii. 2 27	Uproar (verb.)	iv. 3 99
		Quarters <sup>17</sup> (sub.)	i. 3 16	Slope (verb.)...	iv. 1 57	Valued (adj.)...	iii. 1 95
*Magot-pies...	iii. 4 125	Quell (sub.)...	i. 7 72	Slumbry.....	v. 1 12	Visitings.....	i. 5 46
Malevolence...	iii. 6 28					Vulnerable.....	v. 8 11
Manly (adv.)...	iv. 3 235					Water-rugs.....	iii. 1 94
Mansionry.....	i. 6 5					Why-face (sub.)	v. 3 17
Marrowless.....	iii. 4 94					Woolingly.....	i. 6 6
Masterdom.....	i. 5 71					Wrongly.....	i. 5 23

1 = a common; = the plant of that name, in *Tempest*, i. 1. 70.  
2 = headmen; in several passages elsewhere = anchorites.  
3 = a house-dog; = a stay at home, in *Coriolanus*, i. 3. 55; and in uncertain sense in *Twelfth Night*, iv. 2. 13.  
4 = the cry of a wolf; = a cry of anguish, in *Henry V.* iii. 3. 39.  
5 = a kind of dog.  
6 Occurs as an adj. in *I. Henry IV.* v. 1. 78.  
7 The verb "to project beyond" occurs in *Henry V.* iii. 1. 13.  
8 Sonn. cxix. 2.

9 Used adverbially.  
10 = sucks; used in several passages = to draw milk from the breast with the hand.  
11 = innumerable; = pertaining to the multitude, *Coriolanus*, iii. 1. 159.  
12 = navel.  
13 = to pass over; used elsewhere in other senses.  
14 = to wrap as in a cloak; = to decay, to wane, in *Ant. and Cleo.* ii. 7. 88; *Hamlet*, v. 2. 9.  
15 = to grow lean; in a contemptuous moral sense in *Merry Wives*, iii. 5. 71; *Hamlet*, ii. 2. 594.  
16 Used adjectively; as sub. in *Much Ado*, iii. 3. 111; *Merchant of Venice*, ii. 6. 1.  
17 = regions in the hemisphere.

18 = haste.  
19 = a receptacle; used in other senses elsewhere.  
20 *Venus and Adonis*, 268; *Passionate Pilgrim*, 278.  
21 Used intransitively; in transitive sense used frequently elsewhere.  
22 = inequalities, hinderances.  
23 = the shell of a dragon; used frequently in other senses.  
24 = site.  
25 = firmly resolved; this verb is used frequently elsewhere in other senses.  
26 = in ill health; figuratively = reluctantly, in *Antony and Cleopatra*, iii. 4. 7.  
27 = invisible; used elsewhere in other senses.

28 = mood, temper; *Venus and Adonis*, 181; *Locrine*, 121; used elsewhere in other senses.  
29 = reinforced; used in other senses elsewhere.  
30 = device; used in various other senses elsewhere.  
31 = rendered trifling; used in other senses elsewhere.  
32 Used in its ordinary sense = unnerued; = untrained (of a hawk), *Romeo and Juliet*, iii. 2. 14.

	Act	Sc.	Line
.....	iv.	1	127
.....	iv.	3	92
.....	iv.	3	78
.....	ii.	1	54
place	i.	7	60
.....	ii.	4	34
coming	iv.	3	86
.....	i.	2	13
(sub.)	i.	7	4
.....	iv.	1	8
b.)	iv.	3	219
haunting	i.	6	4
ning.	v.	3	38
.....	iii.	1	17
.....	iv.	3	118
.....	i.	7	3
.....	ii.	4	4
tongued	i.	7	13
panied	i.	4	40
ed.	ii.	2	69
ed.	v.	7	19
ing.	iii.	1	13
l	v.	7	20
it.	v.	8	26
.....	iii.	1	63
ed <sup>22</sup>	iii.	4	73
kes.	ii.	3	32
.....	v.	2	10
ed.	i.	2	22
.....	i.	5	42
king.	v.	8	42
.....	iv.	3	123
.....	iv.	3	104
l	ii.	3	108
(verb).	iv.	3	99
(adj.)	iii.	1	95
s.	i.	5	46
ble.	v.	8	11
ings.	iii.	1	94
ace (sub.)	v.	3	17
ly.	i.	6	6
y	i.	5	23

good temper; Venus and  
 121; Lucres, 121; used  
 re in other senses.  
 enforced; used in other  
 elsewhere.  
 evices; used in various  
 uses elsewhere.  
 entered trifling; used in  
 uses elsewhere.  
 d in its ordinary sense=  
 ed; = untrained (of a  
 Romeo and Juliet, iii.2.14.